



## **Pranav - Scholarship Writing Week 3**

Rick's heart dropped as he heard the gurgling of the rocket engines. He was doomed...

Fire erupted through the jet black engines, as the charcoal body was towering through the sky. Underneath was a pearl-white cargo hold. This was all about to be tested as SpaceX's Starship rocket launch. Everyone stared in awe as the announcer went on. 10, 9, 8, 7, the air was buzzing with excitement, 6, 5, 4, it was quieter than a classroom, 3, 2, 1. The rocket pounded through the atmosphere, as fire and smoke burnt through resources like a volcano in the sky.

A crescendo of warnings exploded Rick's eardrums, like an untrained orchestra mixing up fortés and accents. They had three minutes to catch the four story building of a rocket, by pins the size of chopsticks. Three minutes to make history, or lose 5 years of work. It all came down to this. A ghostly blue floated through the tense room. Alarms were still not dismissed. But everyone stared at the jet black spot in the sky. Pressure built up in the room, and ice started together around the rocket.

As the rocket started to breach the exosphere, the cameras mounted to the side started to break up. Crack! They had lost connection. "Ground control here. Can you hear me?" a series of beeps and buzzes was the only reply. The only thing they could do now was hope. Everyone ran back to their job stations, and started preparing the return station. They

configured the chopstick sized pins that were going to catch the hundred ton beast of a rocket.

As the rocket started to lower down back, tiny flares shot out of the engines. It was lowering slower than a queue in the airport. But safety always was first. They didn't want to repeat the last failure. The SN-10 was coming down to land fast, too fast for the pins. Boom! An explosion towered high, resulting in the loss of lives and work. In this industry, patience was the key. The rocket was approaching the platform, meanwhile, everyone else was barely breathing.

The pearl white body lowered down, the chopstick-sized pins about to fire. 3, 2, 1, the rocket abruptly stopped, the pins bent down as fire smashed into the ground, the rocket leaned to the left, and the power was cut. The rocket turned back right and remained still. Silence. The only thing you could hear was the heaving thumping of the breaths of people. A cheer exploded through the control center, the aquamarine glow replaced by the natural light seeping from the control deck's window. "Now, this is an amazing success that everyone around the world would talk about. But let's make them cheer. Time to go to Mars."