

January, 8261

Another day. I really don't have much to write here, as there's no one to talk to, no one to interact with. Ever. I'm all alone on this goddamned *!%\$ing space station, and there's no way to leave. It goes to show you, one little mistake can change your life forever. I wanted the big and fancy space station, traded all my money for it, without paying attention to the fact that there were no ships on or around the place. Stupid. I should have known. This is in a forgotten corner of space, and no one ever comes here, as they have no reason to. The galaxy's filled with all sorts of fancy outposts where ships can get whatever they need. And, of course, no one has the decency to answer a distress call. I've been transmitting one for the past two years.

By now, everyone who once cared about me has moved on, assumed I'm dead, most likely. I can't contact them. I miss them so much. And Riella, oh God, Riella... I hope she has a great life with him...

I shouldn't have left her, I don't care if we needed money, I should've stayed and been poor with her,

February, 8261

Today, I woke up to the sound of an alarm blaring. The sensors had detected something coming this way. For a long time, I just stared at it.

At first, I thought-- hoped-- that it was a ship, finally coming. That maybe, somehow, I could go home. But it wasn't a ship.

Nonetheless, it was something, and it was coming this way. It seemed to be artificial, although the scanners couldn't quite figure out what it was. Whatever it is, it's good for me.

At it's current speed, it'll take a month to get here. A full month! Well, at least it gives me something to look foward to in this life of mine, if it can even be called that anymore.

March, 8261

It's going to be here. Today. In a few short hours. Something different is going to happen in that time. I find it hard to wait.

--Next day

Well, the thing is definitely not what I expected. Not that I expected anything in particular.

The thing turned out to be a cylinder, some sort of stasis tube. I tried to scan it, but the obsolete scanners on this thing couldn't penetrate it. I'm not really sure cutting edge ones would do the trick, either. I decided the only thing to do was to open it, and if it kills me, who knows? That could be better than this.

I walked around it for some time, looking for an entrance or hatch of some sort. I didn't see one. Finally, feeling the metal with my fingers, I found an indentation which seemed invisible to the eye. I pulled it, pressed it, did everything to it until at last, a door opened.

The door slid open and something fell out. Now, I'd been expecting some sort of creature, perhaps an alien predator, sealed away for it's ferocity. Or maybe even

a harmless creature, launched into space as some sort of experiment.

What fell out, though, was a group of metallic balls of various sizes. I stared at them for a while, and then decided to poke one. Nothing happened.

I gathered up all the balls and took them to the lab. I needed to find out what they were.

Again, the scanners had no luck. It seemed apparent that this was a new type of metal, new to me and anyone from my world, anyway.

Anyway, what the scanners could make out is that there was a slight electric charge coming from each of the metallic spheres. And the electricity was building.

April, 8261

The electricity's been building steadily for a month now. It's become visible, a constant electrical streak flickering between the spheres.

I don't know what to expect. As happy as I am that this thing came into my life, part of me is a little... nervous.

Yesterday, something strange happened. Did I see one of the spheres... move?

May, 8261

I'm definitely not crazy. Well, maybe I am, but regardless, those spheres are moving. It happens regularly now. There'll be a particularly strong jolt of electricity, and somehow this causes the sphere it goes into to jump. I've scanned this again and again, but all the scanners read is electrical charge. And the charge is still growing fast.

June, 8261

The amount of power those things are putting off is becoming ridiculously high, and it's still increasing. I'm becoming increasingly nervous.

Sometimes, the spheres manage to float around in the air for minutes at a time. They even have little formations of them sometimes. It's almost as if they're trying to come together, to form something bigger.

At this point I feel I have to erect a forcefield around the whole mess, although I'm not sure it'll do much good.

I'm starting to fear for my life. If I die today, and if anyone ever finds this, please tell Riella that I love her more than anything, and tell Johnson that he was the best friend I've ever had. And tell them both that I hope they have a great life together.