

# Forces

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## Drive End

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"Ninth planet? Are you telling me that eight other planets have been discovered as habitable?" asked Ginger.

"Yes, but the previous eight have been depleted of the resources for sustaining life. Including this one. Only the elite inhabit the ninth. Hence the name Elitist 9," said Malcom.

Ginger felt her face muscles tense, and her forehead began throbbing. She felt like falling into Steve's arms, but his arms were limp and he was standing in a slump. His forehead and brows had already begun to protrude and shade his cheeks from the sun. Ginger had begun to involuntarily slump in the same way as Steve. She tried to speak one last time, but all she could muster was a grunt. Marcus giggled fiendishly and mocked the apish expressions that now dawned on Steve and Ginger.

"Let's hurry Malcom. I want to get a selfie with the last two idiots on earth while they still look half-human," said Marcus.

"Fine, but make it quick. I want to shatter this boulder before the idiots start mating," said Malcom.

"Remember now, we agreed on taking turns in breaking this monument into rubble," said Marcus.

After posing next to modern Earth's last scientists with expressions of disgust the Oron brothers hammered away in turn with the sledgehammer and broke away, letter by letter, Steve's last gift to Ginger. It would be now as if it never existed.

"That was a long time coming, brother," said Marcus.

"That will teach mother to dress us how she sees fit," said Malcom.

"Indeed—this will change everything," said Marcus.



**Drive End** • Debra St. John