

Weight cruiser NOSTASA” rambler “was on the flight mentioned from Arkon to the planet of the eternal life. The space ball with a diameter of two hundred meters and four hundred men crew on board slid from the Librationszone into the normal area back, in order to grant to the overexerted drive a recovery break.

Perry Rhodan was torn by shrill ringing from deep sleep. It raised, and it took nearly two seconds, before it could deliberate itself, where he was. , He is correct Bully had asked to remain in the control center of the NOSTASA and to support Colonels Ten Hogard. Even if the position of the art planet could be to some extent surely determined, one never was before surprises surely.

Those kind these surprises depended on in which mood the immortal one was.

Ringing...!

It was the Interkom. Rhodan straightened up completely and imprinted the button, which made the connection to the center. One must already have a weighty reason to wake it up.

” Yes? “

” Thank God! “That was Bullys organ. ” You have a sleep, around which one can envy you. The bell rings already three minute long. “

” You exaggerate like always. What gives it? “

” Hyperradio, Perry. Atlan. “

” Equivalent there are. “Rhodan jumped out of the bed, on which he in fuller clothing had lain. Some seconds long it reflected Bullys voice. It had completely normally sounded. That Friend controlled itself excellently, even if he had been condemned practically by the nature on” rambles “to death. Since three hundred fifty years there was the cell shower, which the life each mark extended by sixty-two years.

The long-range heavy cruiser, NOSTASA, was currently on a flight from the planet Arkon to the planet of eternal life. The sphere of nearly six-hundred fifty feet with a crew of four hundred slid back from hyperspace into normal space in order to give the overworked drives a short break.

Perry Rhodan was awakened from deep sleep by a shrill noise. It took him nearly two-seconds to orient himself and remember where he was. He’d asked his second-in-command, Reginald Bell, to remain in the control center of the ship to provide support to Colonel Tens Hogard, the ship’s captain. Even though the current position of the secretive planet was known there was always the possibility of some surprises in getting there.

And, those surprises depended on the mood the Immortal One was in an any point in time.

There was a ringing from his desk.

It was the ship’s intercom. Rhodan sat up and pressed the button connecting him to the control center.

“Yes?”

“Thank God!” came Bell’s voice. “It’s nice you get a chance to take a nap, which I envy you for, but I’ve been ringing for you for three minutes.”

“As usual, you exaggerate. What’s going on?”

“The hyper-radio, Perry. It’s Atlan.”

“I’ll be right there.” Rhodan jumped out of bed, still fully clothed. He thought about Bell’s voice. It had sounded normal. His friend controlled himself well even if he was condemned by Nature to be looking at death. It had been three-hundred fifty years since they had first entered the cell shower prolonging their lives for sixty-two years with each treatment, and they were nearing the due day.