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The universe was on its last reservoir of transferable energy. Many of the planets, gas giants, and satellites had evaporated or been destroyed by the petulance and grand idiocy of the abomination we know as "sapience", not to mention the hideous blather of "sentience". Wars were fought, lost, rendered neutral by other races, and so on. These abominations and idiocies known as "phenomena" were still not entirely depleted from the universe, which 'knows' no negation, but this was still a great travesty. Nonetheless, all these mistakes and ruinations were soon to be ridden from what little was left of the universe. Which is to say, they might as well already be gone.

Due to very minimal amount of transferable energy distributable in the universe, any acceleration or deceleration attempted by a ship or boat of some sort, surveying what's left of this cruel mistake (the universe), could only be minimally, if at all, accommodated. Therefore, the craft would be resigned to near-permanent stasis. For instance, a craft surveying the barrenness of Un-Moon –the satellite of the now-evaporated Luna– through remote sensing was suspended without movement for what was now 309 lightyears and counting. Due to the poisonous and pestilent surface of Un-Moon, in addition to its decaying, fetid, and seemingly pulpy inner core (chemical composition unknown), any attempt to land on Un-Moon would result in immediate decay and dissolution of the ship. Surveying was something to be done.