

The mechanical doors are extremely heavy and slightly warped from the explosion, making it near impossible to pry them open. With a heavy metallic groan, the doors inch apart; a dark fog begins to seep into the ship. Should I reverse, close the doors, and retreat back to the safety of being inside the ship? No, it would be certain doom to remain inside without the supplies that I need to repair the ship. I would slowly suffocate when the air ran out or starve or even go mad from being confined with...him. I continue to pry apart the doors to find a dense, glowing fog swirling heavily around the ship. I can make out rudimentary shapes of possibly tropical plants. The temperature is close to unbearable; the fog, sticky and warm. The taste in my mouth is salty, almost as if the planet were sweating. I step out into the foggy atmosphere and instantly a slimy tentacle like appendage brushes against my calf and twitches.....as if it were having a seizure-like episode. I can only imagine that it is delighting in the flavor of my leg.