

The Vesta. She is as big as a city block.



Within her, thirty-eight men and twenty-two women. She is our home. No, she is more than that --



She is a womb.



Dr. Singh, you are needed in Nursery A.

Thank you, Viv.

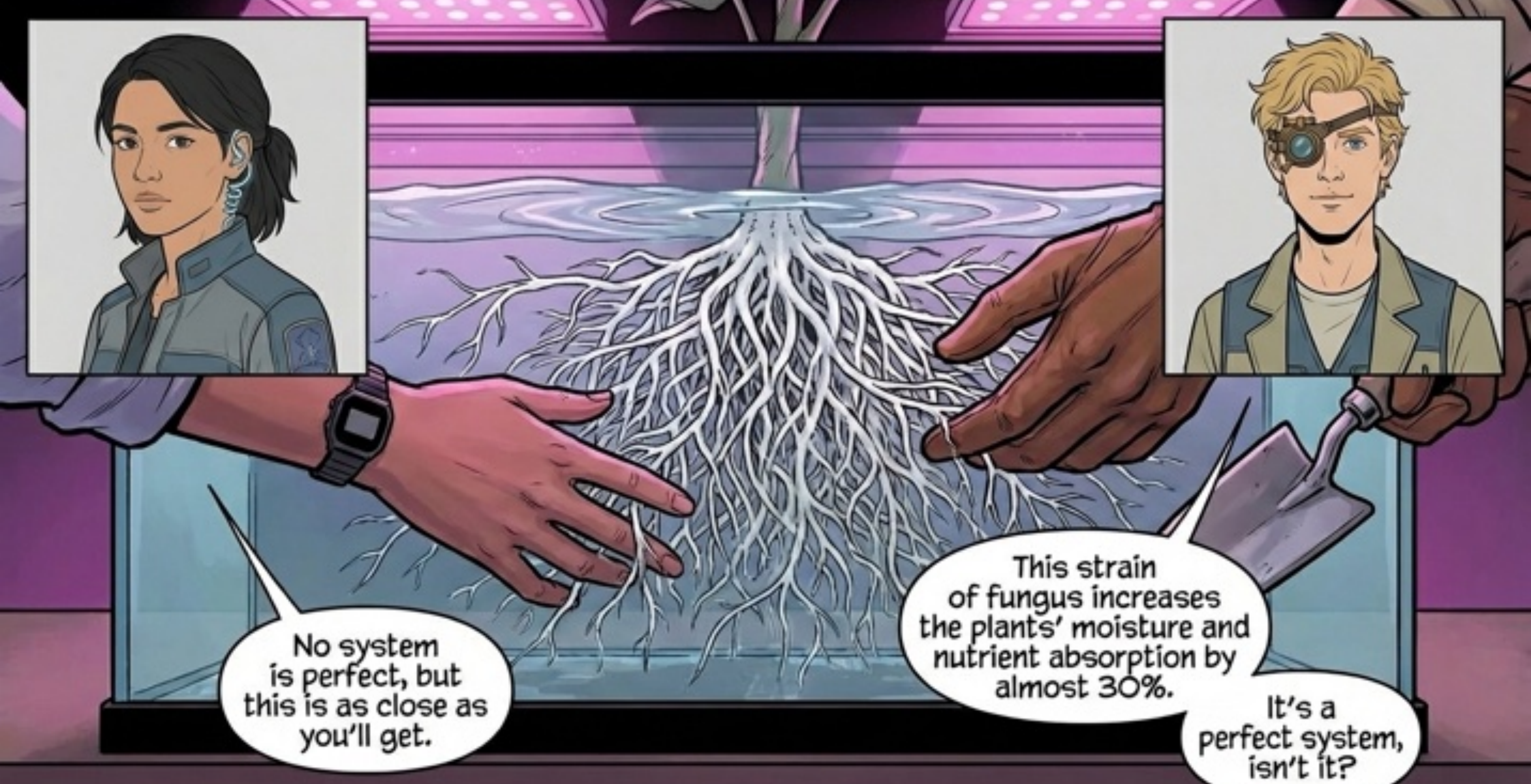




You'll find Dr. Freund waiting for you.



Oh, good, Shriya, you're here. Look at the mycorrhiza formation on this root structure -- I knew you'd be the only one besides me to appreciate it.



No system is perfect, but this is as close as you'll get.

This strain of fungus increases the plants' moisture and nutrient absorption by almost 30%.

It's a perfect system, isn't it?



Our mission has no destination. It is simply to live -- as the Vesta carries us where she will.

Good morning, Shriya.

Hi, Dr. Singh.

Hey, Shriya -- see you at lunch?



And so we do. We live.

Walk, you two! You almost knocked down Dr. Singh!



I made this batch just for you, Shriya -- everything grown in that garden of yours.

It's not my garden. There's a whole team of --

Nonsense, dear, it's yours. We wouldn't have all this lovely food if it weren't for you. Everybody knows that.

Dr. Singh,
it is eighteen hundred
hours ship's time.

Shall I change your
work status to
"Unavailable"?

Hm? Oh. Yes.
Thank you.

We don't know where she is taking us -- if she is
taking us anywhere at all. We don't need to
know. Or we're not supposed to.

Something is wrong.

She provides everything.
The faces. The voices.
They don't change.
I don't change.



It's as if she wants me to be content.
As if they all want me to be content.



But if I don't change, do I exist?

Dr. Singh, you
are needed in
Nursery A.



If they only do what makes
me content, do they exist?

