

I. Overall Description

A. Wolf O'Donnell drifting in space in a pressure suit. Pose up to you.

II. Characters

A. See picture. Ignore any anatomy.

III. Story Scene

A. It was very disorienting to be spinning wildly in space to an unknown trajectory, Wolf discovered. Perhaps it was the strangely dizzying movement of stars-debris-ship-stars-debris-stars-debris-planet-SOLAR!BLINDING-debris-stars, or maybe it was the concussion he was fairly sure he had received from his last-second ejection and subsequent peppering from shrapnel debris.

He was still amazed that he had donned the space suit so quickly. Ditching was one of those things that he never would have done had he been absolutely sure that he had no other choice, and also, that he was absolutely sure he wanted to live without his Wolfen.

'What the hell happened to me?' Wolf thought, 'I was supposed to die in that ship, not out in space and adrift.'

Wolf noticed something cold brushing against his right upper arm. When he looked at it from the helmet visor, he was surprised to see a small gash in the suit. Even a small hole would significantly reduce his half-hour oxygen supply. Quickly he closed the tear with his left palm and searched for the patch kit. In the clumsy suit gloves, Wolf fumbled with the small square patch, , trying to remove the adhesive backing. It slipped out of his fingers and was gone before he could even blink.

For the first time in years, Wolf was speechless. He was adrift, abandoned, cold, and could do nothing but think and eventually die. After several moments, Wolf closed his eyes and relaxed, allowing his paw to fall free. What else could he do?

He was waiting. Waiting for his life to flash before his eyes, like everyone said it would. Wasn't that what happened to furs who didn't die instantly but were well on their way out the door? Some sad, last minute recollection of all the things they hated or loved? All the mistakes they could have prevented or the choices they should have made? Or was it a bright light to follow? Something guiding the soon-to-be-dead to a happier place, or nothingness?

IV. Background

A. Solar, debris, fucked up Wolfen.



