

# Cryodrama

VΛ-207 AI: „VΛ-207 set to destination Alpha 6, total duration of travel 113 years, current status of spaceship: 97% of the journey completed, minor damages on front shield and rockets. Resources low but stable, Crew of 9 human beings in cryogenic conservation, 3 of them with chance of survival, arrival in approximately 3,39 years. Starting first stage of revitalization.“

White noise was slowly tuning in as a plain colorless environment filled with nothing but dense fog was unfolding in the minds of the 3 last survivors on the VΛ-207.

CGP-357 a tall and skinny somewhat dunce pirate was the first to gain consciousness. Still frozen he started to dream the white noise. Inside of the dream he tries to pick himself up from the cold featureless ground. Standing on two feet he wanders around the damp foggy fields of emptiness, tired and freezing, as the state of his body feeds into this artificial dream.

The fog condensed on his body, all wet and cold, drops forming and running down as they soaked into his frozen clothes building up an icy crust. As his lips helped him form his thoughts he talked to himself „Fuck, what is this place, what am I doing here? Pain, so much pain in my head?“ Taking a deep breath he shouts out into the white: „Hello... Is anybody here?“

CGP-189, a small skinny guy dressed in white with golden buttons had heard him already for a while, but who was this voice, and why should he be trusted? CGP-189 stayed on the ground silently sneaking through the fog in search of the shouting stranger. His body felt weak and cold as well, but the sheer excitement of chasing someone and having the chance to spill some blood let him forget his own condition, as a wide psychotic grin spread on his face.

„Hey c'mon, is anybody here? Somebody know what this place is? I want to get out of here!!“ Shouted CGP-357 with a slightly stronger but more nervous voice.

CGP-189 didn't know why he was here in this weird emptiness, nor how to get out of it, but one thing was crystal clear to him, he hadn't tasted a drop of blood in much too long, maybe months or even years. The details didn't matter, he wanted to cut into flesh, execute his profession, feel some warm blood drooling, and finally stare again into some gaping body.

CGP-787 more of a leadership personality, knew exactly where he was. He sat with crossed legs on the floor not caring about his surrounding as he knew, that if done right, this would be nothing but a state of transit from a frozen block of ice back into a living being. He was ready to do what he had planned decades ago. Meditating he inhaled and exhaled the white fog, focused on restoring as much memory as possible, recapitulating the plan of how to rob the treasures of planet Alpha 6.

CGP-357 was starting to panic, nervously talking to himself „This place is endless and all the same, I want to get out of here! Left... No right? Ahh Shit! How did

I come here?" He started to run in any direction breathing rapidly, trying to find some reference, some hint of where to escape this madness, but all the same plain white floor evenly bedded in thick cold humid fog.

Madness would also overcome CGP-189 whose excitement grew with each step, imagining the color and texture of the inside of his victims body. Trying to sniff the trace of any kind of living being. Suddenly he sensed a low humming sound coming from further in front of him. It was the whispering voice of CGP-787, memorizing the coordinates for the attack on Alpha 6.

CGP-189 came sneaking closer, drops dripping down his frozen face, running along the blade of his darling knife, shivers flushed through his thrilled body. Trying to stay calm he approached CGP-787 from the back, fantasizing about the drooling blood.

CGP-357 all exhausted from the run fell down to the ground, slowly pulling himself forward with his arms fighting the overcoming frost. Something went wrong, he felt it, he was supposed to perform something specific in this mad place of whiteness, there was a purpose but he couldn't think, his thoughts felt so far away, he didn't even remember who he was or where he came from.

CGP-189 was close now, he could see a shadow glowing through the fog right in front of him. He was ready to attack. Just a matter of seconds, two big jumps and he quickly grabbed this someone's neck, stabbing him joyfully into the back, feeling every aspect of this strangers flesh texture, turning the knife inside of him. But as he pulled the knife to stab again, CGP-787 turned his head, angry eyes staring into CGP-189's dropping face as he realized the whole situation. He had killed the captain, he was on a mission there were things to do and people to kill. But not this one. Just in the moment when clear thoughts started to form in his head he felt his captain's sharp teeth entering his throat letting his cold blood to drift in streams, forming a growing pit for them to lay down and rest. Staring into each other's empty eyes of frustration. They were supposed to become rich, and had sacrificed the last hundred something years to execute this plan, but then failed at the last minute.

CGP-357 had heard something far out in the fog but didn't care, he felt like sleeping, wanting to rest this tired soul, hoping for it to be the way to exit this uncanny place of emptiness. He closed his eyes all covered in frost, his heartbeat slowing down which each breath of moist fog.

Simon Speiser