

THE MARTIAN

MARK

Okay. Okay. Hello, this is Mark Watney, astronaut. I'm entering this log for the record...in case I don't make it. 53 on Sol 19...and I'm alive. Obviously. But I'm guessing that's gonna come as a surprise to my crewmates and to NASA. And to the entire world, really, so...Surprise. I did not die on Sol 18. Best I can figure...this length of our primary communications antenna broke off...and tore through my bio-monitor...and ripped a hole in me as well. But the antenna and the blood, really, managed to seal the breach in my suit...which kept me alive, even though the crew must have thought I was dead. I have no way to contact NASA. And even if I could, it's gonna be four years...until a manned mission can reach me. And I'm in a Hab designed to last 31 days. If the oxygenator breaks, I'm gonna suffocate. If the water reclaimer breaks, I'll die of thirst. If the Hab breaches, I'm just gonna, kind of...implode. And if by some miracle, none of that happens...eventually I'm gonna run out of food. So...yeah. Yeah.