

Armstrong Memorial Terminal

by: Eric Liebster

“Right this way, Doctor Wright,” the attendant said.

“Please, just Kevin is fine.” Kevin Wright followed the attendant through the hallways of the Armstrong Memorial Terminal. He stared in awe through the windows at the moonscape out beyond the climatized colony of residing spacecraft engineers, as well as a supporting staff of cooks, cleaners, and those others who kept the facility running like a well oiled machine. Outside he could see that the stars were more brilliant than he had ever seen them against the black satin sky. He watched as little ant like figures in white suits bounded weightlessly about the various spacecraft development pads, assembling new vessels for takeoff in the near future.

As technology had permitted, large scale spacecraft manufacturing had been relocated to lunar facilities, as it allowed for more efficient fuel consumption on takeoff due to the reduced level of air resistance. It was still in its early stages as Kevin was aware; this being his first excursion beyond the Earth’s atmosphere.

Rounding a corner, the enormous form came into Kevin’s view:

“Wow, it’s incredible,” Kevin said, astonished.

“There it is, Doctor,” the attendant remarked, “I’ll leave you and your team to your business.” He dismissed himself.

“Kevin Wright, I presume?” a shortish man wearing a matching uniform to Kevin’s asked, extending him his hand.

“Yes indeed.” Their hands met in a firm shake.

“Albert Cunningham, pleased to meet you Captain.”

“Pleasure, Albert. Now whad'ya say we get this thing off the ground?”

Statement of Originality: