planet 072 is 30 lightyears away. There is no light beyond the ship, even the sun slips out of our reach. In the darkness, a deep yellow, fluorescent light covers the hallways of the ship. The captain’s guards walk the halls, perusing the rooms for anyone who has defied the mandatory curfew. The doors snap shut and lock at exactly 022. They tell me order is imperative in a large vessel like this one.

planet 072 is 25 lightyears away. We passed a cloud of star dust yesterday, and in my stupor, it looked almost like the deep blue water of my home planet. In the salty, humid air, the old world took me in its arms. Now I will never see it again. The captain announced that we are rationing food. Yesterday, my people and I fell into a lethargy so deep I feared we would never wake up. My stomach screamed for food until I ate my last morsel. I worry for our future.

planet 072 is 20 lightyears away. We’ve slowed down while a planet blocks our path. It has added too much time to our journey. The water supplies have diminished greatly, and we have started to chemically engineer our own to keep from dehydration. It takes a long time, but we have no other option

planet 072 is 15 lightyears away. I heard the guards whispering to themselves the other day. They’re planning something. I don’t know what.

planet 072 is 10 lightyears away. My people and I were ejected in an escape pod with no fuel. We float aimlessly through the darkest part of the galaxy, slowly losing our breath with each deep inhale we take. This will be my last entry. I fear for the future of my people, lost on ships just like these.