signs of life

by [Lysippe](#)

Summary

The Gorn life raft wasn't quite the worst thing Una had ever seen, but it was pretty close.

It was dank, dark, utterly miserable, and checking it was probably a waste of time. Their sensors hadn't picked up any life signs, and the Gorn weren't exactly known for leaving survivors.

Notes

It's about as dark as you'd think.

The Gorn life raft wasn't quite the worst thing Una had ever seen, but it was pretty close.

Mercifully, it seemed to be free of any actual lifeforms, living or dead. That cut down on the horror of it all, at least.

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Una felt the toe of her boot scuff against something soft and slightly squishy. She fought back a wave of nausea as she shone her flashlight down towards it, hoping against hope that she wasn't about to find a body.

Which, of course, was exactly what she found. Tiny and frail, with matted hair and torn clothing, the girl at her feet looked like she couldn't possibly be more than twelve. And, though it was hard to be certain, Una was pretty sure she was *breathing*.

"Oh… oh, *no*," Una whispered, her heart pounding in her throat as she knelt down, searching for a pulse. "Chin-Riley to King Jr, requesting emergency transport, two to beam out. There's a person here. I think… I think she's alive."

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