

♻ arrivals

Umberto can see his house from here.

After three hours waiting in a holding pattern over China their clearance is broadcast via orbital feed relays.

The helo breaks its four click-high figure eight above dense urban sprawl and crosses Medevac Asiatic borders, headed for central dispatch.

“If we’re not somehow one step ahead of them,” says Monique, “then we’re too far behind.”

He checks regional weather and traffic tickers on the main screen. “Paranoia isn’t going to help anything. We don’t have too many choices here.”

Umberto levels out over an arterial highway, following its lights into town by eye despite the many nav aids.

Monique watches traffic through the passenger window, studying the faces of pilots they pass on the skyway.