

Due to the vacuum of space, the air was swiftly being sucked out of the room. Tanya and Rolf snapped on their rebreathers. Though standing behind different pillars, they both looked around the arch of the only to see Metallix was hanging on to ledge between room and window. It had not been sucked out. It was hanging by one arm only, trying desperately to get a grip with the other. Thanks to their vox-link in the micro-beads they used, Tanya and Rolf could still make themselves heard over the deafening roar.

"Now what do we do?" Rolf asked exasperated. Tanya only replied with a stern look on her face.

"There's only one thing I can think of, and you are not going to like it."

"Huh?"

Tanya looked back at Rolf, a sad look in her face. Rolf knew what it meant.

"Tanya, no, you can't seriously-" he began but Tanya's voice cut him off.

"Rolf," she said softly, smiling like a saint, "I want you to know, it has been an honour. And tell my son, I love him."

With that, Tanya drew her power sword and jumped out from behind her cover, getting swiped away immediately by the vacuum-suck. She held the sword ready to strike at Metallix as she was swept towards it. For a second, it looked like she was going to be able to swipe Metallix head off after all.

Metallix looked up a split-second before Tanya came within range. Reactions too quick for mortal or organic brains made him sweep out with his free arm and knocked Tanya out of the way like a limp and broken doll. He body tumbled away into the darkness of space.

"TANYA!" Rolf screamed, leaning too far out from his cover. From above, a clunking sound was heard, and the automatic shutters began to close. Metallix struggled to get back in, finding a temporary grip for its hand as it crawled back in. The shutters were closing fast now.

The sudden sound had startled Rolf, making him drop his prized sword. It tumbled towards Metallix. Rolf turned his head just in time to see the Yarrickian sword swivel round and strike Metallix on the head, making it lose its grip and tumble towards oblivion.

The shutters closed with a bang and a crunching sound, severing Metallix' left arm at the elbow, as the giant machine had tried to get a grip in the last minute.

The air was filled with a hissing sound as the chamber was refilled with a seventy-five-part nitrogen, twenty-five-part oxygen gas mix. Rolf ran over to the shutters and banged his fists against it in desperation. He sagged down on his knees, his palms flat against them, knowing that they wouldn't open again, never again.

"Tanya," he whispered softly.