ANOTHER CHANCE

AISHA H. SHAMS

You might be overwhelmed by the atrocity and
sufferings that exist in the world.

You might be broken because of someone else

You might just be tired of yourself

But a person is never given more pain than one
can handle.

So before you take out the blade, remember your
mother

She did not carry you in her womb for nine
months for you to end it all.

She did not cook breakfast for you every morning
for this.

She did not speak to you words of love for you to
give up so easily.

Before you bring out the rope, think of your father

He did not work day and night for you to abandon
him one day

He did not just fulfill your every wish for you to
think that you never had enough

He did not call you strong and brave for you to feel
this way.

Before you leap, remember your siblings

No matter how much he annoys you, he loves you.

No matter how many times she calls you ugly, she
always thinks you're pretty.

Before you make such a mistake, think of those
people

because at the end of the day, they are all that
matters.

Think of how you will slowly kill them and their
dreams about you

And give Life another chance.

The writer is a student of Sunbeams School.

Aurora, My Dear Lady

RUMMAN R KALAM

ENGINE FAILURE
We were hurling towards an ocean planet teeming with life.
CRITICAL FAILURE
No, CRITICAL FAILURE is, in fact, different from ENGINE FAILURE.
SHIFTING CONTROLS TO AUXILLIARY SYSTEM
Because it means that the ship won't able to dampen the effects of a crash landing.
"We can still make a landing, Captain," said a clipped female voice.
I shook my head and raised myself with the aid of a rod jutting out from a bulwark.
"I'm not the captain, computer," I glanced at my nametag, the ones we use with each other in Shock Squad 7, and decided against it, "It's Pete—"
"It's imperative that we reach the Atlantine with the drop for the rest of the fleet to arrive. You are the remaining sentient life form aboard the Aurora," said the computer.
This means the reactor blowing up took everyone with it. I don't know how I survived the explosion but that's for later, gotta run now.
I didn't waste my time thinking out loud to you all, I had the computer's consciousness loaded onto my datapad and was making a beeline for the starboard wing evacuators housed under the torpedo bay.
The nerds were muttering all week about how the engines are under pressure on our scouting mission. All the Rogue class ships were spent on strafing runs in a pincer manoeuvre around the Alpha Centauri system, holding off the rebels in a stalemate. Aurora was the fastest available, being Cleric class, it was still not fast enough but the cap had a deadline to meet.
Rounding a bend that dangerously seemed like it was about to collapse, I heard the Datapad beep up.

"Grab that man's datapad right now," the computer said.
I took the datapad in my stride from the stiff hands of a corpse staring blankly at the surprise space holds for all of us.
"What for?" I asked.
"We need to secure the drop. It's mounted on one of the siege torpedoes," it replied.
"Aite, gotchu, computer."
"It's Aurora, Antoine."
Sentient personalities, *sheesh*.
I kicked open the torpedo bay door and threw aside the overheated shotgun that did most of the kicking and ran for the far end of the bay. The special payload slot held the only siege torpedo carried specifically for this mission.
The computer, once connected to the torpedo, found its way into the auxiliary weapons control system.
"The Aurora is online and will detonate in 13 seconds." The hologram winked off from the control terminal.
No time for goodbyes, I ran back towards the evacuators. Just as I was about to slap the door controls open, the shockwave hit me and the supplies around me. My whole body flipped around and everything floated in slow motion. Time shifted its gears down. My Shock Squad 7 nametag floated up, detached by the force of some explosion, and it froze right underneath the cargo bay door sign that was missing half of itself.
I saw another explosion be set off from the torpedo bay. This time, I saw the fire reach out to me as it swallowed up a space-stale piece of leaking cream bun. My final memory of existence was reading "Cargo P.AntZ" next to each other, superimposed by nature's sick humour, be slowly engulfed in the flames that would kill me.

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