Hi, I’m Lora Beth Johnson, author of Goddess in the Machine. It’s a kind of mix of The 100 and Jupiter Ascending, with a little bit of a linguistic twist. Goddess in the Machine is the story of Andra, who goes to sleep into cryonic stasis, expecting to wake up in a hundred years with her family on a new utopian planet. Instead, when she wakes up, she finds herself in the middle of a desert, it’s been a thousand years, and everyone she knows is dead. Not only that, but their descendants are calling her a goddess and expecting her to save them. She has to navigate this new world with the help of Zhade, the boy who woke her, who also happens to be a banished bastard prince from a nearby city-state. He convinces her to go back with him to help him retake his throne. And Andra quickly learns that not everything is as it seems and the fate of this world might actually be in her hands.

When Andromeda woke, she was drowning.

They’d warned her this would happen—that her lungs would burn and her eyes would sting and she’d have to fight for that first breath. But you must take it, they said. If you don’t, your lungs will collapse and we’ll have to put you in a coma and just hope for the best.

Okay, maybe those weren’t their exact words.

She pulled in a breath, just like they told her. It burned. It stung. She fought. Water flooded her lungs, and the bitter taste of saline filled her mouth. Something was wrong. Something she couldn’t quite place.

Her fist shot out, grasping for help, but it slammed into something solid. There it was—the wrongness. Ten-inch-thick metallic glass enforced with veins of diamond dust. Latched together with hinges of a tantalum-tungsten alloy. Supposed to be yawning open when she woke. But it wasn’t. It was still closed, cocooning her in cold metal and melting cryo’protectant.

Calculations fired in her brain, searching for missing information, evaluating variables, solving for X. She’d just been put to sleep, and now she was drowning. No. It only felt like she’d just been put to sleep. It had actually been a hundred years. And now, she was waking up and (oh god) naked, but her chamber was still closed.

Something was definitely wrong.