



New guy. Brown jacket. Gun in my back.

I don't like him.

Into the elevator. Subbasement seventeen. Boot tread slipping on the floor. I go down.

Portholes, again. The view. Vacuum of space, then the desert. What?

Scrambling to get up.

Pushes me through a hatch and the hatch closes. Metallic sound, and then the hatch opens again.

Tight.

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