

Parasite

INferno and LUNA1923

**To our teachers,  
the first ones who taught us who to write stories.**

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**Foreword:**

**Hey readers! We'd like to inform you that there have been some significant changes to the story. Due to school policies, we have had to rework much of this story to exclude any homicide. We apologize in advance to our readers. Sorry.**

**- Luna1923 & Inferno**

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**Day 2, 6:00 am, The Skeld**

"Rose, you swipe it to the right, not left. No, your other right!" Pink laughed in Admin, trying to teach Rose how to use the infamous keycard scanner. Black stood behind her shoulder, watching the doorway. Yellow and Purple stepped in, playfully swatting at each other. Seeing Black, they froze and backed away. "Purp? You have anything in admin?" Pink asked, glancing back at Black. Purple shook her head.

"Nope, I already did mine," Purple glanced at Black before adding, "Umm, it's okay, we'll come back later and do it. I think you have one in Storage, right Yellow?" Purple said, looking sideways. "We'll give you your space, don't worry." Purple turned to walk out, Yellow right in front. Pink narrowed her eyes.

"No, really, it's alright, you can come in. I'm almost done, and we can step aside for you."

"We'd rather not, Pink," Yellow said, smiling tightly.

"You think it's Black, don't you. Do you act this way with Blue?" Pink said, creasing her brows.

"Look, Pink. We're just taking precautions and staying away from *both* Blue and Black. Just to be safe." Purple pushed in. "No need to be rude, and we'll do our card swipe now. Then we can go to Storage." She looked to Yellow, then to Pink. Purple, ever the peacemaker. Yellow sighed but reluctantly stepped back in, crossing back into the room, which was feeling quite crowded at that point.

Pink picked up Rose and backed towards Black as Yellow completed her card swipe. Purple glanced nervously at Black, and scurried away with Yellow, down the hallway to Storage.

"Is everyone that paranoid?" Pink asked no one in particular.

"I think it's because someone died, it's not some story anymore, Pink. This monster is real." Black said, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"I know!" Pink exclaimed, "Come on, let's go." With that, she led Black and Rose out of Admin.

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Orange and Cyan lay on the floor of Medbay, playing a game of checkers they found in Storage, only this game involved pillows being flung at each other. "See?" Orange was saying, "I won again"

"Really?" Cyan asked, "I think you cheated,"

"No,"

"Mhm,"

"Really?!" Orange grabbed a pillow from the nearest bed and flung it at Cyan. He ducked and Orange watched the pillow sail towards the doorway, landing at Red's feet. "Ummm, sorry?"

Cyan turned, a worried expression on his face. Personally, he was scared of Red, and everyone seemed to treat her as the acting captain ever since Black was a suspect. "So," Red started calmly, strolling into the room, "What exactly is going on here?"

Orange hopped off the bed and stood a few feet away from Red, hauling Cyan with him, "Um, you know, playing?" Cyan threw his hands up. Red glared at them.

"You boys have a job." Red said, "I highly doubt you two are Impostors, but I-" Her sentence was cut short as the alarm started blaring through the speakers and the lights were flashing red. Blue and Red whipped around to see the Medbay doors shut tight.

"Shoot." Blue cursed under his breath, "What do we do?"

"What can we do?" Red shouted over the alarms, "Hopefully someone else gets it,"

"It's Reactor," Cyan informed them.

"Pink, Yellow, Purple, and Black are smart people, we'll be fine." Orange plopped back on the cot, "What's the worst that could happen?"

"We blow up into a million tiny pieces?" Red shot, the alarms still blaring, "Really, this isn't a game anymore,"

"Says you, who has no experience in situations like this" Orange fired back, "We look to our captain. At least *he* knows what he's doing."

Red's eyebrows shot up, "Black is a suspect, remember?"

"Do I look like an idiot?!" Orange's voice sounded loud even with the alarms.

"10, 9, 8," The robotic voice started the countdown, "7, 6," The alarm stopped.

"Finally," Cyan breathed a sigh of relief with everyone else, just as Medbay doors slid open. When they stepped out, the rest of the crew turned around the corner.

"Guys," Yellow started, "We need to talk."

"Like heck I do, and not only to you guys." Purple muttered.

"Come on," Pink said, walking towards the cafeteria. Everyone followed her, eyeing Black and Blue.

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When everyone got seated around the center table, they each gave each other wary glances.

Eight of us left,  
still no proof of imposter.  
Sus: Blue, Black

Red wrote down the facts, they'd made little progress with finding the Imposter. "Where was everyone before the sabotage?" Red asked.

"O2," Pink started, "Black *had a task* there, Yellow and Purp should have been in or around storage,"

"Storage," Purple confirmed, "Yellow had to fix wiring and I had trash."

"Upper Engine," Red added, "But then we moved to Medbay and found Cyan and Orange playing,"

"Yeah!" blurted a small voice that belonged to Aero, "We got trapped inside!"

"Hush, Aero," Blue said.

"Yes, and that happened," Red nodded.

"Black?" Purple turned to the man sitting next to Pink, "What do you think,"

"Let's not vote anyone out," Black decided after a moment, "We have no proof of anything, and no one seems suspicious right now."

Blue raised his hand tentatively, after whispering into Red's ear. She nodded at him and gave a thumbs up.

"Guys... I have an idea. What if everyone turns in their weapons so that the Impostor has no means of killing." He said slowly, watching everyone's faces.

"That would cause the parasite to lean on its own biological weapon. This could end up going well, or very, very bad." Purple mused, while reaching into her pocket. "I like your idea," She placed a taser on the table, and a tranquilizer gun right next to it. She smiled and pushed them over to Blue. Blue, in turn, swept the weapons over to Red. Red took out her own gun, and a small knife, and placed it in the growing pile in front of her. She stood up, and walked around the table to individuals.

Red held her hands out to Yellow, who placed a small pocket-knife in her palm, Orange shrugged when she passed by. Black nodded at her, placing a standard issue knife in her hands, as well as a small pistol. Red walked right by Cyan, not even bothering to look for weapons. She circled back to her seat, and dumped the assortment of weapons on the table.

"If this is everything, I'd like to put these away somewhere. Orange, is there some sort of safe on board?" She asked.

"Why not just put them back in weapons and lock the box? I have a couple padlocks you can use," he replied, tossing her a small lock.

“So, that’s settled?” Black said, looking at everyone, “Red, take the weapons and lock them up after breakfast. Purple follow her so she’s not alone.” Purple nodded in agreement and stood up.

Red turned to Orange and Cyan, “You two need to buckle up,”

“Fine,” Orange shrugged, “Let’s go get food,” before walking off to Storage.

Breakfast was eaten in silence at separate tables. No one looked at each other except the occasional glance at Black and Blue. Yellow sighed to herself, was she really ready to eject anyone? She shook her head, *no, this was a game of life and death, not a game of kings and queens*. Make the right move, you win, make the wrong one, you lose, and that meant death.

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## **Day 2 - 7 am, Mira HQ, Earth**

Lime walked back to Comms carrying a metal box, “Here’s the new system, picked it up from storage,” setting the box down, Lime looked around, Caramel was doing something on his computer, his small desk was only sparsely decorated with radio parts, spare cable, snack wrappers, as well as some walkie-talkie and computer pieces. White was nowhere to be seen in the room.

“Oh hey,” Caramel greeted him, turning in her chair, “got the system?” she asked.

“Yeah, it’s a little old, model CSS14,”

“That should be fine,” Caramel went over to Lime and picked up the metal box, “good condition,” she noted. Flipping the box over, she ran her fingers over where a row of portholes lined a side of the box, the next row beside it had 3 switches, and the last row of objects were four short wires, blue, pink, yellow, and red.

“Where’s White?” Lime asked, “wasn’t she supposed to code something?”

Caramel shrugged, “She left, and yes she was,” she looked around, “Well, if she won’t do it you can,” she suggested, “Comms are your strengths, right?”

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The impostor walked around the halls of the Lab. The number of moves she could make was reduced by everyone’s close proximity. She left the Lab and headed out to the airlock. *What did the new person tell her to do?* She shrugged off the thought.

When she left the Airlock, she met up with Green, “There you are,” he said, sitting on the bench in the Locker Room, “Caramel’s been looking for you,”

White glanced at Green, confusion hidden under her helmet, “Caramel’s looking for me?” White asked, her tone bored. Green’s helmet was off, allowing White to see the confused expression that washed over Green’s face. She groaned inside, she wasn’t playing it well enough.

“Ok, well, you should go back,” Green said nervously. *Did he already suspect me?* White asked herself. She hesitated for a moment too long, and Green narrowed his eyes. “Are you alright? Look, Caramel just has a... strong opinion. She’s not trying to take over.” At those words, the Impostor could feel White fighting for control, as

there wasn't a chance for the Impostor to feed yet, it reluctantly gave back the wheel, activating the survival instinct before release.

"Yup, uh, I'm heading back to Admin. Gonna do some, um, coding." White's mind was spinning like a top. *What just happened to me? How did that happen? Is it the Parasite? Do I tell him? No. I can figure this out. Do some research. But- NO. You CAN'T tell anyone. No one can know.* As she trudged up the hallway into Admin, White paused at the door and surveyed the room. The large rectangular room looked untouched, the massive central database softly glowing. She moved up to the control panels, stopping in the left corner to open the cabinet. Grabbing a USB, she turned on her monitor, ready to start researching this Impostor-parasite.

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Caramel sighed and swiveled in Lime's chair again, she'd been there for hours, and was still waiting for White to send her part of the code. Lime tried, but it crashed almost immediately. Bored as she was, it wouldn't be the worst idea to go snooping. She was just getting the lay of the land, right?

"Hey, I'm heading to the greenhouse, I've heard all about the plants, and thought it'd be a nice place to think." Caramel cringed at how fake she sounded, but continued walking. Lime waved at her and continued down to Cafeteria for a snack. As she passed the Office and Admin, she ducked into the latter, seeing as no one was there. Maybe a little message on White's monitor ought to show her how things are going to work around here until this problem is solved.

Caramel opened up the SIMSONG browser, and on a whim, scrolled through White's browsing history.

## History

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| Delete                   | Recent                                 |
|--------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Error system message                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Impostor-parasite researjbewgikn       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Is there a cure for the Impostkjrefskn |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Dr. Jekyll and Hyde                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Syntax error bug                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Helppdghkern                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | What's the best way to clear intake    |

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"What in the...?" Caramel murmured. "What's she doing looking up these things, the Impostor-Parasite? Did her finger slip, why are all these searches messed

up? What is going on?” Caramel pushed away from the desk, her intentions to leave a message forgotten. She sat there and thought for a few seconds before leaving the room, *why would someone be searching all of this up? The quick fixes for everyday problems are normal, the classical books are normal, the coding errors are kind of necessary, but why would she be searching up cures for rare diseases? Is there something that we don't know about White?*

Decision made, she jogged back to Comms, ready to do her own research. She looked up Impostor-Parasite research, one of White's failed searches. What she found left her speechless, confused, and, to a point, scared.

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## Science Daily Outpost

There's been some interesting new research regarding a parasite found on Polus. A team of scientists has been investigating this interesting species. It appears to have adapted to three main environments, Polus, Earth, and low gravity. The appearance differs for each type, but typically they're not very large. The ones found on Polus are snakelike, with spikes for grip on the icy ground. The parasite's that hitch a ride on spaceships are more sluglike, with sticky slime for clinging onto things in low-gravity. The Earth ones are more diverse, but recently one was brought into a lab. It's dry and looks akin to a flattened snake, it's venom can incapacitate it's victim while it enters. These creatures are vicious, and we have more information regarding them with an interview with Dr. Onyx.

**Interviewer:** What can you tell us about the nature of these parasites?

**Onyx:** Well, from our research, they interact with the host, usually nesting inside the victim's torso. All of them take over their hosts for periods of time, usually to kill. While this parasite does take nutrition from the host, it needs much more protein than the host can provide. However, for the first few kills the parasite makes, it's not hungry yet, so it won't eat the bodies, it will grow increasingly hungrier, though. So when you get to the point where you find a body half-eaten, it's very dangerous, when this parasite is hungry, it's reckless. While more likely to slip up, it will also kill more often.

**Interviewer:** Why is this particular parasite known as the Impostor-Parasite?

**Onyx:** So, the first time we encountered this, it was a massacre. But from that first experience, we hadn't a clue that there was a parasite among our friends. Excluding mood swings, and forgetfulness, there's no big difference, there's no way to tell that there's an Impostor Among Us.

**Interviewer:** Can you describe how this parasite takes over?

**Onyx:** The best way I can describe this is an analogy. So imagine your body as a car, and you're the driver. Then, this parasite is like someone else getting in the car. When it takes control, it's essentially shoving you into the backseat while it drives. You have no control, but you can still look out the windows and see where the car is going. At times, we believe the host has control over their body, but this theory is not yet tested.

**Interviewer:** So, what prevents the host from committing suicide or telling someone?

**Onyx:** Fear. You already have fear in your body, it's coursing through your veins, heck, you were just infected by a parasite, that's gotta be scary. What this parasite does is activate the self-preservation part of your brain, making it impossible to ignore. Then, you're the perfect host, you'll do whatever it takes to survive.

**Interviewer:** Recent attacks have shown that emotions of the host may have an effect on parasites, and their actions, what do you say about this?

**Onyx:** Yes, I believe this is true. Although only strong relationships and emotions may have an effect on parasites. When the parasite wants to harm a person close to them, the host's mind is at their most protective stage, contradicting the parasite. We are trying to test this theory by sending cadets with close relationships with each other, hoping to prevent or curb the death count. We are by no means purposely infecting anyone, but as a safety precaution, we send them with friends and family.

**Interviewer:** Thank you for this interview, we hope to see you again soon.

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## **Day 2 - 8:00 am, The Skeld, Comms**

Orange stood by the door, downloading some extra Comms data, Cyan sat in front of the Comms computer, staring at the blank screens. According to Black, Comms were not going to be connecting to Mira anytime soon. So no one really had a reason to come here. Of course, this was the room they went to for solitude without Aero and Rose's crying.

"So what're you doing?" Orange asked.

"Waiting for you," Cyan answered, "you done yet?"

"Hey, you said that you wanted to stay," Orange said, slightly annoyed, while letting the download screen do its job. He walked over to Cyan. "What's that?" Orange pointed to some little script in the corner of the monitor.

"Huh," Cyan bent over the screen, squinting his eyes at the small message.



"So what do we do?" Orange asked, "Reboot the system?" he leaned on the back of Cyan's chair.

"Yeah, but we should get Yellow or someone else who knows the system better," Cyan got up, "C'mon, Let's call an emergency meeting," Cyan started out of Comms, "We may even get our Mira team back."

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"What?" Purple asked, sitting down in a seat beside Yellow.

"What happened?"



“So, we were hanging around comms, doing our work, we were *completely* on task, as always. And, uh, Orange saw this error message on the monitor, while we were working, of course, and we thought we should talk to you guys first.” Cyan said, careful to mention that they were, in fact, working, and not messing around.

“So, lemme get this right. You and Orange were, for once, working and you discovered a bug that no one saw prior to now?” Red stated, unimpressed.

“Well... When you put it like that...” He trailed off. Red shook her head and sighed. Purple and Yellow had stopped listening and were chatting, and Pink was playing with Rose. “Look, maybe you don’t believe us, but just come check it out. There might be a way to connect to HQ.”

“Fine. There’s too many of these meetings, only call them for emergencies, they’re called *emergency* meetings anyways.” Red pushed off from the table and stood up, picking up Aero as she went. “We’ll come to comms and check it out. Lead the way.”

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Orange started fiddling with a dark green headset, flipping it around and unwrapping the cord. He started flicking dials on the old radio set but stopped when Red glared at him.

“Read the room, man, read the room.” Cyan muttered, pulling up the rolling chair. “Be seated, O Captain, My Captain.” Red sat, and turned on the old monitor.

“A poetry fan? I can respect that, though it might not be the greatest poem for right now.” She said, not looking up. “Isn’t that poem about the captain dying?”

“Well, uh, the ship made it through in the end, right?” Cyan shrugged, looking back at Orange, who was clearly not listening, having put on the headphones. “Where’s Blue anyways?”

“He went to Storage, he has garbage, then I think he’s heading to Shields after.” she said absentmindedly. “Where’s this error message? I don’t see it.”

“Oh, um, it’s on a different window, if you minimize these ones, it should be the second to last one.” Cyan said, stepping away, and drifting toward Orange, who was bopping to a beat that must’ve been downloaded onto the radio.

Red sighed before getting up to find Yellow, “Yellow!” She called into the hallway, “Can you come in?”

Yellow’s reply came a second later, “Coming!” Soon after, Yellow’s bright space suit rounded the corner from Weapons, “hey, whatsappp,”

“We kinda need help,” Red started, entering Comms, “You know Comms system better than I do,”

Yellow nodded her head, “Uh-huh” She slid into the Comms chair before starting the double monitors and looking around the screen, “Where’s the message?” She asked.

“Bottom left corner,” Cyan said.

Yellow nodded and started humming, “wow,” Yellow pulled up a small window to the center of the screen before squinting at the tiny message. “So what do you

guys wanna do?” Yellow said after reading the message a few times, she turned in her chair just as the rest of the crew entered Comms, clearly avoiding each other.

“What else can we do?” Purple asked, “It can only get better can’t it? And if the system’s back online we can make outside calls, right?”

“How can it get worse than it already is?” Orange removed the headphones and asked matter-of-factly.

“What does it even need you to do?” Cyan asked.

“Do a hard BIOS reset,” Yellow responded, “so we need to push a button that will restart the computer” Yellow turned the chair to look at the team standing behind her. She walked to the side of the table before reaching her arm behind the monitor. Her fingers found their way to a small button, holding the button down. Yellow retracted her arm once the array of screens had dimmed. “Done,” she pushed the chair back under the table, “Now we wait,” She looked to Red.

“Okay,” Red nodded, “Come on, time for more tasks. We should try and complete tomorrow’s tasks so we don’t need to do them later,” everyone nodded in agreement and split up in their separate ways.

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## **Day 2 - 12:00 pm, Mira HQ, Cafeteria**

“See?” Caramel gestured to the touch pad, which showed line after line of code. “The system needs to process the message before it can ever send it over. Got it, Lime?”

“Yes,” Lime responded, shifting his position at the table, “isn’t that what I was doing?” He used his spoon to move his peas on his plate.

“No,” Caramel said, exasperated, “you forgot to add -”

Green and White loudly entered the room from the upper hallway. “Why can’t you just do your job?” Green shot at White, “Can’t you see how much we need Comms and what were you doing?”

“Yes!” White stopped and put her hands on her hips, facing him, “I was doing important research, that’s necessary to the code. What were *you* doing?” Caramel sighed and put her head down. Lime backed off and resumed eating.

“I, for your kind information, was finishing the repairs that *YOU* asked for! The update should be done by now, what more do you have to do?! You’ve finished more complicated things in less than a day.”

“THIS *IS* COMPLICATED!! This is infinitely more complicated than you think it is!” White threw her hands up, and walked away. Green heaved a great sigh, and turned right back out of the cafeteria.

“Anywho, you did it wrong. Any person could see this. Even my twin, Brown, who knows almost nothing about coding, could probably see that this is wrong.” Caramel continued, as if nothing had just happened. Lime reached over and examined the code.

“No. See, look here. I wrote this line which double checks the intake before sending, there’s no wa-” He abruptly cut off. He closed his eyes and dropped the touch-pad. “Done, you hear me? I am done.” Pushing away from the table, he left his uneaten peas and walked away. A couple minutes later Caramel could hear the sound of objects being thrown around coming from the upper hallway. *There goes staying calm and collected.*

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## **Day 2 - 2:00 pm, Mira HQ, Comms**

“*Ping.*” A soft chime interrupted Green’s thoughts as he loitered around comms, carefully tearing leaves off of Lime’s plant, but doing it artfully so he wouldn’t notice. Lime was up in admin with Caramel and White, probably annoying the heck out of them. He just couldn’t understand why they can’t get along. ‘*Ping*’ There it was again! Green stood up, brushing the fallen leaves to the floor, and walked over to the larger monitor. There was a small pop-up message.

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**Skeld Connected**  
**Please Update System to Version 16.2**  
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“Uhh, how do I blast the intercoms... Is it this button?” Green pushed down on a button that had a volume symbol.

“VOLUME INCREASED. VOLUME IS AT 80%” An ear-piercing screech rung throughout the ship, followed by a loud monotone voice.

“It can get louder?! That was only 80%?!? So, not that button.” As Green searched for another button, he could hear footsteps getting louder. Raising his head, he glanced outside the door frame.

“What the heck was that?!” Caramel exclaimed, her chocolate brown hair freed from it’s ponytail. She stepped inside and motioned for Green to move.

“Were you trying to kill my ears?” White’s voice rang out. A moment later Green saw her, followed quickly by Lime. Green moved aside for Caramel, nearly tripping over Isla.

“They fixed it on their end! Now, we need your update, White?” Caramel said, swiveling away from the screen. White rolled her eyes, but held out a USB. Plugging it in, she uploaded the data they needed, and sent a test ping to the receiver. When the ping came back, Caramel sighed with relief. “We’re connected. Like I said, we got no audio, but we can send typed messages though...” Caramel’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing, I just saw a tunnel...”

“What does that mean?”

"It means, Green, that someone's able to communicate through this block. But that doesn't make any sense... That would mean this whole block was set up, and someone's been talking to the Skeld, or, at the very least, monitoring the Skeld."

"Ohhhhh.... Crap." Lime shook his head violently, leaning back against the wall and looking up.

"Well, that's not important now, right? That's a problem for our future selves. I mean, we found a way through. We can talk to the Skeld!" Green said cheerfully.

"Yep, my superior coding skills, matched with your computer you found. We saved the day. Well, / saved the day."

"Would ya look at that. Fixed. Guess the intake problem wasn't so bad." Lime said, shaking his head.

"Oh, it was bad. You're only lucky I'm that good."

"Let's agree to disagree."

"It doesn't matter what you think, that doesn't change the truth."

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## **Day 2 - 4:05 pm, Comms, The Skeld**

"Orange? Quick question. Well, it might not be so quick, actually it probably won't. You know, this conversation is getting awkward, uh, I'm just gonna shut my mouth. Annd... um." Orange looked up, they were still in comms after the rest of the crew had vacated. "So, um, I was just wondering, and I'm not trying to be rude, but... I noticed that your behavior shifts when it's just us, but when someone else comes, you just get... meaner."

"Cyan, you don't say, 'I'm not trying to be rude', unless you're going to say something rude." Orange sighed, and pulled him deeper into the corner. "And, I have no idea what you're talking about. I only... open up around you because you're trustworthy, you're the only person on this ship who wouldn't even think about lying."

"That's because lying is horrible. So what you mean is that you trust me?"

"No! Yes... No. I don't trust anyone, you're just *trustworthy*. I- look this is a touchy topic, so maybe we can talk about something else?"

"Oh. Is this a sensitive subject? Ok, we can talk about this later."

"Can we talk about this *never*?" Orange dropped his hands, wandering back to the doorway. *I'm not meaner. I'm just... guarded around people.* Cyan nodded and poked his head into the hallway. Seconds later, Red rounded the corner, followed quickly by Yellow and Purple. Pink entered minutes later with Black, the latter of which took one look at them and started whispering in Pink's ear. She raised her eyebrows and did a double take on Cyan and Orange. *Oh, no, he didn't.* "Black, what did you just-" He was cut off by Yellow who let out a loud gasp.

"We're online! Mira responded, should we reply?"

"Is that even a question?"

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## **Day 2 - 4:10 pm, Comms, Mira HQ**

“Yes!” Lime stood and pumped his fist in the air, “woohoo! They’re on, what should we say?” Lime looked back from Green to Caramel to White. White looked up from eyeing his plant, which seemed to be losing leaves, and shrugged.

“The daily check in?” Caramel suggested, bored, “like we were supposed to,”

White snickered, “Well duh,” Green nodded along, keeping clear of the ‘Royal talk’.

Lime’s fingers went back to the keyboard, This is Mira HQ, please state status. He hit send, a little circle with a blue dot started turning round, and round, and round. This would be the part where it either worked or didn’t. Lime’s palms had started to sweat.

Caramel came up beside him, bending down to see his screen, “Finally, you do something right,” he rolled his eyes. They looked at the small circle that seemed like it was spinning forever.

When a small green check indicated that the message was through, White and Green had come to stand with Caramel. A smile spread through Lime’s face, he turned to find Caramel and White smiling, a rare expression, and Green grinning widely. The next messages came through faster than the first one did:

**Skeld Comms:** Impostor, 1 dead; 8 alive and well.

Who’s dead? **:Mira Comms**

**Skeld Comms:** Brown dead. Don’t know who the Impostor is though.

Lime looked up at Caramel. Her display was clear and her jaw was hanging open. She reached up and removed her helmet before sliding against the wall to the floor, she used her fist to cover her mouth, “How can that be possible?” She murmured.

What happened? **:Mira Comms**

**Skeld Comms:** He was paranoid, didn’t want to have buddies or anything.

**Skeld Comms:** He didn’t have siblings or family, right?

Caramel closed her eyes, “What. No,” she muttered to herself, “I can’t,” Lime looked from Caramel to the screen. She stood up and left Comms.

He did, her name is Caramel. Pro Comms coder, she just left the room **:Mira Comms**

**Skeld Comms:** Who's typing? Is it Lime from the dropship?

The one and only **:Mira Comms**

**Skeld Comms:** Well, we're not doing great. We are all mentally exhausted, there's a serial killer parasite on board and we have two children here.

That was very... Informative, I didn't know there were kids on board **:Mira Comms**

**Skeld Comms:** Yeah, we got kids. Anyways, was there anything else you needed to talk about?

No, just try to keep everyone alive. we're going to try to open voice: **Mira Comms**

**Skeld Comms:** Thanks, I guess.

-transmission end-

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Caramel stood on the balcony, her arms resting on the rail. Her helmet was off, allowing her hair to whip around her head. *How could he be dead?* Caramel asked herself, gazing at the sun, barely peeking out from under the clouds.

The doors to the balcony slid open behind Caramel. "Uh, hey," said a female voice behind her, "I know we aren't on the best terms, but uh, yeah we kinda need you right now,"

Caramel turned to look at White, "what do you want,"

White sighed then walked up to stand next to her, "We need to talk," the snark gone from her voice.

"Is this about the whole 'who is queen' thing?" Caramel asked, "'cause you can be queen, I don't care,"

"Oh, that and your brother,"

"What about him?" Caramel asked sharply, "He's dead,"

"I lost my parents and my older sister a little back before I joined the Astronauts Association." White paused, "That's probably why I act this way,"

"To hide the pain," Caramel glanced at White, "Me and Brown lost our father on a ship mission, and now I've lost Brown,"

"If the IAA is causing so many problems for you, why don't you call quits?"

"Because Brown, my mother and I loved the AA. It was my dream job since I was 8," a tear slipped down her face, "I worked like all hell to join,"

"Funny how that applies to me," White laughed quietly.

"Wow, the queens are finally talking!" a sarcastic voice cheered behind them. Caramel turned to see Green and Lime, "Don't we have work?"

She smiled, wiping a tear off her face. She was about to step out of the balcony when she stopped and turned to face White, "Truce?" she held out her hand.

White smiled and took her hand, "Truce."

---

## Day 2 - 5:00 pm Skeld, Admin

Purple watched Yellow upload data from her tablet in Admin, leaning back in a red chair by the Admin wall. The holographic table glowed with little markers indicating where each person was on the ship.

"Purple?" Yellow asked, turning away from the screen to look at her, "Can I ask you something?" Purple swiveled to look at her, pushing the chair a little farther out.

"Sure." flicking her braided hair, she swung it behind her back.

"I've been wanting to ask," Yellow started, then paused, "When we found Brown's body, you were acting weird," Purple raised her eyebrow, "care to explain?"

"Huh? Acting weird?" She looked at Yellow blankly, "What did I do?" *Does she know?* she asked herself.

"Yes," Yellow walked towards Purple, standing in front of her chair, "you said, no, no no, they wouldn't do this," it was Yellow's turn to raise her eyebrow. Purple turned back around, hiding her expression from view.

She opened her mouth, "What?" Purple clicked on the mousepad, acting as if what Yellow was saying was unimportant. *This is just like with Pink. I can't let her get too close...*

### 1 Year Ago

"Purple, do you want to play truth or dare?" Pink asked, tugging Purple's hand down a winding hallway. "We finished tasks together."

"Ok, I'm up for a game." Purple asked, brushing her hazel hair from her eyes. Pink plopped down on a Medbay cot, her coconut-brown eyes sparkling. *Truth or Dare sounds fun. Can't go wrong right? I'm sure Alpha won't come up,* Purple thought.

"Can I go first?" a mischievous smile crept up Pink's face.

"Why not?"

"Okay, truth or dare?" Purple tapped her chin.

"Dare. I have a right to say no, right?"

"Sure, ok, I dare you to... jumpscare Mari." Pink smiled, arching an eyebrow. "You gonna say no?"

"Oh God, Mari's gonna hate me after this. Do you know where she is?"

"Navigation, that's where I saw her last. I'm not coming with you, lest I get blamed!" Pink singsonged. Purple sighed and got up. *Great, if I scare Marigold, she'll stay in one room for the rest of the day.*

Brushing her hand against the shield's railing, Purple tip-toed over to the Navigation doorway. Mari's soft yellow suit glowed beside the grey walls in Nav. Softly, Purple stepped in behind her.

"Boo," Purple whispered into Mari's ear, placing a hand on her shoulder. Marigold jumped back and almost fell over scrambling out of Navigation. "Really? Not gonna say hi? Well, that was partly my fault." She walked out, weaving back to Medbay. Purple waved at Vermillion clearing asteroids from Weapons, his red-orange suit catching her eye.

“My turn. Truth or Dare?” She asked, cocking her head at Pink. They sat across from each other now. This is Purple’s second turn, the first time she asked about Black, learning that they were ‘unofficial’.

“Dare this time, can’t put it off any longer.” Pink laid back on the mattress, her dark brown hair spread out behind her, pink tips hanging off the bed. “But I can say no.”

“Fine. I dare you to climb onto the light box in Electrical. I’ll come with, if you need me to.” Purple winked her stormy grey eyes. Pink rolled her own. Swinging her legs off the bed, Pink waved her hand at Purple to come.

“We can continue the game there, this time you *have* to pick Truth.” Pink skipped down the hall, passing by Azure in Admin. Az looked at them, her dyed blue hair swishing over her eyes. “Hi, Az, we’re playing Truth or Dare, wanna play?” Azure shook her head, and continued studying her map of the Skeld. “She’s lost, I think.” Pink whispered over to Purple.

“Made it first!” she said, plopping onto the top. “That was harder than I thought it would be.” Pink didn’t reply, instead, she slapped a hand onto the top of the box, and pulled herself up. “Ok, I guess it’s your turn now.”

“Truth or Dare.” It wasn’t a question anymore, rather a statement.

“Truth, I did dare the last two times. What are you planning?” Purple raised an eyebrow,

“Hmm, tell me this, who is Xanthe, and why does your brother not like him?” Pink asked, leaning forward. “I overheard you talking to him the other day. Sounded kind of boring, but when you said his name I remembered Lime saying something about him. Something along the lines of, ‘Bad example, shouldn’t listen to him.’ I want to know what’s up,” She lowered her voice.

“Oh. Umm. Xanthe and I are friends. We, uh, work together. He’s my partner.” Purple bit her lip. *I can’t lie to her! Shoot, what am I going to do?! I can’t tell her about Alpha, but I can’t bear to lie to my friend, either!*

“Oh, he works for the International Astronaut Association too? Never seen him around before. Unless... You have a side job? Also, you didn’t say why Lime hates him.”

“Lime doesn’t *hate* him... They just don’t get along. Xanthe pressured me into doing something, and Lime never forgave him for that. He was a family friend before that little scuffle. Then, Lime ‘expelled’ him from his friend circle” Pink quirked her mouth. In the darker room, the pink tips of her hair seemed to light the air.

“And before you start going into that rabbit hole, that’s all you’re getting out of this turn. I’m, uh, actually kinda bored with this game. Can I go take a call really quick, we can play checkers after.” Pink nodded, a small frown on her face, before hopping off the box. Purple followed, but turned right instead of left, heading towards Reactor.

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“Still waiting,” Yellow’s voice cut through Purple’s thoughts, “Where’d you go on your little excursion in your mind?”

“Just.. thinking.” She got up from the chair, flipping the computer off before she left. “So, um, I got a task in medbay, don’t you have one somewhere else?” Purple moved over to the central table, her fingers skimming the card machine. Yellow sighed, and rolled her eyes.

“Please don’t change the subject. If something’s happened, you can tell me.” Yellow stood at the other end of the rectangular table, the green holograms in between.

“Nothing’s happened, I’m good, ok?” Purple said, “Maybe you-” the rest of her sentence was cut off.

“So, what tasks do you girls have here?” Orange stalked into the room, eyeing the Admin room like a predator. He surveyed the room before leaning onto the table. “Oh, are we having a standoff? I love those.”

Yellow turned and glowered at him, “Have *you* been doing *your* tasks?”

“I have,” said Cyan, coming in behind Orange.

“No, we were talking about-” Yellow glared at Orange again when he interrupted her.

“Girl talk?” Orange cocked his head, “ooooh, maybe *boys*. Can I join in?”

Cyan rolled his eyes, “Ignore him, he’s in a bad mood, since *I* beat him at checkers earlier.”

Purple sighed, *at least we’re off that topic*. “No *I* won,” Orange growled, stomping Cyan’s foot. They turned to each, and started squabbling again.

“I’m going to go,” Yellow said, walking out. Purple didn’t follow.

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*Finally connected with Mira. Hopefully we can get back on track.* Pink walked around the boxes in Storage, picking her way into Admin, where she had some wiring to fix. *Almost done with my tasks for today.* Black looked at her for a moment, “Why the long face?”

“It’s just- If we’re connected to Earth support now, will we be able to figure out who the Impostor is? Are we going to be able to survive this mission?” She bent down to pick up Rose, stopping right outside Admin, where she could hear the squabbling of Orange and Cyan. “Oh, god, they’re fighting, *again*.” She poked her head in, and promptly pulled it back out.

Black raised an eyebrow. “The question is; with themselves? Or with other crewmates?”

“I’m going in, this is one of my last tasks, and I won’t let some little kids slow me down.”

“Little dramatic there, huh?” Pink narrowed her eyes at Orange, who was reclining in one of the chair booths. “If anyone here is little, that’d be Cyan.”

"Hey!" Cyan shoved him off the chair, which revitalized the fighting once again. Pink turned her head, glimpsing Purple's suit in the corner. She was typing away on her compad, oblivious to the destruction Cyan and Orange were wreaking.

"Black," Orange's tone shifted, "We have to talk."

"Yes, and what would that be about?" Black responded, nonchalantly. Purple looked up. Standing, she crept along the walls, slipping to the front of the room with an apologetic smile to Pink.

"Oh, uh, hey," Purple shifted her gaze from Black to Pink to Orange. "I'll go, if you need." everyone looked at her, "okay, then, I'll just go." She stood and walked past Pink and Black.

"Is there something we need to talk about?" Pink asked, looking warily at Orange and Black.

"Well, there's something Black and I have to talk about." Orange said, looking at Black, "well actually, maybe we should all have this conversation,"

"Orange, please elaborate. I know we became friends a couple years ago--if it could be called that--but even I can't read your mind."

Orange sighed. "What did you tell Pink in comms?" Orange pressed, "The way Pink looked at me after?" Pink glanced at Orange and Black.

"Right. That." Black looked over at Cyan, who was sitting on a chair, trying to be inconspicuous. Cyan caught his eyes and gave a little wave. "I suppose this calls for a history lesson?" Orange leveled him with a glare. "Right, right. So, well, I might've shared personal information with Pink? That's honestly what happened. Just a teeny mistake."

"What are we talking about?" Cyan asked, raising his hand. Pink's eyes darted from Orange to Black, to Cyan.

"Black." Orange stood up, and took a step forward, towards him.

"Umm, can I share?" Pink situated herself in between them. "Uh, so. Black told me, and I quote, 'Wish they would just get together and spare us the awkward moments.'" Cyan's eyes went wide and he turned away. Orange just got madder with the newfound information.

"Are... are you sure he didn't say, 'Get *it* together'?" Cyan's voice was muffled by his suit.

"Umm, I'm not sure? This was an hour ago, so, my memory's a little spotty." Pink smiled nervously, moving away to stand by the Admin table.

"Is this very personal?" Black asked, "We all have our own relationships."

"Black, look," Orange said quietly, "it's personal 'cause- you know what, maybe we need to have a private conversation about this. Just you and me. You shouldn't give out things like this."

"I'm just sharing what I think might be best!"

"With your girlfriend?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Who's she going to tell?" Pink looked at Black.

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize you told her *everything*. What's she, your diary now?" Orange closed his mouth quickly. "Pink, I'm sorry, I- I didn't mean it like that."

Pink looked down, somewhat speechless, “Uhhh,” she dragged out the word, “do you want me to leave?”

“Well, you don’t have to-”

“Yes.”

“She doesn’t have to leave, she’s part of this now.” Black grabbed her hand.

“You’re making it sound very serious. I think this situation could be fixed, but she should leave.”

Awkward silence spread out before Cyan broke it.

“Heyyy, so. What Black said. I know what he was implying, but... I’m confused.” Cyan admitted, his face red.

“Cyanimgay, ok? That’s why it’s personal.” Orange said in a rush, Cyan looked at him confused.

“Uhhh... what did you say?” Orange cursed under his breath and took a deep breath.

“I. AM. GAY. OK?!” He closed his eyes and moved to walk out. Cyan grabbed his sleeve and pulled him back. “What?” Orange said quietly, looking away.

“Orange. It’s ok. From the way you were reacting... I thought it was some dangerous family secret.”

“It *is* a ‘dangerous family secret’. My whole damned family is embarrassed of me. You know why I’m here, in space? Because of them. They don’t want to see me, I *ruined* their reputation.” He closed his eyes.

Pink looked at everyone awkwardly. “Just because you’re in space, doesn’t mean your family won’t ever see you,” she said softly.

“Great, then they’ll send me farther. Probably to work full time on Polus. Yay.”

“The IAA won’t send you on full time Polus.” Black said, “it’s isolation.”

“Look, Black, you’re the first person who ever accepted me. Thank you for that. Cyan, Pink, I... understand if you want to cut ties.”

“Why? Why would I want to cut ties with you?” Cyan bit his lip.

“Did you *not* listen to what I said for the past five minutes?”

“I was listening.”

“You have every right to leave, and I won’t stop you.” Cyan looked at him strangely, almost as if trying not to laugh. “What?”

“Orange... I’m bi. We can be outcasts together. The fact that you’re gay doesn’t change anything,” Cyan said, laughing. “But I loved the dramatic speech. No one here is leaving you.”

“Um,” Pink started, “can I ask a question?”

Orange raised an eyebrow, “didn’t I just explain everything?”

“Uh, nevermind,”

“No, really, what is it?”

“Why do you always act like a jerk?” Pink said quietly.

“You know, I just asked that question,” Cyan said, laughing even harder.

“Why is this so funny to you?” Orange snapped. “And, as I explained earlier, I am not a jerk. I’m... wary.”

“Orange, you can talk openly here. No one is going to tell anyone else,” Black said. “You’ve been through some tough stuff, no one here is against you or anything.”

“Fine. I am.. ‘Rude’ because I try not to make friends. Friends will only leave you in the end. I’m okay being alone...” *Am I okay with being alone now?*

“Don’t you have any old school friends or anything?” Pink asked.

Orange snorted, “Yeah right, totally wouldn’t ditch me after learning that I’m gay. Totally.”

Pink looked to Black, “did you know all of this?”

Black turned his head to look back at her, “Yes? Well, I didn’t know *all* of it. I knew that Orange was gay, and that Cyan was bi. Cyan is a lot more comfortable with sharing it, it’s pretty much all-but-required. If you wanna talk to him, you gotta accept him. I didn’t know anything about Orange’s family history. If I did, I would’ve helped.”

“Can we be done with this conversation now?” Orange said quietly, looking down. Cyan looked up at him, and took his hand.

---

## **Day 2 - 5:45pm Skeld, Medbay**

“Red,” Blue said, sitting on a Medbay cot across from Red, “I’ve got a task in Nav and Shields, meet you back here?”

She looked up, Aero in her arms, “Oh, sure, Aero’s still sleeping,” Blue nodded, waved, and left the room. Red leaned back in the cot, surveying the room, it was roughly rectangular, with beds lining the walls in the front, and the back right corner occupied by the scanner and the sample tester.

Footsteps echoed down the hall of Medbay from Cafeteria. Red sat up, her hand reaching for the G30 she usually carried with her. She set down Aero gently, before poking her head out of the doorway. Spying two people talking, she relaxed, though her hand still grasped at the empty air.

“Where are you guys heading?” Pink looked up, her soft magenta helmet under her arm. Black adjusted his hold on Rose, and brushed his hair from his eyes.

“Oh, my last task in Medbay, Black’s last one is in Weapons,” They came to a stop right in front of Red, Pink leaning against the printed words on the wall:

CAFETERIA ----->

←----- ENGINE

“I’m in MedBay now, just relaxing, I didn’t have any long tasks today, so I’m finished with all my work. I can watch Rose for you, if you want.” Red suggested.

“Nah,” Pink replied, “I might lounge with you, Rose *does* have to nap.” She walked into the room, setting Rose down on one of the cots before walking to the sample tester. “Time to wait,” she said after a minute, plopping down next to Rose.

“Pink,” Black said from the doorway, “I’m gonna run to Weapons real quick. Okay?”

Pink turned her head, nodding, "Sure, I'll be right here. But I'll probably be asleep," she added with a wink. Black raised an eyebrow and headed in the direction of Weapons.

"So," Red said, turning her head back to Pink, "You have any idea who the Imposter is?"

"No... Not really. To be honest, if you had asked me an hour ago, I would've said I wanted to vote Orange off the ship. Now? I'm not sure." Pink sighed, her gaze vacant.

"What? You suddenly got really philosophical right there. Speaking of, and I'm not being rude, or anything, but has Black been suspicious? There's an Impostor on mission PRSTST, and-" Red stopped talking, and scrunched her face in confusion. "Pink, there's something up with the mission code."

Pink stared at her blankly, "Um, no, mission codes are randomly generated, but I guess sometimes they give hints to what the mission is for. Ours is just a regular rec mission. But I guess you're right, we didn't get any vowels." She said matter-of-fact, brushing her hand flat against the blue comforters.

Red thought for a second then stood up and walked over to Pink holding a small notepad. "Look," she said, writing their mission code down. She added a small space between each letter, then wrote the vowels under it, "Let's try to fill in the blanks." P R S T S T

"T-S-T," Pink murmured, "It doesn't make sense- Test." she said suddenly.

"Told you," Red said, writing an 'E' in the blank, "Now this one."

"That leaves P R S, I'm not sure what that could be..." Pink set down a sleeping Rose on the bed opposite to her.

"It has to be a word coming up lately," Red said, "That starts with a P."

"Honestly, I'm coming up blank. Press is the only thing I can think of, but it's not like people are talking about pressing... Hold on. Maybe instead of P R S, we should think of P R S T." Pink got up and started pacing the small room. Up and down the line of cots, she stopped at the scanner and sat down on it.

"That makes more sense, since adding the extra T would make it 7 letters."

"So, a word that- Oh, for all the stars in the sky, how did we miss this? PaRaSiTe. Red, it's Parasite, the word is Parasite." Pink stood up so fast she nearly fell over, marching over to Red and tearing the pad from her hands. Rose rolled over at the sudden movement, and Pink slowed down a little.

"Just figured it out, but what does it mean?" Red asked, as Pink wrote the vowels of parasite on the small yellow pad.

"*It means...* Parasite Test. Red, this means parasite test."

"We're part of a test?" Red asked, "So all these missions with Imposters on them, they're a dang test?!"

"Red, look," Pink said, "We don't even know if we're right, we might just be extremely paranoid, or on edge."

"I think it's worth telling everyone else," Red said, picking Aero up and leaving the room. Pink sighed, but followed her with Rose.

---

**Day 2 - 5:40 pm, Mira HQ**

"We win. Again. Those boys don't know what hit them!" White laughed as Green and Lime huddled together and shared cards. Everyone was sitting on the floor of the Office, the large room providing more than enough space for the game. Caramel sat beside White, her warm chocolate suit contrasting against the stark white of White's. Caramel rolled her eyes and they bumped shoulders. It was a far cry from the hate they threw on each other yesterday. In the last hour they had become frenemies (if you could call it that), they weren't quite to the friend zone yet, but they could certainly bond over cards.

"We've decided you were cheating. There's no way you two could've beat us three times in a row. We're shuffling the deck this time. And dealing the cards. And in the middle we're switching hands." Lime spoke up, exchanging looks with Green. Caramel reached over, and grabbed their hand. "Hey! We're shuffling!"

"You could've won with this hand! I'm beginning to think you were lying when you said you knew how to play..." White lay the cards on the patterned floor, counting the symbols. She sat back up, and brushed all the cards together into one stack.

"There's no winning in this game, you guys have rigged it. Wanna head to the greenhouse? I think there's hemlock... What with your weird obsession with poison, but I can deal." Green threw up his hands and grabbed the deck of cards.

"Hemlock? I've always liked nightshade better..." Caramel murmured, and White looked up at her. "What? I've always found poison interesting."

"Annnnd, here we go." Lime got up, grabbing the deck of cards, and flopped onto the orange bean bag by the left monitor. "Alright, you guys go compare poisonous plants or whatever. Green, I challenge you to a game of Smash Bros." Almost simultaneously, White and Caramel looked at each other and rolled their eyes. Green cracked his knuckles, completely ignoring them. *Boys.*

As they walked up the hallway to the greenhouse, Caramel spoke to White about Nightshade, "Hemlock is great, but Nightshade is poisonous throughout the *whole* plant."

"Same with hemlock, plus, it's fatal even in small amounts." White replied, ducking through the doorway and stepping into the large greenhouse. Rows of planters lined the glass floor, and the large, cylindrical walls curved around them. Caramel squatted in front of a row of small, white, clustered flowers. *Nice, I wonder if they have nightshades.* White sat down next to her, gloved finger gently tracing the starbursts. Caramel turned around, but not before she caught a glimpse of White cutting the flowers and slipping them into her pocket.

---

**Day 2 - 5:35 pm, Skeld, Navigation**

*Was that question really so bad?* Yellow asked herself in Navigation, her hands thumbing over the control panel, stabilizing steering. Purple was hiding something. Only she didn't know what.

Standing up, she moved over a chair to chart course. *Obviously I get all the Nav tasks.* She sighed and flipped her frizzly brown hair pulling it into a loose bun, the curly strands sticking out. She stood when she finished, turning to the downloading station for her last task in Nav. Only when she turned she found a figure waiting in the shadows above the vent. Yellow froze.

"Yellow, you need to go." A man's voice said, his voice strained, "Call a meeting." his body jerked before he picked himself back up, walking smoother than before.

Her eyes widened as she slowly backed away. She was breathing hard and beads of sweat dripped down her face as she realized how exposed she was with her helmet off.

He stepped out of the shadows and she could see how strained his face was. *He's being controlled,* Yellow remembered reading an article about Imposter Parasites.

Although in the end, she knew that she would be dead. But if she was going to die, she would die on her own terms. Not stabbed in the back running away. "Fine," she said, "You can kill me, but you'll just be losing your family," he took another step forward, "You'll be hurting the people who care about you the most," Yellow added, "Everyone will hate you, they might forgive you, but mostly, you'll die knowing that you failed them." He froze, twitching awkwardly. His face was tensing, and she knew that he was fighting the parasite for control.

He took a pace towards her so that he was no more than four feet away from her. "Run." he said, while a tentacle-like tongue struck out from his helmet. She staggered back in surprise, but didn't run.

"In the end, you'll be dead with no one grieving for you. After I die, who's next? Who is next in line?"

"Please" he choked out, as the tongue slithered, curling itself closer to the corner she was in. "I don't want to do this."

"I pity you, you know. You'll just kill, and kill, until you're faced with your own actions, and forced to reap the consequences. I'd be a fool to say I'm not afraid of death, but I have lived. Have you?" She took a deep breath, and looked into his eyes. The mismatched colors, blue and green, looked back at her. They were filled with hurt, anger, and frustration. Then, it struck.

---

Purple sat in Comms, thinking about the past events and even before this whole mess. Xanthe. *The first one to get me and Lime caught up in this.* She clenched her fist. There would be no way for her to back out of what she'd started.

Escaping to earth? No, that would just get Lime killed. She knew that Alpha Syndicate had cameras and mics placed everywhere. She stood up, sitting in Comms would do nothing to help her friends.

She ran her hand against the walls as she weaved her way through the halls. She saw a flash of blue turn around the corner of Weapons. Purple stepped into Nav and froze.

On the floor was a woman in a sunshine yellow suit.

“Yellow!” Purple slid beside Yellow, lifting her from the ground. Veins of black surrounded a small hole in her shoulder, “What happened?”

Yellow’s eyes flickered open and she lifted a shaking hand to point at the floor. Yellow gave a sad smile. She opened her mouth but no sound came out, her lips moved to mouth ‘sorry’.

Purple looked in the direction of Yellow’s finger. On the floor, in light graphite, were shaky, barely legible, letters: BDR. She looked at Yellow in confusion, as her body went limp, falling into a deep coma.

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## **Day 2 - 5:50 pm, Skeld, Cafeteria**

“I thought you were in Medbay?” Black inquired, joining them as they reached the center table.

“We were,” Pink replied, giving Rose to Black, “But we discovered something unusual with the mission code, we’ll explain everything once we call a meeting.”

Black nodded. “Blue!” Red called, waving Blue over.

“What are you doing here?” Blue asked.

“We’ll explain later.” Red said, flicking the clear box covering the button, open. Her hand hovered over the button, it’s color identical to her suit.

Just as an alarm sounded.

“Dead body reported.”

## End of part 2

[Write a review!](#)



### Acknowledgements, with Luna1923, and Inferno

**Inferno:** Hey everyone, this is the end of part 2 of Parasite! Don't worry, there'll be more. Luna and I are so excited to be sharing our stories with you.

That's right! And holy guacamole, 40+ pages?! It's an honor to be writing for you guys, and we're very happy that you took your time to read this. **:Luna9123**

**Inferno:** We couldn't have done this without a ton of people. I first want to thank our amazing editors, rLighting, Astra, and Spacebean. We owe you guys everything. Thanks for enduring the Skype messages of 'EDIT!' and many thanks for the laughs we get from that chat.

Once again, thank you to Emma, a great ASB member who supported us throughout the writing of this story. Readers, major shout out to you, you're the ones who really make this story. Thanks to our wonderful teachers who take time to teach us, who are enduring bad tech to educate us everyday.

You're the ones who first taught us to write. **:Luna1923**

**Inferno:** We absolutely couldn't have done this without our families who have supported us from the very beginning.

Exactly, Inferno! Our families were great supporters who were sure to help us through any roadblocks we encountered. Special thanks to my mom who encouraged me to not quit, and keep going. **:Luna1923**

**Inferno:** Massive thanks to my sister, Snowy, who's been the first person I've ever talked to about Parasite.

Huge thanks to the creators of AmongUs, which without, this story wouldn't have been created. This game really brought us together, and it's amazing seeing how much we've really grown closer since we started writing this.

Thank you. **:Luna1923**

**Inferno:** You guys might've noticed some changes in the story. We went back and edited part 1, so it would be great if you could reread that. Just pretend you don't know who the impostor is. For those of you who have not read the original part 1, no worries.

**Inferno & Luna1923:**

We love sharing our writing and a tremendous amount of effort, so please don't sell or change any of this content. Feel free to share this PDF with family and friends!

[Parasite HQ](#)