

Transplanet Earth

by Rich Kolker

Dylan and Harper-Smythe dug through the rubble surrounding the newly found chamber. A xenon pressure chamber, similar to the one Dylan himself had been preserved in. The still fresh metal glinted with the light of their flashlights.

" Who could it be, Dylan? "

" I don't know, Harper-Smythe. I was the first man to test the system, I can't tell who came next. All the records of the project were destroyed during the great conflict." Finally, the window of the chamber cleared, and they could see the man inside. He was tall. Tousled grey hair topped a large, good natured face.

" Do you know him? "

" He isn't part of the NASA team... they were so careful, even I was tested before being allowed to be a subject. "

" Why? "

" We anticipated accidents. Anyone who was a test subject had to be able to survive future shock. He had to be a man who could live in the future without becoming mentally unstable. "

" Dylan, there's a name plate! "

" What does it say? "

" I can't tell. Most of it is eroded... rodden something. "

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