**Issue 1: Space is Complicated  
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Morgan had never expected to be lost in space. Nobody really does, honestly. It’s the sort of thing you read about in bad novels, burdened with having too few original ideas. Still, surreal as it may be, it seemed all the more encompassing as he spun rapidly away from the ship aboard which he had only scarce moments ago been an accomplished and well-respected engineer, with a bright future. Now, though, he was space garbage.

There would be no hope of salvation. Technology, while rapidly advancing over the last decade, had still no competent solution to the problem of personal space flight. All ships sent from a planet were official vessels, because- despite the resurgence of space funding- space exploration was still expensive. Honestly, in a world still dealing with a budget crisis, how many times per election-voting-year does the problem of a fledgling astronaut escaping the bounds of an oppressive space-vessel come into the monetary equation?

You’d imagine that with the lack of resistance provided by the vacuum of space, a spinning object would just continue spinning, aimlessly, forever. In most cases, you’d be right- this is like most cases. Fortunately, a problem that the International Coalition of Interplanetary Travel did imagine would be a problem was that of internal waste during space flight. In the early days, vomiting was a serious problem in space travel. The only luck for Morgan, in this situation, was that he’d been scheduled to work in the center of the ship, where gravity was less bound than the bridge or barracks. Because of this, he’d remembered to take the pill that presently tied his body in a state of not-vomiting-all-over-his-inescapable-space-prison.

What’d it matter? Floating onward until he starved was only marginally better, knowing that it wouldn’t smell so bad. The ship was out of view, now, as the living projectile continued to make way into the abyss of space. Nobody ever imagines they’ll die in space. It took only an hour for Morgan to fall asleep, resigning himself to the fate of being entombed within the great black void.

The next sensation was great warmth, and a sudden deprivation of air. Another thing that nobody thinks about, in space, is the air pressure- or, lack thereof. Modern space suits accommodate to it, keeping the puny, fleshy bodies of our kind from being crushed by the sudden shifts that come with being cooped up in a tin can, and then suddenly not. They have trouble, though, maintaining pressure when gaps occur.

Morgan’s consciousness erupted into a million thoughts all at once. A small rupture in his suit, probably? A rock or something, maybe. Death by meteorite- what a way to end it. His eyes caught up with his brain, bursting open for what he assumed would be his final view. Before him, the cold, white view of a sterile ceiling, a light affixed to which blinded him. His helmet, firmly fastened, had been removed. Trying to sit up, he realized at once what pain comes from extended, solo space-flight.

His every limb was in pain, but he persevered- flight school had equipped him for many things. Space rescue wasn’t among them, but basic training had been unnecessarily harsh. He propped himself up on one arm, reaching for his helmet with the other, his gloved hand moving uncoordinatedly in an arc, slapping himself in the face. His helmet was gone. The change in pressure was likely that. The slap was well deserved.

He looked around him, the pain in his neck increasing with every small turn in either direction. His surroundings immediately to the close left and right were familiar, but he couldn’t remember of what. He blinked for several long moments, the light still inflicting great pain into his head. His body sitting mostly still, Morgan’s thoughts were racing, even if not coherently. *Where am I? Was I dreaming? Am I now?*  The sound of muffled, distant voices could be heard coming closer. Though they were yet inaudible, they were comforting. Morgan collapsed onto his back, closing his eyes.

Opening his eyes again, Morgan was greeted with a familiar sight- Maybe not familiar, *per se*, but at least relaxing. A tall man, with somewhat long, dirty blonde hair and a gruff beard stood before where he laid, looking to him with an expression of combination warmth and interest. He spoke, but his words were inaudible. *Not far away*, thought Morgan, *but quiet.*

The man continued to talk, experimenting, but his words went unheeded. Moving his arm up, Morgan mustered all of his strength towards this act. He pointed to his ear. Every muscle and bone in his body felt a pain like implosion, but he pointed to his ear. The man seemed to understand this. He smiled, and left the room. Moments later, he’d returned with what appeared to be a small, plastic object with a metal canister attached.

Within moments, the smooth plastic was touching the inside of Morgan’s earl, and a whirring suction could be heard. It was done as quickly as it began. “Can you hear me, now?” The man responded, his demeanor every bit as friendly as he had appeared to the confused engineer prior. Morgan moved his lips, and words came out, but he wasn’t sure if they were audible. The man let out a slight chuckle. “There’s no telling how long you were out there, but our estimate was several days. You are likely in great pain- I’m afraid that, as of now, there’s little we can do about that. It will take some time for you to recover. In that time, I’m hoping that you won’t object to remaining in our care. It just so happened that we picked you up just in time for our ship’s onboard mechanic to break, and we would benefit greatly from your help- assuming that you are an engineer, right? That’s what your suit’s identification says…”

Morgan felt a dual sense of betrayal and confusion. *This man, whoever he was, had went through my suit!* He could hardly complain, of course, considering that he was now less doomed than prior, but the pain of your his being breached was still there. “I have to go, now- My colleagues need me. I’m leaving one of our most competent medical staff here, to aid you in whatever you need.” The man left the room, quickly, and was just as soon replaced by something that Morgan thought, at the time, must have been a hallucination, brought on by the atmospheric pressure changes.

Before his bed, Morgan saw a small creature, covered in brown hair. Almost porcine in appearance, with tusks, the four-foot tall creature examined his body without expression. What would have been terrifying to most, Morgan found- under the pretense that it wasn’t real- quite hilarious, giggling, and even bursting into full laughter when the creature spoke. “Hello. Let us remove this clunky suit, for a full examination.”

**Remember to purchase part 2! Coming soon!**