Former Introvert

The alarm light keeps blinking.

We've been out here five years, as close to the sun as humans can go without getting ripped up by solar wind. Even with our copied Invaders' shielding, it's been tough. But now the light is blinking. The Invaders are back.

Four years ago I'd have been gung-ho. Two years ago, I'd be relieved. Last year I'd have laughed maniacally and ignored the call. A bad year, that. Now?

Now, I start up the checklist to get our gunships moving on intersection paths with the Invader fleet. Time to rejoin, and save, the human race.

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