

[Legends arc] [Venus] [2799]

An ancient story regarding attempts to terraform Venus.

Rev 3.5

Related stories

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[The Hammers arc] [5] [Edith] [9607] (The last page)

This story has literally nothing to do Two Clusters except that one character in this series carries familiar last name in Two Clusters.

A.D. 2799, after fully colonizing Moon, mankind attempted to terraform two other planets.

One was Mars and the other was Venus.

This little story is about a team that went down on Venus and eventually became the pioneers on the planet.

A dedicated elite team was handpicked and assembled from the globe. A team of six hundred people was onboard six spaceships and headed to Venus. The journey was deemed risky and all crews had to sign statements clarifying that their lives were forfeit.

Regardless, there was a sense of determination from the crews. It was as if the spirit of mankind's first step on Moon was about to be recreated, after all mankind had been restricted to Moon for many hundreds of years. Manned missions were sent to Mars and was successful but colonizing Mars and Venus were entirely different matters.

Of course, there were reasons that the journey was deemed risky.

While there were spaceships, technologies were extremely limited when it came to terraforming; the technology and mankind's know-how were still in its infancy. Furthermore, the ships were bulky and slow.

At this point, spaceships resembled submarines. In fact, the whole spaceship design originated from submarine blueprints. As mankind developed shipyards in space, it came to their attention that simply adding blocks on top of a main propulsion engine block wasn't going to give them the stability and toughness against highly turbulent Venus atmosphere. Therefore, they needed a sturdy and unified hull frame which was where submarine blueprints entered. Submarine, by design, was already air tight and aerodynamically stable. Only minor modifications were required for it to be operational in space.

"We see Venus."

A group of nine people was behind a thick, 120mm, glass on a space vessel bridge.

"Here we are at last. If we make it, we will be recorded in history," A man wearing a dark blue trench coat spoke with assurance in his voice. On the left chest side of the coat, there was a navy insignia along with one silvery star on top of it.

A crew suggested, "We will send in probes first."

The man in trench coat nodded in response.

The man was the captain of the ship, also a commodore by rank. His name was Niem O'ren, an ancestor of the O'ren. While he was the captain of the spaceship, the entire team was led by a scientist named Sinar Pearson. Sinar Pearson was not onboard Niem's vessel. But his wife, Kelly Pearson, was onboard his ship as Niem's advisor. The project forbade Sinar and Kelly to be aboard together in case of accidents. Losing both of them at the same time meant too much of loss for the project,

"The bridge" they called was nothing more than a simple platform with raised console controls. It had no redundancy. It had little protections. If the front glass would shatter, that would be the end of lives on the bridge although it was very unlikely due to its massive thickness of 120mm. The bridge did have an ability to cast a steel curtain in case the front glass would shatter or even crack. However, its usefulness was in question because it took 30 seconds to close the curtain. If the front glass would shatter, 30 seconds would be too long for them to hold onto while the curtain closed.

A woman, waving short and curly blond hair with a white lab coat, entered the bridge. It was Kelly Pearson.

"So, here we are," She spoke at a fast pace. "Have you launched probes yet? I need to conduct researches as soon as possible."

Niem shrugged. "Sure, sure," Then he gave a quick glance to a crewman next to him. The crewman, nodding, quickly returned to his station.

"Launching six probes to its orbit," The crewman reported.

"Ninety five percentage of carbon dioxide as expected," Kelly was reading readings sent by the probes. "Very ... turbulent. Are you sure this ship can withstand the pressure?"

"How much bar is it reporting?" Niem asked.

"Twenty three bars," Kelly replied. 23 bars meant 23 more times of atmospheric pressure compared to Earth. A human would be crushed instantly if he was exposed to such pressure.

"Should be no problem."

In order to terraform the planet, the first step they needed to take was to get rid of carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide was the major cause of extreme pressure and high temperature. Scientists believed that, if they could somehow reduce carbon dioxide level on Venus, the planet would become habitable without much more efforts. There was also sulfur dioxide but their primary objective was dealing with carbon dioxide.

And an invention made this whole journey possible. About a hundred year ago, a photosynthesis machine was invented. Its fuel was water & carbon dioxide; the ships were carrying the machine and their cargo was filled with water mostly. Of course, amount of water they had was nowhere enough to turn carbon dioxide needed to make the planet habitable. They were hoping to find some kind of water source once they manage to land on Venus. Water they had was for their own air as well as initial water needed to power up the photosynthesis machines.

Half an hour after the probes were deployed, the fleet had finally agreed upon descending into the thick white cloud of Venus.

"So, here we go," Niem said, feeling somewhat excited. He was going into the unknown.

As soon as the ships entered the thick cloud that covered the entire planet, the bridge began to jolt. But it was bearable initially while their visibility became nil; they could not see anything at all.

"Temperature is increasing rapidly," A crewmen reported at a console urgently.
"It jumped right to one hundred seventy two Celsius."

At the moment, while there were thermal shields available, there wasn't an adequate solution for entering Venus orbit. What mankind experienced and learned from aerodynamic heating of Earth atmosphere was limited to Earth and planets of similar atmosphere. Venus was an entirely different beast.

Those behind the project knew what they were getting into but only vaguely. They did put state of art thermal shields on the ships but weren't fully aware that Venus atmosphere would just rip the shields right off ship's hulls.

"Status report," Niem replied indifferently, thinking their situation was manageable.

"Sir, the aerodynamic heat is, I think, passing right through our heat shield. I don't have an explanation of this," A crew reported urgently. "And the temp within the ship is raising rapidly."

Niem narrowed his eyebrows and his gaze was fixed at Kelly who was seemingly busy with reading data on a console.

As if she knew Niem was looking at her, she responded, "I don't believe this." She muttered. "This ship sucks."

"Mrs. Pearson, this ship is the best ship mankind has at the moment," Niem replied firmly.

"And the best ship we have can't even handle 23 bars and some 172 Celsius? Please, this is a joke."

What they weren't aware of was that their temperature sensor was malfunctioning and that their thermal shields were ripped off.

As the ships descended deeper, pressure became stronger and more turbulent. At one point, one of the ships experienced thruster failures.

"Captain, the ship number two has reported that they are experiencing massive failures on their thrusters. They cannot balance itself!"

Crewmen murmured on the bridge. There was no way they could be rescued in situation like this.

"We can't do anything about them," Niem told them calmly. "Leave'em be."

Everyone knew there was nothing that could be done. And, even though they all signed papers declaring that their lives would be forfeit, it was still hard to swallow the fact that the entire project may perhaps be a long shot in dark and that their lives were maybe wasted for nothing.

Amid the heavy silence, a crew continued to report regarding ship number two.

"We've just lost contact with the ship number two." He added, "I don't know what exactly happened to them or even how they went down."

"Enough," Niem told him and changed the subject. "What is status of our thrusters?"

"Ours are holding on for now. I don't think we can hold much longer, either."

"Distance to the surface?"

No one answered.

"Distance to the surface?" Niem raised his voice.

"I... am not sure. Our sensors are not working. I think it may be malfunctioning due to high pressure and temperature."

"What the hell are you talking about?! This ship has been designed to withstand in this scenario!" Niem exclaimed. He was getting a bad feeling.

"Captain, the last reading I had before sensors went blank was sixty seven bars in pressure and zero Celsius."

“The temperature sensor is broken,” Kelly quickly added. “There is no way it is zero Celsius. Besides, the bridge is really cooking in here.”

Blinking few times, sweats formed on Niem’s forehead quickly. Shaking his head in denial, he uttered, “Are you kidding me here...”

The silence told him otherwise and the silence continued.

How many minutes or perhaps even hours passed, no one knew. Everyone was assured of their demise until sensors started functioning again.

"Captain, sensors are working!" A crewman shouted in excitement.

"I thought sensors were burst?"

"That was my understanding as well. The pressure is down to thirty two bars and temperature is five hundred Celsius."

"It went down? How?"

Kelly cleared her throat to make her presence known and spoke.

"I suppose Venus's atmosphere wasn't as what we claimed to be. Apparently....."

Niem cut off Kelly's words.

"That's enough. We don't need your kind words now."

Kelly frowned, but she spoke no more.

"So, the pressure went town. That's good," Niem approached a nearby console.

"Sensors are coming back."

"Yes, captain. I think we made it."

Some of the crew on the bridge let out of big relived sighs.

"Distance to surface?" Niem asked.

"Only few KMs. We should be landing momentarily."

Niem looked back at Kelly who was pouting of anger.

"Are you mad?" He asked her.

"No, I am not." Her face said the opposite however.

"This is no time for personal feelings. We are going to land, and we will need to locate other vessels. We are not even sure if others made it. It means the sake of your husband is currently unknown, ma'am."

Sighing, Kelly nodded with a response, "I understand."

Niem looked back at his crew. "Go through the ship's systems. Report any, I repeat, any abnormality."

After about a minute, a crewman reported his findings.

"Captain," He said with a shaking voice, "All of thrusters which were located on bottom of our ships are completely burst. I think they couldn't withstand the heat and pressure."

"And that means?" Niem raised his voice.

"That means we are freefalling right now," Kelly answered stoically.

The ship was, all this time, not descending. *It was falling.*

It was rather hard to grasp the gravity of the situation and it was hard to believe that the ship had been freefalling. Thus, Niem's response was rather stoic, thinking that perhaps they were wrong in their assessment. "Anything we can do?"

The crewman shook his head.

Scratching his chin carefully, Niem started to accept the fact that the ship was indeed freefalling which begged next question. "Time until landing?"

"Less than a minute, captain." He stammered afterwards, "P, Probably less, much less..."

He responded after taking a deep breath. "Okay..." He repeated with a weakening voice, "Okay..." Looking around him, he noticed everyone's attention was on him, waiting for his order. "Close the ironface and everyone," He told them and then shouted, "Brace for impact!"

Ironface was the codename for the protective iron curtain to cover the glass front window. Whether it would close in time was questionable but it had to be done.

Next thing they knew, they were literally blown off their feet.

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How long had it been...

When Niem finally opened his eyes, he found his body intact. He was alive. He had few bruises here and there, but he was fine. As he stood up, he felt massive pain throughout his body, but he was alive nonetheless without any major injuries.

As he looked around, he began to realize what happened. The ship indeed crashed, and it crashed badly. Half of bridge crews didn't make it. Kelly made it however. The ironface was 50% closed and it became stuck with pieces of gigantic glass pieces. From the countless cracks, sulfur dioxide and carbon dioxide were entering, and therefore, Niem had to act fast and get the survivors out of the bridge and seal the door at which point he noticed a long piece of glass shrapnel was into Kelly's left eye. Another crewman had a large piece of glass shrapnel stuck into his left thigh as well. Both of them weren't bleeding badly however.

Kelly and four crew eventually regained consciousness after Niem took them to a sickbay. As a captain, Niem had necessary basic training as a field medic. Therefore, he removed the shrapnel from Kelly's eye and a crewman's thigh and subsequently applied bandages properly. By time he was done, Kelly regained consciousness only to notice that her vision was weird.

"W... what happened..." Her shaking hands soon touched the bandage on her left eye. "My eye..."

"I am sorry. It was shrapnel," Niem answered indifferently.

"Oh, no..." She started to sob silently. Niem let her have her time and continued to treat others. Not long after, the others regained consciousness as well. The crew who had a large shrapnel in his thigh claimed that he wasn't feeling his leg which meant his nerve was cut. If he had an adequate medical treatment, his leg could be healed which wasn't an option at this point.

Leaving Kelly and the wounded crew, Niem and the two other crewmen attempted to find out what exactly happened. Nobody answered internal comm. but the power was still on.

After navigating the ship for a while, they encountered a blockage. It was full of soil that reeked of sulfur.

"What in the world..." Niem was puzzled in how to explain the blockage but soon he had to face the reality.

The ship was broken into pieces. Niem ordered men to map out the interior so that he could figure out how much of the ship he had left. And the result wasn't pretty. From what he could tell, the ship was broken into at least three pieces. And amazingly, the piece Niem and the others were stuck had the photosynthesis machine as well as the main battery which could last for few weeks with minimal usage. They had the bridge on top. What they didn't have enough, at the moment, was drinking water.

There was something else. Their ship was pressurized for human comfort and survival. If their ship indeed broke into pieces, they should have died from decompression. But they did not die and ambient pressure was only 4 bars which was sustainable for humans. It was puzzling and Niem thought the sensor was malfunctioning but they were the living proof that the pressure wasn't too high.

He explained the situation to the survivors in the sickbay and added.

“Could be worse.” He emphasized. “A lot worse.”

“Captain, what do we do now? What can we do? Can we at least send SOS?” A crew asked in a desperate voice.

“To send SOS, we need to get to the bridge which we cannot, at least not until we have an air tank,” Niem answered him with a sigh. “And I have no idea what's going on with ambient pressure. But we are living, so apparently the current ambient pressure is similar to Earth's.”

They did feel a little ... strange, however, due to the increased pressure.

“There is no point in sending SOS because it won't reach anyone,” Kelly said while getting herself up from her bed. Her bandages on face was drenched with blood although her bleeding appeared to have stopped. Groaning as she was feeling sharp pain, she managed to stand.

“Very well, what do you suggest that we do?” Niem asked with a stoic expression on his face.

“You said the main batteries are intact and we have the photosynthesis machine.”

Niem nodded.

“Then we need to find water source. That should be our first priority.”

“Easier to be said than done,” Niem said. “And what can you explain about the ambient pressure?”

Kelly explained, “Yes, but it’s something we must do if we are to survive. We need the oxygen. I doubt we have the air conditioner working here. As for the ambient pressure, I assume we may be inside of special terran structure. Until we survey the area, I can’t give you an answer.”

“You have a point but I fail to see how we can accomplish this. Besides, the machine uses a lot of powers as far as I know. The main batteries will brain too fast if we power it up.”

Kelly groaned as she withstood the pain and explained, “From what you’ve told us, I gather that we are underground with only the bridge above the surface which is helping us to survive from the heat and carbon dioxide above. We just need water and we can start from there. If we can just turn in on for just few hours, that should be enough to last us days if not a week.”

“We have very little food supply,” A crew stated. “And it’s just emergency rations. We can’t ... survive this.” He covered his face and started to sob. “We are done!”

Frowning as well as sighing, Kelly exclaimed at him, “Well, it looks like I have more balls than you do and I don’t have actual balls on me!”

Niem reacted with a snicker. “You do have two balls on your chest,” He joked. “Different kind of balls but you get the point.”

“Well duh!” Kelly uttered.

“Well, at least you have your head straight,” Niem said with a grin. “And let us be on a bright side. We are on Venus and we are breathing. That has got to count for something. Even if we perish here, the history will still record us.”

The others seemed to have taken a little comfort although their reality didn't change at all.

Niem ordered Kelly and the wounded crew to rest and led the others in search for water. They brought makeshift shovels with them to dig. But it would seem the lady luck smiled upon them.

“Flooded?!” Kelly exclaimed after receiving Niem's report.

“Yes, the bottom was flooded, and we checked the water. It's pretty clean. It does have trace of sulfur but its concentration is low enough to be harmless.”

“That must mean we are at an underground water source,” Kelly said.

“Yes, it's drinkable. I drank some and I feel fine.”

It was a ray of hope for the four survivors although their journey was far from over. Once water, thus, air, was secured, their next objective became finding the other pieces of the ship and search for other survivors as well as establishing contacts with other ships. The ship was designed to be a base of operation once they landed successfully. Therefore, he had over a year worth of sealed food as well as inactive fusion reactors. In order for them to survive, reaching out to the other pieces of the ship was crucial.

Niem and two other crewmen were attempting to open the sealed door to their bridge by force.

“Ready?” Niem asked his men and they nodded. “Mrs. Person, ready?”

Kelly nodded as she readied a tiny probe.

“Alright, at three! One, two, three!”

The men opened just a tiny gap at which point Kelly inserted the probe. It was connected to a reader in her hand.

“Not too bad,” She responded with a grin. “It’s only 68 Celsius but 80% of carbon dioxide, 18% of sulfur dioxide, very little trace of oxygen, less than 1%.”

68 Celsius meant that they could walk around without a protective suit for a short moment. They’d still need an air tank to breathe however.

“I am just going to hold my breath and try to work with a console,” Niem suggested.

Kelly urged Niem not to rush into actions. “Your eyes will feel like burning in there and you may lose your vision if exposed for too long.”

“This is the only way and probably the most logical path to our solution,” Niem insisted. “I will be in there for 60 seconds max. We can find out what happened outside in that time frame. The reward is worth the risk.”

Kelly was conflicted but felt Niem was ultimately correct. “Alright, do it once. I won’t allow you to do this for the second time because you will lose your vision then.”

Nodding at her, Niem and his men readied to open the door wide this time.

“At three! One, two, three!”

Once opened wide, Niem dashed into the bridge and the crew, including Kelly, closed the door at once.

F, fuck!

As soon as Niem entered the bridge, his eyes started to burn mildly and tears started to drop. But it was no time to hesitate. He quickly dashed toward the sensor console to see the overview. His vision was hazed due to tears but he was able to memorize what he saw. And then he initiated a quick scan. The result came up five seconds later and that was as far as he could take. At this point, he was literally blinded. Turning around and dashing toward the opposite direction,

he slammed what he thought was the doors. It slid open and he was dragged inside.

Panting heavily on floor, Niem uttered a lot of expletives.

“Can you see?” Kelly inquired him.

His eyes were bloodshot and were full of tears. “I am not sure! I can see light for sure but the vision is way too hazed.”

She prepared some water beforehand and cleaned his eyes by carefully dropped water onto his eyes. A moment later, his vision started to come back and he had calmed down.

“I am not doing that again,” He swore as he released a sigh of relief.

A rather excited crew inquired him, “What did you get?”

Niem explained that he saw numerous debris-like objects on the sensor. He claimed he saw more than 15 pieces which he assumed they were ship debris. After running a quick scan, he saw further debris.

“I think it’s safe to say that no ship landed properly,” Niem said while gently massaging his eyes. “There may be survivors, yes, but no ship made it.”

Kelly’s eyes were downcast as she heard Niem’s conclusion. She did feel there was little chance that her husband made it. Even her own survival was purely down to luck, she believed. Sighing, she reluctantly touched her left eye which was bandaged. The eye was lost. There was no chance of recovery. To make it worse, there could be scars on her face although she couldn’t care less about scars at this point. She was never fond of her beauty but she was confident in her appearance. It was never going to be the same even if she made out of this alive.

Feeling downbeat, Kelly asked weakly, “What now?”

Niem chuckled. “I should ask that to you. What now?”

Sighing, she forgot how many times she sighed so far, yet again, she explained, “We will have to tailor a makeshift heat suit, a protective goggle, and an air tank. We will have to get out there and search other debris for reactors and food and perhaps survey our surrounding area.”

Niem noticed her troubled expression and sighing. “Your husband could still be alive, just like how we came to survive.” It was a weak attempt to comfort her, he felt, but it was all he could do.

Kelly beamed a weak grin. “Thanks.” And then she whispered to herself, “I guess.”

She met Sinar Person for the first time at a research facility. They got along well from get-go and it wasn’t long before they committed to themselves. Having worked together for more than a decade, she knew that Sinar’s life-long goal was to conquer a planet by colonizing. It was never her goal.

In the beginning at least.

As she followed her man from behind for many years, her goal, which she never had any, eventually become unified with her man’s.

Therefore, when she and Sinar signed the documents stating that their lives were forfeit, neither had regrets. They were well aware of their chances and were prepared for the worst.

Kelly was mostly happy with Sinar except one aspect. Sinar never wanted a child because raising a child would take Kelly’s time and he considered Kelly a key member of his projects. For Sinar, nothing else mattered other than his goal. Kelly, however, wished a child at least but her wish was never heeded by Sinar. She eventually accepted that she wasn’t going to have a child.

“Straight death would have been better...,” She talked to herself as she made down to sickbay again to check up on the wounded crew.

“Oh, doctor,” He beamed a grin at her. He had been staying in a bed. Kelly wasn’t a medical doctor and had little ways to help him but she knew more than anyone else at the moment. “How is your eye?”

He shouldn't have asked such a question, but neither minded. Their lives could end tomorrow anyway.

"I will need an implant," She told him with a faint grin. "Is your leg still numb?"

He nodded at her.

"Can you move it at all?"

"A little. It feels weird though because I am not feeling anything."

"If you can move, your nerve wasn't completely cut. You should consider yourself lucky. Few hundred years ago, this wouldn't be curable."

There was a lie in her claim that she needed an eye implant. An implant would only work as long as her eye nerves were still alive. Once her eye nerves started to deteriorate, there was no going back. At least, not in this era.

She added, "Don't move your leg though. The last thing you want is your nerve to snap."

She could actually see him starting to sweat. "Y, yes, ma'am," He answered firmly.

As much as their whole situation was, bluntly put, pessimistic. They took their situation surprisingly well. Their calmness came from having a stable base with water and food as well as oxygen. While their future was grim, for the time being, they were getting by.

The temperature inside of the base wasn't too bad. It hovered over 30 Celsius but it was certainly bearable. Kelly became confident that deeper they went, it'd be cooler.

A few days passed peacefully and they've managed to create makeshift goggles and an air tank.

Makeshift goggles were made from eye protection kits from engineering kits they had in spare and Makeshift air tanks were easy; they simply recycled fire extinguishers. Tubes for air tanks came from the sick bay, the medical rubber tubes.

They were lacking fabric to create heat suits however, but it was agreed that they could hang on for 5 minutes. Kelly also managed to measure the pressure outside and it was 6 bars which was taxing but survivable. She explained that they may be under a dome-like terrain where ambient pressure could be abnormal because she expected at least 20 bars on Venus surface. But until a proper survey was done, she wasn't sure.

Niem and another crew with goggles and an air tanks on their backs ventured onto the outworld of Venus through cracks from their bridge. And, although their first impression of Venus outworld was blazing hot temperature and darkness, Niem couldn't help feeling awesome for taking the first step onto Venus. But sentiment had to come later because he had a job to do. He had only 5 minutes before he'd need to go down and cool himself down.

The untamed Venus outworld was similar to a place that was blazing hot with dense fog. The visibility was nearly nil with searing temperature of nearly 90 Celcius. Furthermore, due to heavy clouds formed primarily by carbon dioxide, sunlight wasn't coming through which was the reason for being dark all the time.

When Niem and the other crew returned, they had nothing. They couldn't see anything and 5 minutes was too short to do any constructive investigation. They needed heatsuits or another solution.

“Let's dig,” Niem suggested at a meeting held in the sick bay. “We can access the sensors on the bridge and can precisely pinpoint where debris are, so let's dig. It's a lot cooler underground and it will probably be more constructive this way.”

Kelly agreed. "That is actually a good idea. Without a heatsuit, staying outside is suicidal."

Thus, they dug. And it took them only few days until they reach their first debris which was determined to be tail piece of Niem's ship which contained a fusion reactor as well as food crates. At the same time, they found 50 dead bodies who didn't make it. Niem didn't even need Kelly to determine cause of their death. It was obvious that they died from suffocation by looking at the way their bodies were curled. They obviously had powers but did not have any means to create oxygen.

And two months passed.

Niem was standing at an end of a fortified underground tunnel. He was holding up a communicator in his hand. "I am here and placing the charge."

A male voice responded, "Roger."

Niem placed a small explosive charge on ground and stomped it few times to bury it. Then he turned around dashed away, eventually exiting the tunnel where Kelly was waiting. She no longer had bandages on her left eye. Instead, there was a 2 inch vertical scar across her left eye.

"I am at a safe distance," Niem said and the charge soon exploded, dishing out waves of dirt waves.

"Probing," Kelly said as she approached the entrance of the tunnel and threw a remote probe which resembled a metallic ball. Within seconds, she concluded, "Yes, it's good soil there. Much less sulfur content. We could use to farm."

In the past two months, Niem's crew successfully dug to reach five more debris and managed to rescue six survivors. Unfortunately, they found no trace of Sinar Person and Kelly accepted that Sinar did not make it.

They had been constructing underground base with materials they salvaged from debris and the progress so far had been positive. The base had temperature and pressure controls and they were expanding and adding farms. Seeds were a part of their cargo for colonization.

Meanwhile, they did attempt to contact Earth. They sent SOS and attempted to establish some form of communications but Kelly determined that no signal was getting out of Venus atmosphere. In other words, they were completely stuck and had to survive on their own.

7 years later, a manned mission to Venus was conducted. However, scanning in orbit showed no trace of ships and they could not get through the atmosphere to land. In the end, Earth had considered the previous mission to be completely failure and determined that all lives were lost.

25 years later, Earth received what they considered an alien contact from Venus which turned out to be from Niem. He explained that he and one hundred twenty five survivors managed to settle down on what they believed was a giant crater which lessened Venus' crushing ambient pressure and thus allowing them to survive.

He also claimed that they found Sinar Person's body and that he and Kelly had wedded. Kelly herself went on the communication to confirm the claim and announced her name to be Kelly O'ren. She also claimed that she had given birth to four children, all of whom were Niem's.

Niem explained that mankind would need decades of technological advances to be able to successfully land on Venus. And therefore, he declared that he was the rightful ruler of the planet, thus accomplishing Kelly's, or Sinar's, life-long dream to conquer a planet as well as fulfilling Kelly's personal wish to have children in addition.

However, the O'ren clan did not actually begin from Niem. It was farther down in his bloodline who founded the clan. Still, Niem and Kelly O'ren were the beginning of the bloodline.

By year 3022, Fallen Crater was fully established as a metropolis and the only habitable establishment on Venus. And the city was where Cecilia, or Cecil as we know, awakened.

It would take over a thousand years before Cecilia invented Vie to clean up excessive sulfur on Venus, thus fully colonizing the planet in the end.

Fin