

FROM THE AUTHOR OF
HELD BY A STRANGER

THE
LOST SHIP
PO1E01
LOCKED IN

CREATED BY
DAN BARKER

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**Barker Studios
Entertainment**

THE LOST SHIP
P01E01- LOCKED IN

THE
LOST SHIP

CREATED BY
DAN BARKER

Part One: Epitale One:

“LOCKED IN”

Written by

Dan Barker

Edited by

Somalia Carty

INTRODUCTION

Year: Unknown, Location: Unknown

Jodie doesn't know much. All she does know is that she is stranded and the GSS Nimbus' last known location was somewhere near the Cruxe Capella Galaxy.

She doesn't even know if anyone else survived. She is billions of miles away from Earth and billions of miles from home.

*D*rifting alone in the dark, endless, ocean of space, is the GSS Nimbus. Jodie, one of the forty or so engineers aboard the ship, sat in her sleeping quarters. Bored out of her mind and locked in.

The ship went on lock down when the virus broke out, she didn't know what type of virus, all she knew was that it was a 'Code Yellow' and that meant an outbreak of some kind. But that was a year ago now, *something like that anyway* - Jodie didn't know, how could she? The clock broke not long ago and she lost count of the days, she had no way of knowing how much time had passed, but none of that mattered anyway, Jodie had much more important things on her mind. Things like, how on Earth - *or ship, rather* - was she going to get out of her quarters? She was just about out of food. You see, after a year or so, the emergency food hatch below her fluffy rug in her sleeping quarters could only take her so far.

Jodie had tried everything. Breaking into the mirror-black biometric pad to the left of the door, hacking into the ship's security system and tricking it into releasing the lock-down protocol and just straight brute force. It wouldn't budge.

If she remembered correctly from last night, when she re-read the handbook she was given before she signed up to the Space Force, the lock-down protocol is supposed to last a year and a half but they only pack enough food in the emergency hatch for one year, *as if that makes sense*, Jodie thought to herself.

She decides to give it just one final try, one final bombardment of sheer brute force. If this didn't work, she didn't know what she would do.

Jodie takes a step back, followed by another and then another until she was at the other end of her quarters next to the photographs of her mother and father and her little pink desk lamp that Captain Coly bought her for secret-santa last year. With a gulp of fresh — actually, disgusting, one-year old, recycled air, Jodie charges with all her might to the reinforced, titanium door. As Jodie spurts across the room with aggression she edges closer and closer to the door. Inches away, the door suddenly opens and Jodie goes crashing into the corridor wall at full pelt. Jodie isn't seriously injured, at least she thinks not. She's not a medical professional though.

Jodie remains sitting there for the moment whilst she regains her strength and catches her breath from a little bit of shock, she hadn't been out of her quarters for a year- *Wait... One year. The hand book said a year and a half*, she thought to herself, she read it last night, she was almost certain she was right. Though, she wasn't about to go back and read it, she just got out of her quarters, there was no way she was going back in.

Jodie, now back to almost one hundred percent - let's say ninety-five -

returns to her feet and fixes her messy brown hair that was roughly thrown into a bun at the top of her head.

Around the corner of the straight, white, panelled corridor came a figure. *A man? A woman?* Jodie questions. At least she knew one thing, she wasn't alone. "Hello?!" Jodie yells to the figure, making herself known. The questionable figure, who was obscured in the darkness of a broken light at the end of the corridor, gave no response. "Who are you?!" Jodie shouts, trying to make some sort of contact. Still no reply as her own voice bounces back at her several times from the shiny, white panels on the walls of the narrow corridor.

There was no way of knowing who this person was and what their intentions were without approaching them. If those intentions were hostile Jodie had nowhere to go, she could go back to her quarters, but she really didn't want to do that. Just as Jodie starts to build up the courage to approach the figure, all the lights in the corridor suddenly go out. It was now pitch black, total darkness, Jodie couldn't see the figure anymore. She didn't know whether it was approaching her or whether it was still standing at the other end of the corridor.

Jodie stood, frozen in fear in the total darkness and eerie silence. Until, she heard a footstep, and another followed by another each getting louder than the other as the figure approached her. In an effort to stay safe, Jodie scrambles back to her quarters and locks the door.

The lights in her sleeping quarters were out too but she knew she was safe for the-

As if to contradict her point, there was a thundering bang on her door followed by another, each shaking the entire room.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who was on the other side of that door?

Who was the figure?

Is Jodie safe?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dan Barker was born in Nottingham, England in 1999. Dan has always been imaginative and creative but it wasn't until he discovered writing that he was able to actually create the worlds and characters he wanted. Dan started as screenwriter and still remains, though writing stories and books are his main focus right now. Dan writes many short stories and books a year with the help of his editor and partner, Somalia Carty. Dan will share many more stories and characters with you through the months and years ahead, but for now, you've just had your first glimpse of what's to come.

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