

*She was looking down into some godawful red mess. For one very brief moment she thought it might be something new, another discovered treasure of this wondrous planet. But no, this was something truly horrific. She knelt to get a closer look and red wet soaked into her flight suit. Panicked voices were shouting through the comm link in her ear but she could only focus on this confusing heap in front of her. It was moving, trembling and making noises. And then she saw eyes. Human eyes. They were alive and looking at her—and she recognized the eyes.*

*“It’s okay. I’m going to get you out of here. You’re going to be okay.”*

*That was a lie. She could barely tell where the person ended and the ground began. There was too much to pick up—but really, nothing to pick up. She looked into the dark, frightened eyes, trying to say things that would bring them solace in what had to be their last seconds of seeing.*

*Suddenly a sickening chill gripped her. She realized the eyes were no longer looking at her but were now looking over her shoulder. And a large shadow was reflected in those eyes.*