

DEVELOP [2]

HISSES



The **planet** is dry.
It is very hot.

“Bad luck,” Nash says.
“No one can live here.”

“At least it is safe to breathe.”
Beth scans around.



She taps a small box.
“Our tech says it is full of life.”



“I trust what I see,” Nash says.
“We need to go.
Try the next **planet.**”





Beth sighs.

“It will take so long to get there.
Our **people** need a place to live now.”

Hiss.

“Did you **hear** that?” Beth asks.