

PART 9 Δ CONTROLLED BURN

P9 T9 VLOG

I think the controlled burn put me on the right course. There's only moments to go before I find out. If I'm wrong, the ship burns up.

Another countdown. 10...9...8... This is the big one. I'm in my pressure suit. I brace myself. 6...5...4. A huge rushing sound fills the ship, like a train coming. A steep final dive. The outside fills with red blazing flakes. Heat is all around me.

My breath is tight. When I try, I can't...press.... any...buttons...my hands...no strength to move.

Sparks fly up past the windows. Red gives way to orange.... now pastel pink. Finally, the outside turns blue.

I feel the pull of winds. I am drenched in sweat.

My parachute inflates; I feel it yank the ship. I clench my teeth as my seat slams upwards. My ship slows.

I am rolling. I press to release the rockets, feel us lurch as they shoot away to slow me down more.

Something bright pink plinks on my helmet: an origami bird, then another, then another. Splash

I am dragged to one side. I clutch my seat as I flip upside down.

I take little breaths...in...out. My whole body has changed to a heavy lump; my arms are dead weights.

I feel the ship bobbing about.

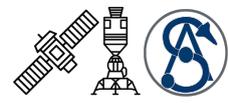
Have I done it?

Am I safe?

Who will be there? I'm thinking of Mum...of Dad...the hug I'll give Puzzle, pictures flashing before my eyes.

(gap of sound and noise)

The air buzzes with machine sounds. I hear the hatch seal opening.



Voices; “Tazz. We’ve got you. Welcome home!”

My helmet is off. So many new smells pour into my nose; a charcoal smell...air!

Living things. My heart races. I feel new-born.

Arms grasp me and pull me up from my seat. I’ve turned into a floppy puppet.

I am pulled up and into... can’t believe it, it’s actually... sunshine!

I’m home.