

In the year 2075, C.O.V.O. and The United Nations have worked together to find a way to colonize the planet Venus. On January 1st, they send out a group of 50 people to be the first human inhabitants of the planet, among whom is a 15-year-old girl named Dallison.

Dallison woke up to an announcement over the P.A. system at 7:30 am, Greenwich time. C.O.V.O, The Colonization Of Venus Organization, decided to use the zero-degree timezone, as the concept of day and night differed greatly from back on earth, and some form of a circadian rhythm was required for regular daily life.

C.O.V.O's Project *Venus75* had just begun the previous day, with 50 humans being sent to live in the domed city now called "Phoenix II", named after the desert city on earth. Of the 50 new inhabitants of the planet, Dallison was one of 10 orphans who had been selected to begin a new life here on Venus.

It was a great mystery to her and her friends why even in the face of revolutionary space colonization, they still had to wake up early for school on a Monday morning. As she pulled back her curtains to reveal the barren, desert-like climate surrounding her, Dallison mused over the fact this was going to be a great milestone in her life, as well as for the rest of the human race.

Her first day of school on Venus.

The cafeteria looked like any regular school cafeteria, minus the windows framing a cloudy orange sky outside. As Dallison sat down with her food, she watched her two friends laugh over the strange-looking eggs that the cook had served.

"Do you think they cooked them on the ground?" a slender boy named Will asked.

"Ew, that's disgusting. I would never eat floor eggs," a slightly shorter girl replied.

"Oh come on Ivy, I'm sure the heat would sterilize them," Will joked. Ivy rolled her eyes and sat down across the table from Dallison.

"Well," Dallison sighed. Will looked up at her as he lifted his fork up to his mouth. "Can you believe we're actually here?" she asked her friends.

"It's exciting alright, but is it *really* all that different if we still have to get up early to eat some crappy eggs, and then go memorize a bunch of useless facts for the rest of the day?" Ivy complained.

"They should teach us something actually useful for once," Will added.

"Or at least interesting, but like what?" Dallison asked.

"How to get a job," he retorted while taking a sip of juice.

"Well maybe they will." she said. "Now that we're on Venus things should be getting a lot more serious," she added.

“Attention children! Everyone listen up! I have an important announcement about your commencing school day!” the on-planet principal called.

“Speak of the devil,” Will remarked quietly.

“As many of you know, the 10 of you have been selected from Mr. and Mrs. Petterson’s Children’s Home to start a new life here in Phoenix. Each and every one of you went through a sophisticated process to see if you had what it takes to contribute to this exciting new society on Venus. I am pleased to announce that this week, we will be helping you to find your passion, and, in turn, your job once you graduate. We need people working in almost every career imaginable, so don’t be shy! These assignments will be due Friday, and I expect you all to ‘wow’ us with your ideas! Now, everyone get to class, Ms. Jenkins will be waiting in the schoolroom down the hall to get you all started. Have a wonderful first day!”

As Principal Harriet walked back to her office, all three of the teens turned to look at each other.

“Friday!?” Ivy exclaimed, “We have to decide what we want to do with our lives by *Friday!*?” she expanded.

“Well, technically that’s just when the project’s *due*, I expect they’ll want us to know by today or tomorrow at the latest,” Will said. Ivy groaned.

“I expected as much,” Dallison said. Ivy raised an eyebrow, “Well C.O.V.O’s just moved everyone here yesterday, there really isn’t a significant workforce or much support out here, so, of course, they’re going to want to have us all write down what type of job we want and get us out there as soon as possible. In case you haven’t noticed, we’re kind of the backbone of this entire operation,” She explained.

“Dallison’s right, Ivy. We’re the first generation that’s going to really live out our young-adult lives on Venus. They’re going to need to be able to count on us for keeping this whole thing intact,” Will added.

“Funny,” Ivy mused.

“How come?” Dallison asked.

“We all know that the only “sophisticated process” we went through was being orphans that nobody wants,” she started, “and now all of a sudden we’re a multi-billion dollar company’s greatest asset,” she explained.

“Maybe it’s a chance to prove that we’re worth more than some people might think,” Dallison suggested. Ivy laughed.

“You’re just always ‘Little Miss Positive’ aren’t you, Dallison?” she said.

“I try,” Dallison shrugged.

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