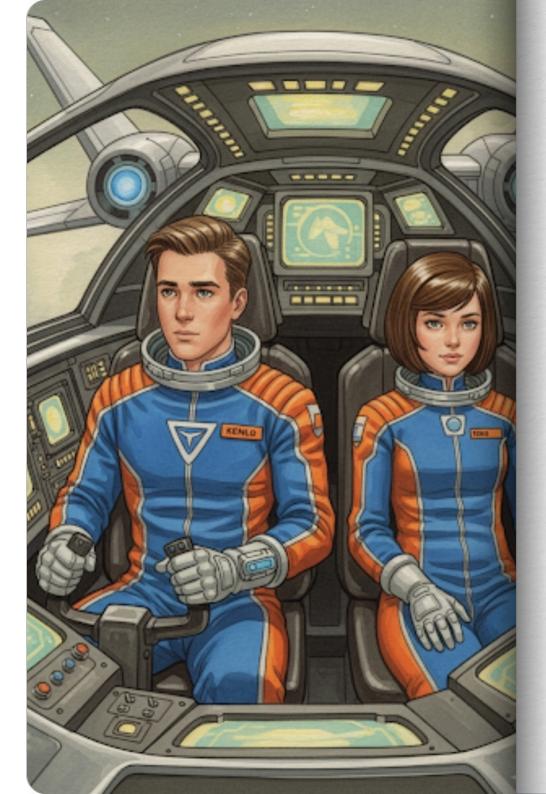




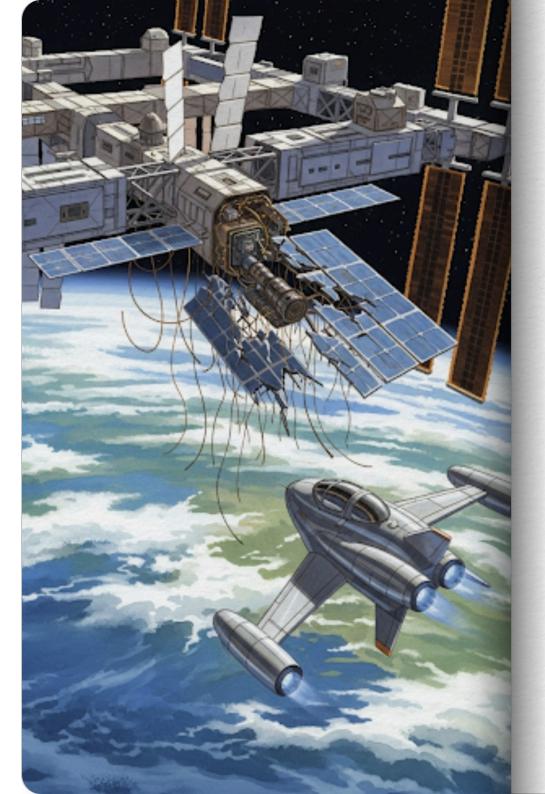
Kemlo, eighteen, and Krillie, seventeen, stood on a viewing platform of Satellite Belt K, their home orbiting Earth. Today was no ordinary day. They were about to embark on a crucial mission: a routine inspection of the International Space Station, a revered Offworld Heritage Site. Excitement buzzed between them, a familiar feeling for these seasoned Space Scouts.



With a final check of their gear, Kemlo and Krillie boarded their sleek, small space runabout, the SX-MR2. Kemlo took the pilot's seat, his fingers dancing over the controls, while Krillie confirmed their flight plan on her K-Pad. The engines hummed to life, a gentle vibration through the hull, as they set a course for the historic station.



As they approached the ISS, its familiar silhouette grew larger against the breathtaking backdrop of Earth. It was a magnificent sight, a true testament to humanity's early ventures into space, now a cherished monument to innovation and cooperation.



But as they got closer, a chill ran down Kemlo's spine. "Krillie, do you see that?" he asked, his voice tight, pointing towards the station. A large section of one of the solar panels was clearly damaged, hanging precariously by loose cables, glinting ominously in the sunlight.

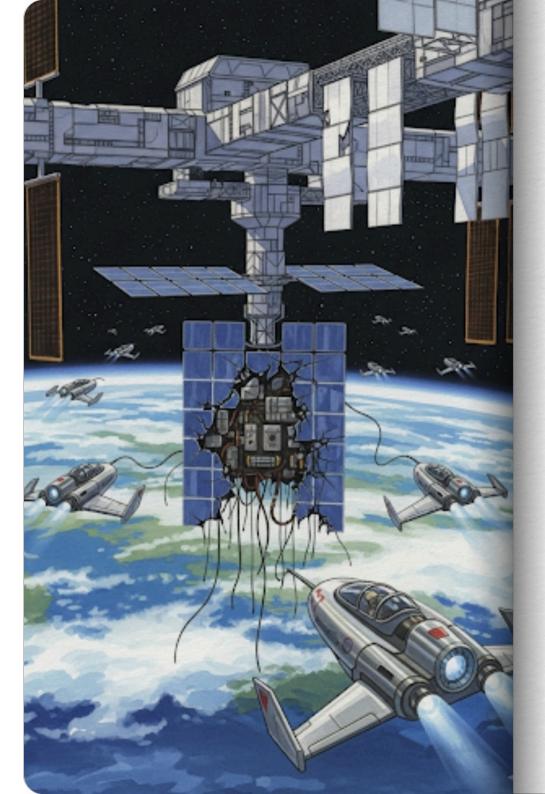


Krillie quickly brought up the schematics on her K-Pad, her brow furrowed in concentration. "This is bad, Kemlo. If that panel detaches, it could drift into the orbital vacation homes nearby, or cause even more damage to the station itself. Time is short!"



Kemlo nodded, his mind racing, already formulating a plan. "We need to secure it, and fast.

Komputer," he spoke to his wrist device, "open a channel to all Space Scouts on Belt K. We need their Gravity Rays!"



Soon, a fleet of small Space Scout runabouts, each equipped with a Gravity Ray, converged on the ISS. The young cadets, guided by Kemlo and Krillie's calm instructions, positioned their ships carefully around the damaged panel, a beacon of teamwork in the vastness of space.



"On my mark, activate Gravity
Rays!" Kemlo commanded, his
voice clear and steady over the
comms. A chorus of hums filled
their headsets as the rays engaged,
gently pushing the detached panel
back into alignment, holding it
steady. It was a delicate,
coordinated effort, a dance of
precision and trust.



With the panel temporarily secured, the immediate danger was averted. Kemlo and Krillie breathed a collective sigh of relief. "Great work, everyone!" Krillie cheered, a wide smile spreading across her face. "The engineers can take it from here."



Just then, a much larger repair transport, emblazoned with the STA logo, appeared in the distance, heading purposefully towards the ISS. The professional engineers were on their way to make a full, permanent repair. Kemlo and Krillie knew their quick thinking, and the swift response of the Space Scouts, had saved a precious Offworld Heritage Site.