

## ‘Ship’s Log’

by Cathal Nolan

Day 12, 12:35:

Honestly, I’m impressed we lasted this long. Surviving a hull breach like that one is near impossible. I never thought I’d say this but thank God for compartmentalisation. Who knew all those hours spent checking the bulkheads was worth it eh? So far there’s still only a few of us, but the ship is so cavernous I’m not surprised our expeditions haven’t found anyone. Still, I wonder where everyone is? The terminal we found told us most of the escape pods had fired, but we weren’t that far from everyone else when it happened. Our situation is pretty bleak, the main reactor room was on the far side of the breach, so there’s no chance of getting to it. The emergency generator for our block should remain functional for another 16 days. So long as that’s working our life support should still be operational. We’re getting ready to make a journey to the quartermaster’s office. Hopefully we’ll be able to find someone there, or at least more supplies. John is already yelling at me to stop writing and get ready to go. I better get in gear.

Day 13, 03:12:

John and Viktor went ahead to scout for us. We haven’t heard from them in a while. John’s just back now. He’s alone. He says the lights

went and there was a bang like a pipe blew in the wall and he's bleeding from the back of the head. Helena's looking over him now. He said he couldn't see anything and ran back. No idea what happened to Viktor. Hope he's alright. We'll meet him there if he is.

Day 15, 22:40:

We're finally on the way back to our camp. I'm glad to see the back of that block. Something about that place gave me the creeps. The terminals weren't responding, like they got short-circuited by a power surge. John wanted to go further in and get the generator back up, but Viktor overruled him. John got pretty pissy about it, but no one ever argues with Tricky Vicky, especially with that new scar. I'm glad, to be honest. That place was spooky, most of the lights were screwed up. Whole thing felt like a horror movie, all shadowy corridors and stuff. Like the situation isn't bad enough already. Things are pretty tense between John and Viktor, but Helena keeps coming to John's defence. As always. Honestly I'm starting to agree with Viktor, but I don't want more fighting. John's in the bathroom right now, I'm watching his gear. Was his utility knife always that shape? Richter is saying we're going to make a detour to the offices below us. Apparently someone is sick at camp and we need medical supplies. We're going to sleep now.

Day 16, 23:56:

John and Helena appear to have eloped last night. About bloody time. Richter's pretty annoyed about it. To be fair, now's not the time for

stuff like that. Viktor's pretty worried about Helena, says he doesn't trust John. I reckon he's just paranoid after that scare in the corridor a few days ago. I don't blame him. There's been a weird gas smell in the rest of the ship. Hope another pipe doesn't burst on us. John and Helena should be back tomorrow.

Day 17, 06:33:

Everything's gone south. John came back alone covered in blood with a big gash in his side. Said something happened. Viktor flew off the handle and jumped on him. Richter told me to get help so I ran. I don't know if I was quick enough to get back. Doc told me to stay and get some rest, the others are going to deal with the fight. It's just me here with the rest of our stuff. That gas smell is here too. The heating better not be broken. I'm still feeling pretty rattled to be honest, but I think I'm just gonna sleep it off.

Day 18, 03:45:

I don't know how long I was asleep. The others didn't come back, I think someone got hurt pretty bad. There's noise coming from the other side of the sealed bulkhead. I'm gonna go check it out.