

8:21 P.M. November 11th, 2248 A.D. 173 Days since last contact with Earth.

The air purification system broke down. Again. Fixing it took me a good couple of hours, which I would FAR MORE enjoy if the thought of sudden death by suffocation wouldn't hunt my mind. Anyways, it's working now and I haven't got anything to worry about. Well, of course if you don't count the huuuge mystery behind the Earth not answering my calls. But that's nothing. I'm lovin' it all alone on the claustrophobic space station built on a vast pile of rocks, drifting in the never-ending abyss. Jokes aside, there have been some good things that happened lately. I haven't got any notifications about celestial bodies closing in on the station, which in spite of recent meteor shower, that caused over a dozen holes in the station walls structure, is just wonderful news. I've had it with the "exciting" events today. All I want to do now is to just relax, enjoy my "delicious" rationed food and watch some cool movies. I feel like a total hipster (in that good way) watching that old schooled 2D movies, while every person on the planet switched to stereoscopic holograms about 100 years ago. It's such a pity that people rejected classical cinema in favour of some futuristic gimmick.

12:15 P.M November 13th, 2248 A.D 175 Days since last contact with Earth.

Floating in space with surrounding you overwhelming blackness makes you really miss Earth. It doesn't feel very special when you wake up every day, smell the same scent of that flowers your neighbour planted, blooming in the garden, hear the same song birds play in awe of new morning and watch that same hackberries dancing in the wind, making the whole scene sense like a play. But gazing at those things right trough that old window and feeling the cosiness of that moment is what makes your life so perfect yet so simple. I would give up everything I've got just to find myself back there and feel those little things again... But I can't do that. I can't go back right now. Canaveral hasn't been answering my calls for 175 days now. I've found myself in a bind and frankly, I've never felt so daunted. Well, I guess I'll have to wait and see what life brings next. Let's just hope it's not another station module needing repairs.

7:00 P.M. November 14th, 2248 A.D 176 Days since last contact with Earth

I sometimes wonder, why after almost 300 years of spaceflight, people haven't encountered even a SINGLE alien lifeform.. Are we alone in this mad world? If we're the only lifeforms capable of developing civilization in the universe then I feel pity about the cosmos... Humans are such a scumbags. It'll sound harsh, but I would say we're even a vermin of a kind. Looking from that hypothetical alien space traveller point of view, the most things we do are polluting our environment, killing each other in dumb wars over resources and when these precious reserves peter out, send our best minds to rot light years from home and suck dry other parts of previously undefiled by us places. But that's okay. As long as those rich, exalted people tell everyone It's okay, it's okay. Boy, have I gone full-on existential? I sure have.

5:32 P.M. November 15th, 2248 A.D. 177 Days since last contact with Earth.

I remember being happy about my radar showing nothing but a void. Well that didn't last long, in fact it lasted exactly 5 days. Talk about feeling safe on my station.. But, what I am trying to say is, I got a reading about some unidentified objects that crashed near the station. It hasn't done any harm to me, but living here for a while taught me always to anticipate the worst case scenario. Anyways, it landed close enough to encourage me to take a hike and find out what it was. After a 30 minute walk I got to see a lotsa debris and something that resembled a kind of a satellite. Could it be aliens installation? The size of that thing got me hella thankful it actually didn't crash into the station. At that point I was so curious that I immediately ran to the biggest part and tried to scavenge what I could. There wasn't much to find actually, but one thing came to my eyes – a gold disc. It was completely intact, which was strange considering the state of everything else. I put it in my trusty backpack and marched back home. In my quarters I took a closer look at the disc itself. It looked like those ancient gramophone discs but it had some kind of pictures on the back of it, maybe it's some kind of manual? I'm 99% sure one of them resemble an atom of a hydrogen. Finally I've got something to work on instead of just wandering around the station and calling Earth for the gazillionth time.

12:02 P.M

So, I've figured out what the heck that thing is. I was 50% right about it being a gramophone disc. It's actually more than that 'cause it also contains pictures. The bad news is that it's not really alien, although it's reeeally old. 271 years old to be exact. All right, enough with the mysteries. It's Golden Disc from Voyager 1, the first human device to ever leave our solar system. My guess is they used gravitational assists to move it that far away, since we hadn't had antigravitational engines back then (duh). The disc is kind of like that old time capsules, buried deep underground, though this one isn't buried (duh x2) . It was intended to be read by the aliens, so there are a lot of pictures showing our anatomy but what is interesting to me, are the nostalgic (if person who lived 271 years later can feel that way) vibes flowing through them. Despite the fact, that the images were taken probably by professional photographers, and most likely are staged, you can really feel the way people used to look at the world before. When I look at that picture, showing suburban neighbourhood, where children are happily playing with one another, riding bikes, where green trees cover the street, turning it into alley of serenity and peace, you can really feel comfy and peaceful. I reckon that those photos are like "space propaganda" but looking at them got me feeling like those times were simpler, people were more concerned about their families, households, there wasn't mutual jaundice. Frankly, I envy people living back then. Their concerns were much more mundane. Everyone

simply thought about their lives and families, instead of wondering if they'd live to see another day.

4:02 P.M. November 18th, 2248 A.D. 180 days since the last contact with Earth

I got an idea. What if I could use the satellite dish from Voyager 1 to boost my signal towards Earth? It's worth a try. Besides, I haven't got many options left. I started working on it 2 days ago and looks like I'm going to finish it tomorrow if nothing bad happens (what's very possible, knowing my luck). Anyways, I'm going low on supplies. There's just enough food to live for like a 3 weeks maybe? Pity we have the technologies that allow us to fly at speeds faster than light and recover oxygen just from carbon dioxide, yet we still have to rely on finite reserves. Well, I guess you can't have everything. However, I do hope in that satellite, if it works, it's very likely I'll get back on Earth and have hell of a story to tell my grandchildren about.

The End.