

JOURNAL 01

DAY ■■■ YEAR ■■■■

Concocted a new perfume with Hans and Amalthea's help. Rhys was present, but not useful. It has a floral scent different from the last batch we made. A little more subtle. In my opinion, the cinnamon notes underneath may be too much? I liked the last one which had a bolder scent.

I would say it was the same old, same old, but the two had some meaningless prattle to discuss. I don't see the point of pondering on the emotions of others. Would it not be normal for an egotistical coward to throw a tantrum in private? Is it not predictable for a hothead to lash out in front of all the stars and God?

... Though I suppose the amount of altercations have increased lately. Chief Rowntree, Ganymede, and Chief Bradley said there is no growth without some confrontation and conflict. Nevertheless, as long as everyone does their work, it doesn't matter to me.

- N.C.

JOURNAL 02

I was working with Thebe today on fortifying the cases we used to protect the goods. Chief was kind of going on about how we need to be more *confident* if we want to get promoted fast. Honestly, I'm fine with enjoying life as is. Fulfillment is a little easier and I like developing solutions.

Then the guy had to start talking about our love lives. True love? He almost had me. Honestly, being that persuasive should be a crime... Anyway, he ALMOST had me. Love's just not in my idea of enjoying life. I mean, what if my partner turns around and betrays me.

Not like I saw it happen. Except I did. On this very ship. They think they're so discreet? Even worse, she came to me asking what I thought about him. Said something about how she could see the whole galaxy in his green eyes. I'm not paid enough for this?

... Ugh. Maybe that's why Courtney has been slacking off more than usual. Whatever. Not my problem. I want to stay out of it, but now I know too much. What should I do?

JOURNAL 03

I had an awful nightmare last night... Callisto, Gavin, and I were recalibrating our artillery and tracking system since some asteroid debris jostled them a bit when we passed through the belt and our systems were on the fritz due to the storm. All was good and it didn't take us long and I'm proud to say I was the first to finish my to-do list!

Normal, right? I almost thought it was real... But then we entered another storm. Black out. Comms were down. Just pitch black. I heard their voices, but there was something about the space. I don't know. It felt like we were in another place and we weren't alone.

It really got to me, in the dream. I desperately tried to take control since I was kind of lucid, right? Doesn't work, of

course it doesn't, and I couldn't stop my dream self from panicking. She started smashing buttons, then hitting machines, screaming at them to work... When Callisto and Gavin tried to calm her down, she screamed at them and accused them of belittling her.

I guess maybe this is a manifestation of my insecurity. I'm doing my best... I want to be worth *something*.

I'm working on it.