

*January 9th, 2089*

The night before lift-off is one of the busiest of this whole process. I woke up at 5 a.m and headed down to the station. I spent hours going over the safety protocol and mechanics of the spaceship. Everything had to be perfect. There could be no flaws. I had already memorized everything perfectly but it was still necessary. After a long grueling day of this, I was told to go home and get some sleep before lift-off. I tried to sleep, but it wasn't easy. I was nervous, and excited. If only I knew this would be the last time I'd be able to sleep in my own bed.

*January 10th, 2089*

As I finished my goodbye speech that was broadcasted on national television, I felt more and more nervous. After years of preparation, it was finally happening. I shook people's hands, smiled for pictures, and said my goodbyes as I walked up the platform to the spaceship. I stepped inside and got situated, and waited for lift off. I had been to the moon before, but this was entirely different. This was uncharted territory.

*December 13th, 2089*

As I looked out onto the horizon, I longed to be back on earth more than anything. I had been on this lonely planet for nearly a year, instead of a few months like I presumed. After decades of extensive and tireless research and technological improvements, NASA finally found a way to send a human to the planet they called, "New Earth". It earned its title, because like Earth, it had lush ecosystems, clear and salt water, foreign vegetation, and the gravitational physics were extremely similar to Earth.

It was the perfect candidate for a human being. I was the first human to be sent to New Earth. It was a big day for mankind, and I felt more honored than ever. So I said goodbye to my loved ones, and blasted off in my spaceship. The trip took a total of about a week, and that was absolutely nothing, a piece of cake even, compared to the billions of light years it would take to get to some planets.

I landed safely on New Earth and when I stepped out of my spaceship, it felt like I had just entered paradise. The sky was a striking pale blue, and the ground was riddled with exotic plants, and bodies of water that were so clear, you could see the very bottom. I reported my safe landing on my transmitter back to Earth, and started exploring this new, mysterious territory. There was so much to learn, so much to find, it was almost overwhelming.

So I spent a week documenting the plants and soil, and collecting samples. My work was coming along great. Every single day seemed to look the same. The sky was blue and it was warm during the day, and during the night you could see every single star 10x closer than you could on earth. It was an extraterrestrial paradise. But it didn't take long before things got lonely. I missed my family, and I missed the little things on Earth that one subconsciously ignores, but happen every day, such as the sound of the garbage truck coming to collect your trash at 5 a.m, or the sound of cicadas singing in unison during the evening.

On New Earth, the birds were bright colors, some of which I'd never seen before. The small rodent-like mammals scampered about, disappearing into the soil, and big beetles crawled about the jungle floor, some the size of one's head. As far as it goes for human-like inhabitants, I found that I was the only one.

For a month, I continued to regularly report my findings and progress back to the people on Earth, but one day, I stopped getting responses back. It wasn't a malfunction on my end because everything checked out. I was getting more worried by the day. After many tireless efforts to contact Earth, I had given up. There didn't seem to be any hope. Sometimes I'd look out at Earth, and wonder what was going on. Maybe there was just a power outage.

One starry night, I was climbing a nearby mountain, looking for new rocks and plants, when all the sudden I caught a glimpse of something in the star filled sky. It was a meteor barreling through space, and it seemed to be headed straight towards earth. I stared in complete shock as I watched it collide into planet Earth, sending a wave of an explosion rippling throughout the entire surface of the world. The Earth shattered into a million pieces, and I couldn't do a thing about it. Everything I knew, everything I'd ever known and loved had just been destroyed. *It was all gone in the blink of an eye.*

*December 16th, 2089*

Debris was still floating around where Earth used to be, and I still couldn't process it. There was no way to get back home now. Hell, there was no home to get back to anyways. There was no point in continuing my research. So what do I do? I had no other choice than to stay here for god knows how long.

*January 3rd, 2090*

The realization had hit me like a ton of bricks. As I checked the 3rd off on my calendar, I realized I was the only one left to keep track of time and date. I was the only human being left alive. I was completely alone in this dark vacuum of space. It was a quiet and lonely existence.

*January 25th, 2090*

I missed my family more than I could possibly fathom. I spent my days crying and wandering the terrain, hoping to wake up from this nightmare. I missed everything about Earth. I missed the feeling of the sun hitting my bare skin instead of a space suit, I missed swimming, I missed the hustle and bustle of the city, I missed everything. I had recently discovered some edible plants, and there was clean water everywhere so there was no doubt that I could survive up here. Seemingly no threats lived on New Earth, and the animals were quite friendly. I had even taken in a dog-like creature. I named him Air.

*March 28th, 2090*

It was my birthday today. I cried and cried, knowing that I was the only human alive to celebrate it.

*May 9th, 2090*

I have been feeling motivated lately. I was finding new plants and species almost every day, and New Earth was starting to feel a little more like home. I still missed my family terribly, and there was no way to truly heal from such a loss, but somehow, I was learning to deal with it.

*August 15th, 2094*

It had been four years since I landed on New Earth, and there was something I found extremely odd. Since I got here, my body has seemed to stop aging. I didn't look 24, in fact, I still looked freshly 20. At least I was lucky there.

*November 23rd, 2099*

I've been here for almost a decade. Sometimes that seems crazy to say out loud. Within the past few years, I had built a nice two story home using a cement like substance I found on one of my travels, discovered a plant that allowed me to temporarily breath without a helmet on, and started my own farm. One day, as I was lounging around in the sunroom, my transmitter crackled. I leapt up, barely believing my ears. It sounded as if someone was trying to send me a signal. One audible word went through; "Hello."

Could it be...? Was there someone else out there? A few days later, there was a loud noise outside, not far from my home. Dust picked up and swarmed around, making it hard to see. But when the dust cleared, I saw a shuttle, similar to the one I had come here on. The door opened, and *a human* stepped out.

I almost dropped to my knees. I was so relieved and surprised. Turns out, the person had been here for *60 years*, but she didn't look a day over 20. Just like me. I was still doomed to stay here forever, but at least now, I would never be alone again.