Orbital.

Mission Log - Captain Alex Griffith, Crew-3 - Mars Orbital 1 (MO1)

About six weeks into their mission, the engine of the MO1 spacecraft broke, causing it to crash-land on Mars. After being stranded for around a week, Captain Alex Griffith died in the MO1 spacecraft, along with his crewmates. After the crew did not contact the ISS for three days, an emergency crew was sent to retrieve them. The crew arrived a week later. Along with the bodies of the crewmates, they found a mission log written by Alex. Below are the last few paragraphs he wrote.

Year 1, Day 43 - approx. 41 days on Mars

I never should have done this. Sounds exactly like me to throw everything away for some childhood dream. I don't like spaceships, I don't like dust storms and I hate being on Mars. I want to go home. That's all I want.

The control panel broke, so we're left with no contact. The others have seemed to accept that we aren't getting out of here, they expect me to do the same. I can't.

I wish I could go back and scream at myself not to go, to tell myself what would happen and why I should stay. It wouldn't make much difference, knowing me. I wouldn't believe it, I wouldn't listen. I never listen.

Two other people survived the crash, Mark and Steven. Our food supply is almost gone and we barely have any water. We're going to die here and we all know it, no matter how optimistic Steven tries to be, no matter how much food Mark tries to conserve, no matter how much we don't want to believe it.

Soon.
Soon this will all be over.

Year 1, Day 45 - approx. 44 days on Mars

Steven wasn't there for dinner. Mark didn't seem bothered by it, but he was all I could think of while we were eating. Even Mark noticed I was acting weird, but he didn't ask about it.
He's probably fine. It doesn't matter, anyway.

Mark's drawn out all of these plans to fix our ship. He knows I'm an engineer, but he doesn't listen when I say it won't work. We don't even have the proper parts for it. That's Mark for you. He's arrogant and thinks he can do everything, even though he knows he's clueless. He also never admits to making a mistake. If it wasn't for Steven, I would've gone insane by now.

Year 1, Day 46 - approx. 44 days on Mars

Steven's dead. An entire universe collapsed inside me when I found out. I asked Mark where he was and he didn't care. I know he didn't like Steven, but he was my best friend. We went through everything together, and now he's gone, just like that, and Mark couldn't even try to be nice.

I think the mental pain will be the first thing to kill me. I watched us crash into Mars. I watched us fight desperately to send a signal back to the station. I watched my best friend starve so we had enough food. There's nothing that we haven't been through on this ship.

Why did I come here? Why did I do all this? I sacrificed my whole life at home so I could be shoved into a spaceship and thrown into space, for what? I only ever liked space because Steven did. I went because Steven convinced me? Because of my dead best friend who wanted me to go to space with him?
Why does it matter?

I hate Steven. I hate him for convincing me to come, I hate him for believing we would be okay, I hate him for a lot of things.

I think I only hate him because I miss him.

Year 1, Day 48 - approx. 47 days on Mars

I'm falling. Falling helplessly into a violent, screaming, spiralling hell. I can hear it, begging to be let out, to unravel layer upon layer of regret and hate and rage I've bottled up. To be heard.

But It doesn't exist. I'm not falling. I'm fine. I'm here, sitting at my desk, trapped in a wrecked spaceship, and everything is silent, but I still hear. I hear voices, screams, insults. Hatred. Pure, bone-deep hatred.

Get. Out. Of. My. Brain.

Year 1, Day 49 - approx. 48 days on Mars

The oxygen tanks are almost out.
I hope the short life I lived was somewhat meaningful to someone.