

Michael's guinea pig had been his last reminder of earth, the place a fleeting memory from the time before his parents became leaders of planet Thore 6Q4, the robotically run city everyone wants to join — except Michael. Throat thickening, he struggled not to cry as he stepped inside Nebula, the nursery for new planets the world would someday occupy. He spilled his pet's remains into the rising gas. Heart pounding, Michael stood dumbfounded as something within the swirling purple vapors crackled and Pigglepops burst out squeaking and nuzzled him. Michael laughed. Maybe there are some benefits to TQ64 after all.



### Author's Note:

I'm not participating in NaNoWriMo this year. I don't want to waste time and space giving long essays of reasons for my choice, instead I'll sum it up. Changes made by the organization now exclude many incredible participants. I won't take part in an event that singles out individuals as unworthy.

Instead of participating in the normal chaos, I've joined a few writing groups for a month of writing, chatting, and challenging ourselves. One thing I want to do during November is complete at least 25 different micro stories, and as an additional challenge, I'll be doing it [NYC Midnight](#) style. This means I'll be getting all my prompts blind and have 24 hours to get the story written in.

My prompts for this story were:

*Genre: Sci-Fi*

*Action: Resurrecting a beloved pet*

*Required Word: Nebula*

I'm not sure I've ever read a sci-fi book before, and I had to do some research, and ask fellow writers to verify if I had to include anything special in my story. I'm someone who enjoys lying on the ground, gazing at the stars and the moon. Staring at the milky way and watching stars shoot across the sky where I admire them for their sheer beauty and the emotions they stir up that inspire me to write. To say this was a genre outside of my comfort zone is like saying a cat would enjoy a swim in the ocean.

Oh, how tempting it was to laugh and ask for a new prompt, but I resisted. I spent a good hour doing some light research, naming a planet, and looking for a funny name for a guinea pig, all so I could present you with this story. I hope you enjoyed it.

The Reluctant Author

