

The Station
by Kyle Eggleston

Alpha Prime Six was bustling with activity. It was a minimal space station the size of a small moon. Traders and other travelers came to the station at their leisure to trade goods with other aliens of the universe.

Samantha walked from the airlock into the heart of the station.

Looking around she saw the various shops that ran along the innermost walls. These were merchants hoping to sell anything to anyone who wanted to spend money.

It wasn't unheard of humans visiting space stations, some saw it as an opportunity to get away from Earth and whatever problems they had. Samantha fell into that category. She wanted to distance herself as far away from Earth as she could. Nothing good followed her. Samantha was certain of that.

Walking past the shops, Samantha looked at what each had to sell. Nothing piqued her interest. Sighing, she left the main center and made her way to her quarters. They were temporary accommodations at best. She didn't plan on staying on the station for long.

Samantha felt humans and aliens shouldn't get too cozy. To intermingle with each other was considered a sin in her mind. But she was only one human out of countless humans who each thought differently on the matter.