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Koot in Space

Chapter One

Space Cadets are meant to get it right. If you're heading out across the galaxies you're not supposed to make a wrong turn. Or get lost in Deep Space with no brain2brain connection.

Or no brain.

Space Cadets don't muddle up Pluto with Pluvo 5. One is a space station; the other can't do freeze-dried lasagne or a thermo-bed for the night. Space Cadets need to know which of the two you can visit – and leave again just as you arrived, blood still flowing, bones still joined, heart still meaty (and pumping).

They need to know *what's what* across the known universe. And they're well-equipped to explore the *unknown* – without dropping their micro-kit to burn up through the atmosphere. Or forgetting to pack any socks.