

PLANET ANALIA

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THE MOTHERSHIP

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THE FLIGHT

"Its been about 4 months since the Mars bound shuttle went out of commission. Reports say that we lost contact with the shuttle about halfway to Mars. Our mission is to get into the shuttle and find out what happened and nothing more. Everyone get ready, we are boarding soon. Grab as much as you can, we don't know how long we are going to be in there." Marshal commander Jackson walked over to his gear station and suited up. He grabbed his plasma rifle and shock pistols. He searched his survival pack to make sure that he had everything. "Flashlight, check. Rope, check. Food, check. Water, check. Gun, ammo, beacon, check. Is everybody ready?" "Yes sir", replied Jackson's men. "Melissa!!" "Yes sir!" Replied Mellissa, a tall woman with long, dark brown hair. "Do you have the medical supplies?" "Yes sir." "Good. I have a feeling we're going to need them", said Jackson in a grim voice. "Sir, this is the pilot, Michael speaking. We're approaching the shuttle. I hope you enjoy your stay." "Everyone take a seat, this may be bumpy.", said Jackson.

The crew arrives at the shuttle. They have been waiting for Michael to give the signal for 5 minutes. They start to get worried. "This is Michael speaking. We may have a slight problem. The dock on the shuttle is out of commission... You're going to have to jump."...

THE STATION

"I'm not jumping!", yelled Lindsey. A few of the crew members murmured in agreement. "What are you going to do then?" Replied Jackson. "I, and anyone else who wants to come, will take a pod and launch it into a shuttle." That is RECKLESS, STUPID, AND DISOBEYS ORDERS..... But you can do whatever

you want. Said Jackson. He turned. "Is everybody ready to jump?" "Yes sir!" They walked to the airlock, got inside, and jumped into space. *They watched as the pod crashed into the shuttle.*

The crew got into the station and Bryan called Jackson over the earpiece. "Sir. Lindsey, and the others on the pod, didn't make it. What are we going to- Wait! I hear something, maybe someone's alive. Wait..... What is that?!.... No!!! Stay away!!! NO! AUGH!" Jackson heard a scream. "Sir! This is Frankie! I saw it!..... Bryan was dragged by a... creature! He was ripped!..... Limb. From. Limb. Its not safe here!" "We should group up in the main room.", replied Jackson. "Ok, We'll try." "I don't think this shuttle is habitable. How many people *died* on this station?", asked Mary. "I don't know, but that's what we're here to find out.", replied Jackson.

The crew walked, scavenging scrap metal, gas, and oil to make a shelter in the main room. The crew heard footsteps get louder and louder. They looked into the shadowy area that it was coming from. But it wasn't an alien..... It was Frankie.

THE REVEAL

"Frankie!?", asked everyone sounding quite surprised. "WHAT happened to your arm?!" Asked Jackson worriedly. "A piece of the ceiling came loose and fell on me. Nothing too bad." He staggered into the room. "Why are you walking like that?" Asked Mary. "you know what, I shouldn't ask." "Ramon!" Jackson yelled. "Yes sir!" "Come take a look at this!" Ramon walked over and gasped. There was something on the ground that looked kind of like rotting flesh. "What is it?!" He asked, sounding worried. "I don't know...but I don't think I WANT to know," replied Jackson. They heard a blood curdling scream come from behind them and turned around in horror. They watched as, what appeared to be tentacles, shot out of Frankie's mouth, wrapping around Lewis's neck. "Help me..." Those were the only words that he could get out before the tentacles might not of been the exact words he used. "What are those things?!" Yelled Ramon, sounding quite terrified. He couldn't really get a good answer before the tentacles went for him, piercing his stomach. "Giiiiuuurrrhg" was all that he could get out before the tentacles retreated from his body, sending him into a crumpled pile on the floor. "What are you *doing*?!" Yelled Jackson to the rest of the crew.

"Run!" They all rushed out as Frankie, or whatever he was *now* bounded after them, down the dark hallways of the shuttle.