

The Martian

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Chapter 1

LOG ENTRY: SOL 6

I'm pretty much fucked.

That's my considered opinion.

Fucked.

Six days in to what should be a greatest two months of my life, and it's turned in to a nightmare.

I don't even know who'll read this. I guess someone will find it eventually. Maybe a hundred years from now.

For the record... I didn't die on Sol 6. Certainly the rest of the crew thought I did, and I can't blame them. Maybe there'll be a day of national mourning for me, and my Wikipedia page will say "Mark Watney is the only human being to have died on Mars."

And it'll be right, probably. Cause I'll surely die here. Just not on Sol 6 when everyone thinks I did.

Let's see... where do I begin?

The Ares program. Mankind reaching out to Mars to send people to another planet for the very first time and expand the horizons of humanity blah, blah, blah. The Ares 1 crew did their thing and came back heroes. They got the parades and fame and love of the world.

Ares 2 did the same thing, in a different location on Mars. They got a firm handshake and a hot cup of coffee when they got home.

Ares 3. Well. That was my mission. Well, not *mine* per se. Commander Lewis was in charge. I was just one of her crew. Actually, I was the very lowest ranked member of the crew. I would only be "in command" of the mission if I were the only remaining person.

What do you know? I'm in command.

I wonder if this log will be recovered before the rest of the crew die of old age? I presume they got back to Earth all right. Well, guys, if you're reading this: It wasn't your fault. You did what you had to do. In your position I would have done the same thing. I don't blame you, and I'm glad you survived.

I guess I should explain how Mars missions work, for any layman who may be reading this. We got to earth orbit the normal way, through an ordinary ship to Hermes. All the Ares missions use Hermes to get to and from Mars. It's really big and cost a lot so NASA only built one.

Once we got to Hermes, four additional unmanned missions brought us fuel and supplies while we prepared for our trip. Once everything was a go, we set out for Mars. But not very fast. Gone are the days of heavy chemical fuel burns and trans-Mars injection orbits.

Hermes is powered by ion engines. They throw Argon out the back of the ship really fast to get a tiny amount of acceleration. The thing is, it doesn't take much reactant mass, so a little Argon (and a nuclear reactor to power things) let us accelerate constantly the whole way there. You'd be amazed at how fast you can get going with a tiny acceleration over a long time.

I could regale you with tales of how we had great fun on the trip, but I won't. We did have fun, but I don't feel like reliving it right now. Suffice it to say we got to Mars 124 days later without strangling each other.

From there, we took the MDV (Mars Descent Vehicle) to the surface. The MDV is basically a big can with some light thrusters and parachutes attached. Its sole purpose is to get six humans from Mars orbit to the surface without killing any of them.

And now we come to the real trick of Mars exploration: Having all our shit there in advance.

A total of 14 unmanned missions deposited everything we would need for surface operations. They tried their best to land all the supply vessels in the same general area, and did a reasonably good job. Supplies aren't nearly so fragile as humans and can hit the ground really hard. But they tended to bounce around a lot.

Naturally, they didn't send us to Mars until they'd confirmed all the supplies had made it to the surface and their containers weren't breached. Start to finish, including supply missions, a Mars mission takes about 3 years. In fact, there were Ares 3 supplies en route to Mars while the Ares 2 crew were on their way home.

The most important piece of the advance supplies, of course, was the MAV. The "Mars Ascent Vehicle." That was how we would get back to Hermes after surface operations were complete. The MAV was soft-landed (as opposed to the balloon bounce-fest the other supplies had). Of course, it was in constant communication with Houston, and if there were any

problems with it, we would pass by Mars and go back to Earth without ever landing.

The MAV is pretty cool. Turns out, through a neat set of chemical reactions with the Martian atmosphere, for every kilogram of hydrogen you bring to Mars, you can make 13 kilograms of fuel. It's a slow process, though. It takes 24 months to fill the tank. That's why they sent it long before we got here.

You can imagine how disappointed I was when I discovered the MAV was gone.

It was a ridiculous sequence of events that led to me almost dying. Then an even more ridiculous sequence that led to me surviving.

The mission is designed to handle sandstorm gusts up to 150 km/hr. So Houston got understandably nervous when we got whacked with 175 km/hr winds. We all got in our suits and huddled in the middle of the Hab, just in case it lost pressure. But the Hab wasn't the problem.

The MAV is a spaceship. It has a lot of delicate parts. It can put up with storms to a certain extent but it can't just get sandblasted forever. After an hour and a half of sustained wind, NASA gave the order to abort. Nobody wanted to stop a month-long mission after only six days but if the MAV took any more punishment we'd all get stranded down here.

We had to go out in the storm to get from the Hab to the MAV. That was going to be risky, but what choice did we have?

Everyone made it but me.

Our main communications dish, which relayed signals from the Hab to Hermes, acted like a parachute, getting torn from its foundation and carried with the torrent. Along the way, it crashed through the reception antenna array. Then one of those long thin antennae slammed in to me end first. It tore through my suit like a bullet through butter and I felt the worst pain of my life as it ripped open my side. I vaguely remember suddenly having the wind knocked out of me (pulled out of me, really) and my ears popping painfully as the pressure of my suit escaped.

The last thing I remember was seeing Johanssen hopelessly reaching out toward me.

I awoke to the oxygen alarm in my suit. A steady, obnoxious beeping that eventually roused me from a deep and profound desire to just fucking die.

The storm had abated; I was face down, almost totally buried in sand. As I groggily came to, I wondered why I wasn't more dead.

The antenna had enough force to punch through the suit and my side, but then it got stopped by my pelvis. So there was only one hole in the suit (and a hole in me, of course).

I had been knocked back quite a ways and rolled down a steep hill. Somehow I landed face down, which forced the antenna to a strongly oblique angle that put a lot of torque on the hole in the suit. It made a weak seal.

Then, the copious blood from my wound trickled down toward the hole. As the blood reached the site of the breach, the water in it quickly evaporated from the airflow and low pressure, leaving only a gunky residue behind. More blood came in behind it and was also reduced to gunk. Eventually, the blood sealed the gaps around the hole and reduced the leak to something the suit could counteract.

The suit did its job admirably. Seeing the drop in pressure, it constantly flooded itself with air from my nitrogen tank to equalize. Once the leak became manageable, it only had to trickle new air in slowly to relieve the air lost.

After a while, the CO₂ (carbon dioxide) absorbers in the suit were expended. That's really the limiting factor to life support. Not the amount of oxygen you bring with you, but the amount of CO₂ you can remove. In the Hab, we had the Oxygenator, a large piece of equipment that could break CO₂ apart and give the oxygen back. But the spacesuits had to be portable, so they used a simple chemical absorption process with expendable filters. I'd been asleep long enough that my filters were useless.

The suit saw this problem and moved in to an emergency mode the engineers call "bloodletting". Having no way to separate out the CO₂, the suit deliberately vented air to the Martian atmosphere, then back-filled with nitrogen. Between the breach and the bloodletting, it quickly ran out of nitrogen. All it had left was my oxygen tank.

So it did the only thing it could to keep me alive. It started back-filling with pure oxygen. I now risked dying from oxygen toxicity, as the excessively high amount of oxygen threatened to burn up my nervous system, lungs, and eyes. An ironic death for someone with a leaky space suit: too much oxygen.

Every step of the way would have had beeping alarms, alerts, and warnings. But it was the high-oxygen warning that woke me.

The sheer volume of training for a space mission is astounding. I spent a week back on Earth practicing emergency space suit drills. I knew what to do.

Carefully reaching to the side of my helmet, I got the breach kit. It's nothing more than a funnel with a valve at the small end, and an unbelievably sticky resin on the wide end. The idea is you have the valve open and stick the wide end over a hole. The air can escape through the valve, so it doesn't interfere with the resin making a good seal. Then you close the valve and you've sealed the breach.

The tricky part was getting the antenna out of the way. I pulled it out as fast as I could, wincing as the sudden pressure drop dizzied me and made the wound in my side scream in agony.

I got the breach kit over the hole and sealed it. It held. The suit back-filled the missing air with yet more oxygen. Checking my arm readouts, I saw the suit was now at 85% oxygen. For reference, Earth's atmosphere is about 21%. I'd be ok, so long as I didn't spend too much time like that.

I stumbled up the hill back toward the Hab. As I crested the rise, I saw something that made me very happy and something that made me very sad: The Hab was in-tact (yay!) and the MAV was gone (boo!).

Right that moment I knew I was screwed. But I didn't want to just die out on the surface. I limped back to the Hab and fumbled my way in to an airlock. As soon as it equalized, I threw off my helmet.

Entering the Hab, I doffed the suit and got my first good look at the injury. It would need stitches. Fortunately, all of us had been trained in basic medical procedures, and the Hab had excellent medical supplies. A quick shot of local anesthetic, irrigate the wound, 9 stitches and I was done. I'd be taking antibiotics for a couple of weeks, but other than that I'd be fine.

I knew it was hopeless, but I tried firing up the communication array. No signal, of course. The primary satellite dish had broken off, remember? And it took the reception antennae with it. The Hab had secondary and tertiary communication systems, but they were both just for talking to the MAV, which would use its much more powerful systems to relay to Hermes. Thing is, that only works if the MAV is still around.

I had no way to talk to Hermes. In time, I could locate the dish out on the surface, but it would take weeks for me to rig up any repairs, and that would be too late. In an abort, Hermes would leave orbit within 24 hours. The orbital dynamics made the trip safer and shorter the earlier you left, so why

wait for no reason just to make the trip take longer?

Checking out my suit, I saw the antenna had plowed through my bio-monitor computer. When on an EVA, all the crew's suits are networked so we can see each others status. The rest of the crew would have seen the pressure in my suit drop to nearly 0, followed immediately by my bio-signs going flat. Add to that I was sent tumbling down a hill with a spear through me in the middle of a sandstorm... yeah. They thought I was dead. How could they not?

They may have even had a brief discussion about recovering my body, but regulations were clear. In the event a crewman died on Mars, he stayed on Mars. Leaving his body behind reduced weight for the MAV on the trip back. That meant more disposable fuel and a larger margin of error for the return thrust. No point in giving that up for sentimentality.

So that's the situation. I'm stranded on Mars. I have no way to communicate with Hermes or Earth. Everyone thinks I'm dead. I'm in a Hab designed to last 31 days.

If the Oxygenator breaks down, I'll suffocate. If the Water Reclaimer breaks down, I'll die of thirst. If the Hab breaches, I'll just kind of explode. If none of those things happen, I'll eventually run out of food and starve to death.

So yeah. I'm fucked.

Chapter 2

LOG ENTRY: SOL 7

Ok, I've had a good night's sleep, and things don't seem as hopeless as they did yesterday.

Today I took stock of supplies, and did a quick EVA to check up on the external equipment. Here's my situation:

The surface mission was supposed to be 31 days. For redundancy, the supply probes had enough food to last the whole crew 56 days. That way if one or two probes had problems, we'd still have enough food to complete the mission.

We were six days in when all hell broke loose, so that leaves enough food to feed six people for 50 days. I'm just one guy, so it'll last me 300 days. And that's if I don't ration it. So I've got a fair bit of time.

The Hab stood up to the storm without any problems. Outside, things aren't so rosy. I can't find the satellite dish; it probably got blown kilometers away.

The MAV is gone, of course. My crewmates took it up to Hermes. Though the bottom half (the landing stage) is still there. No reason to take that back up when weight is the enemy. It includes the landing gear, the fuel plant, and anything else NASA figured it wouldn't need for the trip back up to orbit.

The MDV is on its side and there's a breach in the hull. Looks like the storm ripped the cowling off the reserve chute (which we didn't have to use on landing). Once the chute was exposed it dragged the MDV all over the place, smashing it against every rock in the area. Not that the MDV would be much use to me. Its thrusters can't even lift its own weight. But it might have been valuable for parts. Might still be.

Both rovers are half-buried in sand, but they're in good shape otherwise. Their pressure seals are in-tact. Makes sense. Operating procedure if a storm hits is to stop motion and wait for the storm to pass. They're made to stand up to punishment. I'll be able to dig them out with a day or so of work.

I've lost communication with the weather stations, placed a kilometer away from the Hab in 4 directions. They might be in perfect working order

for all I know. The Hab's communications are so weak right now it probably can't even reach a kilometer.

The solar cell array was covered it in sand, rendering it useless (hint: solar cells need sunlight to make electricity). But once I swept them off, they returned to full efficiency. Whatever I end up doing, I'll have plenty of power for it. 200 square meters of solar cells, with hydrogen fuel cells to store plenty of reserve. All I need to do is sweep them off every few days.

Things indoors are great, thanks to the Hab's sturdy design.

I ran a full diagnostic on the Oxygenator. Twice. It's perfect. If anything goes wrong with it, there is a short-term spare I can use. But it's solely for emergency use while repairing the main one. The spare doesn't actually pull CO₂ apart and recapture the oxygen. It just absorbs the CO₂ the same way the spacesuits do. It's intended to last 5 days before it saturates the filters, which means 30 days for me (just one person breathing, instead of six). So there's some insurance there.

The Water Reclaimer is working fine, too. The bad news is there's no backup. If it stops working, I'll be drinking reserve water while I rig up a primitive distillery to boil piss. Also, I'll lose half a liter of water per day to breathing until the humidity in the Hab reaches its maximum and water starts condensing on every surface. Then I'll be licking the walls. Yay. Anyway, for now, no problems with the Water Reclaimer.

So yeah. Food, water, shelter all taken care of. I'm going to start rationing food right now. Meals are pretty minimal already, but I think I can eat a 3/4 portion per meal and still be all right. That should turn my 300 days of food in to 400. Foraging around the medical area, I found the main bottle of vitamins. There's enough multivitamins there to last years. So I won't have any nutritional problems (though I'll still starve to death when I'm out of food, no matter how many vitamins I take).

The medical area has morphine for emergencies. And there's enough there for a lethal dose. I'm not going to slowly starve to death, I'll tell you that. If I get to that point, I'll take an easier way out.

Everyone on the mission had two specialties. I'm a botanist and mechanical engineer. Basically, I was the mission's fix-it man who played with plants. The mechanical engineering might save my life if something breaks.

I've been thinking about how to survive this. It's not completely hopeless.

There'll be humans back on Mars in about four years when Ares 4 arrives (assuming they didn't cancel the program in the wake of my "death").

Ares 4 will be landing at the Schiaparelli Crater, which is about 3,200km away from my location here in the Acidalia Planitia. No way for me to get there on my own. But if I could communicate, I might be able to get a rescue. Not sure how they'd manage that with the resources on hand, but NASA has a lot of smart people.

So that's my mission now. Find a way to communicate with Earth. If I can't manage that, find a way to communicate with Hermes when it returns in 4 years with the Ares 4 crew.

Of course, I don't have any plan for surviving 4 years on 1 year of food. But one thing at a time here. For now, I'm well fed and have a purpose: "Fix the damn radio".

LOG ENTRY: SOL 10

Well, I've done three EVAs and haven't found any hint of the communication dish.

I dug out one of the rovers and had a good drive around, but after days of wandering I think it's time to give up. The storm probably blew the dish far away and then erased any drag-marks or scuffs that might have led to a trail. Probably buried it, too.

I spent most of today out at what's left of the communication array. It's really a sorry sight. I may as well yell toward Earth for all the good that damned thing will do me.

I could throw together a rudimentary dish out of metal I find around the base, but this isn't some walkie-talkie I'm working with here. Communicating from Mars to Earth is a pretty big deal, and requires extremely specialized equipment. I won't be able to whip something up with tinfoil and gum.

I need to ration my EVAs as well as food. The CO₂ filters are not cleanable. Once they're saturated, they're done. The mission accounted for a 4-hour EVA per crewmember per day. Fortunately, CO₂ filters are light and small so NASA had the luxury of sending more than we needed. All told, I have about 1500 hours worth of CO₂ filters. After that, any EVAs I do will have to be managed with bloodletting the air.

1500 hours may sound like a lot, but I'm faced with spending at least 4 years here if I'm going to have any hope of rescue, with a minimum of several hours per week dedicated to sweeping off the solar array. Anyway. No needless EVAs.

In other news, I'm starting to come up with an idea for food. My botany background may come in useful after all.

Why bring a botanist to Mars? After all, it's famous for not having anything growing here. Well, the idea was to figure out how well things grow in Martian gravity, and see what, if anything, we can do with Martian soil. The short answer is: quite a lot... almost. Martian soil has the basic building blocks needed for plant growth, but there's a lot of stuff going on in Earth soil that Mars soil doesn't have, even when it's placed in an Earth-atmosphere and given plenty of water. Bacterial activity, certain nutrients provided by animal life, etc. None of that is happening on Mars. One of my tasks for the mission was to see how plants grow here, in various combinations of Earth or Mars soil and atmosphere.

That's why I have a small amount of Earth soil and a bunch of plant seeds with me.

I can't get too excited, however. It's about the amount of soil you'd put in a window planter-box, and the only seeds I have are a few species of grass and ferns. They're the most rugged and easily grown plants on earth, so NASA picked them as the test subjects.

So I have two problems: not enough dirt, and nothing edible to plant in it.

But I'm a botanist, damn it. I should be able to find a way to make this happen. If I don't, I'll be a really hungry botanist in about a year.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 11

I wonder how the Cubs are doing.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 14

I got my undergrad degree at the University of Chicago. Half the people who studied botany were hippies who thought they could return to some

natural world system. Somehow feeding 7 billion people through pure gathering. They spent most of their time working out better ways to grow pot. I didn't like them. I've always been in it for the science, not for any New World Order bullshit.

When they made compost heaps and tried to conserve every little ounce of living matter, I laughed at them. "Look at the silly hippies!" I would scoff. "Look at their pathetic attempts to simulate a complex global ecosystem in their back yard."

Of course now I'm doing exactly that. I'm saving every scrap of biomatter I can find. Every time I finish a meal, the leftovers go to the compost bucket. As for other biological material...

The Hab has sophisticated toilets. Shit is usually vaccum-dried, then accumulated in sealed bags to be discarded on the surface.

Not any more!

In fact, I even did an EVA to recover the previous bags of shit from before the crew left. Being completely desiccated, this particular shit didn't have bacteria in it anymore, but it still had complex proteins and would serve as useful manure. Adding it to water and active bacteria would quickly get it inundated, replacing any population killed by the Toilet Of Doom.

I found a big container and filled it with a bit of water, then added the dried shit. Since then, I've added my own shit to it as well. The worse it smells, the more successful things are going. That's the bacteria at work!

Once I get some Martian soil in here, I can mix in the shit and spread it out. Then I can sprinkle the Earth soil on top. You might not think that would be an important step, but it is. There are dozens of species of bacteria living in Earth soil, and they're critical to plant growth. They'll spread out and breed like... well, like a bacterial infection..

Within a week, the Martian soil will be ready for plants to germinate in. But I won't plant yet. I'll spread it out over a doubled area. It'll "infect" the new Martian soil. After another week, I'll double it again. And so on. Of course, all the while, I'll be adding all new manure to the effort.

My asshole is doing as much to keep me alive as my brain.

This isn't a new concept I just came up with. People have speculated on how to make crop soil out of Martian dirt for decades. I'll just be putting it to the test for the first time.

I searched through the food supplies and found all sorts of things that I can plant. Peas, for instance. Plenty of beans, too. I also found several

potatoes. If **any** of them can still germinate after their ordeal, that'll be great. With a nearly infinite supply of vitamins, all I need are calories of any kind to survive.

The total floor-space of the Hab is about 92 square meters. I plan to dedicate all of it to this endeavor. I don't mind walking on dirt. It'll be a lot of work, but I'm going to need to cover the entire floor to a depth of 10 cm. That means I'll have to transport 9.2 cubic meters of Martian soil in to the Hab. I can get maybe 1/10th of a cubic meter in through the airlock at a time, and it'll be backbreaking work to collect it. But in the end, if everything goes to plan, I'll have 92 square meters of croppable soil.

Hell yeah I'm a botanist! Fear my botany powers!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 15

Ugh! This is backbreaking work!

I spent 12 hours today on EVAs to bring dirt in to the Hab. I only managed to cover a small corner of the base, maybe 5 square meters. At this rate it'll take me weeks to get all the soil in. But hey, time is one thing I've got.

The first few EVAs were pretty inefficient; me filling small containers and bringing them in through the airlock. Then I got wise and just put one big container in the airlock itself and filled that with small containers till it was full. That sped things up a lot because the airlock takes about 10 minutes to get through.

I ache all over. And the shovels I have are made for taking samples, not heavy digging. My back is killing me. I foraged in the medical supplies and found some Vicodin. I took it about 10 minutes ago. Should be kicking in soon.

Anyway, it's nice to see progress. Time to start getting the bacteria to work on these minerals. After lunch. No 3/4 ration today. I've earned a full meal.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 16

One complication I hadn't thought of: Water.

Turns out being on the surface of Mars for a few million years eliminates all the water in the soil. My master's degree in botany makes me pretty sure plants need wet dirt to grow in. Not to mention the bacteria that has to live in it first.

Fortunately, I have water. But not as much as I want. To be viable, soil needs 40 liters of water per cubic meter. My overall plan calls for 9.2 cubic meters of soil. So I'll eventually need 368 liters of water to feed it.

The Hab has an excellent Water Reclaimer. Best technology available on Earth. So NASA figured "why send a lot of water up there? Just send enough for an emergency." Humans need 3 liters of water per day to be comfortable. They gave us 50 liters each. There are 300 liters total in the Hab.

Looks like I won't be able to cover the whole surface of the Hab with fertile soil. I'm willing to dedicate all but an emergency 50 liters to the cause. That means I can feed 62.5 square meters at a depth of 10cm. About 2/3 of the Hab's floor. It'll have to do. Anyway, I've only got a paltry 5 square meters covered at the moment.

After that, things got disgusting. I spent three hours spreading shit on Martian sand. I didn't have to do it with my hands, at least.

I spread the sand out in a corner of the Hab, about 10cm thick. I wadded up a few blankets and uniforms from my departed crewmates to serve as one edge of a planter box (with the curved walls of the Hab being the rest of the perimeter). Then I sacrificed 20 liters of precious water to the dirt gods.

5 square meters was about right for the amount of manure I had handy. I dumped my big container o' shit on to the soil and nearly puked from the smell.

That smell's going to stick around for a while, too. It's not like I can open a window. Still, you get used to it. I mixed this soil and shit together with a shovel, and spread it out evenly again. Then I sprinkled the Earth soil on top. Get to work, bacteria. I'm counting on you.

In other news, today is Thanksgiving. My family will be gathering in Chicago for the usual feast at my parent's house. My guess is it won't be much fun, what with me having died 11 days ago. Hell, they probably just got done gathering for my funeral.

I wonder if they'll ever find out what really happened.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 22

Wow. Things really came along.

I got all the sand in and ready to go. 2/3 of the base is now dirt. And today I executed my first dirt-doubling. It's been a week, and the former Martian soil was rich and lovely. Two more doublings and I will have covered the whole field.

All that work was great for my morale. It gave me something to do. But after things settled down a bit, and I had dinner while listening to Johanssen's Beatles music collection, I got depressed again.

Doing the math, this won't keep me from starving.

My best bet for making calories is potatoes. They grow prolifically and have a reasonable caloric content (770 calories per kg). I'm pretty sure the ones I have will germinate. Problem is I can't grow enough of them. In 62 square meters, I could grow maybe 150kg of potatoes in 400 days (the time I have before running out of food). That's a grand total of 115,500 calories, a sustainable average of 288 calories per day. With my height and weight, if I'm willing to starve a little, I need 1500 calories per day.

Not even close.

So I can't just live off the land for ever. But I can extend my life. The potatoes will last me 76 days.

Potatoes grow continually, so in those 76 days, I can grow another 22,000 calories of potatoes, which will tide me over for another 15 days. After that, it's kind of pointless to continue the trend. All told it buys me about 90 days.

So now I'll start starving to death on Sol 490 instead of Sol 400. It's progress, but any hope of survival rests on me surviving until Sol 1412, when Ares 4 will land.

There's about a thousand days of food I don't have. And I don't have a plan for how to get it.

Shit.

Chapter 3

LOG ENTRY: SOL 25

Remember those old math questions you had in Algebra class? Where water is entering a container at a certain rate and leaving at a different rate and you need to figure out when it'll be empty? Well, that concept is critical to the "Mark Watney doesn't die" project I'm working on.

I need to create calories. And I need enough to last four years. I figure if I don't get rescued by Ares 4, I'm dead anyway. So that's my target: four years.

I have plenty of multivitamins; over double what I need. And there's five times the minimum protein in each food pack, so careful rationing of portions takes care of my protein needs for at least four years. My general nutrition is taken care of. I just need calories.

I need 1500 calories every day. I have 400 days of food to start off with. So how many calories do I need to generate per day along the entire time period to stay alive for 1400 days total (the time till Ares 4 arrives)?

I'll spare you the math. The answer is a cool 1000. I need to create 1000 calories per day with my farming efforts to survive until Ares 4 gets here. Actually, a little more than that, because it's sol 25 right now and I haven't actually planted anything yet.

With my 62 square meters of farmland, I'll be able to create about 288 calories per day. I need to bring that up to 1000. I need four times my current plan's production to survive.

I need more surface area for farming, and I need water to hydrate the soil. So let's take the problems one at a time.

How much farmland can I really make?

There are 92 square meters in the Hab. Let's say I could make use of all of it.

Also, there are five unused bunks. Let's say I put soil in on them, too. They're 2 square meters each, giving me 10 more square meters. So we're up to 102.

The Hab has three lab tables, each about 2 square meters. I want to keep one for my own use, leaving two for the cause. That's another four square

meters, bringing the total to 106.

I have two Martian rovers. They have pressure seals, allowing the occupants to drive in ease, without spacesuits, as they spent long periods traversing the surface. They're too cramped to plant crops in, and I want to be able to drive them around anyway. But both rovers have an emergency pop-tent.

There are a lot of problems with using pop-tents as farmland, but they have 10 square meters of floor space each. Presuming I can overcome the problems, they net me another 20 square meters, bringing my farmland up to 126.

126 square meters of farmable land. That's something to work with. Not nearly enough water to moisten the soil, but like I said, one thing at a time.

The next thing to consider is how efficient I can be in growing potatoes. I based my crop yield estimates on the potato industry back on Earth. But potato farmers aren't in a desperate race for survival like I am. Can I get a better yield?

For starters, I can give attention to each individual plant. I can trim them and keep them healthy and not interfering with each other. Also, as their flowering bodies breach the surface, I can replant them deeper, then plant younger plants above them. For normal potato farmers, it's not worth doing because they're working with literally millions of potato plants.

Also, this sort of farming annihilates the soil. Any farmer doing it would turn their land into a dust bowl within 12 years. It's not sustainable. But who gives a shit? I just need to survive four years.

I estimate I can get 50% higher yield by using these tactics. And with the 126 square meter farmland (just over double the 62 square meters I have) it works out to be over 900 calories per day.

That's real progress. I'd still be in danger of starvation, but it gets me in the range of survival. I might be able to make it by nearly starving but not quite dying. I could reduce my caloric use by minimizing manual labor. I could set the temperature of the Hab higher than normal, meaning my body expends less energy keeping its temperature. I could cut off an arm and eat it, gaining me valuable calories and reducing my overall caloric need.

No, not really.

So let's say I could clear up that much farmland. Seems reasonable. Where do I get the water? To go from 62 to 126 square meters of farmland at 10cm deep, I'll need 6.4 more cubic meters of soil (more shoveling, whee!)

and that'll need over 250 liters of water.

The 50L I have is for me to drink if the Water Reclaimer breaks. So I'm 250L short of my 250L goal.

Bleh. I'm going to bed.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 26

It was a back-breaking yet productive day.

I was sick of thinking, so instead of trying to figure out where I'll get 250L of water, I did some manual labor. I need to get a whole assload more soil in to the Hab, even if it is dry and useless right now.

I got a cubic meter in before getting exhausted.

Then, a minor dust-storm dropped by for an hour and covered the solar collectors with crap. So I had to suit up *again* and do *another* EVA. I was in a pissy mood the whole time. Sweeping off a huge field of solar cells is boring and physically demanding. But once the job was done, I came back to my Little Hab on the Prairie.

It was about time for another dirt-doubling, so I figured I may as well get it over with. It took an hour. One more doubling and the usable soil will all be good to go.

Also, I figured it was time to start up a seed crop. I'd doubled the soil enough that I could afford to leave a little corner of it alone. I had 12 potatoes to work with.

I am one lucky son-of-a-bitch they aren't freeze-dried or mulched. Why did NASA send 12 whole potatoes, refrigerated but not frozen? And why send them along with us as in-pressure cargo rather than in a crate with the rest of the Hab supplies? Because Thanksgiving was going to happen while we were doing surface operations, and NASA's shrinks thought it would be good to make a meal together. Not just to eat it, but to actually prepare it. There's probably some logic to that, but who cares?

I cut each potato in to 4 pieces, making sure each piece had at least 2 eyes. The eyes are where they sprout from. I let them sit for a few hours to harden a bit, then planted them, well spaced apart, in the corner. God speed, little taters. My life depends on you.

Normally, it takes 90 days to yield full sized potatoes. But I can't wait that long. I'll need to cut up all the potatoes from this crop to seed the rest of

the field.

By setting the Hab temperature to a balmy 25.5C, the plants will grow quicker. Also, the internal lights will provide plenty of “sunlight” and I’ll make sure they get lots of water (once I figure out where to get water). There will be no foul weather, or any parasites to hassle them, or any weeds to compete with for soil or nutrients. With all this going for them, they should yield healthy, sproutable tubers within 40 days.

I figured that was enough being Farmer Mark for one day.

A full meal for dinner. I’d earned it. Plus, I’d burned a ton of calories and I wanted them back.

I rifled through Commander Lewis’s stuff until I found her personal data-stick. Everyone got to bring whatever digital entertainment they wanted, and I was tired of listening to Johanssen’s Beatles Albums for now. Time to see what Lewis had.

Crappy TV shows. That’s what she had. Countless entire runs of TV shows from forever ago.

Well. Beggars can’t be choosers. “Three’s Company” it is.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 29

Over the last few days, I got all the dirt in that I’d need. I prepped the tables and bunks for holding the weight of soil, and even put the dirt in place. There’s still no water to make it viable, but I have some ideas. Really bad ideas, but they’re ideas.

Today’s big accomplishment was setting up the pop-tents.

The problem with the rovers’ pop-tents is they weren’t designed for frequent use.

The idea was you’d throw out a pop-tent, get in, and wait for rescue. The airlock is nothing more than valves and two doors. Equalize the airlock with your side of it, get in. equalize with the other side, get out. This means you lose a lot of air each use. And I’ll need to get in there at least once a day. The total volume of each pop tent is pretty low, so I can’t afford to lose air from it.

I spent *hours* trying to figure out how to attach a pop-tent airlock to a Hab airlock. I have three airlocks in the Hab. I’d be willing to dedicate two to

pop-tents. That would have been awesome.

The frustrating part is pop-tent airlocks *can* attach to other airlocks! You might have injured people in there, or not enough space suits. You need to be able to get people out without exposing them to the Martian atmosphere.

But the pop-tents were designed for your crewmates to come rescue you in a *rover*. The airlocks on the Hab are much larger and completely different than the airlocks on the rovers. When you think about it, there's really no reason to attach a pop-tent to the Hab.

Unless you're stranded on Mars and everyone thinks you're dead and you're in a desperate fight against time and the elements to stay alive. But, you know, other than that edge case there's no reason.

So I finally decided I'd just take the hit. I'll be losing some air every time I enter or exit a pop-tent. The good news is each pop-tent has an air feed valve on the outside. Remember, these are emergency shelters. The occupants might need air, and you can provide it from a rover by hooking up an air line. It's nothing more than a tube that equalizes the rover's air with the pop-tent's.

The Hab and the rovers use the same valve and tubing standards, so I was able to attach the pop tents directly to the Hab. That'll automatically replenish the air I lose with my entries and exits (what we NASA folk call ingress and egress).

NASA was not fucking around with these emergency tents. The moment I pushed the panic button in the rover, there was an ear-popping whoosh as the pop-tent fired out, attached to the rover airlock. It took about two seconds.

I closed the airlock from the rover side and ended up with a nice, isolated pop-tent. Setting up the equalizer hose was trivial (for once I'm using equipment the way it was designed to be used). Then, after a few trips through the airlock (with the air-loss automatically equalized by the Hab) I got the dirt in.

I repeated the process for the other tent. Everything went really easily. Sigh... water.

In high school, I played a lot of Dungeons and Dragons. (You may not have guessed this Botanist / Mechanical Engineer was a bit of a nerd in high school, but indeed I was). In the game I played a Cleric. One of the magic spells I could cast was "Create Water". I always thought it was a really stupid spell, and it never came up. Boy what I wouldn't give to be able to do that in

real life right now.

Anyway. That's a problem for tomorrow.

For tonight, I have to get back to "Three's Company." I stopped last night in the middle of the episode where Mr. Roper saw something and took it out of context.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 30

I have an idiotically dangerous plan for getting the water I need. And boy do I mean *dangerous*. But I don't have much choice. I'm out of ideas and I'm due for another dirt-doubling in a few days. When I do the final doubling, I'll be doubling on to all that new soil I've brought in. If I don't wet it first, it'll just die.

There isn't a lot of water here on Mars. There's ice at the poles, but they're too far away. If I want water I'll have to make it from scratch. Fortunately, I know the recipe: Take hydrogen. Add oxygen. Burn.

Let's take them one at a time. I'll start with oxygen.

I have a fair bit of O₂ reserves, but not enough to make 250 liters of water. Two high-pressure tanks at one end of the Hab are my entire supply (plus the air in the Hab of course). They each contain 25 liters of liquid O₂. The Hab would only use them in an emergency; it has the Oxygenator to balance the atmosphere. The reason the O₂ tanks are here is to feed the spacesuits and rovers.

Anyway, the reserve oxygen would only be enough to make 100L of water (50L of O₂ makes 100L of molecules that only have one O each). That would mean no EVAs for me, and no emergency reserves. And it would make less than half the water I need. Out of the question.

But oxygen's easier to find on Mars than you might think. The atmosphere is 98% CO₂. And I happen to have a machine whose sole purpose is liberating oxygen from CO₂. Yay Oxygenator!

One problem: The atmosphere is very thin. About 1/90th the pressure on Earth. So it's hard to collect. Getting air from outside to inside is nearly impossible. The whole purpose of the Hab is to keep that sort of thing from happening. The tiny amount of Martian atmosphere that enters when I use an airlock is laughable.

That's where the MAV fuel plant comes in.

My crewmates took the MAV away weeks ago. But the bottom half of it stayed behind. NASA is not in the habit of putting unnecessary shit in to orbit. It left the landing gear, ingress ramp, and fuel plant behind. Remember how the MAV made its own fuel with help from the Martian atmosphere? Step one of that is to collect CO₂ and store it in a high pressure vessel. Once I get that hooked up to the Hab's power, it'll give me half a liter of liquid CO₂ per hour, indefinitely. After 5 days it'll have made 125L of CO₂, which will make 125L of O₂ after I feed it through the Oxygenator.

That's enough to make 250L of water. So I have a plan for oxygen. The hydrogen will be a little trickier.

I considered raiding the hydrogen fuel-cells, but I need those batteries to maintain power at night. If I don't have that, it'll get too cold. I could bundle up, but the cold would kill my crops. And each fuel cell only has a small amount of H₂ anyway. It's just not worth sacrificing so much usefulness for so little gain. The one thing I have going for me is that energy is not a problem. I don't want to give that up.

So I'll have to go a different route.

I often talk about the MAV. But now I want to talk about the MDV.

During the most terrifying 23 minutes of my life, four of my crewmates and I tried not to shit ourselves while Martinez piloted the MDV down to the surface. It was kind of like being in a tumble-dryer.

First, we descended from Hermes, and decelerated our orbital velocity so we could start falling properly. Everything was smooth until we hit the atmosphere. If you think turbulence is rough in a jetliner going 720kph, just imagine what it's like at 28,000kph.

Several staged sets of chutes deployed automatically to slow our descent, then Martinez manually piloted us to the ground, using the thrusters to slow descent and control our lateral motion. He'd trained for this for years, and he did his job extraordinarily well. He exceeded all plausible expectations of landings, putting us just nine meters from the target. The guy just plain owned that landing.

Thanks, Martinez! You may have saved my life!

Not because of the perfect landing, but because he left so much fuel behind. Hundreds of liters of unused Hydrazine. Each molecule of Hydrazine has four hydrogen atoms in it. So each liter of Hydrazine has enough hydrogen for **two** liters of water.

I did a little EVA today to check. The MDV has 292L of juice left in the tanks. Enough to make a almost 600L of water! Way more than I need!

There's just one catch: Liberating hydrogen from Hydrazine is... well... it's how rockets work. It's really, really hot. And dangerous. If I do it in an oxygen atmosphere, the heat and newly liberated hydrogen will explode. There'll be a lot of H₂O at the end, but I'll be too dead to appreciate it.

At its root, Hydrazine is pretty simple. The Germans used it as far back as World War II for rocket-assisted fighter fuel (and occasionally blew themselves up with it).

All you have to do is run it over a catalyst (which I can extract from the MDV engine) and it will turn in to nitrogen and hydrogen. I'll spare you the chemistry, but the end result is that 5 molecules of Hydrazine becomes 5 molecules of harmless N₂ and 10 molecules of lovely H₂. During this process, it goes through an intermediate step of being ammonia. Chemistry, being the sloppy bitch it is, ensures there'll be some ammonia that doesn't react with the Hydrazine, so it'll just stay ammonia. You like the smell of ammonia? Well it'll be prevalent in my increasingly hellish existence.

The chemistry is on my side. The question now is how do I actually make this reaction happen slowly and how do I collect the hydrogen? The answer is: I don't know.

I suppose I'll think of something. Or die.

Anyway, much more important: I simply can't abide the replacement of Chrissie with Cindy. "Three's Company" may never be the same after this fiasco. Time will tell.

Chapter 4

LOG ENTRY: SOL 32

So I ran in to a bunch of problems with my water plan.

My idea is to make 600L of water (limited by the hydrogen I can get from the Hydrazine). That means I'll need 300L of liquid O₂.

I can create the O₂ easily enough. It takes 20 hours for the MAV fuel plant to fill its 10L tank with CO₂. The Oxygenator can turn it in to O₂, then the Atmospheric Regulator will see the O₂ content in the Hab is high, and pull it out of the air, storing it in the main O₂ tanks. They'd fill up, so I'd have to transfer O₂ over to the rovers' tanks and even space suit tanks as necessary.

But I can't create it very quickly. At 1/2L of CO₂ per hour, it will take 25 days to make the oxygen I need. That's longer than I'd like.

Also, there's the problem of storing the hydrogen. The air tanks of the Hab, the rovers, and all the space suits add up to exactly 374L of storage. To hold all the materials for water, I would need a whopping 900L of storage.

I considered using one of the rovers as a "tank". It would certainly be big enough, but it just isn't designed to hold in that much pressure. It's made to hold (you guessed it) one atmosphere. I need vessels that can hold 50 times that much. I'm sure a rover would burst.

The best way to store the ingredients of water is to make them be water. So what's what I'll have to do.

The concept is simple, but the execution will be incredibly dangerous.

Every 20 hours, I'll have 10L of CO₂ thanks to the MAV fuel plant. I'll vent it in to the Hab via the highly scientific method of detaching the tank from the MAV landing struts, bringing it in to the Hab, then opening the valve until it's empty.

The Oxygenator will turn it in to oxygen in its own time.

Then, I'll release Hydrazine, VERY SLOWLY, over the iridium catalyst, to turn it in to N₂ and H₂. I'll direct the hydrogen to a small area and burn it.

As you can see, this plan provides many opportunities for me to die in a fiery explosion.

Firstly, Hydrazine is some serious death. If I make any mistakes, there'll be nothing left but the "Mark Watney Memorial Crater" where the Hab once stood.

Presuming I don't fuck up with the Hydrazine, there's still the matter of burning hydrogen. I'm going to be setting a fire. In the Hab. On purpose.

If you asked every engineer at NASA what the worst scenario for the Hab was, they'd all answer "fire." If you asked them what the result would be, they'd answer "death by fire."

But if I can pull it off, I'll be making water continuously, with no need to store hydrogen or oxygen. It'll be mixed in to the atmosphere as humidity, but the Water Reclaimer will pull it out.

I don't even have to perfectly match the Hydrazine end of it with the fuel plant CO₂ part. There's plenty of oxygen in the Hab, and plenty more in reserve. I just need to make sure not to make so much water I run myself out of O₂.

I hooked up the MAV fuel plant to the Hab's power supply. Fortunately they both use the same voltage. It's chugging away, collecting CO₂ for me.

Half-ration for dinner. All I accomplished today was thinking up a plan that'll kill me, and that doesn't take much energy.

I'm going to finish off the last of "Three's Company" tonight. Frankly, I like Mr. Furley more than the Ropers.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 33

This may be my last entry.

I've known since Sol 6 there was a good chance I'd die here. But I figured it would be when I ran out of food. I didn't think it would be this early.

I'm about the fire up the Hydrazine.

Our mission was designed knowing that anything might need maintenance, so I have plenty of tools. Even in a space-suit, I was able to pry the access panels off the MDV and get at the six Hydrazine tanks. I set them in the shadow of a rover to keep them from heating up too much. There's more shade and a cooler temperature near the Hab, but fuck that. If they're going to blow up, they can blow up a rover, not my house.

Then I pried out the reaction chamber. It took some work and I cracked

the damn thing in half, but I got it out. Lucky for me I don't need a proper fuel reaction. In fact, I really, super-duper don't want a proper fuel reaction.

I brought all the Hydrazine and reaction chamber in. I briefly considered only having one tank in at a time to reduce risk. But some back-of-the-napkin math told me even one tank was enough to blow the whole Hab up, so why not bring them all in?

The tanks have manual vent valves. I'm not 100% sure what they're for. Certainly we were never expected to use them. I think they're there to release pressure during the many quality checks done during construction and before fueling. Whatever the reason, I have valves to work with. All it takes is a wrench.

I liberated a spare water hose from the Water Reclaimer. With some thread torn out of a uniform (Sorry, Johanssen), I attached it to the valve output. Hydrazine is a liquid, so all I have to do is lead it to the reaction chamber (more of a "reaction bowl" now).

Meanwhile, the MAV fuel plant is still working. I've already brought in one tank of CO₂, vented it, and returned it for refilling.

So there are no more excuses. It's time to start making water.

If you find the charred remains of the Hab, it means I did something wrong. I'm copying this log over to both rovers so it's more likely it'll survive.

Here goes nothin'

LOG ENTRY: SOL 33 (2)

Well, I didn't die.

First thing I did was put on the inner lining of my EVA suit. Not the bulky suit itself, just the inner clothing I wear under it, including the gloves and booties. Then I got an oxygen mask from the medical supplies and some lab goggles from Vogel's chem kit. Almost all of my body was now protected and I would be breathing canned air.

Why? Because Hydrazine is *very* toxic. If I breathe too much of it I'll get major lung problems. If I get it on my skin, I'll have chemical burns for the rest of my life. I wasn't taking any chances.

I turned the valve until a trickle of Hydrazine came out. I let one drop fall in to the iridium bowl.

It un-dramatically sizzled and disappeared.

But hey, that's what I wanted. I just freed up hydrogen and nitrogen. Yay!

One thing I have in abundance here is bags. They're not much different than kitchen trash bags, though I'm sure they cost \$50,000 because NASA.

In addition to being our commander, Lewis was also the geologist. She was going to collect rock and soil samples from all over the operational area (10 km radius). Weight limits restricted how much she could actually bring back, so she was going to collect first, then sort out the most interesting 50kg to take home. The bags are to store and tag the samples. Some are smaller than a Ziploc, while others are as big as a Hefty lawn and leaf bag.

Also, I have duct tape. Ordinary duct tape, like you buy at a hardware store. Turns out even NASA can't improve on duct tape.

I cut up a few Hefty sized bags and taped them together to make a sort of tent. Really it was more of a super-sized bag. I was able to cover the whole table where my Hydrazine mad scientist set-up was. I put a few knickknacks on the table to keep the plastic out of the iridium bowl. Thankfully, the bags are clear, so I can still see what's going on.

Next, I sacrificed a spacesuit to the cause. I needed an air hose. I have a surplus of space suits, after all. A total of seven; one for each crewmember and one spare. So I don't mind murdering one of them.

I cut a hole in the top of the plastic and duct taped the hose in place. Nice seal, I think.

With some more string from Johannsen's clothing, I hung the other end of the hose from the top of the Hab's dome by two angled threads (to keep them well clear of the hose opening). Now I had a little chimney. The hose was about 1cm wide. Hopefully a good aperture.

The hydrogen will be hot after the reaction, and it'll want to go up. So I'll let it go up the chimney, then burn it as it comes out.

Then I had to invent fire.

NASA put a lot of effort in to making sure nothing here can burn. Everything is made of metal or flame retardant plastic and the uniforms are synthetic. I needed something that could hold a flame, some kind of pilot light. I don't have the skills to keep enough H₂ flowing to feed a flame without killing myself. Too narrow a margin there.

After a search of everyone's personal items (hey, if they wanted privacy, they shouldn't have abandoned me on Mars with their stuff) I found my answer.

Martinez is a devout catholic. I knew that. What I didn't know was he brought along a small wooden cross. I'm sure NASA gave him shit about it, but I also know Martinez is one stubborn son-of-a-bitch.

I chipped his sacred religious item into long splinters using a pair of pliers and a screwdriver. I figure if there's a God, He won't mind, considering the situation I'm in.

Ruining the only religious icon I have leaves me vulnerable to Mars Vampires. I'll have to risk it.

There were plenty of wires and batteries around to make a spark. But you can't just ignite wood with a small electric spark. So I collected ribbons of bark from local palm trees, then got a couple of sticks and rubbed them together to create enough friction to...

No not really. I vented pure oxygen at the stick and gave it a spark. Fucker lit up like a match.

With my mini-torch in hand, I started a slow Hydrazine flow. It sizzled on the iridium and disappeared. Soon I had short bursts of flame sputtering from the chimney.

The main thing I had watch was the temperature. Hydrazine breaking down is extremely exothermic. So I'd do it a bit at a time, constantly watching the readout of a thermocouple I'd attached to the iridium chamber.

Point is, the process worked!

Each Hydrazine tank holds a little over 50L, which would be enough to make 100L of water. I'm limited by my oxygen production, but I'm all excited now, so I'm willing to use half my reserves. Long story short, I'll stop when the tank is half-empty, and I'll have 50L of water at the end!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 34

Well that took a really long time. I've been at it all night with the Hydrazine. But I got the job done.

I could have finished faster, but I figured caution's best when setting fire to rocket fuel in an enclosed space.

Boy is this place a tropical jungle now, I'll tell ya.

It's almost 30C in here, and humid as all hell. I just dumped a ton of heat and 50L of water in to the air.

During this process, the poor Hab had to be the mother of a messy

toddler. It's been replacing the oxygen I've used, and the Water Reclaimer is trying to get the humidity down to sane levels. Nothing to be done about the heat. There's actually no air-conditioning in the Hab. Mars is cold. Getting rid of excess heat isn't something we expected to deal with.

I've now grown accustomed to the alarms that are blaring at all times. The fire alarm has finally stopped, now that there's no more fire. The low oxygen alarm should stop soon. The high humidity alarm will take a little longer. The Water Reclaimer has its work cut out for it today.

For a moment, there yet another alarm. The Water Reclaimer's main tank was full. Booyah! That's the kind of problem I want to have!

Remember the spacesuit I vandalized yesterday? I hung it on its rack and carried buckets of water to it from the reclaimer. It can hold an atmosphere of air in. It should be able to handle a few buckets of water.

Man I'm tired. Been up all night and it's time to sleep. But I'll drift off to dreamland in the best mood I've been in since Sol 6.

Things are finally going my way. In fact, they're going great! I have a chance to live after all!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 37

I am fucked and I'm gonna die!

Ok, calm down. I'm sure I can get around this.

I'm writing this log to you, dear future Mars archeologist, from Rover 2. You may wonder why I'm not in the Hab right now. Because I fled in terror, that's why! And I'm not sure what the hell to do next.

I guess I should explain what happened. If this is my last entry, you'll at least know why.

Over the past few days, I've been happily making water. It's been going swimmingly. (See what I did there? "swimmingly")

I even beefed up the MAV fuel plant compressor. It was very technical (I increased the voltage to the pump). So I'm making water even faster now.

After my initial burst of 50L, I decided to settle down and just make it at the rate I get O₂. I'm not willing to go below a 25L reserve. So when I dip too low, I stop dicking with Hydrazine until I get the O₂ back up to well above 25L.

Important note: When I say I made 50L of water, that was an assumption.

I didn't *reclaim* 50L of water. The additional soil I'd filled the Hab with was extremely dry and greedily sucked up a lot of the humidity. That's where I want the water to go anyway, so I'm not worried, and I wasn't surprised when the reclaimer didn't get anywhere near 50L.

I get 10L of CO₂ every 15 hours now that I souped up the pump. I've done this process four times. My math tells me that, including my initial 50L burst, I should have 130L of water added to the system.

Well my math is a damn liar!

I've gained 70L in the water regulator and the spacesuit-now-watertank. There's plenty of condensation on the walls and domed roof, and the soil is certainly absorbing its fair share. But that doesn't account for 60L of missing water. Something was wrong.

That's when I noticed the other O₂ tank.

The Hab has two reserve O₂ tanks. One on each side of the structure, for safety reasons. The Hab can decide which one to use whenever it wants. Turns out it's been topping off the atmosphere from Tank 1. But when I add O₂ to the system (via the Oxygenator), the Hab evenly distributes the gain among the two tanks. Tank 2 has been slowly gaining oxygen.

That's not a problem, it's just doing its job. But it does mean I've been gaining O₂ over time. Which means I'm not consuming it as fast as I thought.

At first, I thought "Yay! More oxygen! Now I can make water faster!" But then a more disturbing thought occurred to me.

Follow my logic: I'm gaining O₂. But the amount I'm bringing in from outside is constant. So the only way to "gain" it is to be using less than I thought. But I've been doing the Hydrazine reaction with the assumption that I was using all of it.

The only possible explanation is I haven't been burning all the released hydrogen.

It's obvious now, in retrospect. But it never occurred to me that some of the hydrogen just wouldn't burn. It got past the flame, and went on its merry way. Dammit, Jim, I'm a botanist, not a chemist!

Chemistry is messy, so there's unburned Hydrogen in the air. All around me. Mixed in with the oxygen. Just... hanging out. Waiting for a spark so it can *blow the fucking Hab up!*

Once I figured this out, and composed myself, I got a Ziploc-sized sample bag and waved it around a bit, then sealed it.

Then, a quick EVA to a rover, where we keep the atmospheric analyzers.

Nitrogen: 22%. Oxygen: 9%. Hydrogen: 64%.

I've been hiding here in the rover ever since.

It's Hydrogenville in the Hab.

I'm very lucky it hasn't blown. Even a small static discharge would have led to "Oh the humanity!"

So, I'm here in Rover 2. I can stay for a day or two, tops, before the CO₂ filters from the rover and my spacesuit fill up. I have that long to figure out how to deal with this.

The Hab is now a bomb.

Chapter 5

LOG ENTRY: SOL 38

I'm still covering in the rover, but I've had time to think. And I know how to deal with the hydrogen.

I thought about the Atmospheric Regulator. It pays attention to what's in the air and balances it. That's how the excess O₂ I've been importing ends up in the tanks. Problem is, it's just not built to pull hydrogen out of the air.

The regulator uses freeze-separation to sort out the gasses. When it decides there's too much oxygen, it starts collecting air in a tank and cooling it to 90 kelvin. That makes the oxygen turn to liquid, but leaves the nitrogen (condensation point: 77K) still gaseous. Then it stores the O₂.

But I can't get it to do that for hydrogen, because hydrogen needs to be below 21K to turn liquid. And the regulator just can't get temperatures that low. Dead end.

Here's the solution:

Hydrogen is dangerous because it can blow up. But it can only blow up if there's oxygen around. Hydrogen without oxygen is harmless. And the regulator is all about pulling oxygen out of the air.

There are four different safety interlocks that prevent the regulator from letting the Hab's oxygen content get too low. But they're designed to work against technical faults, not deliberate sabotage (bwa ha ha!).

Long story short, I can trick the regulator in to pulling all the oxygen out of the Hab. Then I can wear a spacesuit (so I can breathe) and do whatever I want without fear of blowing up. Yay!

I'll use an O₂ tank to spray short bursts of oxygen at the hydrogen, and make a spark with a couple of wires and a battery. It'll set the hydrogen on fire, but only until the small bit of oxygen is used up.

I'll just do that over and over, in controlled bursts, until I've burned off all the hydrogen.

One tiny flaw with that plan: It'll kill my dirt.

The dirt is only viable soil because of the bacteria growing in it. If I get rid of all the oxygen, the bacteria will die. I don't have 100 billion little spacesuits handy.

It's half a solution anyway.

Time to take a break from thinking.

Commander Lewis was the last one to use this rover. She was scheduled to use it again on Sol 7, but she went home instead. Her personal travel kit's still in the back. Rifling through it, I found a protein bar and a personal USB, probably full of music to listen to on the drive.

Time to chow down and see what the good Commander brought along for music.

LOG ENTRY SOL 38 (2)

Disco. God damn it, Lewis.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 39

Well I think I've got it.

Soil bacteria are used to winters. They get less active, and require less oxygen to survive. I can lower the Hab temperature to 1C, and they'll nearly hibernate. This sort of thing happens on Earth all the time. They can survive a couple of days this way. If you're wondering how bacteria survive long periods of cold on Earth, the answer is they don't. Bacteria further underground where it was warmer breed upward to replace the dead ones.

They'll still need some oxygen, but not much. I think a 1% content will do the trick. That leaves a little in the air for the bacteria to breathe, but not enough to maintain a fire. So the hydrogen won't blow up.

But that leads to yet another problem. The potato plants won't like the plan.

They don't mind the lack of oxygen but the cold will kill them. So I'll have to pot them (bag them, actually) and move them to a rover. They haven't even sprouted yet, so it's not like they need light.

It was surprisingly annoying to find a way to make the heat stay on when the rover's unoccupied. But I figured it out. After all, I've got nothing but time in here.

So that's the plan. First, bag the potato plants and bring them to the rover (make sure it keeps the damn heater on). Then drop the Hab temperature to 1C. Then reduce to O2 content to 1%. Then burn off the hydrogen with a

battery, some wires, and a tank of O2.

Yeah. This all sounds like a great idea with no chance of catastrophic failure.

That was sarcasm, by the way.

Well, off I go.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 40

Things weren't 100% successful.

They say no plan survives first contact with implementation. I'd have to agree. Here's what happened:

I summoned up the courage to return to the Hab. Once I got there, I felt a little more confident. Everything was how I'd left it (what did I expect? Martians looting my stuff?)

It would take a while to let the Hab cool, so I started that right away by turning the temperature down to 1C.

I bagged the potato plants, and got a chance to check up on them while I was at it. They're rooting nicely and about to sprout. One thing I hadn't accounted for was how to bring them from the Hab to the rovers.

The answer was pretty easy. I put all of them in Martinez's spacesuit. Then I dragged it out with me to the rover I'd set up as a temporary nursery.

Making sure to jimmy the heater to stay on, I headed back to the Hab.

By the time I got back, it was already chilly. Down to 5C already. Shivering and seeing my breath condense in front of me, I threw on extra layers of clothes. Fortunately I'm not a very big man. Martinez's clothes fit over mine, and Vogel's fit over Martinez's. These shitty clothes were designed to be worn in a temperature-controlled environment. Even with three layers, I was still cold. I climbed in to my bunk and under the covers for more warmth.

Once the temperature got to 1C, I waited another hour, just to make sure the bacteria in the dirt got the memo that it was time to take it slow.

The next problem I ran in to was the regulator. Despite my swaggering confidence, I wasn't able to outwit it. It *really* does not want to pull too much O2 out of the air. The lowest I could get it to was 15%. After that, it flatly refused to go lower, and nothing I did mattered. I had all these plans about getting in and reprogramming it. But the safety protocols turned out to be in

ROMs.

I can't blame it. Its whole purpose is to *prevent* the atmosphere from becoming lethal. Nobody at NASA thought "Hey, let's allow a fatal lack of oxygen that will make everyone drop dead!"

So I had to use more a more primitive plan.

The regulator uses a different set of vents for air sampling than it does for main air separation. The air that gets freeze-separated comes in through a single large vent on the main unit. But it samples the air from nine small vents that pipe back to the main unit. That way it gets a good average of the Hab, and prevents one localized imbalance from throwing it off.

I taped up eight of the intakes, leaving only one of them active. Then I taped the mouth of a Hefty-sized bag over the neck-hole of a spacesuit (Johanssen's this time). In the back of the bag, I poked a small hole and taped it over the remaining intake.

Then I inflated the bag with pure O₂ from the suit's tanks. "Holy shit!" the regulator thought, "I better pull O₂ out right away!"

Worked great!

I decided I not to wear a space suit after all. The atmospheric pressure was going to be fine. All I needed was oxygen. So I grabbed an O₂ canister from the medical bay. That way, I had a hell of a lot more freedom of motion. It even had a rubber band to keep it on my face!

Though I did need a spacesuit to monitor the actual Hab oxygen level (The Hab's main computer was convinced it was 100% O₂). Each spacesuit knew how to monitor its own internal air, of course.

Let's see... Martinez's spacesuit was in the rover. Johanssen's was outwitting the regulator. Lewis's was serving as a water-tank. I didn't want to mess with mine (hey, it's custom fitted!). That left me three spacesuits to work with.

I grabbed Vogel's suit and activated the internal air sensors while leaving the helmet off. Once the oxygen dropped to 12% I put the breather mask on. I watched it fall further and further. When it reached 1% I cut power to the regulator.

I may not be able to reprogram the regulator, but I can turn the bastard off completely.

The Hab has emergency flashlights in many locations in case of critical power failure. I tore the L.E.D. bulbs out of one and left the two frayed power wires very close together. Now when I turned it on I got a small spark.

Taking a canister of O₂ from Vogel's suit, I attached a strap to both ends and slung it over my shoulder. Then I attached an air line to the tank and crimped it with my thumb. I turned on a very slow trickle of O₂; a small enough that it couldn't overpower the crimp.

Standing on the table with a sparker in one hand and my oxygen line in the other, I reached up and gave it a try.

And holy hell it worked! Blowing the O₂ over the sparker, I flicked the switch on the flashlight and a wonderful jet of flame fired out of the tube. The fire alarm went off, of course. But I'd heard it so much lately I barely noticed it any more.

Then I did it again. And again. Short bursts. Nothing flashy. I was happy to take my time.

I was elated! This was the best plan ever! Not only was I clearing out the hydrogen, I was making more water!

Everything went great right up to the explosion.

One minute I was happily burning hydrogen; the next I was on the other side of the Hab and a lot of stuff was knocked over. I stumbled to my feet and saw the Hab in disarray.

My first thought was "My ears hurt like hell!"

Then I thought "I'm dizzy," and fell to my knees. Then I fell prone. I was *that* dizzy. I groped my head with both hands, looking for a head-wound I desperately hoped would not be there. Nothing seemed to be amiss.

But feeling all over my head and face revealed the true problem. My oxygen mask had been ripped off in the blast. I was breathing nearly pure nitrogen.

The floor was covered in junk from all over the Hab. No hope of finding the medical O₂ tank. No hope of finding anything in this mess before I passed out.

Then I saw Lewis's suit hanging right where it belonged. It hadn't moved in the blast. It was heavy to start with and had 70L of water in it.

Rushing over, I quickly cranked on the O₂ and stuck my head into the neck-hole (I'd removed the helmet long ago, for easy access to the water). I breathed a bit until the dizziness faded, then took a deep breath and held it.

Still holding my breath, I glanced over to the spacesuit and Hefty bag I'd used to outsmart the regulator. The bad news is I'd never removed them. The good news is the explosion removed them. Eight of the nine intakes for the

regulator were still bagged, but this one would at least tell the truth.

Stumbling over to the regulator, I turned it back on.

After a two second boot process (it was made to start up fast for obvious reasons) it immediately identified the problem.

The shrill low-oxygen alarm blared throughout the Hab as the regulator dumped pure oxygen in to the atmosphere as fast as it safely could.

Separating oxygen from the atmosphere is difficult and time consuming, but *adding* it is as simple as opening a valve.

I clambered over debris back to Lewis's spacesuit and put my head back in for more good air. Within three minutes, the regulator had brought the Hab oxygen back up to par.

I noticed for the first time how burned my clothing was. It was a good time to be wearing three layers of clothes. Mostly the damage was on my sleeves. The outer layer was gone. The middle layer was singed and burned clean through in places. The inner layer, my own uniform, was in reasonably good shape. Looks like I lucked out again.

Also, glancing at the Hab's main computer, I see the temperature rose to 15C. Something very hot and very explodey happened, and I wasn't sure what. Or how.

And that's where I am now. Wondering what the hell happened.

After all that work and getting blown up, I'm exhausted. Tomorrow I'll have to do a million equipment checks and try to figure out what blew up, but for now I just want to sleep.

I'm in the rover again tonight. Even with the hydrogen gone, I'm reluctant to hang out in a Hab that has a history of exploding for no reason. Plus, I can't be sure there isn't a leak.

This time, I brought a proper meal, and something to listen to that isn't disco.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 41

I spent the day running full diagnostics on every system in the Hab. It was incredibly boring, but my survival depends on these machines, so it had to be done. I can't just assume an explosion did no long-term damage.

I did the most critical tests first. Number one was the integrity of the Hab canvas. I felt pretty confident it was in good shape, cause I'd spent a few

hours asleep in the rover before returning to the Hab, and the pressure was still good. The computer reported no change pressure over that time, other than a minor fluctuation based on temperature.

Then I checked the Oxygenator. If that stops working and I can't fix it, I'm a dead man. No problems.

Then the Atmospheric Regulator. Again, no problem.

Heating unit, primary battery array, O₂ and N₂ storage tanks, Water Reclaimer, all three airlocks, lighting systems, main computer... on and on I went, feeling better and better as each system proved to be in perfect working order.

Got to hand it to NASA. They don't fuck around when making this stuff.

Then came the critical part... checking the dirt. Taking a few samples from all over the Hab (remember, it's all dirt flooring now), I made some slides.

I took them over to the microscope and checked up on my beloved bacteria. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw healthy, active bacteria doing their thing.

Then I set about cleaning up the mess. And I had a lot of time to think about what had happened.

So what happened? Well, I have a theory.

According to the main computer, during the blast, the internal pressure spiked to 1.4 atmospheres, and the temperature rose to 15C in under a second. But the pressure quickly subsided back to 1atm. This would make sense if the Atmospheric Regulator were on, but I'd cut power to it.

The temperature remained 15C for some time afterward, so any heat expansion should still have been present. But the pressure dropped down again, so where did that extra pressure go? Raising the temperature and keeping the same number of atoms inside should permanently raise the pressure. But it didn't.

I quickly realized the answer. The hydrogen (the only available thing to burn) combined with oxygen (hence combustion) and became water. Water is a thousand times as dense as a gas. So the heat added to the pressure, and the transformation of hydrogen and oxygen in to water brought it back down again.

The million dollar question is: Where the hell did the oxygen come from? The whole plan was to limit oxygen and keep an explosion from happening. And it was working for quite a while before blowing up.

I think I have my answer. And it comes down to me brain-farting. Remember when I decided not to wear a spacesuit? That decision almost killed me.

The medical O2 tank mixes pure oxygen with surrounding air, then feeds it to you through a mask. The mask stays on your face with a little rubber band that goes around the back of your neck. Not an air-tight seal.

I know what you're thinking. The mask leaked oxygen. But no. I was breathing the oxygen. When I was inhaling, I made a nearly airtight seal with the mask by sucking it to my face.

The problem was the *exhale*. Do you know how much oxygen you absorb out of the air when you take a normal breath? I don't know either, but it's not 100%. With every breath, I was taking in oxygen, my lungs grabbed some of it, then I was breathing it out into the Hab. Every time I exhaled, I added more oxygen to the system.

It just didn't occur to me. But it should have. If your lungs grabbed up all the oxygen, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation wouldn't work. I'm such a dumb-ass for not thinking of it! And my dumbassery almost got me killed!

I'm really going to have to be more careful.

It's a good thing I burned off most of the hydrogen before the explosion. Otherwise that would have been the end. As it is, the explosion wasn't strong enough to pop the Hab. Though it was strong enough to almost blast my eardrums in.

The Water Reclaimer did its job last night and pulled another 50L of water out of the air. Long ago before hydrogen became the focus of my life, my problem was the 60L shortfall in water production. 50L of it is now in Lewis's spacesuit, which I'll call "The Cistern" from now on because it sounds cooler. The other 10L of water was absorbed by the dry soil.

Lots of physical labor today. I've earned a full meal. And to celebrate my first night back in the Hab, I'll kick back and watch some shitty 20th century TV courtesy of Commander Lewis.

"The Dukes of Hazzard," eh? Let's give it a whirl.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 42

I slept in late today. I deserved it. After four nights of awful sleep in the rover, my bunk felt like the softest, most profoundly beautiful featherbed ever

made.

Anyway, I dragged my ass out of bed and finished some post-explosion cleanup.

I moved the potato plants back in today. And just in time, too. They're sprouting. They look healthy and happy. This isn't chemistry, medicine, bacteriology, nutrition analysis, explosion dynamics, or any other shit I've been doing lately, this is *botany*. I'm sure I can at least grow some plants without fucking up.

Right?

You know what really sucks? I've only made 130L of water. I have another 470L to go. You'd think after almost killing myself *twice*, I'd stop screwing around with hydrazine. But nope. I'll be reducing hydrazine and burning hydrogen in the Hab, every 10 hours, for another 10 days. Let's hope I do a better job of it from now on.

I'll have a lot of dead time. 10 hours for each tank of CO₂ to finish filling. It only takes 20 minutes to reduce the hydrazine and burn the hydrogen. I'll spend the rest of the time watching TV.

And seriously... It's clear the General Lee can outrun a police cruiser. Why doesn't Roscoe just go to the Duke farm and arrest them when they're *not* in the car?

Chapter 6

Venkat returned to his office, dropped his briefcase on the floor, and collapsed into his leather chair. He took a moment to look out the windows at his scenic view of the Johnson Space Center.

Glancing at his computer screen, he noted 47 unread emails urgently demanding his attention. They could wait. Today had been a sad day. Today was the memorial service for Mark Watney.

The President had given a speech, praising Watney's bravery and sacrifice, and the quick actions of Commander Lewis in getting everyone else to safety. Commander Lewis and the surviving crew, via long range communication from Hermes, gave eulogies to their departed comrade from deep space. They had another ten months of travel yet to endure.

The Director had given a speech as well, reminding everyone that space flight is incredibly dangerous, and how we will not back down in the face of adversity.

During preparation for the service, they'd asked Venkat if he was willing to make a speech. He'd declined. What was the point? Watney was dead. Nice words from the Director of Mars Missions wouldn't bring him back.

"You ok, Venk?" came a voice from the doorway.

Venkat swiveled around. "Guess so," he said.

"You could have given a speech."

"I didn't want to. You know that."

"Yeah, I know. I didn't want to, either. But I'm the director of NASA. It's kind of expected. You sure you're ok?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine."

"Good," Teddy said, walking in. "Let's get back to work, then."

"Sure," Venkat shrugged. "Let's start with you authorizing my satellite time."

Teddy leaned against the wall with a sigh. "This again."

"Yes," Venkat said. "This again. What is the problem?"

"Ok, run me through it. What, exactly, are you after?"

Venkat leaned forward. "Ares 3 was a failure, but we can salvage something from it. We're funded for five Ares missions. I think we can get Congress to fund a sixth."

“I don’t know, Venk...”

“It’s simple, Teddy,” Venkat pressed on. “They evac’d after six sols. There’s almost an entire mission worth of supplies up there. It would only cost a fraction of a normal mission. It normally takes 14 presupply probes to prep a site. We might be able to send what’s missing in three. Maybe two.”

“Venk, the site got hit by a 175 km/h sandstorm. It’ll be in really bad shape.”

“That’s why I want imagery,” Venkat explained. “I just need a couple of shots of the site. We could learn a lot.”

“Like what? You think we’d send people to Mars without being sure everything was in perfect working order?”

“Everything doesn’t have to be perfect,” Venkat said quickly. “Whatever’s broken, we’d send replacements for. The only thing that *needs* to work is the MAV. And we’d have to send a fresh one anyway.”

“How will we know from imagery what’s broken?”

“It’s just a first step. They evac’d because the wind was a threat to the MAV, but the Hab can withstand a lot more punishment. It might still be in one piece.

“And it’ll be really obvious. If it popped, it’d completely blow out and collapse. If it’s still standing, then everything inside will be fine. And the rovers are solid. They can take any sandstorm Mars has to offer. Just let me take a look, Teddy, that’s all I want.”

Teddy looked down, “You’re not the only guy who wants satellite time, you know. We have Ares 4 supply missions coming up. We need to concentrate on Schiaparelli Crater.”

“I don’t get it, Teddy. What’s the problem here?” Venkat asked. “I’m talking about securing us another mission. We have 12 satellites in orbit around Mars, I’m sure you can spare one or two for a couple of hours. I can give you the windows for each one when they’ll be at the right angle for Ares 3 shots-“

“It’s not about satellite time, Venk,” Teddy interrupted.

Venkat froze. “Then... but... what...”

Teddy looked down. “We’re a public domain organization. There’s no such thing as secret or secure information here.”

“So?”

“Any imagery we take goes directly to the public.”

“Again: so?”

“Mark Watney’s body will be within a twenty meters of the Hab. Maybe partially buried in sand, but still very visible, and with a comm antenna sticking out of his chest. Any images we take will show that.”

Venkat stared. Then glared. “*This* is why you denied my imagery requests for two months?”

“Venk, come on-“

“Really, Teddy?” he said. “You’re afraid of a PR problem?”

“The media’s obsession with Watney’s death is finally starting to taper off,” Teddy said evenly. “It’s been bad press after bad press for two months. Today’s memorial gives people closure, and the media can move on to some other story. The last thing we want to do is dredge everything back up.”

“So what do we do, then? He’s not going to decompose. He’ll be there forever.”

“Not forever,” Teddy said. “Within a year, he’ll be covered in sand from normal weather activity.”

“A year?” Venkat said, rising to his feet. “That’s ludicrous. We can’t wait a year for this.”

“Why not? Ares 5 won’t even launch for another five years. Plenty of time.”

Venkat took a deep breath and thought for a moment.

“Ok, consider this,” he said. “Sympathy for Watney’s family is really high. Ares 6 could bring the body back. We don’t say that’s the *purpose* of the mission, but we make it clear that would be part of it. If we framed it that way, we’d get more support in Congress. But not if we wait a year. In a year, people won’t care any more.”

Teddy rubbed his chin. “Hmm...”

Mindy stared at the ceiling. She had little else to do. The 3am shift was pretty dull. Only a constant stream of coffee kept her awake.

Monitoring the status of satellites around Mars sounded like an exciting proposition when she took the transfer. But the satellites tended to take care of themselves. Her job turned out to be sending emails as imagery became available.

“Master’s Degree in Mechanical Engineering,” she grumbled to herself. “And I’m working in an all-night photo booth.”

She sipped her coffee.

A flicker on her screen announced another set of images were ready for

dispatch. She checked the name on the work order. Venkat Kapoor.

Posting the data directly to internal servers, she composed an email to Dr. Kapoor. As she entered the latitude and longitude of the image, she recognized the numbers.

“31.2°N, 28.5°W... Acidalia Planitia... Ares 3?”

Out of curiosity, she brought up the first of the 17 images.

As she suspected, it was the Ares 3 site. She'd heard they were going to image it. Slightly ashamed of herself, she scoured the image for any sign on Mark Watney's dead body. After a minute of fruitless searching, she was simultaneously relieved and disappointed.

She moved on to perusing the rest of the image. The Hab was intact; Dr. Kapoor would be happy to see that.

She brought the coffee mug to her lips, then froze.

“Um...” she mumbled to herself. “Uhhh...”

Quickly bringing up the NASA intranet, she navigated through the site to the specifics of the Ares missions. After some quick research, she picked up her phone.

“Hey, this is Mindy Park at SatCon. I need the mission logs for Ares 3, where can I get 'em?... Uh huh... uh-huh.... Ok... Thanks.”

After some more time on the intranet, she leaned back in her seat. She no longer needed the coffee to keep awake.

Picking up the phone again, “Hello, Security? This is Mindy Park in SatCon. I need the emergency contact number for Dr. Venkat Kapoor... Yes, the Director of Mars Missions... Yes it's an emergency.”

Mindy fidgeted in her seat as Venkat trudged in.

“You Mindy Park?” He asked, looking mildly annoyed.

“Yeah,” she quavered. “Sorry to drag you in.”

“I'm assuming you had a good reason. So?”

“Um,” she said, looking down. “Um, it's. Well. The imagery you ordered. Um. Come here and look.”

He pulled another chair to her station and seated himself. “Is this about Watney's body? Is that why you're shook up?”

“Um, no,” she said. “Um. Well... uh.” She pointed to the screen.

Venkat inspected the image. “Looks like the Hab's in one piece. That's good news. Solar array looks good. The rovers are ok, too. Main dish isn't around. No surprise there. What's the big emergency?”

“Um,” she said, touching her finger to the screen. “That.”

Venkat leaned in and looked closer. Just below the Hab, beside the rovers, two white circles sat in the sand. “Hmm. Looks like Hab canvas. Maybe the Hab didn’t do well after all? I guess pieces got torn off and—”

“Um,” she interrupted. “They look like rover pop-tents.”

Venkat looked again. “Hmm. Probably right.”

“How’d they get set up?” Mindy asked.

Venkat shrugged. “Commander Lewis probably ordered them deployed during the evac. Not a bad idea. Have the emergency shelters ready in case the MAV didn’t work and the Hab breached.”

“Yeah, um,” Mindy said, opening a document on her computer. “This is the entire mission log for Sols 1 through 6. From MDV touchdown to MAV emergency liftoff.”

“Ok, and?”

“I read through it. Several times. They never threw out the pop tents.” Her voice cracked at the last word.

“Well, uh...” Venkat said, puzzled. “They obviously did, but it didn’t make it in to the log.”

“They activated two emergency pop tents and never told anyone?”

“Hmm. That doesn’t make a lot of sense, no. Maybe the storm messed with the rovers and the tents autodeployed.”

“Um,” Mindy stammered, “So after autodeploying, they detached themselves from the rovers and lined up next to each other 20 meters away?”

Venkat looked back to the image. “Well obviously they activated somehow.”

“Why are the solar cells clean?” Mindy said, tears forming. “There was a huge sandstorm. Why isn’t there sand all over them?”

“A good wind could have done it?” Venkat said, unsure.

“Did I mention I never found Watney’s body?” She said, sniffing.

Venkat’s eyes widened as he stared at the picture. “Oh...” he said quietly. “Oh god...”

Mindy put her hands over her face and sobbed quietly.

“Fuck!” Director of Media Relations Annie Montrose said. “You have got to be fucking kidding me!”

Teddy rubbed his forehead. “How sure are we of this?”

“Nearly 100%,” Venkat said.

“Fuck!” Annie said.

“Not helping, Annie,” Teddy said.

“Do you have any idea the *magnitude* of shitstorm this is gonna’ be?” She retorted.

“One thing at a time,” Teddy said. “Venk, what makes you sure he’s alive?”

“For starters, no body.” Venkat explained. “Also, the pop-tents are set up. And the solar cells are clean. You can thank Mindy Park in SatCon for noticing all that, by the way.

“But,” Venkat continued, “his body could have been buried in the Sol 6 storm. The pop tents might have autodeployed and wind could have blown them around. A 30km/h windstorm some time later would be strong enough to clean the solar cells but not strong enough to carry sand. It’s not likely, but it’s possible.

“So I spent the last few hours checking everything I could. Commander Lewis had two outings in Rover 2. The second was on Sol 5. According to the logs, after returning, she plugged it in to the Hab for recharging. It wasn’t used again, and 13 hours later they evac’d.”

He slid a picture across the table to Teddy.

“That’s one of the images from last night. As you can see, Rover 2 is facing *away* from the Hab. The charging port is in the nose, and the cable isn’t long enough to reach.”

Teddy frowned. “She must have parked it facing the Hab or she wouldn’t have been able to plug it in,” he said. “It’s been moved since Sol 5.”

“Yeah,” Venkat said, sliding another picture to Teddy. “But here’s the real evidence. In the lower right of the image you can see the MDV. It’s been taken apart. I’m pretty sure they wouldn’t have done that without telling us.

“And the clincher is on the right of the image,” Venkat pointed. “The landing struts of the MAV. Looks like the fuel plant has been completely removed, with considerable damage to the struts in the process. There’s just no way that could have happened before liftoff. It would endanger the MAV way too much for Lewis to allow it.”

“Hey,” Annie interrupted. “Why not talk to Lewis? Let’s go to CAPCOM and ask her this shit directly.”

Venkat looked to Teddy knowingly. After a few moments, Teddy sighed.

“Because,” he said. “If Watney really is alive, we don’t want the Ares 3 crew to know.”

“What!?” Annie said. “How can you not tell them?”

“They have another ten months on their trip home,” Teddy explained. “Space travel is dangerous. They need to be alert and undistracted. They’re sad that they lost a crewmate, but they’d be devastated if they found out they’d abandoned him alive.”

Annie looked to Venkat. “You’re on board with this?”

“It’s a no-brainer,” Venkat said. “Let ‘em deal with that emotional trauma when they’re not flying a spaceship around.”

“This’ll be the most talked-about event since Apollo 11,” Annie said. “How will you keep it from them?”

Teddy shrugged. “Easy. We control all communication with them.”

“Fuck,” Annie said, opening her laptop. “When do you want to go public?”

“What’s your take,” he asked.

“Mmm,” Annie said, “We can hold the pics for 24 hours before we’re required to make them public. We’ll need to release a statement along with them. We don’t want people working it out on their own. We’d look like assholes.”

“Ok,” Teddy agreed, “put together a statement.”

“This is so fucked up,” she said.

“Where do we go from here?” Teddy asked Venkat.

“Step one is communication,” Venkat said. “From the pics, it’s clear the comm array is ruined. We need another way to talk. Once we can talk, we can assess and make plans.”

“All right,” Teddy said. “Get on it. Take anyone you want for any department. Use as much overtime as you want. Find a way to talk to him. That’s your only job right now.”

“Got it.”

“Annie, make sure nobody gets wind of this till we announce.”

“Right,” Annie said. “Who else knows?”

“Just the three of us and Mindy Park in SatCon,” Venkat said.

“I’ll have a word with her,” Annie said.

Teddy stood and opened his cell phone. “I’m going to Chicago. I’ll be back later today.”

“Why?” Annie asked.

“That’s where Watney’s parents live,” Teddy said. “I owe them a personal explanation before it breaks on the news.”

“They’ll be happy to hear their son’s alive,” Annie said.

“Yeah, he’s alive,” Teddy said. “But if my math is right, he’s doomed to starve to death before we can possibly help him. I’m not looking forward to the conversation.”

“Fuck,” Annie said, thoughtfully.

“Nothing? Nothing at all?” Venkat groaned. “Are you kidding me? You had 20 experts working for 12 hours on this. We have a multi-billion dollar communication network. You can’t figure out *any* way to talk to him?”

The two men in Venkat’s office fidgeted in their chairs.

“He’s got no radio,” said Chuck.

“Actually,” said Morris, “He’s got a radio, but he doesn’t have a dish.”

“Thing is,” Chuck continued, “without the dish, a signal would have to be really strong-“

“Like, melting-the-pigeons strong-“ Morris supplied.

“-for him to get it.” Chuck finished.

“We considered Martian satellites,” Morris said. “They’re way closer. But the math doesn’t work out. Even SuperSurveyor 3, which has the strongest transmitter, would need to be 14 times more powerful-“

“17 times,” Chuck said.

“14 times,” Morris asserted.

“No it’s 17. You forgot the amperage minimum for the heaters to keep the-“

“Guys,” Venkat interrupted. “I get the idea.”

“Sorry.”

“Sorry.”

“Sorry if I’m grumpy,” Venkat said. “I got like 2 hours sleep last night.”

“No problem,” Morris said.

“Totally understandable,” Chuck said.

“Ok,” Venkat said. “Explain to me how a single windstorm removed our ability to talk to Ares 3.”

“Failure of imagination,” Chuck said.

“Totally didn’t see it coming,” Morris agreed.

“How many back-up communication systems does an Ares mission have?” Venkat asked.

“Four,” Chuck said.

“Three,” Morris said.

“No, it’s four,” Chuck corrected.

“He said *back-up* systems,” Morris insisted. “That means not including the primary system.”

“Oh right. Three.”

“So four systems total, then,” Venkat said. “Explain how we lost all four.”

“Well,” Chuck said, “The primary ran through the big satellite dish. It blew away in the storm. The rest of the backups were the MAV.”

“Yup,” Morris agreed. “The MAV is, like, a communicating *machine*. It can talk to Earth, Hermes, even satellites around Mars if it has to. And it has three independent systems to make sure nothing short of a meteor strike can stop communication.”

“Problem is,” Chuck said. “Commander Lewis and the rest of them took the MAV when they left.”

“So four independent communication systems became one. And that one broke,” Morris finished.

Venkat pinched the bridge of his nose. “How could we overlook this?”

Chuck shrugged. “Never occurred to us. We never thought someone would be on Mars *without* an MAV.”

“I mean, come on!” Morris said. “What are the odds?”

Chuck turned to him. “One in three, based on empirical data. That’s pretty bad if you think about it.”

“Thank you all for coming on such short notice,” Annie said. “We have an important announcement to make. If you could all take your seats,”

“What this about, Annie?” A reporter asked. “Something happen with Hermes?”

“Please take your seats,” Annie repeated.

The reporters mingled a bit, argued over seats for a short time, then finally settled down.

“This is a short, but very important announcement,” Annie said. “I won’t be taking any questions at this time, but we will have a full press conference with Q&A in about an hour. We have recently reviewed satellite imagery from Mars, and have confirmed that astronaut Mark Watney is, currently, still alive.”

After one full second of utter silence, the room exploded with noise.

“I’m getting sick of daily press conferences,” Venkat said.

“I’m getting sick of hourly press conferences,” Annie countered.

“Sorry I’m late,” Teddy said, entering the crowded press room. Managers from every department stood shoulder to shoulder in the back, while reporters crammed the pit.

Teddy pulled some flash cards from his pocket, then cleared his throat.

“In the nine days since announcing Mark Watney’s survival, we’ve received a massive show of support from all sectors. We’re using this shamelessly every way we can.”

A small chuckle cascaded through the room.

“Yesterday, at our request, the entire SETI network focused on Mars. Just in case Watney was sending a weak radio signal. Turns out he wasn’t, but it shows the level of commitment everyone has toward helping us.

“The public is engaged, and we will do our best to keep everyone informed. I’ve recently learned CNN will be dedicating a half-hour segment every weekday to reporting on just this issue. We will assign several members of our Media Relations team to that program, so the public can get the latest information as fast as possible.

“We have adjusted the orbits of three satellites to get more view time on the Ares 3 site, and hope to catch an image of him outside soon. If we can see him outside, we will be able to draw conclusions on his physical health based on stance and activities.

“The questions are many: How long can he last? How much food does he have? Can Ares 4 rescue him? How will we talk to him? The answers to these questions are not what we want to hear.

“I can’t promise we’ll succeed in rescuing him, but I can promise this: The entire focus of NASA will be to bring Mark Watney home. This will be our overriding and singular obsession until he is either back on Earth, or confirmed dead on Mars.”

“Nice speech,” Venkat said as he entered Teddy’s office.

“Meant every word of it,” Teddy said.

“Oh, I know.”

“What can I do for you, Venk?”

“I’ve got an idea. Well, JPL has an idea. I’m the messenger.”

“I like ideas,” Teddy said, gesturing to a seat.

Venkat sat down.

“We can rescue him with Ares 4. It’s very risky. We ran the idea by the Ares 4 crew. Not only are they willing to do it, but now they’re really pushing hard for it.”

“Naturally,” Teddy said. “Astronauts are inherently insane. And really noble. What’s the idea?”

“Well,” Venkat began, “It’s in the rough stages, but JPL thinks the MDV can be misused to save him.”

“Ares 4 hasn’t even launched yet. Why misuse an MDV. Why not make something better?”

“We don’t have time to make a custom craft. Actually, he can’t even survive till Ares 4 gets there, but that’s a different problem.”

“So tell me about the MDV.”

“JPL strips it down, loses some weight, and adds some fuel tanks. Ares 4’s crew lands at the Ares 3 site, very efficiently. Then, with a full burn, and I mean a *full* burn, they can lift off again. It can’t get back to orbit, but it can go to the Ares 4 site on a lateral trajectory that’s, well, really scary. Then they have an MAV. This would require a massive design and construction effort, but JPL says they can make it happen.”

“How are they losing weight?” Teddy asked. “Don’t they already have it as light as it can be?”

“By removing safety and emergency equipment.”

“Wonderful,” Teddy said, “So we’d be risking the lives of six more people in a very dangerous landing, re-liftoff, re-landing process.”

“Yup,” Venkat said. “It would be safer to leave the Ares 4 crew in Hermes, and only send the pilot down with the MDV. But that would mean giving up the mission and they’d rather risk death.”

“They’re astronauts,” Teddy said.

“They’re astronauts,” Venkat confirmed.

“Well. That’s a ludicrous idea and I’ll never ok it.”

“We’ll work on it some more,” Venkat said. “Try to make it safer.”

“Do that. Any idea how to keep him alive for four years?”

“Nope.”

“Work on that, too.”

“Will do,” Venkat said.

Teddy swiveled his chair and looked out the window to the sky beyond. Night was edging in. “What must it be like?” He pondered. “He’s stuck out there. He thinks he’s totally alone and that we all gave up on him. What kind

of effect does that have on a man's psychology?"

He turned back to Venkat. "I wonder what he's thinking right now."

LOG ENTRY: SOL 61

How come Aquaman can control whales? They're mammals! Makes no sense.

Chapter 7

LOG ENTRY: SOL 63

I finished making water some time ago. I'm no longer in danger of blowing myself up. The potatoes are growing nicely. Nothing has conspired to kill me in weeks. And '70's TV keeps me disturbingly more entertained than it should. Things are stable here on Mars.

It's time to start thinking long term.

Even if I find a way to tell NASA I'm alive, there's no guarantee they'll be able to save me. I need to be proactive. I need to figure out how to get to Ares 4.

Won't be easy.

Ares 4 will be landing at the Schiaparelli Crater, 3,200km away. In fact, their MAV is already there. I know because I watched Martinez land it.

It takes 18 months for the MAV to make its fuel, so it's the first thing NASA sends along. Sending it 48 months early gives it plenty of extra time in case fuel reactions go slower than expected. But much more importantly, it means a precision soft-landing can be done remotely by a pilot in orbit. Direct remote operation from Houston isn't an option; they're anywhere from 4 to 20 light-minutes away.

Ares 4's MAV spent 11 months getting to Mars. Using less fuel and taking a longer route, it got there around the same time as us. As expected, Martinez landed it beautifully. It was one of the last things we did before piling in to our MDV and heading to the surface. Ahh, the good old days, when I had a crew with me.

I'm lucky. 3,200km isn't that bad. It could have been up to 10,000km away. And because I'm on the flattest part of Mars, the first 650km is nice, smooth terrain (Yay Acidalia Planitia!) but the rest of it is nasty, rugged, crater-pocked hell.

Obviously, I'll have to use a rover. And guess what? They weren't designed for massive overland journeys.

This is going to be a research effort, with a bunch of experimentation. I'll have to become my own little NASA, figuring out how to explore far from the Hab. The good news is I have lots of time to figure it out. Almost 4 years.

Some stuff is obvious. I'll need to use a rover. It'll take a long time, so I'll need to bring supplies. I'll need to recharge en-route, and rovers don't have solar cells. I'll need to steal some from the Hab's solar farm. During the trip I'll need to breathe, eat, and drink.

Lucky for me, the tech specs for everything are right here in the computer.

I'll need to trick out a rover. Basically it'll have to be a mobile Hab. I'll pick Rover 2 as my target. We have a certain bond, after I spent two days in it during the "Great Hydrogen Scare of Sol 37."

There's too much shit to think about all at once. So for now, I'll just think about power.

Our mission had a 10km operational radius. Knowing we wouldn't take straight-line paths, NASA designed the rovers to go 35km on a full charge. That presumes flat, reasonable terrain. Each rover has a 9000Wh battery.

Step one is to loot Rover 1's battery and install it in Rover 2. Ta-daa! I just doubled my full-charge range.

There's just one complication. Heating.

Part of the battery power goes to heating the rover. Mars is really cold. Normally, we were expected to do all EVAs in under 5 hours. But I'll be living in it 24½ hours a day. According to the specs, the heating equipment soaks up 400W. Keeping it on would eat up 9800Wh per day. Over half my power supply, every day!

But I do have a free source of heat: Me. A couple million years of evolution gave me "warm blooded" technology. I can wear layers. The rover has good insulation, too. It'll have to be enough; I need every bit of power.

And because I need to bundle up anyway, I can deactivate the heater outright and use *all* the power for motion (minus a negligible amount for computer, life support, etc.)

According to my boring math, moving the rover eats 200Wh of juice to go 1km, so using the full 18,000Wh gets me 90km of travel. Now we're talkin'.

I'll never *actually* get 90km on a single charge. I'll have hills to deal with, and rough terrain, sand, etc. But it's a good ballpark. It tells me that it would take *at least* 35 days of travel to get to Ares 4. It'll probably be more like 50. But that's plausible, at least.

At the rover's blazing 25kph top speed, it'll take me 3½ hours before I run the battery down. I'd like to charge the battery up during the rest of the

day. I can drive in twilight, and save the sunny part of the day for charging. This time of year I get about 13 hours of light. How many solar cells will I have to pilfer from the Hab's farm?

Thanks to the fine taxpayers of America, I have over 100 of square meters of the most expensive solar paneling ever made. It has an astounding 10.2% efficiency, which is good because Mars doesn't get as much sunlight as Earth. Only 500 to 700 watts per square meter (Compared to the 1400 those spoiled Earthlings get).

Long story short: I need to bring 28 square meters of solar cell. That's 14 panels.

I can put two stacks of 7 on the roof. They'll stick out over the edges, but as long as they're secure I'm happy. Every day, after driving, I'll spread them out then... wait all day. Man it'll be dull.

Well it's a start. Tomorrow's mission: transfer Rover 1's battery to Rover 2.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 64

Sometimes things are easy, and sometimes they're not. Getting the battery out of Rover 1 was easy. I removed two clamps on the undercarriage and it dropped right out. The cabling is easy to detach, too. It's just a couple of complicated plugs.

Attaching it to Rover 2, however, is another story. There's nowhere to put it!

The things is *huge*. I was barely able to drag it. And that's in Mars gravity.

It's just too big. There's no room in the undercarriage for a second one. There's no room on the roof, either. That's where the solar cells will go. There's no room inside the cabin, and it wouldn't fit through the airlock anyway.

But fear not, I found a solution.

For emergencies completely unrelated to this one, NASA provided 6 square meters of Hab canvas, and some really impressive resin. The same kind of resin, in fact, that saved my life on Sol 6 (the patch kit I used on the hole in my suit).

In the event of a Hab breach, everyone would run to the airlocks.

Procedure was to let it pop rather than die trying to prevent it. Then, we'd suit up and assess the damage. Once we found the breach, we'd seal it with the spare Hab canvas and resin. Then re-inflate and we're good as new.

The 6 square meters of spare canvas was a convenient 1x6 meters. I cut 10cm wide strips, then used them to make a sort of harness.

I used the resin and straps to make two 10m circumference loops. Then I put a big patch of canvas on each end. I now had poor-man's saddlebags for my rover.

This is getting more and more "Wagon Train" every day.

The resin sets almost instantly. But it gets stronger if you wait an hour. So I did. Then I suited up and headed out to the rover.

I dragged the battery to the side of the rover and looped one end of the harness around it. Then I threw the other end over the roof. On the other side, I filled it with rocks. When the two weights were roughly equal, I was able to pull the rocks down and bring the battery up.

Yay!

Unplugging Rover 2's battery, I plugged in Rover 1's. Then I went through the airlock to the rover and checked all systems. Everything was a-ok.

I drove the rover around a bit to make sure the harness was secure. I found a few large-ish rocks to drive over, just to shake things up. The harness held. Hell yeah.

For a short time, I wondered how to splice the second battery's leads into the main power supply. My conclusion was "Fuck it."

There's no need to have a continuous power supply. When Battery 1 runs out, I can get out, unplug Battery 1 and plug in Battery 2. Why not? It's a 10 minute EVA, once per day. I'd have to swap batteries again when charging, but again: so what?

I spent the rest of the day sweeping off the solar cell farm. Soon, I shall be looting it.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 65

The solar cells were a lot easier to manage than the battery.

They're thin, light, and just laying around on the ground. And I had one additional bonus: I was the one who set them up In the first place.

Well, ok. It wasn't just me. Vogel and I worked together on it. And boy did we drill on it. We spent almost an entire *week* drilling on the solar array alone. Then we drilled more whenever they figured we had spare time. It had been deemed mission critical. If we fucked it up and broke the cells or rendered them useless, the Hab wouldn't be able to make power, and the mission would end.

You might wonder what the rest of the crew were doing. They were setting up the Hab. Remember, everything in my glorious kingdom came here in boxes. We had to set it up on Sols 1 and 2.

Each solar cell is on a lightweight lattice that holds it at a 14 degree angle. I'll admit I don't know why it's a 14 degree angle. Something about maximizing solar energy. Anyway, removing the cells was simple. Then it was time to stack them on the rover.

I considered removing the rock sample container. It's nothing more than a large canvas bag attached to the roof. Way too small to hold the solar cells. But after some thought I left it there, figuring It'll provide a good cushion.

The cells stacked well (they were made to, for transport to Mars), and the two stacks sat nicely on the roof. They hung over the left and right edges, but I won't be going through any tunnels so I don't care.

With some more abuse of the emergency Hab material, I made straps and tied the cells down. The rover has external handles near the front and back. They're there to help us load rocks on the roof. They made perfect anchor points for the straps.

I stood back and admired my work. Hey, I earned it. It wasn't even noon and I was done.

I came back to the Hab, had some lunch, and worked on my crops for the rest of the sol. It's been 39 sols since I planted the potatoes (which is about 40 Earth days), and it was time to reap and re-sow.

They grew even better than I had expected. Mars has no insects, parasites, or blights to deal with, and the Hab maintains perfect growing temperature and moisture at all times.

They were small compared to the taters you'd usually eat, but that's fine. All I wanted was enough to support growing new plants.

I dug them up, being careful to leave their plants alive. Then I cut them up in to small pieces with one eye each, and re-seeded in to new dirt. If they keep growing this well, I'll be able to last a good long time here.

After all that physical labor, I deserved a break. I rifled through

Johanssen's computer today, and found an endless supply of digital books. Looks like she's a big fan of Agatha Christie. Beatles, Christie... I guess Johanssen's an anglophile or something.

I remember liking Hercule Poirot TV specials back when I was a kid. I'll start with *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*. Looks like that's the first one.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 66

The time has come (ominous musical crescendo) for some missions! NASA gets to name their missions after gods and stuff, so why can't I? Henceforth, rover experimental missions will be "Sirius" missions. Get it? Dogs? Well if you don't, fuck you.

Sirius 1 will be tomorrow.

The mission: Starting with fully charged batteries, and having the solar cells on the roof, drive until I run out of power, and see how far I get.

I won't be an idiot. I'm not driving directly away from the Hab. I'll drive a half-kilometer stretch, back and forth. I'll be within a short walk of home all times.

Tonight, I'll charge up both batteries so I can be ready for a little test drive tomorrow. I estimate 3½ hours of driving, so I'll need to bring fresh CO2 filters. And, with the heater off, I'll wear three layers of clothes.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 67

Sirius 1 is complete!

More accurately, Sirius 1 was aborted after 1 hour. I guess you could call it a "failure" but I prefer the term "learning experience."

Things started out fine. I drove to a nice flat spot a kilometer from the Hab, then started going back and forth over a 500m stretch.

I quickly realized this would be a crappy test. After a few laps, I had compressed the soil enough to have a solid path. Nice, hard ground, which makes for abnormally high energy efficiency. This is nothing like it would be on a long trip.

So I shook it up a bit. I drove around randomly, making sure to stay within a kilometer of the Hab. A much more realistic test.

After an hour, things started to get cold. And I mean *really cold*.

The rover's always cold when you first get in it. When you haven't disabled the heater it warms up right away. I expected it to be cold, but Jesus Christ!

I was fine for a while. My own body heat plus three layers of clothing kept me warm and the rover's insulation is top-notch. The heat that escaped my body just warmed up the interior. But there's no such thing as perfect insulation, and eventually the heat left to the great outdoors while I got colder and colder.

Within an hour, I was chattering and numb. Enough was enough. There's no way I could do a long trip like this. The test was over.

Turning the heater on, I drove straight back to the Hab.

Once I got home, I sulked for a while. All my brilliant plans foiled by thermodynamics. Damn you, Entropy!

I'm in a bind. The damn heater will eat half my battery power every day. I could turn it down, I guess. Be a little cold but not freezing to death. Even then I'd still lose at least a quarter.

This will require some thought. I have to ask myself... what would Hercule Poirot do? I'll have to put my "little gray cells" to work on the problem.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 68

Well shit.

I came up with a solution, but... remember when I burned rocket fuel in the Hab? This'll be more dangerous.

I'm going to use the RTG.

The RTG (Radioisotope Thermoelectric Generator) is a big box of Plutonium. But not the kind used in nuclear bombs. No, no. This Plutonium is *way* more dangerous!

Plutonium-238 is an incredibly unstable isotope. It's so radioactive that it will get red hot all by itself. As you can imagine, a material that can *literally fry an egg* with radiation is kind of dangerous.

The RTG houses the Plutonium, catches the radiation in the form of heat, and turns it in to electricity. It's not a reactor. The radiation can't be increased or decreased. It's a purely natural process happening at the atomic level.

As long ago as the 1960's, NASA's been using RTGs to power unmanned probes. It has lots of advantages over solar power. It's not affected by storms; it works day or night; it's entirely internal, so you don't need delicate solar cells all over your probe.

But they never used large RTGs on manned missions until The Ares Program.

Why not? It should be pretty fucking obvious why not! They didn't want to put astronauts next to a glowing hot ball of radioactive death!

I'm exaggerating a little. The Plutonium is inside a bunch of pellets, each one sealed and insulated to prevent radiation leakage even if the outer container is breached. So for the Ares Program, they took the risk.

An Ares mission is all about the MAV. It's the single most important component. It's one of the few systems that can't be replaced or worked around. It's the *only* component that causes a complete mission scrub if it's not working.

Solar cells are great in the short-term, and they're good for the long-term if you have humans around to clean them. But the MAV sits alone for years quietly making fuel, then just kind of hangs out until its crew arrives. Even doing nothing, it needs power, so NASA can monitor it remotely and run self checks.

The prospect of scrubbing a mission because a solar cell got dirty was unacceptable. They needed a more reliable source of power. So the MAV comes equipped with an RTG. It has 2.6kg of Plutonium-238, which makes almost 1500 Watts of heat. It can turn that in to 100 Watts of electricity. The MAV runs on that until the crew arrive.

100 Watts isn't enough to keep the heater going, but I don't care about the electrical output. I want the heat. A 1500 Watt heater is so warm I'll have to tear insulation out of the rover to keep it from getting too hot.

As soon as the rovers were un-stowed and activated, Commander Lewis had the joy of disposing of the RTG. She detached it from the MAV, drove 4 km away, and buried it. However safe it may be, it's still a radioactive core and NASA didn't want it too close to their astronauts.

The mission parameters don't give a specific location to dump the RTG. Just "At least 4km away". So I'll have to find it.

I have two things working for me. First, I was assembling solar panels with Vogel when Commander Lewis drove off, and I saw she headed due south. Also, she planted a 3 meter pole with a bright green flag on it where

she buried it. Green shows up extremely well against the Martian terrain. It's made to ward us off, in case we get lost on a rover EVA later on.

So my plan is: Head south 4km, then search around till I see the green flag.

Having rendered Rover 1 unusable, I'll have to use my Mutant Rover for the trip. I can make a useful test mission of it. I'll see how well the battery harness holds up to a real journey, and how well the solar cells do strapped to the roof.

I'll call it Sirius 2.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 69

Found the RTG.

It wasn't hard to find. I drove 4km south and saw the flag right away.

Commander Lewis had buried it atop a small hill. She probably wanted to make sure everyone could see the flag, and it worked great! Except instead of avoiding it, I bee-lined to it and dug it up. Not exactly what she was going for.

It's a large cylinder with heat-sinks all around it. I could feel the warmth it gave off even through my suit's gloves. That's really disconcerting. Especially when you know the root cause of the heat is radiation.

No point in putting it on the roof; my plan was to have it in the cabin anyway. So I brought it in with me, turned off the heater, then drove back to the Hab.

In the 10 minutes it took to get home, even with the heater off, the interior of the rover became an uncomfortably hot 37C. The RTG would definitely be able to keep me warm.

The trip also proved my rigging worked. The solar cells and extra battery stayed beautifully in place while traversing 8km of random terrain.

I declare Sirius 2 to be a successful mission!

I spent the rest of the day vandalizing the interior of the rover. The pressure compartment is made of metal. Just inside that is insulation, which is covered by hard plastic. I used a sophisticated method to remove sections of plastic (hammer), then carefully removed the solid foam insulation (hammer again).

After tearing out some insulation, I suited up and took the RTG outside.

Soon, the rover cooled down again, and I brought it back in. I watched as the temperature rose slowly. Nowhere near as fast as it had on my trip back from the burial site.

I cautiously removed more insulation (hammer) and checked again. After a few more cycles of this, I had enough insulation torn out that the RTG could barely keep up with it. In fact, it was a losing battle. Over time, heat would slowly leech out. That's fine. I can turn on the heater for short bursts when necessary.

I brought the insulation pieces with me back in to the Hab. Using advanced construction techniques (duct tape) I reassembled some of it into a square. I figure if things got really cold, I could tape that to a bare patch in the rover, and the RTG would be winning the "heat fight."

Tomorrow, Sirius 3 (Which is just Sirius 1 again, but without freezing)

LOG ENTRY: SOL 70

Today, I write to you from the rover. I'm halfway-through Sirius 3 and things are going well.

I set out at first light and drove laps around the Hab, trying to stay on untouched ground. The first battery lasted just under two hours. After a quick EVA to switch the cables, I got back to driving. When all was said and done, I had driven 81km in 3 hours and 27 minutes.

That's *very* good! Mind you, the land around the Hab is really flat, as is all of Acidalia Planitia. I have no idea what my efficiency would be on the nastier land en route to Ares 4.

I could have gone further, but I need life support while recharging. The CO₂ gets absorbed through a chemical process, but if the fan that pushes it isn't working, I'll choke. The oxygen pump is also kind of important.

I set up the solar cells. It was hard work; last time I had Vogel's help. They aren't heavy, but they're awkward. After setting up half of them, I figured out I could drag them rather than carry them and that sped things up.

Now I'm just waiting for the batteries to recharge. I'm bored, so I'm updating the log. I have all the Poirot books in my computer. That'll help. It's going to take 12 hours to recharge, after all.

What's that, you say? 12 hours is wrong? I said 13 hours earlier? Well, my friend, let me set you straight.

The RTG is a *generator*. It's a paltry amount of power, compared to what the rover consumes, but it's not nothing. It's 100 Watts. It'll cut an hour off my total recharge time. Why not use it?

I wonder what NASA would think about me fucking with the RTG like this. They'd probably hide under their desks and cuddle their slide-rules for comfort.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 71

As predicted, it took 12 hours to charge the batteries to full. I came straight home.

Time to make plans for Sirius 4. And I think it'll be a multi-day field trip.

Looks like power and battery recharging is solved. Food's not a problem; there's plenty of space to store things. Water's even easier than food. I need 2L per day to be comfortable.

In the long term, I'll need to bring the Oxygenator. But it's big and I don't want to screw with it right now. So I'll rely on O₂ and CO₂ filters for Sirius 4.

CO₂ isn't a problem. I started this grand adventure with 1500 hours of CO₂ filters, plus another 720 for emergency use. All systems use standard filters (Apollo 13 taught us important lessons). Since then, I've used 131 hours of filter on various EVAs. I have 2089 left. 87 days worth. Plenty.

The rover was designed to support 3 people for 2 days, plus some reserve for safety. So its O₂ tanks can hold enough to last me 7 days. Not enough.

Mars has 1/90th Earth's atmospheric pressure. The inside of the rover has 1 atmosphere. So the oxygen tanks are on the inside (less pressure differential to deal with). Why does that matter? It means I can bring along other oxygen tanks, and equalize them with the rover's tanks without having to do an EVA.

So today, I detached one of the Hab's two 25L oxygen tanks and brought it in to the rover. According to NASA, a human needs 588L of oxygen per day to live. Compressed liquid O₂ is about 1000 times as dense as gaseous O₂ in a comfortable atmosphere. Long story short: with the Hab tank, I have enough O₂ to last 42 days. That'll be plenty.

Sirius 4 will be a 20 day trip.

That may seem a bit long, but I have a specific goal in mind. Besides, my trip to Ares 4 will be at least 40 days. This is a good scale model.

While I'm away, the Hab can take care of itself, but the potatoes are an issue. I'll saturate the ground with most of the water I have. Then, I'll deactivate the Atmospheric Regulator, so it doesn't pull water out of the air. It'll be humid as hell, and water will condense on every surface. That'll keep the potatoes well watered while I'm away.

A bigger problem is CO₂. The potatoes need to breathe. I know what you're thinking. "Mark, old chap! YOU produce carbon dioxide! It's all part of the majestic circle of nature!"

The problem is: Where will I put it? Sure, I exhale CO₂ with every breath, but I don't have any way to store it. I could turn off the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator and just fill the Hab with my breath over time. But CO₂ is deadly to me. I need to release a bunch at once and run away.

Remember the MAV fuel plant? It collects CO₂ from the Martian atmosphere. My small crops aren't nearly as needy as me, so a 10L tank of compressed liquid CO₂, vented in to the Hab, will be enough CO₂ to do the trick. That'll take less than a day to create.

So that's everything. Once I vent the CO₂ in to the Hab, I'll turn off the Atmospheric Regulator and Oxygenator, dump a ton of water on the crops, and head out.

Sirius 4. A huge step forward in my rover research. And I can start tomorrow.

Chapter 8

“Hello, and thank you for joining us,” Cathy said to the camera. “Today on CNN’s Mark Watney Report: Several EVAs over the past few days... what do they mean? What progress has NASA made on a rescue option? And how will this affect the Ares 4 preparations?”

“Joining us today is Dr. Venkat Kapoor, Director of Mars Missions for NASA. Dr. Kapoor, thank you for coming.”

“A pleasure to be here, Cathy,” Venkat said.

“Dr. Kapoor,” Cathy began, “Mark Watney is the most-watched man in the solar system, wouldn’t you say?”

Venkat nodded. “Certainly the most watched by NASA. We have all 12 of our Martian satellites taking pictures whenever his site’s in view. The European Space Agency has both of theirs doing the same.”

“All told, how often do you get these images?”

“Every few minutes. Sometimes there’s a gap, based on the satellite orbits. But it’s enough that we can track all his EVA activities.”

“Tell us about these latest EVAs.”

“Well,” Venkat began, “It looks like he’s preparing Rover 2 for a long trip. On Sol 65, he took the battery from the other rover and attached it with a homemade sling. The next day, he detached 14 solar cells and stacked them on the rover’s roof.”

“And then he took a little drive, didn’t he?” Cathy prompted.

“Yes he did. Sort of aimlessly for an hour, then back to the Hab. He was probably testing it. Next time we saw him was two days later, when he drove 4km away, then back. Another incremental test, we think. Then, over the past couple of days, he’s been stocking it up with supplies.”

“Hmm,” Cathy said, “Most analysts think Mark’s only hope of rescue is to get to the Ares 4 site. Do you think he’s come to the same conclusion?”

“Probably,” Venkat said. “He doesn’t know we’re watching. From his point of view, Ares 4 is his only hope.”

“Do you think he’s planning to go soon? He seems to be getting ready for a trip.”

“I hope not,” Venkat said. “There’s nothing at the site other than the MAV. None of the other presupplies. It would be a very long, very dangerous

trip, and he'd be leaving the safety of the Hab behind."

"Why would he risk it?"

"Communication," Venkat said. "Once he reaches the MAV, he could contact us."

"So that would be a good thing, wouldn't it?"

"Communication would be a *great* thing. But traversing 3,200km to Ares 4 is incredibly dangerous. We'd rather he stayed put. If we could talk to him, we'd certainly tell him that."

"He can't stay put forever, right?" she asked. "Eventually he'll need to get to the MAV."

"Not necessarily," Venkat said. "JPL is experimenting with modifications to the MDV so it can make a brief overland flight after landing."

"I'd heard that idea was rejected as being too dangerous," Cathy said.

"Their first proposal was, yes. Since then, they've been working on safer ways to do it."

"With only three and a half years before Ares 4's scheduled launch, is there enough time to make and test modifications to the MDV?"

"I can't answer that for sure. But remember, we made a lunar lander from scratch in seven years."

"Excellent point," Cathy smiled. "So what are his odds right now?"

"No idea," Venkat said. "But we're going to do everything we can to bring him home alive."

"How'd I do today?" Venkat asked.

"Eeh," Annie said. "You shouldn't say things like 'Bring him home alive.' It reminds people he might die."

"Think they're going to forget that?"

"You asked my opinion. Don't like it? Go fuck yourself."

"You're such a delicate flower, Annie. How'd you end up NASA's Communications Director?"

"Beats the fuck out of me," Annie said.

"Guys," said Bruce Ng, Director of JPL. "I need to catch a flight back to LA in three hours. Is Teddy coming or what?"

"Quit bitching, Bruce," Annie said. "None of us want to be here."

"So," said Hermes Flight Director Mitch Henderson "Who are you, again?"

"Um," Mindy said, "I'm Mindy Park. I work in SatCon."

“You a director or something?”

“No, I just work in SatCon. I’m a nobody.”

Venkat looked to Mitch “I put her in charge of tracking Watney. She gets us the imagery.”

“Huh,” said Mitch. “Not the Director of SatCon?”

“Bob’s got more to deal with than just Mars. Mindy’s handling all the Martian satellites, and keeps them pointed at Mark.”

“Why Mindy?” Mitch asked.

“She noticed he was alive in the first place.”

“She gets a promotion cause she was in the hot seat when the imagery came through?”

“No,” Venkat frowned, “She gets a promotion cause she figured out he was alive. Stop being a dick, Mitch. You’re making her feel bad.”

Mitch looked over to Mindy. “Sorry.”

Mindy looked at the table and managed to say “’k.”

Teddy entered the room. “Sorry I’m late. Let’s get started,” He took his seat. “Venkat, what’s Watney’s status?”

“Alive and well,” Venkat said. “No change from my email earlier today.”

“What about the RTG. Does the public know about that yet?” Teddy asked.

Annie leaned forward. “So far, so good,” she said. “The images are public, but we have no obligation to tell them our analysis. Nobody has figured it out yet.”

“Why did he dig it up?”

“Heat, I think,” Venkat said. “He wants to make the rover do long trips. It uses a lot of energy keeping warm. The RTG can heat up the interior without soaking battery power. It’s a good idea, really.”

“How dangerous is it?” Teddy asked.

“As long as the container’s intact, no danger at all. Even if it cracks open he’ll be ok if the pellets inside don’t break. But if the pellets break too, he’s a dead man.”

“Let’s hope that doesn’t happen,” Teddy said. “JPL, how are the MDV plans coming along?”

“We came up with a plan a long time ago,” Bruce said. “You rejected it.”

“Bruce,” Teddy cautioned.

Bruce sighed. “The MDV wasn’t made for liftoff and lateral flight. Packing more fuel in doesn’t help. We’d need a bigger engine and don’t have

time to invent one. So we need to lighten the MDV.

“We have an idea. The MDV can be its normal weight on primary descent. If we made the heat shield and outer hull detachable, they could ditch a lot of weight after landing at Ares 3, and have a lighter ship for the traverse to Ares 4. We’re running the numbers now.”

“Keep me posted,” Teddy said. He turned to Mindy. “Miss Park. Welcome to the big leagues.”

“Sir,” Mindy said.

“What’s the biggest gap in coverage we have on Watney right now?”

“Um,” Mindy said. “Once every 41 hours, we’ll have a 17 minute gap. The orbits work out that way.”

“You had an immediate answer,” Teddy said. “Good.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“I want that gap down to four minutes,” Teddy said. “I’m giving you total authority over satellite trajectories and orbital adjustments. Make it happen.”

“Yes, sir,” Mindy said, with no idea how to do it.

Teddy looked to Mitch. “Mitch, your email said you had something urgent?”

“Yeah,” Mitch said. “How long are we gonna’ keep this from the Ares 3 crew? They all think Watney’s dead. It’s a huge drain on morale.”

Teddy looked to Venkat.

“Mitch,” Venkat said. “We discussed this-“

“No, *you* discussed it,” Mitch interrupted. “They think they lost a crewmate. They’re devastated.”

“And when they find out they *abandoned* a crewmate?” Venkat asked, “Will they feel better then?”

Mitch poked the table with his finger “They deserve to know. You don’t think Commander Lewis can’t handle the truth?”

“It’s a matter of morale,” Venkat said. “They can concentrate on getting home-“

“I make that call,” Mitch said. “I’m the one who decides what’s best for the crew. And I say we bring them up to speed.”

After a few moments of silence, all eyes turned to Teddy.

He thought for a moment. “Sorry, Mitch, I’m with Venkat on this one,” he said. “But as soon as we come up with a plan for rescue, we can tell Hermes. There needs to be some hope or there’s no point in telling them.”

“Bullshit,” Mitch grumbled, crossing his arms. “Total bullshit,”

“I know you’re upset,” Teddy said calmly, “We’ll make it right. Just as soon as we have some idea how to save Watney.”

Teddy let a few seconds of calm pass before moving on.

“Ok, JPL’s on the rescue option,” he said with a nod toward Bruce. “But it would be part of Ares 4. How does he stay alive till then? Venkat?”

Venkat opened a folder and glanced at the paperwork inside. “I had every team check and double-check the longevity of their systems. We’re pretty sure the Hab can keep working for 4 years. Especially with a human occupant fixing problems as they arise. But there’s no way around the food issue. He’ll start starving in a year. We *have* to send him supplies. Simple as that.”

“What about an Ares 4 presupply?” Said Teddy. “Land it at Ares 3 instead.”

“That’s what we’re thinking, yeah,” Venkat confirmed. “Problem is, the original plan was to launch presupplies a year from now. They’re not ready yet.

“It takes 8 months to get a probe to Mars in the best of times. The positions of Earth and Mars right now... it’s not the best of times. We figure we can get there in 9 months. Presuming he’s rationing his food, he’s got enough to last 350 more days. That means we need to build a presupply in *three months*. JPL hasn’t even started yet.”

“That’ll be tight,” Bruce said. “Making a presupply is a 6 month process. We’re set up to pipeline a bunch of them at once, not to make one in a hurry.”

“Sorry, Bruce,” Teddy said. “I know we’re asking a lot, but you have to find a way.”

“We’ll find a way,” Bruce said. “But the OT alone will be a nightmare.”

“Get started. I’ll find you the money.”

“There’s also the booster,” Venkat said. “The only way to get a probe to Mars with the planets in their current positions is to spend a butt-load of fuel. We only have one booster capable of doing that. The Delta IX that’s on the pad right now for the EagleEye 3 Saturn probe. We’ll have to steal that. I talked to ULA, and they just can’t make another booster in time.”

“The EagleEye 3 team will be pissed, but ok,” said Teddy. “We can delay their mission if JPL gets the payload done in time.”

Bruce rubbed his eyes. “We’ll do our best.”

“He’ll starve to death if you don’t,” Teddy said.

Venkat sipped his coffee and frowned at his computer. A month ago it

would have been unthinkable to drink coffee at 9pm. Now it was necessary fuel. Shift schedules, fund allocations, project juggling, out and out looting of other projects... he'd never pulled so many stunts in his life.

“NASA’s a large organization,” he typed. “It doesn’t deal with sudden change well. The only reason we’re getting away with it is the desperate circumstances. Everyone’s pulling together to save Mark Watney, with no interdepartmental squabbling. I can’t tell you how rare that is. Even then, this is going to cost tens of millions, maybe hundreds of millions of dollars. The MDV modifications alone are an entire project that’s being staffed up. Hopefully, the public interest will make your job easier. We appreciate your continued support, Congressman, and hope you can sway the Committee toward granting us the emergency funding we need.”

He was interrupted by a knock at his door. Looking up, he saw Mindy.

“Sorry to bother you,” Mindy said.

“No bother,” Venkat said. “I could use a break. What’s up?”

“He’s on the move,” she said.

Venkat slouched in his chair. “Any chance it’s a test drive?”

She shook her head. “He drove straight away from the Hab for almost two hours, did a short EVA, then drove for another two. We think the EVA was to change batteries.”

Venkat sighed heavily. “Maybe it’s just a longer test? An overnight trip, kind of thing?”

“He’s 76km from the Hab,” Mindy said. “For an overnight test, wouldn’t he stay within walking distance?”

“Yes he would,” Venkat said. “Damn it. We’ve had teams run every conceivable scenario. There’s just no way he can make it to Ares 4 with that set-up. We never saw him load up the Oxygenator or Water Reclaimer. He can’t possibly have enough basics to live long enough.”

“I don’t think he’s going to Ares 4,” Mindy said. “If he is, he’s taking a weird path.”

“Oh?” said Venkat.

“He went south-southwest. Schiaparelli Crater is southeast.”

“Ok, maybe there’s hope,” Venkat said. “What’s he doing right now?”

“Recharging. He’s got all the solar cells set up,” Mindy said. “Last time he did that, it took 12 hours. I was going to sneak home for some sleep if that’s ok.”

“Sure, sounds good. We’ll see what he does tomorrow. Maybe he’ll go

back to the Hab.”

“Maybe,” Mindy said, unconvinced.

“Welcome back,” Cathy said to the camera. “We’re chatting with Marcus Washington, from the US Postal Service. So, Mr. Washington, I understand the Ares 3 mission caused a Postal Service first. Can you explain to our viewers?”

“Uh yeah,” said Marcus. “Everyone thought he was dead for over two months. In that time, the Postal Service issued a run of commemorative stamps honoring his memory. 20,000 were printed, and sent to post offices around the country.”

“And then it turned out he was alive,” Cathy said.

“Yeah,” said Marcus. “We stopped the run immediately and recalled the stamps, but thousands were already sold. The thing is, we don’t print stamps of living people.”

“Has this ever happened before?” Cathy asked.

“No. Not once in the history of the Postal Service.”

“I bet they’re worth a pretty penny now.”

Marcus chuckled. “Maybe. But not too much. Like I said, thousands were sold. They’ll be rare, but not super rare.”

Cathy chuckled then addressed the camera. “We’ve been speaking with Marcus Washington of the United States Postal Service. If you’ve got a Mark Watney commemorative stamp, you might want to hold on to it. Thanks for dropping by, Mr. Washington.”

“Thanks for having me,” Marcus said.

“Our next guest is Dr. Irene Shields, Flight Psychologist for the Ares missions. Dr. Shields, welcome to the program.”

“Thank you,” Irene said, adjusting her microphone clip.

“Do you know Mark Watney personally?”

“Of course,” Irene said. “I did monthly psych evaluations on each member of the crew.”

“What can you tell us about him? His personality, his mindset?”

“Well,” Irene said, “He’s very intelligent. All of them are, of course. But he’s particularly resourceful and a good problem-solver.”

“That may save his life,” Cathy interjected.

“It may indeed,” Irene agreed. “Also, he’s a good-natured man. Usually cheerful, with a great sense of humor. He’s quick with a joke. In the months

leading up to launch, the crew was put through a grueling training schedule. They all showed signs of stress and moodiness. Mark was no exception, but the *way* he showed it was to crack more jokes and get everyone laughing.”

“He sounds like a great guy,” Cathy said.

“He really is,” Irene said. “He was chosen for the mission in part because of his personality. An Ares crew has to spend 13 months together. Social compatibility is key. Mark not only fits well in any social group, he’s a catalyst to make the group work better. It was a *terrible* blow to the crew when he ‘died.’”

“And they still think he’s dead, right? The Ares 3 crew?”

“Yes they do, unfortunately,” Irene confirmed. “The higher-ups decided to keep it from them, at least for now. I’m sure it wasn’t an easy decision.”

Cathy paused for a moment, then said. “All right. You know I have to ask: What’s going through his head right now? How does a man like Mark Watney respond to a situation like this? Stranded, alone, no idea we’re trying to help?”

“There’s no way to be sure,” Irene said. “The biggest threat is giving up hope. If he decides there’s no chance to survive, he’ll stop trying.”

“Then we’re ok for now, right?” Cathy said. “He seems to be working hard. He’s prepping the rover for a long trip and testing it. He plans to be there when Ares 4 lands.”

“That’s one interpretation, yes,” Irene said.

“Is there another?”

Irene carefully formed her answer before speaking. “When facing death, people want to be heard. They don’t want to die alone. He might just want the MAV radio so he can talk to another soul before he dies.

“If he’s lost hope, he won’t care about survival. His only concern will be making it to the radio. After that, he’ll probably take an easier way out than starvation. The medical supplies of an Ares mission have enough morphine to be lethal.”

After several seconds of complete silence in the studio, Cathy turned to the camera. “We’ll be right back.”

“Heya, Venk,” came Bruce’s voice from the speakerphone.

“Bruce, Hi,” said Venkat. “Thanks for clearing up some time. I wanted to talk about the presupply.”

“Sure thing. What’s on your mind?”

“Let’s say we soft-land it perfectly. How will Mark know it happened? And how will he know where to look?”

“We’ve been thinking about that,” said Bruce. “We’ve got some ideas.”

“I’m all ears,” Venkat said.

“We’ll be sending him a comm system anyway, right? We could have it turn on after lading. It’ll broadcast on the rover and EVA suit frequencies. It’ll have to be a strong signal, too.

“The rovers were only designed to communicate with the Hab and each other; the signal origin was presumed to be within 20km. The receivers just aren’t very sensitive. The EVA suits are even worse. But as long as we have a strong signal we should be good.

“Once we land the presupply, we’ll get its exact location from satellites, then broadcast that to Mark so he can get it.”

“But he’s probably not listening,” said Venkat. “Why would he be?”

“We have a plan for that. We’re going to make a bunch of bright green ribbons. Light enough to flutter around when dropped, even in Mars’s atmosphere. Each ribbon will have ‘MARK: TURN ON YOUR COMM’ printed on it. We’re working on a release mechanism now. During the landing sequence, of course. Ideally, about 1000 meters above the surface.”

“I like it,” Venkat said. “All he needs to do is notice one. And he’s sure to check out a bright green ribbon if he sees one outside.”

“That’s what we’re thinking,” said Bruce.

“All right, good work. Keep me posted,” Venkat said.

“Venk,” said Bruce. “If he takes the ‘Watneymobile’ to Ares 4, this’ll all be for nothing. I mean, we can land it at Ares 4 if that happens, but...”

“But he’ll be without a Hab. Yeah,” Venkat said. “One thing at a time. Let me know when you come up with a release mechanism for those ribbons.”

“Will do.”

After terminating the call, he saw an email from Mindy Park arrive. “*Watney’s on the move again.*”

“Still going in a straight line,” Mindy said, pointing to her monitor.

“I see,” Venkat said. “He’s sure as hell not going to Ares 4. Unless he’s going around some natural obstacle.”

“There’s nothing for him to go around,” Mindy said. “It’s Acidalia Planitia.”

“Are those the solar cells?” Venkat asked, pointing to the screen.

“Yeah,” Mindy said. “He did the usual 2 hour drive, EVA, 2 hour drive. He’s 156km from the Hab now.”

They both peered at the screen.

“Wait...” Venkat said. “Wait, no way...”

“What?” Mindy asked.

Venkat grabbed a pad of Post-Its and a pen. “Give me his location, and the location of the Hab.”

Mindy checked her screen. “He’s currently at... 28.9°N, 29.6°W.” With a few keystrokes, she brought up another file. “The Hab’s at 31.2°N, 28.5°W. What do you see?”

Venkat finished taking down the numbers. “Come with me,” he said, quickly walking out.

“Um,” Mindy stammered, following after. “Where are we going?” She asked when she caught up.

“SatCon break room,” Venkat said. “You guys still have that map of Mars on the wall?”

“Sure,” Mindy said. “But it’s just a poster from the gift shop. I’ve got high quality digital maps on my computer-“

“Nope. I can’t draw on those,” he said. Then, rounding the corner to the break room, he pointed to the Mars map on the wall. “I can draw on that.”

The break room was empty save a computer technician sipping a cup of coffee. The urgency of Venkat and Mindy’s entrance caught his attention.

“Good, it has latitude and longitude lines,” Venkat said. Looking at his Post-It, then sliding his finger along the map, he drew an X. “That’s the Hab,” he said.

“Hey,” the technician said. “Are you drawing on our poster?”

“I’ll buy you a new one,” Venkat said without looking back. Then, he drew another X. “That’s his current location. Get me a ruler.”

Mindy looked left and right. Seeing no ruler, she grabbed the technicians notebook.

“Hey!” The technician protested.

Using the notebook as a straight-edge, Venkat drew a line from the Hab to Mark’s location and beyond. Then took a step back.

“Yup! That’s where he’s going!” Venkat said excitedly.

“Oh!” Mindy said.

The line passed through the exact center of a bright yellow dot printed on

the map.

“Pathfinder!” Mindy said. “He’s going to Pathfinder!”

“Yup!” Venkat said. “Now we’re getting somewhere. It’s like 800km from him. He can get there and back with supplies on-hand.”

“And bring Pathfinder and Sojourner Rover back with him,” Mindy added.

Venkat quickly pulled out his cell phone. “We lost contact with it in 1997. If he can get it online again, we can communicate. It might just need the solar cells cleaned. Even if it’s got a bigger problem, he’s an engineer!” Dialing, he added “Fixing shit is his job!”

Smiling for the first time in weeks, he held the phone to his ear and awaited a response. “Bruce? It’s Venkat. Everything just changed. Watney’s headed for Pathfinder. Yeah! I know, right!? Dig up everyone who was on that project and get them to JPL now. I’ll catch the next flight.”

Hanging up, he grinned at the map. “Mark, you sneaky, clever, son of a bitch!”

Chapter 9

LOG ENTRY: SOL 79

It's the evening of my 8th day on the road. "Sirius 4" has been a success so far.

I've fallen in to a routine. Every morning I wake up at dawn. First thing I do is check oxygen and CO2 levels. Then I eat a breakfast pack and drink a cup of water. After that, I brush my teeth, using as little water as possible, and shave with an electric razor.

The rover has no toilet. We were expected to use our suits' reclamation systems for that. But they aren't designed to hold twenty days worth of output.

My morning piss goes in a resealable plastic box. When I open it, the rover reeks like a truck-stop men's room. I could take it outside and let it boil off. But I worked hard to make that water, and the last thing I'm going to do is waste it. I'll feed it to the Water Reclaimer when I get back.

Even more precious is my manure. It's critical to the potato farm and I'm the only source on Mars. Fortunately, when you spend a lot of time in space, you learn how to shit in a bag. And if you think things are bad after opening the piss box, imagine the smell after I drop anchor.

Then I go outside and collect the solar cells. Why didn't I do it the previous night? Because trying to dismantle and stack solar cells in *total fucking darkness* isn't fun. I learned that the hard way.

After securing the cells, I come back in, turn on some shitty '70's music, and start driving. I putter along at 25kph, the rover's top speed. It's comfortable inside. I wear hastily made cut-offs and a thin shirt while the RTG bakes the interior. When it gets too hot I detach the insulation duct-taped to the hull. When it gets too cold, I tape it back up.

I can go almost 2 hours before the battery runs out. I do a quick EVA to swap cables, then I'm back at the wheel for the second half of the day's drive.

The terrain is very flat. The undercarriage of the rover is taller than any of the rocks around here, and the hills are gently-sloping affairs, smoothed by eons of sandstorms.

When the other battery runs out, it's time for another EVA. I pull the

solar cells off the roof and lay them on the ground. For the first few sols, I lined them up in a row. Now I plop them wherever, trying to keep them close to the rover out of sheer laziness.

Then comes the incredibly dull part of my day. I sit around for 12 hours with nothing to do. And I'm getting sick of this rover. The inside's the size of a van. That may seem like plenty of room, but try being trapped in a van for 8 days. I look forward to tending my potato farm in the wide open space of the Hab.

I'm nostalgic for the Hab. How fucked up is that?

I have shitty '70's TV to watch, and a bunch of Poirot novels. But mostly I spend my time thinking about getting to Ares 4. I'll have to do it someday. How the hell am I going to survive a 3,200km trip in this thing? It'll probably take 50 days. I'll need the Water Reclaimer and the Oxygenator, maybe some of the Hab's main batteries, then a bunch more solar cells to charge everything... where will I put it all? These thoughts pester me throughout the long boring days.

Eventually, it gets dark and I get tired. I lay among the food packs, water tanks, extra O2 tank, piles of CO2 filters, box of pee, bags of shit, and personal items. I have a bunch of crew jumpsuits to serve as bedding, along with my blanket and pillow. Basically, I sleep in a pile of junk every night.

Speaking of sleep... G'night.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 80

By my reckoning, I'm about 100km from Pathfinder. Technically it's "Carl Sagan Memorial Station." But with all due respect to Carl, I can call it whatever the hell I want. I'm the King of Mars.

As I mentioned, it's been a long, boring drive. And I'm still on the outward leg. But hey, I'm an astronaut. Long-ass trips are my business.

Navigation is tricky.

The Hab's nav beacon only reaches 40km, then it's too faint. I knew that'd be an issue when I was planning this little road trip, so I came up with a brilliant plan that didn't work.

The computer has detailed maps, so I figured I could navigate by landmarks. I was wrong. Turns out you can't navigate by landmarks if you can't find any god damned landmarks.

Our landing site is at the delta of a long-gone river. If there are any microscopic fossils to be had, it's a good place to look. Also, the water would have dragged rock and soil samples from thousands of kilometers away. With some digging, we could get a broad geological history.

That's great for science, but it means the Hab's in a *featureless wasteland*.

I considered making a compass. The rover has plenty of electricity and the med kit has a needle. Only one problem: Mars doesn't have a magnetic field.

So I navigate by Phobos. It whips around Mars so fast it actually rises and sets twice a day, running west to east. It's isn't the most accurate system, but it works.

Things got easier on Sol 75. I reached a valley with a rise to the west. It had flat ground for easy driving, and I just needed to follow the edge of the hills. I named it "Lewis Valley" after our fearless leader. She'd love it there, geology nerd that she is.

Three sols later, Lewis Valley opened into a wide plain. So, again, I was left without references and relied on Phobos to guide me. There's probably symbolism there. Phobos is the god of fear, and I'm letting it be my guide. Not a good sign.

But today, my luck finally changed. After two sols wandering the desert, I found something to navigate by. It was a 5km crater, so small it didn't even have a listed name. But to me, it was the Lighthouse of Alexandria. Once I had it in sight, I knew exactly where I was.

I'm camped near it now, as a matter of fact.

I'm finally through the blank areas of the map. Tomorrow, I'll have the Lighthouse to navigate by, and Hamelin crater later on. I'm in good shape.

Now, on to my next task: Sitting around with nothing to do for 12 hours. I better get started!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 81

Almost made it to Pathfinder today, but I ran out of juice. Just another 22km to go!

An unremarkable drive. Navigation wasn't a problem. As Lighthouse receded into the distance, the rim of Hamelin Crater came in to view.

I left Acidalia Planitia behind a long time ago. I'm well into Ares Vallis now. The desert plains are giving way to bumpier terrain, strewn with ejecta that never got buried by sand. It makes driving a chore; I have to pay more attention.

Up till now, I've been driving right over the rock-strewn landscape. But as I travel further south, the rocks are getting bigger and more plentiful. I have to go around some of them or risk damage to my suspension. The good news is I don't have to do it for long. Once I get to Pathfinder, I can turn around and go the other way.

The weather's been very good. No discernible wind, no storms. I think I got lucky there. There's a good chance my rover tracks from the past few sols are intact. I should be able to get back to Lewis Valley just by following them.

After setting up the solar panels, I went for a little walk. I never left sight of the rover; the last thing I want to do is get lost on foot. But I couldn't stomach crawling back into that cramped, smelly rat's nest. Not right away.

It's a strange feeling. Everywhere I go, I'm the first. Step outside the rover? First guy ever to be there! Climb a hill? First guy to climb that hill! Kick a rock? That rock hadn't moved in a million years!

I'm the first guy to drive long-distance on Mars. The first guy to spend more than 31 sols on Mars. The first guy to grow crops on Mars. First, first, first!

I wasn't expecting to be first at anything. I was the 5th crewman out of the MDV when we landed, making me the 17th person to set foot on Mars. The egress order had been determined years earlier. A month before launch, we all got tattoos of our "Mars Numbers." Johanssen almost refused to get her "15" because she was afraid it would hurt. Here's a woman who had survived the centrifuge, the vomit comet, hard landing drills and 10k runs. A woman who fixed a simulated MDV computer failure while being spun around upside-down. But she was afraid of a tattoo needle.

Man, I miss those guys.

I'm the first person to be alone on an entire planet.

Ok, enough moping. Tomorrow, I'll be the first person to recover a Mars probe.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 82

Victory! I found it!

I knew I was in the right area when I spotted Twin Peaks in the distance. The two small hills are under a kilometer from the landing site. Even better, they were on the far side of the site. All I had to do was aim for them until I found the Lander.

And there it was! Right where it was supposed to be!

Pathfinder's final stage of descent was a balloon-covered tetrahedron. The balloons absorbed the impact of landing. Once it came to rest, they deflated and the tetrahedron unfolded to reveal the probe.

It's actually two separate components. The Lander itself, and the Sojourner rover. The Lander was immobile, while Sojourner wandered around and got a good look at the local rocks. I'm taking both back with me, but the important part is the Lander. That's the part that can communicate with Earth.

I excitedly stumbled out and rushed to the site.

I can't explain how happy I was. It was a *lot* of work to get here, and I'd succeeded.

The Lander was half buried. With some quick and careful digging, I exposed the bulk of it, though the large tetrahedron and the deflated balloons still lurked below the surface.

After a quick search, I found Sojourner. The little fella was only two meters from the Lander. I vaguely remember it was further away when they last saw it. It probably entered a contingency mode and started circling the Lander, trying to communicate.

I quickly deposited Sojourner in my rover. It's small, light, and easily fit in the airlock. The Lander was a different story.

I had no hope of getting the whole thing back to the Hab. It was just too big. It was time for me to put on my mechanical engineer hat.

The probe was attached to the central panel of the unfolded tetrahedron. The other three sides were each attached with a metal hinge. As anyone at JPL will tell you, probes are delicate things. Weight is a serious concern, so they're not made to stand up to much punishment.

When I took a crowbar to the hinges, they popped right off!

Then things got difficult. When I tried to lift the central panel assembly, it didn't budge.

Just like the other three panels, the central panel had deflated balloons

underneath it.

Over the decades, the balloons had ripped and filled with sand.

I could cut off the balloons, but I'd have to dig to get to them. It wouldn't be hard, it's just sand. But the other three panels were in the damn way.

I quickly realized I didn't give a crap about the condition of the other panels. I went back to my rover, cut some strips of Hab material, then braided them in to a primitive but strong rope. I can't take credit for it being strong. Thank NASA for that. I just made it rope-shaped.

I tied one end to a panel, and the other to the rover. The rover was made for traversing extremely rugged terrain, often at steep angles. It may not be fast, but it has great torque. I towed the panel away like a redneck removing a tree stump.

Now I had a place to dig. As I exposed each balloon, I cut it off. The whole task took an hour.

Then I hoisted the central panel assembly up and carried it confidently to the rover!

At least, that's what I wanted to do. The damn thing is still heavy as hell. I'm guessing it's 200kg. Even in Mar's gravity that's a bit much. I could carry it around the Hab easily enough, but lifting it while wearing an awkward EVA suit? Out of the question.

So I dragged it to the rover.

Now for my next feat: Getting it on the roof.

The roof was empty at the moment. Even with mostly-full batteries, I had set up the solar cells when I stopped. Why not? Free energy.

I'd worked it out in advance. On the way here, two stacks of solar panels occupied the whole roof. On the way back, they would be a single stack. It's a little more dangerous; they might fall over. The main thing it they'll be a pain in the ass to stack that high.

I can't just throw a rope over the rover and hoist Pathfinder up the side. I don't want to break it. I mean, it's already broken, they lost contact in 1997. But I don't want to break it *more*.

I came up with a solution, but I'd done enough physical labor for one day, and I was almost out of daylight.

Now I'm in the rover, looking at Sojourner. It seems all right. No physical damage on the outside. Doesn't look like anything got too baked by the sunlight. The dense layer of Mars crap all over it protected it from long-term solar damage.

You may think Sojourner isn't much use to me. It can't communicate with Earth. Why do I care about it?

Because it has a lot of moving parts.

If I establish a link with NASA, I can talk to them by holding a page of text up to the Lander's camera. But how would they talk to me? The only moving parts on the Lander are the high gain antenna (which would have to stay pointed at Earth) and the camera boom. We'd have to come up with a system where NASA could talk by rotating the camera head. It would be painfully slow.

But Sojourner has six independent wheels that rotate reasonably fast. It'll be much easier to communicate with those. If nothing else, I could draw letters on the wheels, and hold a mirror up to its camera. NASA'd figure it out and start spelling things at me.

That all assumes I can get the Lander's radio working at all.

Time to turn in. I've got a lot of backbreaking physical labor to do tomorrow. I'll need my rest.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 83

Oh god I'm sore.

But it's the only way I could think of to get the Lander safely on to the roof.

I built a ramp out of rocks and sand. Just like the ancient Egyptians did. And if there's one thing Ares Vallis has, it's rocks!

First, I experimented to find out how steep the grade could be. Piling up some rocks near the Lander, I dragged it up the pile, then down again. Then I made it steeper, etc. I figured out I could pull it up a 30 degree grade. Anything more was too risky. I might lose my grip and send the Lander tumbling down the ramp.

The roof of the rover is over 2 meters from the ground. So I'd need a ramp almost 4 meters long. I got to work.

The first few rocks were easy. Then they started feeling heavier and heavier. Hard physical labor in a spacesuit is murder. Everything's more effort because you're lugging 20kg of suit around with you, and your movement is limited. I was panting within 20 minutes.

So I cheated. I upped my O2 mixture. It really helped a lot. Probably

shouldn't make that a habit. Also, I didn't get hot. The suit leaks heat faster than my body could ever generate it. The heating system is what keeps the temperature bearable. My physical labor just meant the suit didn't have to heat itself as much.

After hours of grueling labor, I finally got the ramp made. Nothing more than a pile of rocks against the rover, but it reached the roof.

I stomped up and down the ramp first, to make sure it was stable, then I dragged the Lander up. It worked like a charm!

I was all smiles as I lashed the Lander in place. I made sure it was firmly secured, and even stacked the solar cells in a big single stack (why waste the ramp?).

But then it hit me. The ramp would collapse as I drove away, and the rocks might damage the wheels or undercarriage. I'd have to take the ramp apart to keep that from happening.

Ugh.

Tearing the ramp down was easier than putting it up. I didn't need to carefully put each rock in a stable place. I just dropped them wherever. It only took me an hour.

And now I'm done!

I'll start heading home tomorrow, with my new 100kg broken radio.

Chapter 10

LOG ENTRY: SOL 90

Seven days since Pathfinder, and seven days closer to home.

As I'd hoped, my inbound tracks gave me a path back to Lewis Valley. Then it was four sols of easy driving. The hills to my left made it impossible to get lost, and the terrain was smooth.

But all good things come to an end. I'm back in Acidalia Planitia now. My outgoing tracks are long gone. It's been 16 days since I was last here. Even timid weather would clear them out in that time.

On my way out, I should have made a pile of rocks every time I camped. The land is so flat they'd be visible for kilometers.

On second thought, thinking back to making that damn ramp... ugh.

So once again I am the desert wanderer, using Phobos to navigate, and hoping I don't stray too far. All I need to do is get within 40km of the Hab and I'll pick up the beacon.

I'm feeling optimistic. For the first time, I think I might get off this planet alive. With that in mind, I'm taking soil and rock samples every time I do an EVA.

At first, I figured it was my duty. If I survive, geologists will love me for it. But then it started to get fun. Now, as I drive, I look forward to that simple act of bagging rocks.

It just feels nice to be an astronaut again. That's all it is. Not a reluctant farmer, not an electrical engineer, not a long haul trucker. An astronaut. I'm doing what astronauts do. I missed it.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 92

I got 2 seconds of signal from the Hab beacon today, then lost it. But it's a good sign. I've been traveling vaguely north-northwest for two days. I must be a good 100km from the Hab; it's a miracle I got any signal at all. Must have been a moment of perfect weather conditions.

During the boring-ass days, I'm working my way through "The Six

Million Dollar Man” from Commander Lewis’s inexhaustible collection of ‘70s tripe.

I just watched an episode where Steve Austin fights a Russian Venus probe that landed on Earth by mistake. As an expert in interplanetary travel, I can tell you there are *no* scientific inaccuracies in the story. It’s quite common for probes to land on the wrong planet. Also, the probe’s large, flat-panel hull is ideal for the high-pressure Venusian atmosphere. And, as we all know, probes often refuse to obey directives, choosing instead to attack humans on sight.

So far, Pathfinder hasn’t tried kill me. But I’m keeping an eye on it.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 93

I found the Hab signal today. I have a solid bearing and direction to go. No more chance to get lost. According to the computer, I’m 24718 meters away.

I’ll be home tomorrow. Even if the rover has a catastrophic failure, I’ll be fine. I can *walk* to the Hab from here.

I don’t know if I’ve mentioned this before, but I am really fucking sick of being in this rover. I’ve spent so much time seated or laying down, my back is all screwed up. Of all my crewmates, the one I miss most right now is Beck. He’d fix my aching back.

Though he’d probably give me a bunch of shit about it. “Why didn’t you do stretching exercises? Your body is important! Eat more fiber,” or whatever.

At this point I’d welcome a health lecture.

During training, we had to practice the dreaded “Missed Orbit” scenario. In the event of a second-stage failure during MAV ascent, we’d be in orbit, but too low to reach Hermes. We’d be skimming the upper atmosphere, so our orbit would rapidly decay. NASA would remotely operate Hermes and bring it in for rendezvous. Then we’d get the hell out of there before Hermes caught too much drag.

To drill this, they made us stay in the MAV simulator for 3 miserable days. Six people in an ascent vehicle originally designed for a 23 minute flight. It got a little cramped. And by “a little cramped” I mean “We wanted to kill each other”.

Once we got out, Commander Lewis declared “what happened in Missed Orbit stays in Missed Orbit.” It may seem trite, but it worked. We put it behind us and got back to normal.

I’d give anything for just five minutes of Missed Orbit training. I’m really feeling alone lately. Up till this road trip, I’ve been too busy to mope. But the long, dull days with nothing to do really drives it home. I’m further away from other humans than anyone has ever been.

Man, I hope I get Pathfinder working again.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 94

Home sweet home!

Today I write from my gigantic, cavernous Hab!

The first thing I did when I got in was wave my arms wildly while running in circles. Felt great! I was in that damn rover for 22 sols, and couldn’t even walk without suiting up.

I’ll need to endure twice that to get to Ares 4, but that’s a problem for later.

After a few celebratory laps around the Hab, it was time to get to work.

First, I fired up the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator. Checking the air levels, everything looked good. There was still CO₂, so the plants hadn’t suffocated without me exhaling for them.

Naturally I did an exhaustive check on my crops, and they’re all healthy.

I added my bags of shit to the manure pile. Lovely smell, I can tell you. But once I mixed some soil in, it died down to tolerable levels. I dumped my box o’ pee into the Water Reclaimer.

I’d been gone over three weeks, and had left the Hab very humid for the sake of the crops. That much water in the air can cause any amount of electrical problems, so I spent the next few hours doing full systems checks on everything.

Then I kind of lounged around for a while. I wanted to spend the rest of the day relaxing, but I had more to do.

Suiting up, I went out to the rover and dragged the solar cells off the roof. Over the next few hours, I put them back where they belonged, wiring them into the Hab’s power grid.

Getting the Lander off the roof was a hell of a lot easier than getting it up

there. I detached a strut from the MAV platform and dragged it over to the rover. Leaning it against the hull and digging the other end in to the ground for stability, I had a ramp.

I should have brought that strut with me to the Pathfinder site. Live and learn.

There's no way to get the Lander in the airlock. It's just too big. I could probably dismantle it and bring it in a piece at a time, but there's a pretty compelling reason not to.

With no magnetic field, Mars has no defense against harsh solar radiation. If I were exposed to it, I'd get so much cancer, the cancer would have cancer. So the Hab canvas shields from electromagnetic waves. This means the Hab itself it would block any transmissions if the Lander were inside.

Speaking of cancer, it was time to get rid of the RTG.

It *pained* me to climb back into the rover, but it had to be done. If the RTG ever broke open, it would kill me to death.

NASA decided 4km was the safe distance, and I wasn't about to second-guess them. Driving back to where Commander Lewis had originally dumped it, I ditched it in the same hole and drove back to the Hab.

I'll start work on the Lander tomorrow.

Now, to enjoy a good, long sleep in an actual cot. With the comforting knowledge that when I wake, my morning piss will go into a toilet.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 95

Today was all about repairs!

The Pathfinder mission ended because the Lander had an unknown critical failure. Once they lost contact with the Lander, they had no idea what became of Sojourner. It might be in better shape. Maybe it just needs power. Power it couldn't get with the solar panels hopelessly caked with dust.

Setting it on my workbench, I pried open a panel to peek inside. The battery was a lithium thionyl chloride non-rechargeable. I figured that out from some subtle clues: the shape of the connection points, the thickness of the insulation, and the fact that it had "LiSOC12 NON-RCHRG" written on it.

I cleaned the solar panels thoroughly, then aimed a small, flexible lamp directly at them. The battery's long dead. But the panels might be ok, and Sojourner can operate directly off them. We'll see if anything happens.

Then it was time to take a look at Sojourner's daddy. I suited up and headed out.

On most landers, the weak point is the battery. It's the most delicate component, and when it dies, there's no way to recover.

Landers can't just shut down and wait when they have low batteries. Their electronics won't work unless they're at a minimum temperature. So they have heaters to keep the electronics warm. It's a problem that rarely comes up on Earth, but hey. Mars.

Over time, the solar panels get covered with dust. Then winter brings colder temperatures and less daylight. This all combines into a big "fuck you" from Mars to your lander. Eventually it's using more power to keep warm than it's getting from the meager daylight that makes it through the dust.

Once the battery runs down, the electronics get too cold to operate, and the whole system dies. The solar panels will recharge the battery somewhat, but there's nothing to tell the system to reboot. Anything that could make that decision would be electronics, which would not be working. Eventually, the now unused battery will lose its ability to retain charge.

That's the usual cause of death. And I sure hope it's what killed Pathfinder.

I piled some leftover parts of the MDV into a makeshift table and ramp. Then I dragged the Lander up to my new outdoor workbench. Working in an EVA suit is annoying enough. Bending over the whole time would have been torture.

I got my toolkit and started poking around. Opening the outer panel wasn't too hard and I identified the battery easily enough. JPL labels everything. It's a 40 Amp-hour Ag-Zr battery with an optimal voltage of 1.5V. Wow. They really made those things run on nothin' back then.

I detached the battery and headed back inside. I checked it with my electronics kit, and sure enough it's dead, dead, dead. I could shuffle across a carpet and hold more charge.

So I knew what it needed. 1.5 volts.

Compared to the makeshift crap I've been gluing together since Sol 6, this was a breeze. I have voltage controllers in my kit! It only took me 15 minutes to put a controller on a reserve power line, then another hour to go outside and run the line to where the battery used to be.

Then there's the issue of heat. It's a good idea to keep electronics above -40C. The temperature today is a brisk -63C.

The battery was big and easy to identify, but I had no clue where the heaters were. Even if I knew, it'd be too risky to hook them directly to power. I could easily fry the whole system.

So instead, I went to good old "Spare Parts" Rover 1, and stole it's environment heater. I've gutted that poor rover so much, it looks like I parked it in a bad part of town.

Bringing the heater to my "workbench," I hooked it to Hab power. Then I rested it in the Lander where the battery used to be.

Now I wait. And hope.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 96

I was really hoping I'd wake up to a functional Lander, but no such luck. Its high-gain antenna is right where I last saw it. Why does that matter? Well, I'll tell ya...

If the Lander comes back to life (and that's a big if) it'll try to establish contact with Earth. Problem is, nobody's listening. It's not like the Pathfinder team is hanging around JPL just in case their long dead probe is repaired by a wayward astronaut.

The Deep Space Network and SETI are my best bets for picking up the signal. If either of them caught a blip from Pathfinder, they'd tell JPL.

JPL would quickly figure out what was going on, especially when they triangulated the signal to my landing site.

They'd tell the Lander where Earth is, and it would angle the high-gain antenna appropriately. That there, the angling of the antenna, is how I'll know if it linked up.

So far, no action.

There's still hope. Any number of reasons could be delaying things. The rover heater is designed to heat air at 1 atmosphere. The thin Martian air severely hampers its ability to work. So the electronics might need more time to warm up.

Also, Earth is only visible during the day. I (hopefully) fixed the Lander yesterday evening. It's morning now, so most of the intervening time has been night. No Earth.

Sojourner's also showing no signs of life. It's been in the nice, warm environment of the Hab all night, with plenty of light on its sparkling clean

solar cells. Maybe it's running an extended self-check, or staying still until it hears from the Lander or something.

I'll just have to put it out of my mind for now.

PATHFINDER LOG: SOL 0

BOOT SEQUENCE INITIATED
TIME 00:00:00
LOSS OF POWER DETECTED, TIME/DATE UNRELIABLE
LOADING OS...

VXWARE OPERATING SYSTEM (C) WIND RIVER SYSTEMS
PERFORMING HARDWARE CHECK:
INT. TEMPERATURE: -34C
EXT. TEMPERATURE: NONFUNCTIONAL
BATTERY: FULL
HIGAIN: OK
LOGAIN: OK
WIND SENSOR: NONFUNCTIONAL
METEOROLOGY: NONFUNCTIONAL
ASI: NONFUNCTIONAL
IMAGER: OK
ROVER RAMP: NONFUNCTIONAL
SOLAR A: NONFUNCTIONAL
SOLAR B: NONFUNCTIONAL
SOLAR C: NONFUNCTIONAL
HARDWARE CHECK COMPLETE

BROADCASTING STATUS
LISTENING FOR TELEMETRY SIGNAL...
LISTENING FOR TELEMETRY SIGNAL...
LISTENING FOR TELEMETRY SIGNAL...
SIGNAL ACQUIRED

Chapter 11

“Something’s coming in... yes... yes! It’s Pathfinder!”

The room burst in to applause and cheers. Venkat slapped an unknown technician heartily on the back while Bruce pumped his fist in the air.

The ad-hoc control center was an accomplishment in itself. JPL had just 20 days to piece together antiquated computers, repair broken components, network everything, and install hastily made software to interact with the modern Deep Space Network. A team of engineers had worked around the clock, finishing only two days earlier.

The room itself was formerly a conference room; JPL had no space ready for the sudden need. Crammed with computers and equipment, little space was left over for the many spectators squeezing in.

One Associated Press camera team was permitted. The rest of the media would have to satisfy themselves with the live AP feed, and await a press conference.

Venkat turned to Bruce. “God damn, Bruce. You really pulled a rabbit out of your hat this time! Good work!”

“I’m just the director,” Bruce said modestly. “Thank the guys who got all this shit working.”

“Oh I will!” Venkat beamed. “But first I have to talk to my new best friend!”

Turning to the headsetted man at the communications console, Venkat asked “What’s your name, new best friend?”

“Tim,” he said, not taking his eyes off the screen.

“What now?” Venkat asked.

“We sent the return telemetry automatically. It’ll get there in just over 11 minutes. Once it does, Pathfinder will start high-gain transmissions. So it’ll be 22 minutes till we hear from it again.”

“Venkat’s got a doctorate in physics, Tim,” Bruce said, “You don’t need to explain transmission time to him.”

Tim shrugged. “You can never tell with managers.”

“What was in the transmission we got?” Venkat asked.

“Just the bare bones. A hardware self check. It’s got a lot of “nonfunctional” systems, cause they were on the panels Watney removed.”

“What about the camera?”

“It says the imager’s working. We’ll have it take a panorama as soon as we can.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 97

It worked!

Holy fucking shit it worked!

I just checked the Lander. The high gain antenna is angled *directly* at Earth! Pathfinder has no way of knowing where it is, so it has no way of knowing where Earth is. The *only* way for it to find out is getting a signal.

They know I’m alive!

Happy dance, happy dance, I’m doin’ the happy dance!

All right. Enough happy dance. Time to make with the communicatin’!

“We received the high-gain response just over half an hour ago,” Venkat said to the assembled press. “We immediately directed Pathfinder to take a panoramic image. Hopefully, Watney has some kind of message for us. Questions?”

The sea of reporters raised their hands.

“Cathy, let’s start with you,” Venkat said, pointing her out.

“Thanks,” she said. “Have you had any contact with the Sojourner rover?”

“Unfortunately, no,” he replied. “The Lander hasn’t been able to connect to Sojourner, and we have no way to contact it directly.”

“What might be wrong with Sojourner?”

“I can’t even speculate,” Venkat said. “After spending that long on Mars, *anything* could be wrong with it.”

“Best guess?”

“Our best guess is he took it in to the Hab. The Lander’s signal wouldn’t be able to reach Sojourner through Hab canvas.” Pointing to another reporter, he said “You, there.”

“Marty West, NBC News,” Marty said. “How will you communicate with Watney once everything’s up and running?”

“That’ll be up to Watney,” said Venkat. “All we have to work with is the

camera. He can write notes and hold them up. But how we talk back is trickier.”

“How so?” Marty asked.

“Because all we have is the camera platform. That’s the only moving part. There are plenty of ways to get information across with just the platform’s rotation, but no way to tell Watney about them. He’ll have to come up with something and tell us. We’ll follow his lead.”

Pointing to the next reporter, he said, “Go ahead.”

“Jill Holbrook, BBC. With a 32 minute round trip, and nothing but a single rotating platform to talk with, it’ll be a dreadfully slow conversation, won’t it?”

“Yes it will,” Venkat confirmed. “It’s early morning in Acidalia Planitia right now, and just past 3am here in Pasadena. We’ll be here all night, and that’s just for a start. No more questions for now, the panorama is due back in a few minutes. We’ll keep you posted.”

Quickly leaving the press room, Venkat hurried down the hall to the makeshift Pathfinder control center. He pressed through the throng to the communications console.

“Anything, Tim?”

“Totally,” he replied. “But we’re staring at this black screen because it’s way more interesting than pictures from Mars.”

“You’re a smart-ass, Tim,” Venkat said.

“Noted.”

Bruce pushed his way forward. “Still another few seconds on the clock,” he said.

The time passed in silence.

“Getting something,” Tim said. “Yup. It’s the panoramic.”

A general loosening of tension coruscated through the room as the image slowly came through, one vertical stripe at a time.

“Martian surface...” Venkat said as the lines displayed. “More surface...”

“Edge of the Hab!” Bruce said, pointing to the screen.

“Hab,” Venkat smiled. “More Hab now... more Hab... is that a message? That’s a message!”

The vertical stripes revealed a handwritten note, suspended at the camera’s height by a thin metal rod.

“We got a note from Mark!” Venkat announced to the room.

Applause filled the room, then quickly died down. “What’s it say?”

someone asked.

Venkat leaned closer to the screen. “It says ... ‘I’ll write questions here – Are you receiving?’”

“Ok...?” said Bruce.

“That’s what it says,” Venkat shrugged.

“Another note,” said Tim, pointing to the screen as the slow march of data revealed itself.

Venkat leaned in again. “This one says ‘Point here for yes’.”

“All right, I see what he’s going for,” said Bruce.

“There’s the third note,” said Tim.

“‘Point here for no,’” Venkat read. “‘Will check often for answer’”

Venkat folded his arms. “All right. We have communication with Mark. Tim, point the camera at ‘Yes’. Then, start taking pictures at 10 minute intervals until he puts another question up.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 97 (2)

“Yes!” They said “Yes!”

I haven’t been this excited about a “yes” since prom night!

Ok, calm down.

I have limited paper to work with. These cards were intended to label batches of samples. I have about 50 cards. I can use both sides, and if it comes down to it, I can re-use them by scratching out the old question.

The Sharpie I’m using will last much longer than the cards, so ink isn’t a problem. But I have to do all my writing in the Hab. I don’t know what kind of hallucinogenic crap that ink is made of, but I’m pretty sure it would boil off in 1/90th of an atmosphere.

I’m using old parts of the antenna array to hold the cards up. There’s a certain irony in that.

We’ll need to talk faster than yes/no questions every half-hour. The camera can rotate 360 degrees, and I have plenty of antenna parts. Time to make an alphabet. But I can’t just use the letters A through Z. With my Question Card, that would be 27 cards around the lander. Each one would only get 13 degrees of arc. Even if JPL points the camera perfectly, there’s a good chance I won’t know which letter they meant.

So I’ll have to use ASCII. That’s how computers manage characters.

Each character has a numerical code between 0 and 255. Values between 0 and 255 can be expressed as 2 hexadecimal digits. By giving me pairs of hex digits, they can send any character they like, including numbers, punctuation, etc.

How do I know which values go with which characters? Because Johanssen's laptop is a wealth of information. I knew she'd have an ASCII table in there somewhere. All computer geeks do.

So I'll make cards for 0 through 9, and A through F. That makes 16 cards to place around the camera, plus the Question Card. 17 cards means over 21 degrees each. Much easier to deal with.

Time to get to work!

Spell with ASCII. Numbers 0-F at 21 degree increments. Will watch camera starting 11:00 my time. When message done, return to this position. Wait 20 minutes after completion to take picture (So I can write and post reply). Repeat process at top of every hour.

S...T...A...T...U...S

No physical problems. All Hab components functional. Eating 3/4 rations. Successfully growing crops in Hab with cultivated soil. Note: Situation not Ares 3 crew's fault. Bad luck.

H...O...W...A...L...I...V...E

Impaled by antenna fragment. Knocked out by decompression. Landed face down, blood sealed hole. Woke up after crew left. Bio-monitor computer destroyed by puncture. Crew had reason to think me dead. Not their fault.

C...R...O...P...S...?

Long story. Extreme Botany. Have 126 m² farmland growing potatoes. Will extend food supply, but not enough to last until Ares 4 landing. Modified rover for long distance travel, plan to drive to Ares 4.

W...E...S...A...W...-...S...A...T...L...I...T...E

Government watching me with satellites? Need tinfoil hat! Also need faster way to communicate. Speak&Spell taking all damn day. Any ideas?

B...R...I...N...G...S...J...R...N...R...O...U...T

Sojourner rover brought out, placed 1 meter due north of Lander. If you can contact it, I can draw hex numbers on the wheels and you can send me six bytes at a time.

S...J...R...N...R...N...O...T...R...S...P...N...D

Damn. Any other ideas? Need faster communication.

W...O...R...K...I...N...G...O...N...I...T

Earth is about to set. Resume 08:00 my time tomorrow morning. Tell family I'm fine. Give crew my best. Tell Commander Lewis disco sucks.

“I was up all night,” said Venkat. “Forgive me if I’m a little punchy. Who are you again?”

“Jack Trevor,” said the thin, pale man before Venkat. “I work in software engineering.”

“What can I do for you?”

“We have an idea for communication.”

“I’m all ears.”

“We’ve been looking through the old Pathfinder software. We got duplicate computers up and running for testing. Same computers they used to find a problem that almost killed the original mission. Real interesting story, actually, turns out there was a priority inversion in Sojourner’s thread management and-”

“Focus, Jack,” interrupted Venkat.

“Right. Well, the thing is, Pathfinder has an OS update process. So we can change the software to anything we want.”

“Ok, how does this help us?”

“Pathfinder has two communication systems. One to talk to us, the other to talk to Sojourner. We can change the second system to broadcast on the Ares-3 rover frequency. And we can have it pretend to be the beacon signal from the Hab.”

“You can get Pathfinder talking to Mark’s rover?”

“It’s the only option. The Hab’s radio is dead. Thing is, all the rover does is triangulate the signal to fix its location. It doesn’t send data back to the Hab. It just has a voice channel for the astronauts to talk to each other.”

“So,” Venkat said, “You can get Pathfinder talking to the rover, but you can’t get the rover talking back.”

“Right. What we want is for our text to show up on the rover screen, and whatever Watney types to be sent back to us. That requires a change to the rover’s software.”

“And we can’t do that,” Venkat concluded. “Because we can’t talk to the rover.”

“Not directly,” Jack said. “But we can send data to Watney, and have him

enter it in to the rover.”

“How much data are we talking about?”

“I have guys working on the rover software right now. The patch file will be 20 Meg, minimum. We can send one byte to Watney every 4 seconds or so with the ‘Speak&Spell.’ It’d take three years of constant broadcasting to get that patch across. So that’s no good.”

“But you’re talking to me, so you have a solution, right?” Venkat probed.

“Of course!” Jack beamed. “Software engineers are sneaky bastards when it comes to data management.”

“Enlighten me,” said Venkat, patiently.

“Here’s the clever part,” Jack said, conspiratorially. “The rover currently parses the signal into bytes, then identifies the specific sequence the Hab sends. That way, natural radio waves won’t throw off the homing. If the bytes aren’t right, the rover ignores them.”

“Ok, so what?”

“It means there’s a spot in the codebase where it’s got the parsed bytes. We can insert a tiny bit of code, just 20 instructions, to write the parsed bytes to a log file before checking their validity.”

“This sounds promising...” Venkat said.

“It is!” Jack said excitedly. “First, we update Pathfinder with our replacement OS. Then, we tell Watney exactly how to hack the rover software to add those 20 instructions. Then we broadcast the rover’s patch to Pathfinder, which re-broadcasts it to the rover. The rover logs the bytes to a file. Finally, Watney launches the file as an executable and it patches the rover software!”

Venkat furrowed his brow, taking in far more information than his sleep-deprived mind wanted to accept.

“Um,” Jack said. “You’re not cheering or dancing.”

“So we just need to send Watney those 20 instructions?” Venkat asked.

“That, and how to edit the files. And where to insert the instructions in the files.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that!”

Venkat was silent for a moment. “Jack. I’m going to buy your whole team autographed Star Trek memorabilia.”

“I prefer Star Wars.”

“Hello?”

“I need a picture of Watney.”

“Hi, Annie. Nice to hear from you, too. How are things back in Houston?”

“Cut the shit, Venkat. I need a picture.”

“It’s not that simple,” Venkat explained.

“You’re talking to him with a fucking camera. How hard can it be?”

“We spell out our message, wait 20 minutes and *then* take a picture. Watney’s back in the Hab by then.”

“So tell him to be around when you take the next picture,” Annie demanded.

“We can only send one message per hour, and only when Acidalia Planitia is facing Earth,” Venkat said. “We’re not going to waste a message just to tell him to pose for a photo. Besides, he’ll be in his EVA suit. You won’t even be able to see his face.”

“I need something, Venkat,” Annie said. “You’ve been in contact for 24 hours and the media is going ape shit. They want an image for the story. It’ll be on every news site in the world.”

“You have the pictures of his notes. Make do with that.”

“Not enough,” Annie said. “The press is crawling down my throat for this. And up my ass. Both directions, Venkat! They’re gonna meet in the middle!”

“It’ll have to wait a few days. We’re going to try and link Pathfinder to the rover computer-“

“A few days!?” Annie gasped. “This is all anyone cares about right now. In the world. You see what I’m getting at? This is the biggest story since Apollo 13. Give me a fucking picture!”

Venkat sighed. “I’ll try to get it tomorrow.”

“Great!” She said. “Looking forward to it.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 98

I have to be watching the camera when it spells shit out. It’s half a byte at a time. So I watch a pair of numbers, then look them up on an ASCII cheat-sheet I made. That’s one letter.

I don’t want to forget any letters, so I scrape them in to the dirt with a rod.

The process of looking up a letter and scraping it in the dirt takes a couple of seconds. Sometimes when I look back at the camera, I've missed a number. I can usually guess it from context, but other times I just miss out.

Today I got up hours earlier than I needed to. It was like Christmas morning! I could hardly wait for 08:00 to roll around. I had breakfast, did some unnecessary checks on Hab equipment, and read some Poirot. Finally the time came!

“CNHAKRVR2TLK2PTHFDRPRP4LONGMSG”

Yeah. Took me a minute. “Can hack rover to talk to Pathfinder. Prepare for long message.”

That took some mental gymnastics to work out. But it was great news! If we could get that set up, we'd only be limited by transmission time! I set up a note that said “Roger.”

Not sure what they meant by “long message” but I figured I better be ready. I went out 15 minutes before the top of the hour and smoothed out a big area of dirt. I found the longest antenna rod I had, so I could reach in to the smooth area without having to step on it.

Then I stood by. Waiting.

At exactly the top of the hour, the message came.

“LNCHhexiditONRVRCMP,OPENFILE-/usr/lib/habcomm.so-
SCROLLTILIDXON
LFTIS:2AAE5,OVRWRT141BYTSWTHDATAWE'LLSNDNXTMSG,STA
W4NXTPIC20MINFTERTHSDONE”

Jesus. Ok...

They want me to launch ‘hexedit’ on the rover’s computer, then open the file /usr/lib/habcomm.so, scroll until the index reading on the left of the screen is 2AAE5, then replace the bytes there with a 141 byte sequence NASA will send in the next message. Fair enough.

Also, for some reason, they want me to hang around for the next pic. Not sure why. You can't see any part of me when I'm in the suit. Even the faceplate would reflect too much light. Still, it's what they want.

I went back in and copied down the message for future reference. Then I wrote a short note and came back out. Usually I'd pin up the note and go back in. But this time I had to hang around for a photo op.

I gave the camera a thumb's-up to go along with my note, which said “Ayyyyyy!”

Blame the '70's TV.

“I ask for a picture and I get The Fonz?” Annie admonished.

“You got your picture, quit bitching,” Venkat said, cradling the phone on his shoulder. He paid more attention to the schematics in front of him than the conversation.

“Ayyyyyy!” Annie mocked. “Why would he do that?”

“Have you *met* Mark Watney?”

“Fine, fine,” Annie said. “But I want a pic of his face ASAP.”

“Can’t do that.”

“Why not?”

“Because if he takes off his helmet, he’ll die. Annie, I have to go, one of the JPL programmers is here and it’s urgent. Bye!”

“But-“ Annie said as he hung up.

Jack, in the doorway, said “It’s not urgent.”

“Yeah, I know,” Venkat said. “What can I do for you?”

“We were thinking,” Jack began, “This rover hack might get kind of detailed. We may have to do a bunch of back-and-forth communication with Watney.”

“That’s fine,” Venkat said. “Take your time, do it right.”

“We could get things done faster with a shorter transmission time,” Jack said.

Venkat gave him a puzzled look. “Do you have a plan for moving Earth and Mars closer together?”

“Earth doesn’t have to be involved,” Jack said. “Hermes is 73 million km from Mars right now. Only 4 light-minutes away. Beth Johanssen is a great programmer. She could talk Mark through it.”

“Out of the question,” Venkat said.

“She’s the mission Sysop,” Jack pressed on, “This is her exact area of expertise.”

“Can’t do it, Jack. The crew still doesn’t know.”

“What is with you? Why won’t you just tell them?”

“Watney’s not my only responsibility,” Venkat said. “I’ve got five other astronauts in deep space, who have to concentrate on their return trip. Nobody thinks about it, but statistically they’re in more danger than Watney right now. He’s on a planet. They’re in space.”

Jack raised his arms. “Fine, we’ll do it the slow way.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 98 (2)

Ever transcribed 141 random bytes, one half of a byte at a time?

It's boring. And it's tricky when you don't have a pen.

Earlier, I had just written letters in the sand. But this time, I needed a way to get the numbers on to something portable. My first plan was: Use a laptop!

Each crewman had their own laptop. So I have six at my disposal. Rather, I "had" six. I now have five. I thought a laptop would be fine outside. It's just electronics, right? It'll keep warm enough to operate in the short term, and it doesn't need air for anything.

It died instantly. The screen went black before I was out of the airlock. Turns out the "L" in "LCD" stands for "Liquid." I guess it either froze or boiled off. Maybe I'll post a consumer review. "Brought product to surface of Mars. It stopped working. 0/10."

So I used a camera. I've got lots of them, specially made for working on Mars. I wrote the bytes in the sand as they came in, took a picture, then transcribed them in the Hab.

It's night now, so no more messages. Tomorrow, I'll enter this in to the rover and the geeks at JPL can take it from there.

"Come on up here, Jack," said Venkat. "You get to be the most Timward today."

"Thanks," said Jack, taking Venkat's place next to Tim. "Heya, Tim!"

"Jack," said Tim.

"How long will the patch take?" Venkat asked.

"Should be pretty much instant," Jack answered. "Watney entered the hack earlier today, and we confirmed it worked. We updated Pathfinder's OS without any problems. We sent the rover patch, which Pathfinder rebroadcast. Once Watney executes the patch and reboots the rover, we should get a connection."

"Jesus what a complicated process," Venkat said.

"Try updating a Linux server some time," Jack said.

After a moment of silence, Tim said "You know he was telling a joke, right? That was supposed to be funny."

“Oh,” said Venkat. “I’m a physics guy, not a computer guy.”

“He’s not funny to computer guys either.”

“You’re a very unpleasant man, Tim,” Jack said.

“System’s online,” said Tim.

“What?”

“It’s online. FYI.”

“Holy crap!” Jack said.

“It worked!” Venkat announced to the room.

[11:18]JPL: Mark, this is Venkat Kapoor. We’ve been watching you since Sol 49. The whole world’s been rooting for you. Amazing job, getting Pathfinder. We’re working on rescue plans. JPL is adjusting Ares 4’s MDV to do a short overland flight. They’ll pick you up, then take you with them to Schiaparelli. We’re putting together a supply mission to keep you fed till Ares 4 arrives.

[11:29]WATNEY: Glad to hear it. Really looking forward to not dying. I want to make it clear it wasn’t the crew’s fault. Side question: What did they say when they found out I was alive? Also, “Hi, mom!”

[11:41]JPL: Tell us about your “crops”. We estimated your food packs would last until Sol 400 at 3/4 ration per meal. Will your crops affect that number? As to your question: We haven’t told the crew you’re alive yet. We wanted them to concentrate on their own mission.

[11:52]WATNEY: The crops are potatoes, grown from the ones we were supposed to prepare on Thanksgiving. They’re doing great, but the available farmland isn’t enough for sustainability. I’ll run out food around Sol 900. Also: Tell the crew I’m alive! What the fuck is wrong with you?

[12:04]JPL: We’ll get botanists in to ask detailed questions and double-check your work. Your

life is at stake, so we want to be sure. Sol 900 is great news. It'll give us a lot more time to get the supply mission together. Also, please watch your language. Everything you type is being broadcast live all over the world.

[12:15]WATNEY: Look! A pair of boobs! -> (.Y.)

“Thank you, Mr. President,” Teddy said in to the phone. “I appreciate the call, and I’ll pass your congratulations on to the whole organization.”

Hanging up, he saw Mitch Henderson in the doorway.

“This a good time?” Mitch asked.

“Come in, Mitch,” Teddy said. “Have a seat.”

“Thanks,” Mitch said, sitting in a fine leather couch. “Good day today!”

“Yes, it was,” Teddy agreed. “Another step closer to getting Watney back alive.”

“Yeah, about that,” said Mitch. “You probably know why I’m here.”

“I can take a guess,” said Teddy. “You want to tell the crew Watney’s alive.”

“Yes,” Mitch said.

“And you’re bringing this up with me while Venkat is in Pasadena, so he can’t argue the other side.”

“I shouldn’t have to clear this with you or Venkat or anyone else. I’m the flight director. It should have been my call from the beginning, but you two stepped in and overrode me. Ignoring all that, we agreed we’d tell them when there was hope. And now there’s hope. We’ve got communication, we have a plan for rescue in the works, and his farm buys us enough time to get him supplies.”

“Ok, tell them.” Teddy said.

Mitch paused. “Just like that?”

“I knew you’d be here sooner or later, so I already thought it through and decided. Go ahead and tell them.”

Mitch stood up. “All right. Thanks,” he said as he left the office.

Teddy swiveled in his chair and looked out his windows to the night sky. He pondered the faint, red dot amongst the stars. “Hang in there Watney,” he said to no one. “We’re coming.”

Chapter 12

Watney slept peacefully in his bunk. He shifted slightly as some pleasant dream put a smile on his face. The previous day had been particularly labor-intensive, so he slept deeper and better than he had in a long time.

“Good morning crew!” Lewis called out. “It’s a brand new day! Up and at ‘em!”

Watney added his voice to a chorus of groans.

“Come on,” Lewis prodded, “no bitching. You got 40 minutes more sleep than you would’ve on Earth.”

Martinez was first out of his bunk. An Air-Force man, he could match Lewis’s Navy schedule with ease. “Morning, Commander,” he said crisply.

Johanssen sat up, but made no further move toward the harsh world outside her blankets. A career software-engineer, mornings were never her forte.

Vogel slowly lumbered from his bunk, checking his watch. He wordlessly pulled on his jumpsuit, smoothing out what wrinkles he could. He sighed inwardly at the grimy feeling of another day without a shower.

Watney turned away from the noise, hugging a pillow to his head. “Noisy people go away,” he mumbled.

“Beck!” Martinez called out, shaking the mission’s doctor. “Rise and shine, bud!”

“Yeah, ok,” Beck said blearily.

Johanssen fell out of her bunk, then remained on the floor.

Pulling the pillow from Watney’s hands, Lewis said “Let’s move, Watney! Uncle Sam paid \$100,000 for every second we’ll be here.”

“Bad woman take pillow,” Watney groaned, unwilling to open his eyes.

“Back on Earth, I’ve tipped 200-pound men out of their bunks. Want to see what I can do in 0.4g?”

“No, not really,” Watney said, sitting up.

Having roused the troops, Lewis sat at the comm station to check overnight messages from Houston.

Watney shuffled to the ration cupboard and grabbed a breakfast at random.

“Hand me an ‘eggs’, will ya,” Martinez said.

“You can tell the difference?” Watney said, passing Martinez a pack.

“Not really,” Martinez said.

“Beck, what’ll you have?” Watney continued.

“Don’t care,” Beck said. “Give me whatever.”

Watney tossed a pack to him.

“Vogel, your usual sausages?”

“Ja, please,” Vogel responded.

“You know you’re a stereotype, right?”

“I am comfortable with that,” Vogel replied, taking the proffered breakfast.

“Hey Sunshine,” Watney called to Johanssen. “Eating breakfast today?”

“Mnrrn,” Johanssen grunted.

“Pretty sure that’s a no,” Watney guessed.

The crew ate in silence. Johanssen eventually trudged to the ration cupboard and got a coffee packet. Clumsily adding hot water, she sipped it until wakefulness crept in.

“Mission updates from Houston,” Lewis said. “Satellites show a storm coming, but we can do surface ops before it gets here. Vogel, Martinez, you’ll be with me outside. Johanssen, you’re stuck tracking weather reports. Watney, your soil experiments are bumped up to today. Beck, run the samples from yesterday’s EVA through the spectrometer.”

“Should you really go out with a storm on the way?” Beck asked.

“Houston authorized it,” Lewis said.

“Seems needlessly dangerous.”

“Coming to Mars was needlessly dangerous,” Lewis said. “What’s your point?”

Beck shrugged. “Just be careful.”

Three figures looked eastward. Their bulky EVA suits rendered them nearly identical. Only the European Union flag on Vogel’s shoulder distinguished him from Lewis and Martinez, who donned the Stars and Stripes.

The darkness to the east undulated and flickered in the rays of the rising sun.

“The storm.” Vogel said in his accented English. “It is closer than Houston reported.”

“We’ve got time,” Lewis said. “Focus on the task at hand. This EVA’s all

about chemical analysis. Vogel, you're the chemist, so you're in charge of what we dig up."

"Ja," Vogel said. "Please dig 30 centimeters and get soil samples. At least 100 grams each. Very important is 30 centimeters down."

"Will do." Lewis said. "Stay within 100 meters of the Hab," she added.

"Mm," Vogel said.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Martinez.

They split up. Greatly improved since the days of Apollo, Ares EVA suits allowed much more freedom of motion. Digging, bending over, and bagging samples were trivial tasks.

After a time, Lewis asked "How many samples do you need?"

"Seven each, perhaps?"

"That's fine," Lewis confirmed. "I've got four so far."

"Five here," Martinez said. "Of course, we can't expect the Navy to keep up with the Air Force, now can we?"

"So that's how you want to play it?" Lewis said.

"Just call 'em as I see 'em Commander."

"Johanssen here," came the sysop's voice over the radio. "Houston's upgraded the storm to 'severe'. It's going to be here in 15 minutes."

"Back to base," Lewis said.

The Hab shook in the roaring wind as the astronauts huddled in the center. All six of them donned their EVA suits in case of a breach. Johanssen watched her laptop while the rest watched her.

"Sustained winds over 100kph now," she said. "Gusting to 125."

"Jesus, we're gonna end up in Oz," Watney said. "What's the abort windspeed?"

"Technically 150kph," Martinez said. "Any more than that and the MAV's in danger of tipping."

"Any predictions on the storm track?" Lewis asked.

"This is the edge of it," Johanssen said, staring at her screen. "It's gonna get worse before it gets better."

The Hab canvas rippled under the brutal assault as the internal supports bent and shivered with each gust. The cacophony grew louder by the minute.

"All right," Lewis said. "Prep for abort. We'll go to the MAV and hope for the best. If the wind gets too high, we'll launch."

Leaving the Hab in pairs, they grouped up outside airlock 1. The driving

wind and sand battered them, but they were able to stay on their feet.

“Visibility is almost zero,” Lewis said. “If you get lost, home in on my suit’s telemetry. The wind’s gonna be rougher away from the Hab, so be ready.”

Pressing through the gale, they stumbled toward the MAV.

“Hey,” Watney panted, “Maybe we could shore up the MAV. Make tipping less likely.”

“How?” Lewis huffed.

“We could use cables from the solar farm as guy lines.” He wheezed for a few moments, then continued. “The rovers could be anchors. The trick would be getting the line around the—“

Flying wreckage slammed Watney, carrying him off in to the wind.

“Watney!” Johanssen exclaimed.

“What happened?” Lewis said.

“Something hit him!” Johanssen reported.

“Watney, report,” Lewis said.

No reply.

“Watney, report,” Lewis repeated.

Again, she was met with silence.

“He’s offline,” Johanssen reported. “I don’t know where he is!”

“Commander,” Beck said, “Before we lost telemetry, his decompression alarm went off!”

“Shit!” Lewis exclaimed. “Johanssen where did you last see him?”

“He was right in front of me and then he was gone,” she said. “He flew off due west.”

“Ok,” Lewis said. “Martinez, get to the MAV and prep for launch. Everyone else, home in on Johanssen.”

“Doctor Beck,” Vogel said as he stumbled through the storm, “How long can a person survive decompression?”

“Less than a minute,” Beck said, emotion choking his voice.

“I can’t see anything,” Johanssen said as the crew crowded around her.

“Line up and walk west,” Lewis commanded. “Small steps. He’s probably prone; we don’t want to step over him.”

Staying in sight of one another, they trudged through the chaos.

Martinez fell in to the MAV airlock and forced it closed against the wind. Once it pressurized he quickly doffed his suit. Climbing the ladder to the crew compartment, he slid in to the pilot’s couch and booted the system.

Grabbing the emergency-launch checklist with one hand, he flicked switches rapidly with the other. One by one, the systems reported flight-ready status. As they came online, he noted one in particular.

“Commander,” he radioed, “The MAV’s got a 7 degree tilt. It’ll tip at 12.3.”

“Copy that,” Lewis said.

“Johanssen,” Beck said, looking at his arm computer, “Watney’s bio-monitor sent something before going offline. My computer just says ‘Bad Packet.’”

“I have it, too,” Johanssen said. “It didn’t finish transmitting. Some data’s missing and there’s no checksum. Gimme a sec.”

“Commander,” Martinez said. “Message from Houston. We’re officially scrubbed. The storm’s definitely gonna be too rough.”

“Copy,” Lewis said.

“They sent that four and a half minutes ago,” Martinez continued, “while looking at satellite data from nine minutes ago.”

“Understood,” Lewis said. “Continue prepping for launch.”

“Copy,” Martinez said.

“Beck,” Johanssen said. “I have the raw packet. It’s plaintext: BP 0, PR 0, TP 36.2. That’s as far as it got.”

“Copy,” Beck said morosely. “Blood pressure 0, pulse rate 0, temperature normal.”

The channel fell silent for some time. They continued pressing forward, shuffling through the sandstorm, hoping for a miracle.

“Temperature normal?” Lewis said, a hint of hope in her voice.

“It takes a while for the-“ Beck stammered. “It takes a while to cool.”

“Commander,” Martinez said. “Tilting at 10.5 degrees now, with gusts pushing it to 11.”

“Copy,” Lewis said. “Are you at pilot-release?”

“Affirmative,” Martinez replied. “I can launch any time.”

“If it tips, can you launch before it falls completely over?”

“Uh,” Martinez said, not expecting the question. “Yes Ma’am. I’d take manual control and go full throttle. Then I’d nose up and return to pre-programmed ascent.”

“Copy that,” Lewis said. “Everyone home in on Martinez’s suit. That’ll get you to the MAV airlock. Get in and prep for launch.”

“What about you, Commander?” Beck asked.

“I’m searching a little more. Get moving. And Martinez, if you start to tip, launch.”

“You really think I’ll leave you behind?” Martinez said.

“I just ordered you to,” Lewis replied. “You three, get to the ship.”

They reluctantly obeyed Lewis’s order, and made their way toward the MAV. The punishing wind fought them every step of the way.

Unable to see the ground, Lewis shuffled forward. Remembering something, she reached to her back and got a pair of rock-drill bits. She had added the 1-meter bits to her equipment that morning, anticipating geological sampling later in the day. Holding one in each hand, she dragged them along the ground as she walked.

After 20 meters, she turned around and walked the opposite direction. Walking a straight line proved to be impossible. Not only did she lack visual references, the endless wind pushed her off course. The sheer volume of attacking sand buried her feet with each step. Grunting, she pressed on.

Beck, Johanssen, and Vogel squeezed in to the MAV airlock. Designed for two, it could be used by three in emergencies. As it equalized, Lewis’s voice came over the radio.

“Johanssen,” she said. “Would the rover IR camera do any good?”

“Negative,” Johanssen replied. “IR can’t get through sand any better than visible light.”

“What’s she thinking?” Beck asked after removing his helmet. “She’s a geologist. She knows IR can’t get through a sandstorm.”

“She is grasping,” Vogel said, opening the inner door. “We must get to the couches. Please hurry.”

“I don’t feel good about this,” Beck said.

“Neither do I, Doctor,” said Vogel, climbing the ladder. “But the Commander has given us orders. Insubordination will not help.”

“Commander,” Martinez radioed, “We’re tilting 11.6 degrees. One good gust and we’re tipping.”

“What about the proximity radar?” Lewis said, “Could it detect Watney’s suit?”

“No way,” Martinez said. “It’s made to see Hermes in orbit, not the metal in a single space suit.”

“Give it a try,” Lewis said.

“Commander,” said Beck, putting on a headset as he slid in to his acceleration couch. “I know you don’t want to hear this, but Watn-... Mark’s

dead.”

“Copy,” Lewis said. “Martinez, try the radar.”

“Roger,” Martinez radioed.

Bringing the radar online, he waited for it to complete a self check.

Glaring at Beck, he said “What’s the matter with you?”

“My friend just died,” Beck answered. “And I don’t want my Commander to die too.”

Martinez gave him a stern look. Turning his attention back to the radar, he radioed “Negative contact on proximity radar.”

“Nothing?” Lewis asked.

“It can barely see the Hab,” he replied. “The sandstorm’s fucking things up. Even if it wasn’t, there’s not enough metal in- Shit!”

“Strap in!” he yelled to the crew. “We’re tipping!”

The MAV began to creaking as it tilted faster and faster.

“13 degrees,” Johanssen called out from her couch.

Buckling his restraints, Vogel said “We are far past balance. We will not rock back.”

“We can’t leave her!” Beck yelled. “Let it tip, we’ll fix it!”

“32 metric tons including fuel,” Martinez said, his hands flying over the controls. “If it hits the ground, it’ll do structural damage to the tanks, frame, and probably the second stage engine. We’d never be able to fix it.”

“You can’t abandon her!” Beck said. “You can’t.”

“I’ve got one trick. If that doesn’t work, I’m following her orders.”

Bringing the Orbital Maneuvering System online, he fired a sustained burn from the nosecone array. The small thrusters fought against the lumbering mass of the slowly tilting spacecraft.

“You are firing the OMS?” Vogel asked.

“I don’t know if it’ll work. We’re not tipping very fast,” Martinez said. “I think it’s slowing down...”

“The aerodynamic caps will have automatically ejected.” Vogel said. “It will be a bumpy ascent with three holes in the side of the ship.”

“Thanks for the tip,” Martinez said, maintaining the burn and watching the tilt readout. “C’mon...”

“Still 13 degrees,” Johanssen reported.

“What’s going on up there?” Lewis radioed. “You went quiet. Respond.”

“Standby,” Martinez replied.

“12.9 degrees,” Johanssen said.

“It is working,” Vogel said.

“For now,” Martinez said. “I don’t know if maneuvering fuel will last.”

“12.8 now,” Johanssen supplied.

“OMS fuel at 60 percent,” Beck said. “How much do you need to dock with Hermes?”

“10 percent if I don’t fuck anything up,” Martinez said, adjusting the thrust angle.

“12.6,” Johanssen said. “We’re tipping back.”

“Or the wind died down a little,” Beck postulated. “Fuel at 45 percent.”

“There is danger of damage to the vents,” Vogel cautioned. “The OMS was not made for prolonged thrusts,”

“I know,” Martinez said. “I can dock without nose vents if I have to.”

“Almost there...” Johanssen said. “Ok we’re under 12.3.”

“OMS cutoff,” Martinez announced, terminating the burn.

“Still tipping back,” Johanssen said. “11.6... 11.5... holding at 11.5”

“OMS Fuel at 22 percent,” Beck said.

“Yeah, I see that,” Martinez replied. “It’ll be enough.”

“Commander,” Beck radioed. “You need to get to the ship now.”

“Agreed,” Martinez radioed. “He’s gone, Ma’am. Watney’s gone.”

The four crewmates awaited their commander’s response.

“Copy,” she finally replied. “On my way.”

They lay in silence, strapped to their couches and ready for launch. Beck looked at Watney’s empty couch and saw Vogel doing the same. Martinez ran a self-check on the nosecone OMS thrusters. They were no longer safe for use. He noted the malfunction in his log.

The airlock cycled. After removing her suit, Lewis made her way to the flight cabin. She wordlessly strapped in to her couch, her face a frozen mask. Only Martinez dared speak.

“Still at pilot release,” he said quietly. “Ready for launch.”

Lewis closed her eyes and nodded.

“I’m sorry, Commander,” Martinez said. “You need to verbally-”

“Launch,” she said.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied, activating the sequence.

The retaining clamps ejected from the launch gantry, falling to the ground. Seconds later, preignition pyros fired, igniting the main engines, and the MAV lurched upward.

The ship slowly gained speed. As it did, wind-shear blew it laterally off

course. Sensing the problem, the ascent software angled the ship in to the wind to counteract it.

As fuel was consumed, the ship got lighter, and the acceleration more pronounced. Rising at this exponential rate, the craft quickly reached maximum acceleration. A limit defined not by the ship's power, but by the delicate human bodies inside.

As the ship soared, the open OMS ports took their toll. The crew rocked in their couches as the craft shook violently. Martinez and the ascent software kept it trim, though it was a constant battle. The turbulence tapered off and eventually fell to nothing as the atmosphere became thinner and thinner.

Suddenly, all force stopped. The first stage had completed. The crew experienced weightlessness for several seconds, then were pressed back in to their couches as the next stage began. Outside, the now-empty first stage fell away, eventually to crash on some unknown area of the planet below.

The second stage pushed the ship ever higher, and in to low orbit. Lasting less time than the massive first stage, and running much smoother, it seemed almost like an afterthought.

Abruptly, the engine stopped, and an oppressive calm replaced the previous cacophony.

"Main engine shutdown," Martinez said. "Ascent time: 8 minutes, 14 seconds. On course for Hermes intercept."

Normally, an incident-free launch would be cause for celebration. This one earned only silence broken by Johanssen's gentle sobbing.

Four months later...

NASA was loathe to waste research time. Trips to and from Mars were as busy as surface operations. The crew had almost caught up with the backlog of work. The schedule had been made for six, not five.

Beck tried not to think about the painful reason he was doing zero-g plant growth experiments. He noted the size and shape of the fern leaves, took photos, and made notes.

Having completed his science schedule for the day, he checked his watch. Perfect timing. The data dump would be completing soon. He floated past the reactor to the Semicone-A ladder.

Traveling feet-first along the ladder, he soon had to grip it in earnest as the centripetal force of the rotating ship took hold. By the time he reached

Semicone-A he was at 0.4g.

No mere luxury, the artificial gravity kept them fit. Without it, they would have spent their first week on Mars barely able to walk. Exercise regimens could keep the heart and bones healthy, but none had been devised that would give them full function from Sol 1.

Because the ship was already designed for it, they used the system on the return trip as well.

Johanssen sat at her station. Lewis sat in the adjacent seat while Vogel and Martinez hovered nearby. The data dump carried emails and videos from home. It was the high point of the day.

“Is it here yet?” Beck asked as he entered the bridge.

“Almost,” Johanssen said. “98%.”

“You’re looking cheerful, Martinez,” Beck said.

“My son turned three yesterday,” He beamed. “Should be some pics of the party. How about you?”

“Nothing special,” Beck said. “Peer-reviews of a paper I wrote a few years back.”

“Complete,” Johanssen said. “All the personal emails are dispatched to your laptops. Also there’s a telemetry update for Vogel and a system update for me. Huh... there’s a voice message addressed to the whole crew.”

She looked over her shoulder to Lewis.

Lewis shrugged. “Play it.”

Johanssen opened the message, then sat back.

“Hermes, this is Mitch Henderson,” the message began.

“Henderson?” Martinez said, puzzled. “Talking directly to us without CAPCOM?”

Lewis held her hand up to signal for silence.

“I have some news,” Mitch’s voice continued, “There’s no subtle way to put this: Mark Watney’s still alive.”

Johanssen gasped.

“Wha-“ Beck stammered.

Vogel stood agape as a shocked expression swept across his face.

Martinez looked to Lewis. She leaned forward and pinched her chin.

“I know that’s a surprise,” Mitch continued. “And I know you’ll have a lot of questions. We’re going to answer those questions. But for now I’ll just give you the basics.

“He’s alive and healthy. We found out two months ago and decided not to

tell you; we even censored personal messages. I was *strongly* against all that. We're telling you now because we finally have communication with him and a viable rescue plan. It boils down to Ares 4 picking him up with a modified MDV.

"We'll get you a full write-up of what happened, but it's definitely not your fault. Mark stresses that every time it comes up. It was just bad luck.

"Take some time to absorb this. Your science schedules are cleared for tomorrow. Send all the questions you want and we'll answer them. Henderson out."

The message's end brought stunned silence to the bridge.

"He...He's alive?" Martinez said, then smiled.

Vogel nodded excitedly. "He lives."

Johanssen stared at her screen in wide-eyed disbelief.

"Holy shit," Beck laughed. "Holy shit! Commander! He's alive!"

"I left him behind," Lewis said quietly.

The celebrations ceased immediately as the crew saw their commander's inconsolable expression.

"But," Beck began, "We all left together--"

"You followed orders," Lewis interrupted. "I left him behind. In a barren, unreachable, godforsaken wasteland."

Beck looked to Martinez pleadingly. Martinez opened his mouth, but could find no words to say.

Lewis trudged off the bridge.

Chapter 13

The employees of Deyo Plastics worked double shifts. There was talk of triple shifts if NASA increased the order again. No one minded. The overtime pay was spectacular and the funding was limitless.

Woven carbon thread ran slowly through the press, which sandwiched it between polymer sheets. The completed material was folded four times and glued together. The resulting thick sheet was then coated with soft resin, and taken to the hot-room to set.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 114

Now that NASA can talk to me, they won't shut the hell up.

They want constant updates on every Hab system, and they've got a room full of people trying to micromanage my crops. It's *awesome* to have a bunch of dipshits on Earth telling me, a botanist, how to grow plants.

I mostly ignore them. I don't want to come off as arrogant here, but I'm the best botanist on the planet.

One big bonus: Email! Just like the days back on Hermes, I get data dumps. Of course they relay email from friends and family, but NASA also sends along choice messages from the public. I've gotten email from rock stars, athletes, actors and actresses, and even the President.

The coolest one is from my alma-mater, the University of Chicago. They say once you grow crops somewhere, you have officially "colonized" it. So technically, I colonized Mars.

In your *face*, Neil Armstrong!

I go to the rover five times a day to check mail. They can get a message from Earth to Mars, but they can't get it another 10 meters to the Hab. But hey, I can't bitch. My odds of living through this are way higher now.

Last I heard, they solved the weight problem on Ares 4's MDV. Once it lands here, they'll ditch the heat shield, all the life support stuff, and a bunch of empty fuel tanks. Then they can take the seven of us (Ares 4's crew plus me) all the way to Schiaparelli. They're already working on my duties for the surface ops. How cool is that?

In other news, I'm learning Morse Code. Why? Because it's our back-up communication system. NASA figured a decades-old probe isn't ideal as a sole means of communication.

If Pathfinder craps out, I'll spell messages with rocks, which NASA will see with satellites. They can't reply, but at least we'd have one-way communication. Why Morse Code? Because making dots and dashes with rocks is a lot easier than making letters.

It's a shitty way to communicate. Hopefully it won't come up.

All chemical reactions complete, the sheet was sterilized and moved to a cleanroom. There, a worker cut a strip off the edge. Dividing the strip in to squares, he put each through a series of rigorous tests.

Having passed inspection, the sheet was then cut to shape. The edges were folded over, sewn, and resealed with resin. A man with a clipboard made final inspections, independently verifying the measurements, then approved it for use.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 115

The meddling botanists have grudgingly admitted I did a good job. They agree I'll have enough food to last till Sol 900. Bearing that in mind, NASA has fleshed out the mission details of the supply probe.

At first, they were working on a desperate plan to get a probe here before Sol 400. But I bought another 500 sols of life with my potato farm so they have more time to work on it.

They'll launch next year during the Hohmann Transfer Window, and it'll take almost 9 months to get here. It should arrive around Sol 856. It'll have plenty of food, a spare Oxygenator, Water Reclaimer, and comm system. Three comm systems, actually. I guess they aren't taking any chances, what with my habit of being nearby when radios break.

Got my first email from Hermes today. NASA's been limiting direct contact. I guess they're afraid I'll say something like "You abandoned me on Mars you fuckwits!" I know the crew is surprised to hear from the Ghost of Mars Missions Past, but c'mon. I wish NASA was less of a nanny sometimes. Anyway, they finally let one email through from Martinez:

Dear Watney: Sorry we left you behind, but we don't like you. You're sort of a smart-ass. And it's a lot roomier on Hermes without you. We have to take turns doing your tasks, but it's only botany (not real science) so it's easy. How's Mars?

-Martinez

My reply:

Dear Martinez: Mars is fine. When I get lonely I think of that steamy night I spent with your mom. How are things on Hermes? Cramped and claustrophobic? Yesterday I went outside and looked at the vast horizons. I tell ya, Martinez, they go on forever!

-Watney

The employees carefully folded the sheet, and placed it in an argon-filled airtight shipping container. Printing out a sticker, the man with the clipboard placed it on the package. "Project Ares-3; Hab Canvas; Sheet AL102."

The package was placed on a charter plane and flown to Edwards Air Force Base in California. It flew abnormally high, at great cost of fuel, to ensure a smoother flight.

Upon arrival, the package was carefully transported by special convoy to Pasadena. Once there, it was moved to the JPL White Room for probe assembly. Over the next 5 weeks, engineers in white bodysuits assembled Presupply 309. It contained AL102 as well as 12 other Hab Canvas packages.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 116

It's almost time for the second harvest.

Ayup.

I wish I had a straw hat and some suspenders.

My re-seed of the potatoes went well. I'm beginning to see that crops on

Mars are extremely prolific, thanks to the billions of dollars worth of life support equipment around me. I now have 400 healthy potato plants, each one making lots of calorie-filled taters for my dining enjoyment. In just ten days they'll be ripe!

And this time, I'm not replanting them as seed. This is my food supply. All natural, organic, Martian-grown potatoes. Don't hear that every day, do you?

You may be wondering how I'll store them. I can't just pile them up; most of them would go bad before I got around to eating them. So instead, I'll do something that wouldn't work at all on Earth: Throw them outside.

Most of the water will be sucked out by the near-vacuum; what's left will freeze solid. Any bacteria planning to rot my taters will die screaming.

In other news, I got email from Venkat Kapoor:

Mark, some answers to your earlier questions:

No, we will not tell our Botany Team to "Go fuck themselves." I understand you've been on your own for a long time, but we're in the loop now, and it's best if you listen to what we have to say.

The Cubs finished the season at the bottom of the NL Central.

The data transfer rate just isn't good enough for the size of music files, even in compressed formats. So your request for "Anything, oh god ANYTHING but Disco" is denied. Enjoy your boogie fever.

Also, an uncomfortable side note... NASA is putting together a committee. They want to see if there were any avoidable mistakes that led you to being stranded. Just a heads-up. They may have questions for you later on.

Keep us posted on your activities.

-Kapoor

My reply:

Venkat, tell the investigation committee they'll have to do their witch-hunt without me. And when

they inevitably blame Commander Lewis, be advised I'll publicly refute it.

Also please tell them that each and every one of their mothers are prostitutes.

-Watney

PS: Their sisters, too.

The presupply probes for Ares-3 launched on 14 consecutive days during the Hohmann Transfer window. Presupply 309 was launched third. The 251 day trip to Mars was uneventful, needing only two minor course adjustments.

After several aerobraking maneuvers to slow down, it made its final descent toward Acidalia Planitia. First, it endured reentry via a heat shield. Later, it released a parachute and detached the now expended shield.

Once its onboard radar detected it was 30 meters from the ground, it cut loose the parachute and inflated balloons all around its hull. It fell unceremoniously to the surface, bouncing and rolling, until it finally came to rest.

Deflating its balloons, the onboard computer reported the successful landing back to Earth.

Then it waited 23 months.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 117

The Water Reclaimer is acting up.

Six people will go through 18 liters of water per day. So it's made to process 20. But lately, it hasn't been keeping up. It's doing 10, tops.

Do I generate 10 liters of water per day? No, I'm not the urinating champion of all time. It's the crops. The humidity inside the Hab is a lot higher than it was designed for, so the Water Reclaimer is constantly filtering it out of the air.

I'm not worried about it. Water is water. The plants use it, I use it. If need be, I can piss on the plants directly. It'll evaporate and condense on the walls. I could make something to collect it, I'm sure. Thing is, the water can't go anywhere. It's a closed system. Plus, I made like 600 liters from MDV fuel

(remember the “explosive Hab” incident?). I could take *baths* and still have plenty left over.

NASA, however, is absolutely shitting itself. They see the Water Reclaimer as a critical survival element. There’s no backup, and they think I’ll die instantly without it. To them, equipment failure is terrifying. To me, it’s “Tuesday.”

So instead of preparing for my harvest, I have to make extra trips to and from the rover to answer their questions. Each new message instructs me to try some new solution and report the results back.

So far we’ve worked out it’s not the electronics, refrigeration system, instrumentation, or temperature. I’m sure it’ll turn out to be a little hole somewhere, then NASA will have 4 hours of meetings before telling me to cover it with duct tape.

Lewis and Beck opened Presupply 309. Working as best they could in their bulky EVA suits, they removed the various portions of Hab canvas and lay them on the ground. Three entire presupply probes were dedicated to the Hab.

Following a procedure they had practiced hundreds of times, they efficiently assembled the pieces. Special seal-strips between the patches ensured air-tight mating.

After erecting the main structure of the Hab, they assembled the three airlocks. Sheet AL102 had a hole perfectly sized for Airlock 1. Beck stretched the sheet tight to the seal-strips on the airlock’s exterior.

Once all airlocks were in place, Lewis flooded the Hab with air and AL102 felt pressure for the first time. They waited an hour. No pressure was lost; the setup had been perfect.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 118

My conversation with NASA about the Water Reclaimer was boring and riddled with technical details. So I’ll paraphrase it for you:

Me: “This is obviously a clog. How about I take the it apart and check the internal tubing?”

NASA: (After 5 hours of deliberation) “No. You’ll fuck it up and die.”

So I took it apart.

Yeah, I know. NASA has a lot of ultra-smart people and I should really do what they say. And I'm being too adversarial, considering they spend all day working on how to save my life.

I just get sick of being told how to wipe my ass. Independence was one of the things they looked for when choosing Ares astronauts. It's a 13-month mission, most of it spent many light-minutes away from Earth. They wanted people who would act on their own initiative, but at the same time, obey their Commander.

If Commander Lewis were here, I'd do whatever she said, no problem. But a committee of faceless bureaucrats back on Earth? Sorry, I'm just having a tough time with it.

I was really careful. I labeled every piece as I dismantled it, and laid everything out on a table. I have the schematics in the computer, so nothing was a surprise.

And just as I'd suspected, there was a clogged tube. The Water Reclaimer was designed to purify urine and strain humidity out of the air (you exhale almost as much water as you piss). I've mixed my water with soil, making it mineral water. The minerals built up in the Water Reclaimer.

I cleaned out the tubing and put it all back together. It completely solved the problem. I'll have to do it again some day, but not for 100 sols or so. No big deal.

I told NASA what I did. Our (paraphrased) conversation was:

Me: "I took it apart, found the problem, and fixed it."

NASA: "Dick."

AL102 shuddered in the brutal storm. Withstanding forces and pressure far greater than its design, it rippled violently against the airlock seal-strip. Other sections of canvas undulated along their seal-strips together, acting as a single sheet, but AL102 had no such luxury. The airlock barely moved, leaving AL102 to take the full force of the tempest.

The layers of plastic, constantly bending, heated the resin from pure friction. The new, more yielding environment allowed the carbon fibers to separate.

AL102 stretched.

Not much. Only 4 millimeters. But the carbon fibers, usually 500 microns

apart, now had a gap eight times that width in their midst.

After the storm abated, the lone remaining astronaut performed a full inspection of the Hab. But he didn't notice anything amiss. The weak part of canvas was concealed by a seal-strip.

Designed for a mission of 31 sols, AL102 continued well past its planned expiration. Sol after sol went by, with the lone astronaut traveling in and out of the Hab almost daily. Airlock 1 was closest to the rover charging station, so the astronaut preferred it to the other two.

When pressurized, the airlock expanded slightly; when depressurized, it shrunk. Every time the astronaut used the airlock, the strain on AL102 relaxed, then tightened anew.

Pulling, stressing, weakening, stretching...

LOG ENTRY: SOL 119

I woke up last night to the Hab shaking.

The medium-grade sandstorm ended as suddenly as it began. It was only a category 3 storm with 50kph winds. Nothing to worry about. Still, it's bit disconcerting to hear howling winds when you're used to utter silence.

I'm worried about Pathfinder. If the sandstorm damaged it, I'll have lost my connection to NASA. Logically, I shouldn't worry. The thing's been on the surface for decades. A little gale won't do any harm.

When I head outside, I'll confirm Pathfinder's still functional before moving on to the sweaty, annoying work of the day.

Yes, with each sandstorm comes the inevitable Cleaning of the Solar Cells. A time honored tradition by hearty Martians such as myself. It reminds me of growing up in Chicago and having to shovel snow. I'll give my dad credit; he never claimed it was to build character or teach me the value of hard work.

"Snow-blowers are expensive," he used to say. "You're free."

Once, I tried to appeal to my mom. "Don't be such a wuss," She suggested.

In other news, It's seven sols till the harvest, and I still haven't prepared. For starters, I need to make a hoe. Also, I need to make an outdoor shed for the potatoes. I can't just pile them up outside. The next major storm would cause The Great Martian Potato Migration.

Anyway, all that will have to wait. I've got a full day today. After cleaning the solar cells, I have to check the whole solar array make sure the storm didn't hurt it. Then I'll need to do the same for the rover.

I better get started.

Airlock 1 slowly depressurized to 1/90th of an atmosphere. Watney, donning an EVA suit, waited for it to complete. He had done it literally hundreds of times. Any apprehension he may have had on Sol 1 was long gone. Now it was merely a boring chore before exiting to the surface.

As the depressurization continued, the Hab's atmosphere compressed the airlock and AL102 stretched for the last time.

On Sol 119, the Hab breached.

The initial tear was less than 1 millimeter. The perpendicular carbon fibers should have prevented the rip from growing. But countless abuses had stretched the vertical fibers apart and weakened the horizontal ones beyond use.

The full force of the Hab's atmosphere rushed through the breach. Within a tenth of a second, the rip was a meter long, running parallel to the seal-strip. It propagated all the way around until it met its starting point. The airlock was no longer attached to the Hab.

The unopposed pressure violently launched the airlock like a cannonball as the Hab exploded. Inside, the surprised Watney slammed against the airlock's back door with the force of the expulsion.

The airlock flew 40 meters before hitting the ground. Watney, barely recovered from the earlier shock, now endured another as he hit the front door, face first.

His faceplate took the brunt of the blow, the safety glass shattering into hundreds of small cubes. His head slammed against the inside of the helmet, knocking him senseless.

The airlock tumbled across the surface for a further 15 meters. The heavy padding of Watney's suit saved him from many broken bones. He tried to make sense of the situation, but was barely conscious.

Finally done tumbling, the airlock rested on its side amid a cloud of dust.

Watney, on his back, stared blankly upward through the hole in his shattered faceplate. A gash in his forehead trickled blood down his face.

Regaining some of his wits, he got his bearings. Turning his head to the

side, he looked through the back door's window. The collapsed Hab rippled in the distance, a junkyard of debris strewn across the landscape in front of it.

Then, a hissing sound reached his ears. Listening carefully, he realized it was not coming from his suit. Somewhere in the phone-booth sized airlock, a small breach was letting air escape.

He listened intently to the hiss. Then he touched his broken faceplate. Then he looked out the window again.

“You fucking kidding me?” He said.

Chapter 14

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119 RECORDING:

I've been laying here for a little while, trying to figure out what happened. I should be more upset, but I took a pretty good whack to the head. It had a calming effect.

So...

Well, ok.

I'm in the airlock. I can see the Hab out the window; it's a good 50 meters away. Normally, the airlock is *attached* to the Hab. So that's a problem.

The airlock's on its side, and I can hear a steady hiss. So either it's leaking or there are snakes in here. Either way, I'm in trouble.

Also, during the... whatever the fuck happened... I got bounced around like a pinball and smashed my faceplate. Air is notoriously uncooperative when it comes to giant, gaping holes in your EVA suit.

Looks like the Hab is completely deflated and collapsed. So even if I had a functional EVA suit to leave the airlock with, I wouldn't have anywhere to go. So that sucks.

I gotta' think for a minute. And I have to get out of this EVA suit. It's bulky, and the airlock is cramped. Besides, it's not like it's doing me any good.

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119 RECORDING:

Things aren't as bad as they seem.

I'm still fucked, mind you. Just not as deeply.

Not sure what happened to the Hab, but the rover's probably fine. It's not ideal, but at least it's not leaky phone booth.

I'm wearing Beck's EVA suit. I haven't worn my own since Sol 6 when I got shish-kabobed. Beck's suit was about the right size and didn't have a hole

in it. Why does that matter right now? Because, unlike my original suit, this one still has an unused patch kit.

Don't get excited. It won't do the suit any good. The patch kit is a cone-shaped valve with super sticky resin on the wide end. It's just too small to deal with a hole larger than 8cm. And really, if you have a 9cm hole, you're going to be dead way before you could whip out the kit.

Still, it's an asset, and maybe I can use it to stop the airlock leak. And that's my top priority right now.

It's a small leak. With the faceplate gone, the EVA suit is effectively managing the whole airlock. It's been adding air to make up for the missing pressure. But it'll run out eventually.

I need to find the leak. I think it's near my feet, judging by the sound. Now that I'm out of the suit, I can turn around and get a look...

I don't see anything... I can hear it, but... it's down here somewhere, but I don't know where.

I can only think of one way to find it: Start a fire!

Yeah, I know. A lot of my ideas involve setting something on fire. And yes, deliberately starting a fire in a tiny, enclosed space is usually a terrible idea. But I need the smoke. Just a little wisp of it.

As usual, I'm working with stuff that was deliberately designed not to burn. But no amount of careful design by NASA can get around a determined arsonist with a tank of pure oxygen.

The EVA suit is made entirely of non-flammable materials. So is the airlock. My clothes are fireproof as well, even the thread.

I was originally planning to check the solar array, doing repairs as needed after last night's storm. So I have my toolbox with me. But looking through it, it's all metal or non-flammable plastic.

I just realized I do have something flammable: My own hair. It'll have to do. There's a sharp knife in the tool-kit. I'll shave some arm hairs off into a little pile.

Next step: oxygen. Back when I turned the hydrazine into water, I had tubing, garbage bags, and all sorts of other luxuries. I won't have anything so refined is a pure oxygen flow. All I can do is muck with the EVA suit controls to increase oxygen percentage in the whole airlock. I figure bumping it to 40% will do.

All I need now is a spark.

The EVA suit has electronics, but it runs on very low voltage. I don't

think I could get an arc with it. Besides, I don't want to tear up my suit's electronics. I need it working to get from the airlock to the rover.

The airlock itself has electronics, but it ran on Hab power. I guess NASA never considered what would happen if it was launched 50 meters. Lazy bums.

Plastic might not burn, but anyone whose played with a balloon knows it's great at building up static charge. Once I do that, I should be able to make a spark just by touching a metal tool.

Fun fact: This is exactly how the Apollo 1 crew died. Wish me luck!

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119

RECORDING:

I'm in a box full of burning hair smell. It's not a good smell.

On my first try, the fire lit, but the smoke just drifted randomly around. My own breathing was screwing it up. So I held my breath and tried again.

My second try, the EVA suit threw everything off. There's a gentle flow of air coming out of the faceplate as the suit constantly replaces the missing air. So I shut the suit down, held my breath, and tried again. I had to be quick; the pressure was dropping.

My third try, the quick arm movements I used to set the fire messed everything up. Just moving around makes enough turbulence to send the smoke everywhere.

The fourth time I kept the suit turned off, held my breath, and when the time came to light the fire, I did it very slowly. Then I watched as the little wisp of smoke drifted toward the floor of the airlock, disappearing through a hairline fracture.

I have you now, little leak!

I gasped for air and turned the EVA suit back on. The pressure had dropped to 0.9 atmospheres during my little experiment. But there was plenty of oxygen in the air for me any my hair-fire to breathe. The suit quickly got things back to normal.

Looking at the fracture, it's pretty tiny. It would be a cinch to seal it with the suit's patch kit, but now that I think about it, that's a bad idea.

I'll need to do some kind of repair to the faceplate. I don't know how just yet, but the patch kit and its pressure-resistant resin is probably really

important. And I can't do it bit by bit, either. Once I break the seal on the patch kit, the binary components of the resin mix and I have 60 seconds before it hardens. I can't just take a little to fix the crack.

Given time, I might be able to come up with a plan for the faceplate. Then, I could take a few seconds during that plan to scrape resin over the airlock fracture. But I don't have time.

I'm down to 40% of my N2 tank. I need to seal that fracture now, and I need to do it without using the patch kit.

First idea: Little Dutch Boy. I'm licking my palm and placing it over the crack.

Ok... I can't quite make a perfect seal, so there's airflow... getting colder now... getting pretty uncomfortable... ok fuck this.

On to idea number two. Tape!

I have duct tape in my tool box. Let's slap some on and see if it slows the flow. I wonder how long it will last before the pressure rips it. Putting it on now.

There we go... still holding...

Lemme check the suit... Readouts say the pressure is stable. Looks like the duct tape made a good seal.

Let's see if it holds...

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119 RECORDING:

It's been 15 minutes, and the tape is still holding. Looks like that problem is solved.

Sort of anticlimactic, really. I was already working out how to cover the breach with ice. I have 2 liters of water in the EVA suit's "hamster-feeder". I could have shut off the suit's heating systems and let the airlock cool to freezing. Then I'd... well whatever.

Coulda' done it with ice. I'm just sayin'.

All right. On to my next problem: How do I fix the EVA suit? Duct tape might seal a hairline crack, but it can't hold an atmosphere of pressure against the size of my broken faceplate.

The patch kit is too small, but still useful. I can spread the resin around the edge of where the faceplate was, then stick something on to cover the

hole. Problem is, what do I use to cover the hole? Something that can stand up to a lot of pressure.

Looking around, the only thing I see that can hold an atmosphere is the EVA suit itself. There's plenty of material to work with, and I can even cut it. Remember when I was cutting Hab canvas in to strips? Those same sheers are right here in my tool kit.

Cutting a chunk out of my EVA suit leaves it with another hole. But a hole I can control the shape and location of.

Yeah... I think I see a solution here. I'm going to cut off my arm!

Well, no. Not *my* arm. The EVA suit's arm. I'll cut right below the left elbow. Then I can cut along its length, turning it into a rectangle. It'll be big enough to seal the faceplate, and it'll be held in place by the resin.

Material designed to withstand atmospheric pressure? Check.

Resin designed to seal a breach against that pressure? Check.

And what about the gaping hole on the stumpy arm? Unlike my faceplate, the suit's material is flexible. I'll press it together and seal it with resin. I'll have to press my left arm against my side while I'm in the suit, but there'll be room.

I'll be spreading the resin pretty thin, but it's literally the strongest adhesive known to man. And it doesn't have to be a perfect seal. It just has to last long enough for me to get to safety.

And where will that "safety" be? Not a damn clue.

Anyway, one problem at a time. Right now I'm fixing the EVA suit.

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119

RECORDING:

Cutting the arm off the suit was easy; so was cutting along its length to make a rectangle. Those sheers are strong as hell.

Cleaning the glass off the faceplate took longer than I'd expected. It's unlikely it would puncture EVA suit material, but I'm not taking any chances. Besides, I don't want glass in my face when I'm wearing it.

Then came the tricky part. Once I broke the seal on the patch kit, I had 60 seconds before the resin set. I scooped it off the patch kit with my fingers and quickly spread it around the rim of the faceplate. Then, I took what was left and sealed the arm hole.

I pressed the rectangle of suit material on to the helmet. I held it firmly with both hands while using my knee to keep pressure on the arm's seam.

I held on until I'd counted 120 seconds. Just to be sure.

It seemed to work well. The seal looked strong and the resin was rock-hard. I did, however, glue my hand to the helmet.

Stop laughing.

In retrospect, using my fingers to spread the resin wasn't the best plan. Fortunately, my left hand was still free. After some grunting and a lot of profanities, I was able to reach the tool box. Once I got a screwdriver I chiseled myself free (feeling really stupid the whole time.)

Using the arm computer, I had the suit overpressurize to 1.2 atmospheres. The faceplate patch bowed outward, but otherwise held firm. The arm filled in, threatening to tear the new seam, but stayed in one piece.

Then I watched the readouts to see how airtight things were.

Answer: Not very.

The suit is designed for 8 hours of use. That works out to 250ml of liquid oxygen. Just to be safe, the suit has a full liter of O₂ capacity. But that's only half the story.

The rest of the air is nitrogen. It's just there to add pressure. When the suit leaks, that's what it backfills with. The suit has 2 liters of liquid N₂ storage.

It absolutely *pissed* the air out. In 60 seconds it leaked so much it pressurized the whole airlock to 1.2 atmospheres.

Let's call the volume of the airlock 2 cubic meters. The inflated EVA suit probably takes up half of it. So it took 5 minutes to add 0.2 atmospheres to 1 cubic meter. That's 285g of air (trust me on the math). The air in the tanks is around 1 gram per cubic centimeter, meaning I just lost 285ml.

The three tanks combined had 3000ml to start with. A lot of that was used to maintain pressure while the airlock was leaking. Also, my breathing turned some oxygen in to carbon dioxide, which was captured by the suit's CO₂ filters.

Checking the readouts, I have 410ml of oxygen, 738ml of nitrogen. Together, they make almost 1150ml to work with. That, divided by 285ml lost per minute...

Once I'm out of the airlock, this EVA suit will only last 4 minutes.

Fuck.

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119
RECORDING:

Ok, I've been thinking some more.

What good is going to the rover? I'd just be trapped there instead. The extra room would be nice, but I'd still die eventually. No Water Reclaimer, no Oxygenator, no food. Take your pick; all of those problems are fatal.

I need to fix the Hab. I know what to do; we practiced it in training. But it'll take a long time. I'll have to scrounge around in the now-collapsed canvas to get the spare material for patching. Then I have to find the breach and seal-strip a patch in place.

But it'll take hours to repair and my EVA suit is shit.

I'll need another suit. Martinez's used to be in the rover. I hauled it all the way to the Pathfinder site and back, just in case I needed a spare. But when I returned, I put it back in the Hab.

Damn it!

All right, so I'll need to get another suit before going to the rover. Which one? Johanssen's is too small for me (tiny little gal, our Johanssen). Lewis's is full of water. Actually, by now it's full of slowly sublimating ice. The mangled, glued together suit I have with me is Beck's; my original suit has a hole in it. That just leaves Martinez and Vogel.

I left Martinez's near my bunk, in case I needed a suit in a hurry. Of course, after that sudden decompression, it could be anywhere. Still, it's a place to start.

Next problem: I'm like 50 meters from the Hab. Running in 0.4g while wearing a bulky EVA suit isn't easy. At best, I can trundle 2 meters per second. That's a precious 25 seconds; almost an eighth of my 4 minutes. I've got to bring that down.

But how?

AUDIO LOG: SOL 119
RECORDING:

I'll roll the damn airlock.

It's basically a phone booth on its side. I did some experiments.

I figured if I want it to roll, I'll need to hit the wall as hard as possible. And I have to be in the air at the time. I can't press against some other part of the airlock. The forces would cancel and it wouldn't move at all.

First I tried launching myself off one wall and slamming in to the other. The airlock slid a little, but that's it.

Next, I tried doing a super-pushup to get airborne (0.4g yay!) then kicking the wall with both feet. Again, it just slid.

The third time, I got it right. The trick is to plant both my feet on the ground, near the wall. Then I launch myself to the top of the opposite wall and hit with my back. When I tried that just now, it was enough force and leverage to tip the airlock and roll it one face toward the Hab.

The airlock is a meter wide, so... sigh... I have to do it like 50 more times.

I'm gonna have a hell of a backache after this.

AUDIO LOG: SOL 120

RECORDING:

I have a hell of a backache.

The subtle and refined "hurl my body at the wall" technique had some flaws. It only worked one out of every 10 tries, and it hurt a lot. I had to take breaks, stretch out, and generally convince myself to body-slam the wall again and again.

It took all damn night, but I made it.

I'm 10 meters from the Hab now. I can't get any closer, cause the debris from the decompression is all over the place. This isn't an "all-terrain" airlock. I can't roll over that shit.

It was morning when the Hab popped. Now it's morning again. I've been in this damn box for an entire day. But I'm leaving soon.

I'm in the EVA suit now, and ready to roll.

All right... ok.... Once more through the plan: Use the manual valves to equalize the airlock. Get out and hurry to the Hab. Wander around under the collapsed canvas. Find Martinez's suit (or Vogel's if I run in to it first). Get to the rover. Then I'm safe.

If I run out of time before finding a suit, I'll just run to the rover. I'd be in trouble, but I'd have time to think and materials to work with.

Deep breath... here we go!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 120

I'm alive! And I'm in the rover!

Things didn't go exactly as planned, but I'm not dead, so it's a win.

Equalizing the airlock went fine. I was out on the surface within 30 seconds. Skipping toward the Hab (the fastest way to move in this gravity) I passed through the field of debris. The rupture had really sent things flying, myself included.

It was hard to see; my faceplate was covered by the makeshift patch. Fortunately, my arm had a camera. NASA discovered that turning your whole EVA-suited body to look at something was a strenuous waste of time. So they mounted a small camera on the right arm. The feed is projected on the inner faceplate. This allows us to look at things just by pointing at them.

I had to look at a rippled, messed-up version of the outside world. The faceplate patch wasn't exactly smooth or reflective. Still, it was enough to see what was going on.

I bee-lined for where the airlock used to be. I knew there had to be a pretty big hole there, so I'd be able to get in. I found it easily. And boy is it a nasty rip! It's going to be a pain in the ass to fix it.

That's when the flaws in my plan started to reveal themselves. I only had one arm to work with. My left arm was pinned against my body, while the stumpy arm of the suit bounced freely. So as I moved around under the canvas, I had to use my one good arm to hold the canvas up. It slowed me down.

From what I could see, the interior of the Hab is chaos. Everything's moved. Entire tables and bunks are meters away from where they started. Lighter objects are wildly jumbled, many of them out on the surface. Everything's covered in soil and mangled potato plants.

Trudging onward, I got to where I'd left Martinez's suit. To my shock, it was still there!

"Yay!" I naively thought. "Problem solved."

Unfortunately, the suit was pinned under a table, which was held down by the collapsed canvas. If I'd had both arms, I could have pulled it free, but with only one I just couldn't do it.

Running low on time, I detached the helmet. Setting it aside, I reached past the table to get Martinez's patch kit. I found it with the help of the arm-camera. I dropped it in the helmet and hauled ass out of there.

Stumbling to the rover, I barely made it in time. My ears were popping from pressure loss just as the rover's airlock filled with wonderful 1-atmosphere air.

Crawling in, I collapsed and panted for a moment.

So I'm back in the rover. Just like I was back on the Great Pathfinder Recovery Expedition. Ugh. At least this time it smells a little better.

NASA's probably pretty worried about me by now. They probably saw the airlock move back to the Hab, so they know I'm alive, but they'll want status. And as it happens, it's the rover that communicates with Pathfinder.

I tried to send a message but Pathfinder isn't responding. That's not a big surprise. It's powered directly from the Hab, and the Hab is offline. During my brief, panicked scramble outside, I saw Pathfinder was right where I left it, and the debris didn't reach that far out. It should be fine once I get it some power.

As for my current situation, the big gain is the helmet. They're interchangeable, so I can replace my broken-ass one with Martinez's. The stumpy arm is still an issue, but the faceplate was the main source of leaks. And with the fresh patch kit, I can seal the arm with more resin.

But that can wait. I've been awake for over 24 hours. I'm not in any immediate danger, so I'm going to sleep.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 121

Got a good night's sleep, and made real progress today.

First thing I did was re-seal the arm. Last time, I had to spread the resin pretty thin; I'd used most of it for the faceplate patch. But this time I had a whole patch kit just for the arm. I got a perfect seal.

I still only had a one-armed suit, but at least it didn't leak.

I'd lost most of my air yesterday, but I had a half-hour of oxygen left. Like I said earlier, a human body doesn't need much oxygen. Maintaining pressure was the problem.

With that much time, I was able to take advantage of the rover's EVA tank-refill. Something I couldn't do with the leaky suit.

The tank-refill is an emergency measure. The expected use of the rover is to start with full EVA suits and come back with air to spare. It wasn't designed for long trips, or even overnights. But, just in case of emergency, it has refill hoses mounted on the exterior. Inside space was limited already, and NASA concluded most air-related emergencies would be outdoors.

But refilling is slow, slower than my suit was leaking. So it wasn't any use to me. Now, with a solid suit capable of holding pressure, refilling the tanks was a breeze.

After refilling, and making sure the suit was still not leaking, I had a few immediate tasks to take care of. Much as I trust my handiwork, I wanted a two-armed suit.

I ventured back in to the Hab. This time, not being rushed, I was able to use a pole to leverage the table off Martinez's suit. Pulling it loose, I dragged it back to the rover.

After a thorough diagnostic to be sure, I finally had a fully-functional EVA suit! It took me two trips to get it, but I got it.

Tomorrow, I'll fix the Hab.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 122

The first thing I did today was line up rocks near the rover to spell "A-OK". That should make NASA happy.

I went in to the Hab again to assess damage. My priority will be to get the structure intact and holding pressure. From there, I can work on fixing stuff that broke.

The Hab is normally a dome, with flexible support poles maintaining the arch, and rigid, folding floor material to keep it flat. The internal pressure was a vital part of its support. Without it, the whole thing collapsed. I inspected the poles, and none of them had broken. They're just lying flat is all. I'll have to re-couple a few of them, but that'll be easy.

The hole where Airlock 1 used to be is huge, but surmountable. I have seal-strips and spare canvas. It'll be a lot of work, but I can get the Hab together again. Once I do, I'll re-establish power and get Pathfinder back online. From there, NASA can tell me how to fix anything I can't figure out on my own.

I'm not worried about any of that. I have a much bigger problem.

The farm is dead.

With a complete loss of pressure, most of the water boiled off. Also, the temperature is well below freezing. Not even the bacteria in the soil can survive a catastrophe like that. Some of the crops were in pop-tents off the Hab. But they're dead, too. I had them connected directly to the Hab via hoses to maintain air supply and temperature. When the Hab blew, the pop-tents depressurized as well. Even if they hadn't, the freezing cold would have killed them.

Potatoes are now extinct on Mars.

So are earthworms and soil bacteria. I'll never grow another plant so long I'm here.

We had it all planned out. My farm would give me food till Sol 900. A supply probe would get here on Sol 856; way before I ran out. With the farm dead, that plan is history.

The ration packs won't have been affected by the explosion. And the potatoes may be dead, but they're still food. I was just about to harvest, so it was a good time for this to happen, I guess.

The rations will last me till Sol 400. I can't say for sure how long the potatoes will last until I see how many I got. But I can estimate. I had 400 plants, probably averaging 5 potatoes each: 2000 taters. At 150 calories each, I'll need to eat 10 per sol to survive. That means they'll last me 200 sols. Grand total: I have enough food to last till Sol 600.

By Sol 856 I'll be long dead.

Chapter 15

Project Iris

[08:12]WATNEY: Test.

[08:25]JPL: Received! You gave us quite a scare there. Thanks for the "A-OK" message. Our analysis of satellite imagery shows a complete detachment of Airlock 1. Is that correct? What's your status? Include your personal health and Hab equipment.

[08:39]WATNEY: If by "detachment" you mean "shot me out like a cannon" then yeah. Minor cut on my forehead. Had some issues with my EVA suit (I'll explain later). I patched up the Hab and repressurized it (main air tanks were intact). I just got power back online. Primary air and water tanks were unharmed. The rover, solar array, and Pathfinder were out of blast range. I'll run diagnostics on the Hab's systems while I wait for your next reply. By the way, who am I talking to?

[08:52]JPL: Venkat Kapoor, in Houston. Pasadena relays my messages. I'm going to handle all direct communication with you from now on. Check the Oxygenator and Water Reclaimer first. They're the most important.

[09:05]WATNEY: Duh. Oxygenator functioning perfectly. Water Reclaimer is completely offline. Best guess is water froze up inside and burst some tubing. I'm sure I can fix it. Hab's main computer also functioning without any problems. Any idea what caused the Hab to blow up?

[09:18]JPL: Best guess is fatigue on the canvas near Airlock 1. The pressurization cycle stressed it until it failed. From now on, alternate Airlock 2

and 3 for all EVAs. Also, we'll be getting you a checklist and procedures for a full canvas exam.

[09:31]WATNEY: Yay, I get to stare at a wall for several hours! By the way, the farm is dead. I've recovered as many potatoes as I could and stored them outside. I count 1841. That will last me 184 days. Including the remaining mission rations, I'll start starving on Sol 584.

[09:44]JPL: Yeah, we figured. Working on it.

"It's Sol 122," Bruce said. "We have until Sol 584 to get a probe to Mars. That's 462 sols, which is 475 days."

The assembled department heads of JPL furrowed their brows and rubbed their eyes.

"First they needed a presupply way ahead of schedule," Bruce continued. "Now they need it *even more* ahead of schedule."

He stood from his chair. "The positions of Earth and Mars aren't ideal. The trip will take 414 days. Mounting the probe to the booster and dealing with inspections will take 13 days. That leaves us with just 48 days to make this probe."

Sounds of whispered exasperation filled the room. "Jesus," someone said.

"It's a whole new ballgame," Bruce continued. "Our focus is food. Anything else is a luxury. We don't have time to make a powered-descent lander. It'll have to be a tumbler. So we can't put anything delicate inside. Say goodbye to the all the other crap we'd planned to send."

"Where's the booster coming from?" asked Norm Toshi, who was in charge of the reentry process.

"The EagleEye 3 Saturn probe," Bruce said. "It was scheduled to launch next month. NASA put it on hold so we can have the booster."

"I bet the EagleEye team was pissed about that," Norm said.

"I'm sure they were," Bruce said. "But it's the only booster we have that's big enough. Which brings me to my next point: We only get one shot at this. If we fuck it up, Mark Watney dies."

He looked around the room and let that sink in.

"We do have some things going for us," he finally said. "We have some of the parts built for the Ares 4 presupply missions. We can steal from them,

and that'll save us some time. Also, we're sending food, which is pretty robust. Even if there's a reentry problem and the probe impacts at high velocity, food is still food.

“And we don't need a precision landing. Watney can travel hundreds of kilometers if necessary. We just need to land close enough for him to reach it. This ends up being a standard tumble-land presupply. All we have to do is make it quickly. So let's get to it.”

[08:02]JPL: We've spun up a project to get you food. It's been in progress for a week or so. We can get it to you before you starve, but it'll be tight. It'll just be food and a radio. We can't send an Oxygenator, Water Reclaimer, or any of that other stuff without powered descent.

[08:16]WATNEY: No complaints here! You get me the food, I'll be a happy camper. I've got all Hab systems up and running again. The Water Reclaimer is working fine now that I replaced the burst hoses. As for water supply, I have 620L remaining. I started with 900L (300 to start with, 600 more from reducing hydrazine). So I lost almost 300L to sublimation. Still, with the Water Reclaimer operational again, it's plenty.

[08:31]JPL: Good, keep us posted on any mechanical or electronic problems. By the way, the name of the probe we're sending is “Iris”. Named after the Greek goddess who traveled the heavens with the speed of wind. She's also the goddess of rainbows.

[08:47]WATNEY: Gay probe coming to save me. Got it.

Rich Purnell sipped coffee in the silent building. Only his cubicle illuminated the otherwise dark room. Continuing with his computations, he ran a final test on the software he'd written. It passed.

With a relieved sigh, he sank back in his chair. Checking the clock on his computer, he shook his head. 3:42am.

Being an astrodynamacist, Rich rarely had to work late. His job was to find the exact orbits and course corrections needed for any given mission. Usually, it was one of the first parts of a project; all the other steps being based on the orbit.

But this time, things were reversed. Iris needed an orbital path, and nobody knew when it would launch. A non-Hoffman Mars-transfer isn't challenging, but it does require the exact locations of Earth and Mars.

Planets move as time goes by. A course calculated for a specific launch date will work only for that date. Even a single day's difference would result in missing Mars entirely.

So Rich had to calculate *many* courses. He had a range of 25 days during which Iris might launch. He calculated one course for each.

He began an email to his boss.

Mike, he typed, Attached are the courses for Iris, in 1-day increments. We should start peer-review and vetting so they can be officially accepted. And you were right, I was here almost all night.

It wasn't that bad. Nowhere near the pain of calculating orbits for Hermes. I know you get bored when I go in to the math, so I'll summarize: The small, constant thrust of Hermes's ion drives is much harder to deal with than the large point-thrusts of presupply probes.

All 25 of the courses take 414 days, and vary only slightly in thrust duration and angle. The fuel requirement is nearly identical for the orbits and is well within the capacity of EagleEye's booster.

It's too bad. Earth and Mars are really badly positioned. Heck, it's almost easier to-

He stopped typing.

Furrowing his brow, he stared in to the distance.

“Hmm.” he said.

Grabbing his coffee cup, he went to the break room for a refill.

“I know you're all busy,” Teddy said, “so let's make this fast. I need status on Project Iris from all departments. Venkat, let's start with you.”

“The mission team's ready,” Venkat said. “There was a minor turf war between the Ares-3 and Ares-4 presupply control teams. The Ares-3 guys

said they should run it, cause while Watney's on Mars, Ares-3 is still in progress. The Ares-4 team points out it's their co-opted probe in the first place. I ended up going with Ares-3.”

“Did that upset Ares-4?” Teddy asked.

“Yeah, but they'll get over it. They have 13 presupply missions coming up. They won't have time to be pissy.”

“Mitch,” Teddy said to the flight controller, “What about the launch?”

“We've got a control room ready,” Mitch replied. “I'll oversee the launch, then hand cruise and landing over to Venkat's guys.”

“Media?” Teddy said, turning to Annie Montrose.

“I'm giving daily updates to the press,” she said. “Everyone knows Watney's fucked if this doesn't work. The public hasn't been this engaged in ship construction since Apollo 11. CNN's 'The Watney Report' has been the #1 show in its time-slot for the past two weeks.”

“The attention is good,” Teddy said. “It'll help get us emergency funding from Congress. Maurice, how's the booster?”

“It's all right for now,” said Maurice Stein, Director of Pad Operations. “But it's not ideal. EagleEye 3 was set to launch. Boosters aren't designed to stand upright and bear the stress of gravity for long periods. We're adding external supports that we'll remove before launch. It's easier than disassembly. Also the fuel is corrosive to the internal tanks, so we had to drain it. In the mean time, we're performing inspections on all systems every three days.”

“Good, good,” Teddy nodded. “Now for the big question: Bruce? How's Iris coming along?”

“We're behind,” Bruce said with a tired shake of his head. “We're going as fast as we can, but it's just not fast enough.”

“I can find money for overtime,” Teddy offered.

“We're already working around the clock.”

“How far behind are we walking about?” Teddy asked.

“We've been at it 29 days; so we only have 19 left,” Bruce explained. “After that, the Pad needs 13 days to mount it on the booster. We're at least two weeks behind.”

“Is that as far behind as you're going to get?” Teddy asked. “Or will you slip more?”

Bruce shrugged. “If we don't have any more problems, it'll be two weeks late. But we always have problems.”

“Give me a number,” Teddy said.

“15 days,” Bruce responded. “If I had another 15 days, I'm sure we could get it done in time.”

“All right,” Teddy said. “Let's create 15 days.”

Turning his attention to the Ares-3 Flight Surgeon, Teddy asked “Dr. Keller, can we reduce Watney's food intake to make the rations last longer?”

“Sorry, but no,” Keller said. “he's already at a minimal calorie count. In fact, considering the amount of physical labor he does, he's eating far less than he should. And it's only going to get worse. Soon his entire diet will be potatoes and vitamin supplements. He's been saving protein-rich rations for later use, but he'll still be malnourished.”

“Once he runs out of food, how long until he starves to death?” Teddy asked.

“Presuming an ample water supply, he might last three weeks. Shorter than a typical hunger strike but remember he'll be malnourished and thin to begin with.”

“Remember,” Venkat interjected, “Iris is a tumbler; he might have to drive a few days to get it. And I'm guessing it's hard to control a rover when you're literally starving to death.”

“He's right,” Dr. Keller confirmed. “Within 4 days of running out of food, he'll barely be able to stand up, let alone control a rover. Plus, his mental faculties will rapidly decline. He'd have a hard time even staying awake.”

“So the landing date's firm,” Teddy said. “Maurice, can you get it on the booster in less than 13 days?”

Maurice pondered. “Well... It only takes 3 days to actually mount it. The following 10 are for testing and inspections.”

“How much can you reduce those?”

“With enough overtime, I could get the mounting down to 2 days. That includes transport from Pasadena to Cape Canaveral. But the inspections can't be shortened. They're time-based. We do checks and re-checks with set intervals between them to see if something deforms or warps. If you shorten the intervals, you invalidate the inspections.”

“How often do those inspections reveal a problem?” Teddy asked.

A silence fell over the room.

“Uh,” Maurice stammered. “Are you suggesting we don't do the inspections?”

“No,” said Teddy. “Right now I'm asking how often they reveal a

problem.”

“About one in twenty launches.”

“And how often is the problem they reveal a would-be mission-failure?”

“I’m, uh, not sure. Maybe half the time?”

“So if we skip the inspections and testing, we have a 1 in 40 chance of mission failure?” Teddy asked.

“That’s 2.5%,” Venkat said, steeping in. “Normally, that’s grounds for a countdown halt. We can’t take a chance like that.”

“‘Normally’ was a long time ago,” Teddy said calmly. “97.5% is better than zero. Can anyone think of a safer way to get more time?”

He looked around the table. Blank faces stared back.

“All right, then. Speeding up the mounting process and skipping inspections buys us 11 days. If Bruce can pull a rabbit out of a hat and get done sooner, Maurice can do some inspections.”

“What about the other 4 days?” Venkat asked, still frowning at skipping inspections.

“I’m sure Watney can stretch the food to last 4 extra days, malnutrition notwithstanding,” Teddy said, looking to Dr. Keller.

“I-” Keller started. “I can’t recommend-”

“Folks,” Teddy interrupted. “I understand your positions. We have procedures. Skipping those procedures means risk. Risk means trouble for your department. But now isn’t the time to cover our asses. We have to take risks or Mark Watney dies.”

Turning to Keller, he said “Make the food last another 4 days.”

Keller nodded silently.

“Rich,” said Mike.

Rich Purnell concentrated on his computer screen. His cubicle was a landfill of printouts, charts, and reference books. Empty coffee cups rested on every surface; take-out packaging littered the ground.

“Rich,” Mike said, more forcefully.

Rich looked up. “Yeah?”

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Just a little side project. Something I wanted to check up on.”

“Well... that’s fine, I guess,” Mike said, “but you need to do your assigned work first. I asked for those satellite adjustments two weeks ago and you still

haven't done them.”

“I need some supercomputer time.” Rich said.

“You need supercomputer time to calculate routine satellite adjustments?”

“No, it's for this other thing I'm working on,” Rich said.

“Rich, seriously. You have to do your job.”

Rich thought for a moment. “Would now be a good time for a vacation?”

He asked.

Mike sighed. “You know what, Rich? I think now would be an *ideal* time for you to take a vacation.”

“Great!” Rich smiled. “I'll start right now.”

“Sure,” Mike said. “Go on home. Get some rest.”

“Oh, I'm not going home,” said Rich, returning to his calculations.

Mike rubbed his eyes. “Ok, whatever. About those satellite orbits...?”

“I'm on vacation,” Rich said without looking up.

Mike shrugged and walked away.

[08:01]WATNEY: How's my care package coming along?

[08:16]JPL: A little behind schedule, but we'll get it done. In the mean time, we want you to get back to work. We're satisfied the Hab's is in good condition. Maintenance only takes you 12 hours per week. We're going to pack the rest of your time with research and experiments.

[08:31]WATNEY: Great! I'm sick of sitting on my ass. I'm going to be here for years. You may as well make use of me.

[08:47]JPL: That's what we're thinking. We'll get you a schedule as soon as the science team puts it together. It'll be mostly of EVAs, geological samples, soil tests, and weekly self-administered medical tests. Honestly, this is the best “bonus Mars time” we've had since the Opportunity lander.

[09:02]WATNEY: Opportunity never went back to Earth.

[09:17]JPL: Sorry. Bad analogy.

The Whiteroom was abuzz with activity as technicians sealed Iris in to the specially-designed shipping container.

The other two shifts watched from the observation deck. They had rarely seen their own homes in two months; a makeshift bunkroom had been set up in the cafeteria. Fully a third of them would normally be asleep at this hour, but they did not want to miss this moment.

The shift leader tightened the final bolt. As he retracted the wrench, the engineers broke in to applause. Many of them were in tears.

After 62 days of grueling work, Iris was complete.

“The launch preparations are complete,” Annie Montrose said to the press room. “Iris is ready to go. The scheduled launch is 9:14am.

“Once launched, it will stay in orbit for at least three hours. During that time, mission control will gather exact telemetry in preparation for the trans-Mars injection burn. Once that's complete the mission will be handed off to the Ares-3 presupply team, who will monitor its progress over the following months. It will take 414 days to reach Mars. ”

“About the payload,” a reporter asked, “I hear there's more than just food?”

“That's true,” Annie smiled. “We allocated 100 grams for luxury items. There are some handwritten letters from Mark's family, a note from the President, and a USB drive filled with music from all ages.”

“Any disco?” someone asked.

“No disco,” Annie said, as chuckles cascaded through the room.

CNN's Cathy Warner spoke up “If this launch fails, is there any recourse for Watney?”

“There are risks to any launch,” Annie said, “but we don't anticipate problems. The weather at the Cape is clear with warm temperatures. Conditions couldn't be better.”

“Is there any spending limit to this rescue operation?” another reporter asked. “Some people are beginning to ask how much is too much.”

“It's not about the bottom line,” Annie said, prepared for the question. “It's about a human life in immediate danger. But if you want to look at it financially, consider the value of Mark Watney's extended mission. His

prolonged mission and fight for survival is giving us more knowledge about Mars than the rest of the Ares program combined.”

“Do you believe in God, Venkat?” Mitch asked.

“Sure, lots of 'em,” Venkat said. “I'm Hindu.”

“Ask 'em all for help with this launch.”

“Will do.”

Mitch stepped forward to his station in the large control room. He glanced at the many screens on the far wall, and the dozens of people at their stations.

He put his headset on and said. “This is the Flight Director. Begin Launch Status Check.”

“Roger that, Houston,” came the reply from the Launch Control Director in Florida. “CLCDR checking all stations are manned and systems ready,” he broadcast, “Give me a go/no-go for launch. Talker?”

“Go.” came the response.

“Timer.”

“Go,” Came another voice.

“QAM1.”

“Go.”

Resting his chin on his hands, Mitch stared at the center screen. It showed the Pad video feed. The booster, amid cloudy water vapor from the cooling process, still had *EagleEye3* stenciled on the side.

“QAM2.”

“Go.”

“QAM3.”

“Go.”

Venkat leaned against the back wall. An administrator, his job was done. He could only watch and hope. His gaze fixated on the far wall's displays. In his mind he saw the numbers, the shift juggling, the outright lies and borderline crimes he'd committed to put this mission together. It would all be worthwhile if it worked.

“FSC.”

“Go.”

“Prop 1.”

“Go.”

Teddy sat in the VIP observation room behind mission control. His

authority afforded him the very best seat: front-row center. His briefcase lay at his feet and he held a blue folder in his hands.

“Prop 2.”

“Go.”

“PTO.”

“Go.”

Annie Montrose paced in her private office next to the press room. Nine televisions mounted to the wall were each tuned to a different network; each network showed the launch pad. A glance at her computer showed foreign networks doing the same. The world was holding its breath.

“ACC.”

“Go.”

“LWO.”

“Go.”

Bruce Ng sat in the JPL cafeteria along with hundreds of engineers who had given everything they had to Iris. They watched the large TV with rapt attention. It was 6:13am in Pasadena, yet every single employee was present.

“AFLC.”

“Go.”

“Guidance.”

“Go.”

Millions of kilometers away, the crew of Hermes listened as they crowded around Johanssen's station. The 2-minute transmission time didn't matter. They had no way to help; there was no need to interact. Johanssen stared intently at her screen, which displayed only the audio signal strength. Beck wrung his hands. Vogel stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the floor. Martinez prayed silently at first, then saw no reason to hide it. Commander Lewis stood apart, her arms folded across her chest.

“PTC.”

“Go.”

“Launch Vehicle Director.”

“Go.”

“Houston, this is Launch Control, we are go for launch.”

“Roger,” Mitch said checking the countdown. “This is Flight, we are go for launch on schedule.”

“Roger that Houston,” Launch Control said, “Launch on schedule.”

Once the clock reached -00:00:15, the television networks got what they

were waiting for. The Timer Controller began the verbal countdown. “15,” She said. “14... 13... 12... 11...”

Thousands had gathered at Cape Canaveral; the largest crowd ever to watch an unmanned launch. They listened to the Timer Controller's voice as it echoed across the grandstands.

“10... 9... 8... 7...”

Rich Purnell, entrenched in his orbital calculations, had lost track of time. He didn't notice when his coworkers migrated to the large meeting room where a TV had been set up. In the back of his mind, he thought the office was unusually quiet, but he gave it no further thought.

“6... 5... 4...”

“Ignition sequence start.”

“3... 2... 1...”

Clamps released; the booster rose amid a plume of smoke and fire, slowly at first, then racing ever faster. The assembled crowd cheered it on its way.

“...and liftoff of the Iris Supply Probe,” the Timer Controller said.

As the booster soared, Mitch had no time to watch the spectacle on the main screen. “Trim?” He called out.

“Trim's good, Flight.” came the immediate response.

“Course?” He asked.

“On course.”

“Altitude 1000 meters,” someone said.

“We've reached safe-abort,” another person called out, indicating that the ship could crash harmlessly into the Atlantic Ocean if necessary.

“Altitude 1500 meters.”

“Pitch and roll maneuver commencing.”

“Getting a little shimmy, flight.”

Mitch looked over to the Ascent Flight Director. “Say again?”

“A slight shimmy. On-board guidance is handling it.”

“Keep an eye on it,” Mitch said.

“Altitude 2500 meters.”

“Pitch and roll complete, 22 seconds till staging.”

The quick yet thorough design of Iris accounted for catastrophic landing failure. Rather than normal meal kits, most of the food was cubed protein bar material. Even if Iris failed to deploy its tumble balloons and impacted at hundreds of kph, the protein cubes would still be edible.

An unmanned mission, there was no cap on acceleration. The contents of the probe endured forces no human could survive. While NASA had tested the effects of extreme G-forces on protein cubes, they had not done so with a simultaneous lateral vibration. Had they been given more time, they would have.

The harmless shimmy, caused by a minor fuel mixture imbalance, rattled the payload. Mounted by strong bolts, Iris held firm. The protein cubes inside did not.

The thrust compressed the food while the shimmy rattled it. An effect similar to liquefaction during an earthquake transformed the protein cubes into a thick sludge. Stored in a compartment that originally had no left-over space, the now-compressed substance had room to slosh.

The shimmy also caused an imbalanced load, forcing the sludge toward the edge of its compartment. The shift in weight only aggravated the problem and the shimmy grew stronger.

“Shimmy's getting violent,” reported the Ascent Flight Director.

“How violent?” Mitch said.

“More than we like,” he said. “But the accelerometers caught it and calculated the new center of mass. The guidance computer is adjusting the engines' thrusts to counteract. We're still good.”

“Keep me posted,” Mitch said.

“13 seconds till staging.”

The unexpected weight shift had not spelled disaster. All systems were designed for worst-case scenarios; each did their job admirably. The ship continued toward orbit with only a minor course adjustment, implemented automatically by sophisticated software.

The first stage depleted its fuel, and the booster coasted for a fraction of a second as it jettisoned stage-clamps via explosive bolts. The now-empty stage fell away from the craft as the second-stage engines prepared to ignite.

The brutal forces had disappeared. The protein sludge floated free in the container. Given two seconds, it would have re-expanded and solidified. But it was given only a quarter-second.

As the second stage fired, the craft experienced a sudden jolt of immense force. No longer contending with the dead-weight of the first stage, the acceleration was profound. The 300kg of sludge slammed in to the back of its

container. The point of impact was at the edge of Iris, nowhere near where the mass was expected to be.

Though Iris was held in place by five large bolts, the force was directed entirely to a single one. The bolt was designed to withstand immense forces; if necessary to carry the entire weight of the payload. But it was *not* designed to sustain a sudden impact from a loose 300kg mass.

The bolt sheared. The burden was then shifted to the remaining four bolts. The forceful impact having passed, their work was considerably easier than that of their fallen comrade.

Had the pad crew been given time to do normal inspections, they would have noticed the minor defect in one of the bolts. A defect that slightly weakened it, though would not cause failure on a normal mission. Still, they would have swapped it out with a perfect replacement.

The off-center load presented unequal force to the four remaining bolts, the defective one bearing the brunt of it. Soon, it failed as well. From there, the other three failed in rapid succession.

Iris slipped from its supports in the payload bulb, slamming in to the hull.

“Woah!” exclaimed the Ascent Flight Director. “Flight, we're getting a large precession!”

“What?” Mitch said as alerts beeped and lights flashed across all the consoles.

“Force on Iris is at 7 G's,” someone said.

“Intermittent signal loss,” came another voice.

“Ascent, What's happening here?” Mitch demanded.

“All hell broke loose. It's spinning on the long axis with a 17 degree precession.”

“How bad?”

“At least 5 rps, and falling off course.”

“Can you get it to orbit?”

“I can't talk to it at all; signal failures left and right.”

“Comm!” Mitch shot to the Communications Director.

“Workin' on it, Flight,” came the response. “There's a problem with the onboard system.”

“Getting some major G's inside, Flight.”

“Ground telemetry shows it 200 meters low of target path.”

“We've lost readings on the probe, Flight.”

Mitch zeroed in on that last comment. “Entirely lost the probe?” Mitch asked.

“Affirm, Flight. Intermittent signal from the ship, but no probe.”

“Shit,” Mitch said. “It shook loose in the bay.”

“It's dradeling, Flight.”

“Can it limp to orbit?” Mitch said. “Even super-low EO? We might be able to-”

“Loss of signal, Flight.”

“LOS here, too.”

“Same here.”

Other than the alarms, the room fell silent.

After a moment, Mitch said “Reestablish?”

“No luck,” said Comm.

“Ground?” Mitch asked.

“GC,” same the reply, “Vehicle had already left visual range.”

“SatCon?” Mitch asked.

“No satellite acquisition of signal.”

Mitch looked forward to the main screen. It was black now, with large white letters reading “LOS”.

“Flight,” came a voice over the radio, “US Destroyer Stockton reports debris falling from the sky. Source matches last known location of Iris.”

Mitch put his head in his hands. “Roger,” he said.

Then he uttered the words every Flight Director hopes never to say: “GC, Flight. Lock the doors.”

It was the signal to start post-failure procedures.

From the VIP observation room, Teddy watched the despondent Mission Control Center. He took a deep breath, then let it out. He looked forlornly at the blue folder, which contained the cheerful speech praising a perfect launch. Placing it in his briefcase, he then extracted the red folder with the *other* speech in it.

Venkat sat in his darkened office. He never *decided* to be in the dark. He'd just been lost in thought so long it got dark around him.

His mobile rang. His wife again. No doubt worried about him. He let it go to voice mail. He just couldn't face her. Or anyone.

A brief chime came from his computer. Glancing over, he saw an email

from JPL. A relayed message from Pathfinder:

[16:03]WATNEY: How'd the launch go?

Chapter 16

Martinez:

Dr. Shields says I need to write personal messages to each of the crew. She says it'll keep me tethered to humanity. I think it's bullshit. But hey, it's an order.

With you, I can be blunt:

If I die, I need you to check on my parents. They'll want to hear about our time on Mars first-hand. I'll need you to do that.

It won't be easy talking to a couple about their dead son. It's a lot to ask; that's why I'm asking you. I'd tell you you're my best friend and stuff, but it would be gay.

I'm not giving up. Just planning for every outcome. It's what I do.

Guo Ming, Director of the China National Space Administration, examined the expansive paperwork at his desk. In the old days, when China wanted to launch a rocket, they just launched it. Now, they were compelled by international agreements to warn other nations first.

It was a requirement, Guo Ming noted to himself, that did not apply to the United States. To be fair, the Americans publicly announced their launch schedules well in advance, so it amounted to the same.

He walked a fine line filling out the form: Making the launch date and flight path clear, while doing everything possible to “conceal state secrets.”

He snorted at the last requirement. “Ridiculous,” he mumbled. The *Taiyang Shen* had no strategic or military value. It was an unmanned probe that would be in Earth orbit less than two days. After that, it would travel to a solar orbit between Mercury and Venus. It would be China's first heliology probe to orbit the sun.

Yet, the State Council insisted all launches be shrouded in secrecy. Even launches with nothing to hide. This way, other nations could not infer from

lack of openness which launches contained classified payloads.

A knock at the door interrupted his paperwork.

“Come,” Guo Ming said, happy for the interruption.

“Good evening, Sir,” said Under-Director Zhu Tao.

“Tao, welcome back.”

“Thank you, Sir. It's good to be back in Beijing.”

“How were things at Jiuquan?” asked Guo Ming. “Not too cold, I hope? I'll never understand why our launch complex is in the middle of the Gobi Desert.”

“It was cold, yet manageable,” Zhu Tao said.

“And how are launch preparations coming along?”

“I am happy to report they are all on-schedule.”

“Excellent,” Guo Ming smiled.

Zhu Tao sat quietly, staring at his boss.

Guo Ming looked expectantly back at him, but Zhu Tao neither stood to leave nor said anything further.

“Something else, Tao?” Guo Ming asked.

“Mmm,” Zhu Tao said, “Of course, you've heard about the Iris probe?”

“Yes, I did,” Guo frowned. “Terrible situation. That poor man's going to starve.”

“Possibly,” Zhu Tao said. “Possibly not.”

Guo Ming leaned back in his chair. “What are you saying?”

“It's the *Taiyang Shen*'s booster, Sir. Our engineers have run the numbers, and it has enough fuel for a Mars injection orbit. It could get there in 419 days.”

“Are you kidding?”

“Have you ever known me to 'kid,' Sir?”

Guo Ming stood and pinched his chin. Pacing, he said “We can really send a probe to Mars?”

“It's hardly notable, Sir,” Zhu Tao said. “We've sent several in the past.”

“Yes, I know, but we could really send the *Taiyang Shen*?”

“No, Sir,” said Zhu Tao. “It's far too heavy. The massive heat shielding makes it the heaviest unmanned probe we've ever built. That's why the booster had to be so powerful. But a lighter payload could be sent all the way to Mars.”

“How much mass could we send?” Guo Ming asked.

“941 kilograms, Sir.”

“Hmm,” Guo Ming said, “I bet NASA could work with that limitation. Why haven't they approached us?”

“Because they don't know.” Zhu Tao said. “All our booster technology is classified information. The Ministry of State Security even spreads disinformation about our capabilities. This is for obvious reasons.”

“So they don't *know* we can help them,” Guo Ming said, “If we decide not to help, no one will know we could have.”

“Correct, Sir.”

“For the sake of argument, let's say we decided to help. What then?”

“Time would be the enemy, Sir,” Zhu Tao answered. “Based on travel duration and the supplies their astronaut has remaining, any such probe would have to be launched within a month. Even then he would starve a little.”

“That's right around when we planned to launch *Taiyang Shen*.”

“Yes, Sir. But it took them two months to build Iris, and it was so rushed it failed.”

“That's their problem,” Guo Ming said. “Our end would be providing the booster. We'd launch from Jiuquan; we can't ship an 800-ton rocket to Florida.”

“Any agreement would hinge on the Americans reimbursing us for the booster,” Zhu Tao said, “and the State Council would likely want political favors from the US Government.”

“Reimbursement would be pointless,” Guo Ming said. “This was an expensive project, and the State Council grumbled about it all along. If they had a bulk payout for its value, they'd just keep it. We'd never get to build another one.”

He clasped his hands behind his back. “And the American people may be sentimental, but their government is not. The US State Department won't trade anything major for one man's life.”

“So it's hopeless?” asked Zhu Tao.

“Not hopeless,” Guo Ming corrected. “Just hard. If this becomes a negotiation by diplomats, it will never resolve. We need to keep this among scientists. Space agency to space agency. I'll get a translator and call NASA's Director. We'll work out an agreement, then present it to our governments as a *fait accompli*.”

“But what can they do for us?” Zhu Tao asked. “We'd be giving up a booster and effectively canceling *Taiyang Shen*.”

Guo Ming smiled. "They'll give us something we can't get without them."
"And that is?"

"They'll put a Chinese astronaut on Mars."

Zhu Tao stood. "Of course," he smiled. "The Ares 5 crew hasn't even been selected yet. We'll insist on a crewman. One we get to pick and train. NASA and the US State Department would surely accept that. But will our State Council?"

Guo Ming smiled wryly. "Publicly rescue the Americans? Put a Chinese astronaut on Mars? Have the world see China as equal to the US in space? The State Council would sell their own *mothers* for that."

Teddy listened to the phone at his ear. The voice on the other end finished what it had to say, then fell silent as it awaited an answer.

He stared at nothing in particular as he processed what he'd just heard. After a few seconds, he replied "Yes."

Johanssen:

Your poster outsold the rest of ours *combined*. You're a hot chick who went to Mars. You're on dorm-room walls all over the world.

Looking like that, why are you such a nerd? And you are, you know. A serious nerd. I had to do some computer shit to get Pathfinder talking to the rover and **oh my God**. And I had NASA telling me what to do every step of the way.

You should try to be more cool. Wear dark glasses and a leather jacket. Carry a switchblade. Aspire to a level of coolness known only as... "Botanist Cool."

Did you know Commander Lewis had a chat with us men? If anyone hit on you, we'd be off the mission. I guess after a lifetime of commanding sailors she's got an unfairly jaded view.

Anyway. Try not to think about all those guys wanking to your poster.

“Ok, here we are again,” said Bruce to the assembled heads of JPL. “You've all heard about the *Taiyang Shen*, so you know our friends in China have given us one more chance. But this time, it's going to be harder.

“*Taiyang Shen* will be ready to launch in 28 days. If it launches on time, our payload will get to Mars on Sol 624, six weeks after Watney's expected to run out of food. NASA's already working on ways to stretch his supply.

“We made history when we finished Iris in sixty three days. Now we have to do it in *twenty eight*.”

He looked across the table to the incredulous faces.

“Folks,” he said, “This is going to be the most 'ghetto' spacecraft ever built. There's only one way to finish that fast: No landing system.”

“Sorry, what?” Jack Trevor stammered.

Bruce nodded. “You heard me. No landing system. We'll need guidance for in-flight course adjustments. But once it gets to Mars, it's going to crash.”

“That's crazy!” Jack said. “It'll be going an *insane* velocity when it hits!”

“Yep,” Bruce said. “With ideal atmospheric drag, it'll impact at 300 meters per second.”

“What good will a pulverized probe do Watney?” Jack asked.

“As long as the food doesn't burn up on the way in, Watney can eat it.” Bruce commented.

Turning to the whiteboard, he began drawing a basic organizational chart. “I want two teams,” He began.

“Team One will make the outer shell, guidance system, and thrusters. All we need is for it to get to Mars. I want the safest possible system. Aerosol propellant would be best. High-gain radio so we can talk to it, and standard satellite navigational software.

“Team Two will deal with the payload. They need to find a way to contain the food during impact. If protein bars hit sand at 300m/s, they'll make protein-scented sand. We need them *edible* after impact.

“We can weigh 941kg. At least 300 of that needs to be food. Get crackin'.”

“Uh, Dr. Kapoor?” Rich said, peeking his head in to Venkat's office. “Do you have a minute?”

Venkat gestured him in. "You are...?"

"Rich, Rich Purnell," he said, shuffling in to the office, his arms wrapped around a sheaf disorganized papers. "From astrodynamics."

"Nice to meet you," Venkat said. "What can I do for you, Rich?"

"I came up with something a while ago. Spent a lot of time on it." He dumped the papers on Venkat's desk. "Lemme find the summary..."

Venkat stared forlornly at his once clean desk, now strewn with scores of printouts.

"Here we go!" Rich said triumphantly, grabbing a paper. Then, his expression saddened. "No, this isn't it."

"Rich," Venkat said. "Maybe you should just tell me what this is about?"

Rich looked at the mess of papers and sighed. "But I had such a cool summary..."

"A summary for what?"

"How to save Watney."

"That's already in progress," Venkat said. "It's a last-ditch effort, but—"

"The *Taiyang Shen*?" Rich snorted. "That won't work. You can't make a Mars probe in a month."

"We're sure as hell going to try," Venkat said, a note of annoyance in his voice.

"Oh sorry, am I being difficult?" Rich asked. "I'm not good with people. Sometimes I'm difficult. I wish people would just tell me. Anyway, the *Taiyang Shen* is critical. In fact, my idea won't work without it. But a Mars probe? Pfft. C'mon."

"All right," Venkat said. "What's your idea?"

Rich snatched a paper from the desk. "Here it is!" He handed it to Venkat with a child-like smile.

Venkat took the summary and skimmed it. The more he read, the wider his eyes got. "Are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely!" Rich beamed.

"Have you told anyone else?"

"Who would I tell?"

"I don't know, Venkat said. "Friends?"

"I don't have any of those."

"Ok, keep it under your hat." Venkat said.

"I don't wear a hat."

"It's just an expression."

“Really?” Rich said. “It's a stupid expression.”

“Rich, you're being difficult.”

“Ah. Thanks.”

Vogel:

Being your backup has backfired.

I guess NASA figured botany and chemistry are similar because they both end in “Y”. One way or another, I ended up being your back-up chemist.

Remember when they made you spend a day explaining your experiments to me? It was in the middle of intense mission prep. You may have forgotten.

You started my training by buying me a beer. For breakfast. Germans are awesome.

Anyway, now that I have time to kill, NASA gave me a pile of work. And all your chemistry crap is on the list. So now I have to do boring-ass experiments with test tubes and soil and pH levels and Zzzzzzzzzzz....

My life is now a desperate struggle for survival... with occasional titration.

Frankly, I suspect you're a super villain. You're a chemist, you have a German accent, you had a base on Mars... what more can there be?

“What the fuck is 'Project Elrond'?” Annie asked.

“I had to make something up,” Venkat said.

“So you came up with 'Elrond'?” Annie pressed.

“Because it's a secret meeting?” Mitch guessed. “The email said I couldn't even tell my assistant.”

“I'll explain everything once Teddy arrives.” Venkat said.

“Why does 'Elrond' mean 'secret meeting'?” Annie asked.

“Are we going to make a momentous decision?” Bruge Ng asked.

“Exactly,” Venkat said.

“How did you know that?” Annie asked, getting annoyed.

“Elrond,” Bruce said. “The Council of Elrond. From Lord of the Rings. It's the meeting where they decide to destroy The One Ring.”

“Jesus,” Annie said. “*None* of you got laid in high school, did you?”

“Good morning,” Teddy said as he walked in. Seating himself, he rested his hands on the table. “Anyone know what this meeting's about?” He asked.

“Wait,” Mitch said, “*Teddy* doesn't even know?”

Venkat took a deep breath. “One of our astrodynamacists, Rich Purnell, has found a way to get Hermes back to Mars. The course he came up with would give Hermes a Mars flyby on Sol 549.”

Silence.

“You shittin' us?” Annie demanded.

“Sol 549? How's that even possible?” Asked Bruce. “Even Iris wouldn't have landed till Sol 588.”

“Iris was a point-thrust craft,” Venkat said. “Hermes has a constant-thrust ion engine. It's always accelerating. Also, Hermes has a *lot* of velocity right now. On their current Earth-intercept course, they have to decelerate for the next month just to slow down to Earth's speed.”

Mitch rubbed the back of his head. “Wow... 549. That's 35 sols before Watney runs out of food. That would solve everything.”

Teddy leaned forward. “Run us through it, Venkat. What would it entail?”

“Well,” Venkat began, “If they did this 'Rich Purnell Maneuver,' they'd start accelerating right away, to preserve their velocity and gain even more. They wouldn't intercept Earth at all, but would come close enough to use a gravity assist to adjust course. Around that time, they'd pick up a re-supply probe with provisions for the extended trip.

“After that, they'd be on an accelerating orbit toward Mars, arriving on Sol 549. Like I said, it's a *Mary flyby*. This isn't anything like a normal Ares mission. They'll be going too fast to fall in to orbit. The rest of the maneuver takes them back to Earth. They'd be home 211 days after the flyby.”

“What good is a flyby?” Bruce asked. “They don't have any way to get Watney off the surface.”

“Yeah...” Venkat said. “Now for the unpleasant part: Watney would have to get to the Ares-4 MAV.”

“Schiaparelli Crater!?” Mitch gaped. “That's 3,200km away!”

“3,235km to be exact,” Venkat said. “It's not out of the question. He

drove to Pathfinder's landing site and back. That's over 1,500km.”

“That was over flat, desert terrain,” Bruce chimed in. “But the trip to Schiaparelli-”

“Suffice it to say,” Venkat interrupted, “It would be very difficult and dangerous. But we have a lot of clever scientists to help him trick out the rover. Also there would be MAV modifications.”

“What's wrong with the MAV?” Mitch asked.

“It's designed to get to low Mars orbit,” Venkat explained. “But Hermes would be on a flyby, so the MAV would have to escape Mars gravity entirely to intercept.”

“How?” Mitch asked.

“It'd have to lose weight... a **lot** of weight. I can get rooms full of people working on these problems if we decide to do this.”

“Earlier,” Teddy said, “You mentioned a supply probe for Hermes. We have that capability?”

“Yes, with the *Taiyang Shen*,” Venkat said. “We'd shoot for a near-Earth rendezvous. It's a lot easier than getting a probe to Mars, that's for sure.”

“I see,” Teddy said. “So we have two options on the table: Send Watney enough food to last until Ares 4, or send Hermes back to get him right now. Both plans require the *Taiyang Shen*, so we can only do one.”

“Yes,” Venkat said. “We'll have to pick one.”

They all took a moment to consider.

“What about the Hermes crew?” Annie asked, breaking the silence. “Would they have a problem with adding...” She did some quick math in her head “533 days to their mission?”

“They wouldn't hesitate,” Mitch said. “Not for a second. That's why Venkat called this meeting.” He cast a disapproving glare at Venkat. “He wants us to decide instead.”

“That's right,” Venkat said.

“It should be Commander Lewis' call,” Mitch said sternly.

“Pointless to even ask her,” Venkat said. “**We** need to make this decision; it's a matter of life and death.”

“She's the Mission Commander,” Mitch said. “Life and death decisions are her damn job.”

“Easy, Mitch,” Teddy said.

“Bullshit,” Mitch said. “You guys have done end-runs around the crew every time something goes wrong. You didn't tell them Watney was still

alive, now you're not telling them there's a rescue option.”

“We already have a rescue option,” Teddy said. “We're just discussing another one.”

“The crash-lander?” Mitch said. “Does anyone think that'll work? Anyone?”

“All right, Mitch,” Teddy said. “You've expressed your opinion, and we've heard it. Let's move on.” He turned to Venkat. “Can Hermes function for 533 days beyond the scheduled mission end?”

“It should,” Venkat said. “The crew may have to fix things here and there, but they're well trained. Remember, Hermes was made to do all 5 Ares missions. It's only halfway through its designed lifespan.”

“It's the most expensive thing ever built,” Teddy said. “We can't make another one. If something went wrong, the crew would die, and the Ares Program with them.”

“Losing the crew would be a disaster,” Venkat said. “But we wouldn't lose Hermes. We can remotely operate it. So long as the reactor and ion engines continued to work, we could bring it back.”

“Space travel is dangerous,” Mitch said. “We can't make this a discussion about what's safest.”

“I disagree,” Teddy said. “This is *absolutely* a discussion about what's safest. And about how many lives are at stake. Both plans are risky, but resupplying Watney only risks one life while the Rich Purnell Maneuver risks six.”

“Consider *degree* of risk, Teddy,” Venkat said. “Mitch is right. The crash-lander is high-risk. It could miss Mars, it could re-enter wrong and burn up, it could crash too hard and destroy the food... we estimate 30% chance of success.”

“A near-Earth rendezvous with Hermes is more doable?” Teddy asked.

“Much more doable,” Venkat confirmed. “With sub-second transmission delays, we can control the probe directly from Earth rather than rely on automated systems. When the time comes to dock, Major Martinez can pilot it remotely from Hermes with no transmission delay at all. And Hermes has a human crew, able to overcome any hiccups that may happen. And we don't have to do a reentry; the supplies don't have to survive a 300m/s impact.”

“So,” Bruce offered, “We can have a high chance of killing one person, or a low chance of killing 6 people. Jeez. How do we even make this decision?”

“We talk about it, then Teddy makes the decision,” Venkat said. “Not sure what else we can do.”

“We could let Lewis-” Mitch began.

“Yeah, other than that,” Venkat interrupted.

“Question,” Annie said. “What am I even here for? This seems like something for you nerds to discuss.”

“You need to be in the loop,” Venkat said. “We're not deciding right now. We'll need to quietly research the details internally. Something might leak, and you need to be ready to dance around questions.”

“How long have we got to make a decision?” Teddy asked.

“The window for starting the maneuver ends in 39 hours.”

“All right,” Teddy said. “Everyone, we discuss this only in person or on the phone; never email. And don't talk to *anyone* about this, other than the people here. The last thing we need is public opinion pressing for a risky cowboy rescue that may be impossible.”

Beck:

Hey, man. How ya been?

Now that I'm in a “dire situation,” I don't have to follow social rules anymore. I can be honest with everyone.

Bearing that in mind, I have to say... dude... you need to tell Johanssen how you feel. If you don't, you'll regret it forever.

I won't lie: It could end badly. I have no idea what she thinks of you. Or of anything. She's weird.

But wait till the mission's over. You're on a ship with her for another two months. Also, if you guys got up to anything while the mission was in progress, Lewis would kill you.

Venkat, Mitch, Annie, Bruce, and Teddy met secretly for the second time in as many days. “Project Elrond” had taken on a dark connotation, veiled in secrecy. Many people knew the name, none knew its purpose.

Speculation ran rampant. Some thought it was a completely new program in the works. Others worried it might be a move to cancel Ares 4 and 5. Most thought it was Ares 6 in the works.

“It wasn't an easy decision,” Teddy said to the assembled elite. “But I've decided to go with Iris 2. No Rich Purnell Maneuver.”

Mitch slammed his fist on the table.

“We'll do all we can to make it work,” Bruce said.

“If it's not too much to ask,” Venkat began. “What made up your mind?”

Teddy sighed. “It's a matter of risk,” he said. “Iris 2 only risks one life. Rich Purnell risks all six of them. I know Rich Purnell is more likely to work, but I don't think it's six times more likely.”

“You fucking coward,” Mitch said.

“Mitch...” Venkat said.

“You god damned fucking coward,” Mitch continued, ignoring Venkat. “You just want to cut your losses. You're on damage control. You don't give a shit about Watney's life.”

“Of course I do,” Teddy replied. “And I'm sick of your infantile attitude. You can throw all the tantrums you want, but the rest of us have to be adults. This isn't a TV show; the riskier solution isn't always the best.”

“Space is dangerous,” Mitch snapped. “It's what we do here. If you want to play it safe all the time, go join an insurance company. And by the way, it's not even your life you're risking. The crew can make up their own minds about it.”

“No they can't,” Teddy fired back. “They're too emotionally involved. Clearly, so are you. I'm not gambling five lives to save one. Especially when we might save him without risking them at all.”

“Bullshit!” Mitch shot back as he stood from his chair. “You're just *convincing* yourself the crash-lander will work so you don't have to take a risk. You're hanging him out to dry, you chicken-shit son of a bitch!”

He stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

After a few seconds, Venkat followed behind, saying “I'll make sure he cools off.”

Bruce slumped in his chair. “Sheesh,” he said, nervously. “We're scientists, for Christ's sake. What the hell!?”

Annie quietly gathered her things and placed them in her briefcase.

Teddy looked to her. “Sorry about that, Annie,” he said. “What can I say? Sometimes men let testosterone take over-”

“I was hoping he'd kick your ass,” she interrupted.

“What?”

“I know you care about the astronauts, but he's right. You *are* a fucking coward. If you had balls we might be able to save Watney.”

Lewis:

Hi, Commander.

Between training and our trip to Mars, I spent 2 years working with you. I think I know you pretty well. So I'm guessing you blame yourself for my situation.

Don't.

You were faced with an impossible scenario and made a tough decision. That's what Commanders do. And your decision was right. If you'd waited any longer, the MAV would have tipped.

I'm sure you've run through all the possible outcomes in your head, so you know there's nothing you could have done differently (other than “be psychic”).

You probably think losing a crewman is the worst thing that can happen. Not true. Losing the *whole crew* is worse. You kept that from happening.

But there's something more important we need to discuss: What is it with you and Disco? I can understand the '70's TV because everyone loves hairy people with huge collars. But Disco?

Disco!?

Vogel checked the position and orientation of Hermes against the projected path. It matched, as usual. In addition to being the mission's chemist, he was also an accomplished astrophysicist. Though his duties as navigator were laughably easy.

The computer knew the course. It knew when to angle the ship so the ion engines would be aimed correctly. And it knew the location of the ship at all

times (easily calculated from the position of the sun and Earth, and knowing the exact time from an on-board atomic clock.)

Barring a complete computer failure or other critical event, Vogel's vast knowledge of astrodynamics would never come in to play.

Completing the check, he ran a diagnostic on the engines. They were functioning at peak. He did all this from his quarters. All on-board computers could control all ship's functions. Gone were the days of physically visiting the engines to check up on them.

Having completed his work for the day, he finally had time to read email.

Sorting through the messages NASA deemed worthy to upload, he read the most interesting first and responded when necessary. His responses were cached and would be sent to Earth with Johanssen's next uplink.

A message from his wife caught his attention. Titled *Unsere kinder* ("our children"), it contained nothing but an image attachment. He raised an eyebrow. Several things stood out at once. Firstly, "kinder" should have been capitalized. Helena, a grammar school teacher in Bremen, was very unlikely to make that mistake. Also, to each other, they affectionately called their kids *Die Affen*.

Attempting to open the image, his viewer reported the file was unreadable.

He walked down the narrow hallway. The crew quarters stood against the outer hull of the constantly-spinning ship to maximize simulated gravity. Johanssen's door was open, as usual.

"Johanssen. Good evening," Vogel said. The crew kept the same sleep schedule, and it was nearing bedtime.

"Oh, hello," Johanssen said, looking up from her computer.

"I have the computer problem," Vogel explained. "I wonder if you will help."

"Sure," she said.

"You are in the personal time," Vogel said. "Perhaps tomorrow when you are on the duty is better?"

"Now's fine," she said. "What's wrong?"

"It is a file. It is an image, but my computer can not view."

"Where's the file?" she asked, typing on her keyboard.

"It is on my shared space. The name is 'kinder.jpg'."

"Let's take a look," she said.

Her fingers flew over her keyboard as windows opened and closed on her

screen. "Definitely a bad jpg header," she said. "Probably mangled in the download. Lemme look with a hex editor, see if we got anything at all..."

After a few moments she said. "This isn't a jpg. It's a plain ASCII text file. Looks like... well I don't know what it is. Looks like a bunch of math formulae." She gestured to the screen. "Does any of this make sense to you?"

Vogel leaned in, looking at the text. "Ja," he said. "It is a course maneuver for Hermes. It says the name is 'Rich Purnell Maneuver'."

"What's that?" Johanssen asked.

"I have not heard of this maneuver." He looked at the tables. "It is complicated... very complicated..."

He froze. "Sol 549!?" he exclaimed. "Mein Gott!"

The Hermes crew enjoyed their scant personal time in an area called "The Rec". Consisting of a table and barely room to seat six, it ranked low in gravity priority. Its position amidships granted it a mere 0.2g.

Still, it was enough to keep everyone in their seats as they pondered what Vogel told them.

"...and then mission would conclude with Earth intercept 211 days later," he finished up.

"Thank you, Vogel," Lewis said. She'd heard the explanation earlier when Vogel came to her, but Johanssen, Martinez, and Beck were hearing it for the first time. She gave them a moment to digest.

"Would this really work?" Martinez asked.

"Ja," Vogel nodded. "I ran the numbers. They all check out. It is brilliant course. Amazing."

"How would he get off Mars?" Martinez asked.

Lewis leaned forward. "There was more in the message," she began. "The maneuver is part of an overall idea NASA had to rescue Watney. We'd have to pick up a supply near Earth, and he'd have to get to Ares-4's MAV."

"Why all the cloak and dagger?" Beck asked.

"According to the message," Lewis explained. "NASA rejected the idea. They'd rather take a big risk on Watney than a small risk on all of us. Whoever snuck it in to Vogel's email obviously disagreed."

"So," Martinez said, "We're talking about going directly against NASA's decision?"

"Yes," Lewis confirmed, "That's what we're talking about. If we do the

maneuver, they'll have to send the supply ship or we'll die. We have the opportunity to force their hand.”

“Are we going to do it?” Johanssen asked.

They all looked to Lewis.

“I won't lie,” she said. “I'd sure as hell like to. But this isn't a normal decision. This is something NASA expressly rejected. We're talking about mutiny. And that's not a word I throw around lightly.”

She stood and paced slowly around the table. “We'll only do it if we all agree. And before you answer, consider the consequences. If we mess up the supply rendezvous, we die. If we mess up the Earth gravity assist, we die.

“If we do everything perfectly, we add 533 days to our mission. 533 days of unplanned space travel where anything could go wrong. Maintenance will be a hassle. Something might break that we can't fix. If it's life-critical, we die.”

“Sign me up!” Martinez smiled.

“Easy, cowboy,” Lewis said. “You and I are military. There's a good chance we'd be court-martialed when we got home. As for the rest of you, I guarantee they'll never send you up again.”

Martinez leaned against the wall, arms folded with a half grin on his face. The rest silently considered what their commander had said.

“If we do this,” Vogel said. “It would be over 1000 days of space. This is enough space for a life. I do not need to return.”

“Sounds like Vogel's in,” Martinez grinned. “Me, too, obviously.”

“Let's do it,” Beck said.

“If you think it'll work,” Johanssen said to Lewis, “I trust you.”

“Ok,” Lewis said. “If we go for it, what's involved?”

Vogel shrugged. “I plot the course and execute it,” he said. “What else?”

“Remote Override,” Johanssen said. “It's designed to get the ship back if we all die or something. They can take over Hermes from Mission Control.”

“But we're right here,” Lewis said. “We can undo whatever they try, right?”

“Not really,” Johanssen said. “Remote Override takes priority over any on-board controls. It assumes there's been a disaster and the ship's control panels can't be trusted.”

“Can you disable it?” Lewis asked.

“Hmm...” Johanssen pondered. “Hermes has four redundant flight computers, each connected to three redundant comm systems. If any

computer gets signal from any comm system, Mission Control can take over. We can't shut down the comms; we'd lose telemetry and guidance. We can't shut down the computers; we need them to control the ship. I'll have to disable the Remote Override on each system... It's part of the OS, I'll have to jump over the code... yes. I can do it.”

“You're sure?” Lewis asked. “You can turn it off?”

“Shouldn't be hard,” Johanssen said. “It's an emergency feature, not a security program. It isn't protected against malicious code.”

“Malicious code?” Beck smiled. “So... you'll be a hacker?”

“Yeah,” Johanssen smiled back. “I guess I will.”

“All right,” Lewis said. “Looks like we can do it. But I don't want peer pressure forcing anyone into it. We'll wait for 24 hours. During that time, anyone can change their mind. Just talk to me in private or send me an email. I'll call it off and never tell anyone who it was.”

Lewis stayed behind as the rest filed out. Watching them leave, she saw they were smiling. All four of them. For the first time since leaving Mars, they were back to their old selves. She knew right then no one would change their mind.

They were going back to Mars.

Everyone knew Brendan Hutch would be running missions soon.

He rose through the ranks as fast as one could in the large, inertia-bound organization. Known as a diligent worker, his skill and leadership qualities were plain to all his subordinates.

Brendan was in charge of Mission Control from 1am to 9am every night. Continued excellent performance in this role would certainly net him a promotion. It was already announced he'd be back-up Flight Controller for Ares-4, and he had a good shot at the top job for Ares-5.

“Flight, CAPCOM,” came a voice through his headset.

“Go CAPCOM,” Brendan responded. Though they were in the same room, radio protocol was observed at all times.

“Unscheduled status update from Hermes.”

With Hermes 90 light-seconds away, back-and-forth voice communication was impractical. Other than media relations, Hermes would communicate via text until they were much closer.

“Roger,” Brendan said. “Read it out.”

“I... I don't get it, Flight,” came the confused reply. “No real status, just a single sentence.”

“What's it say?”

“Message reads: 'Houston, be advised: Rich Purnell is a steely-eyed missile man.'”

“What?” Brendan asked. “Who the hell is Rich Purnell?”

“Flight, Telemetry,” came another voice.

“Go Telemetry,” Brendan said.

“Hermes is off-course.”

“CAPCOM, advise Hermes they're drifting. Telemetry, get a correction vector ready-”

“Negative, Flight,” Telemetry interrupted. “It's not drift. They adjusted course. Instrumentation uplink shows a deliberate 27.812 degree rotation.”

“What the hell?” Brendan stammered. “CAPCOM, ask them what the hell.”

“Roger Flight... message sent. Minimum reply time 3 minutes, 4 seconds.”

“Telemetry, any chance this is instrumentation failure?”

“Negative, Flight. We're tracking them with SatCon. Observed position is consistent with the course change.”

“CAPCOM, Read your logs and see what the previous shift did. See if a massive course change was ordered and somehow nobody told us.”

“Roger, Flight.”

“Guidance, Flight.” Brendan said.

“Go Flight,” came the reply from the Guidance Controller.

“Work out how long they can stay on this course before it's irreversible. At what point will they no longer be able to intercept Earth?”

“Working on that now, Flight.”

“And somebody find out who the hell Rich Purnell is!”

Mitch sat comfortably in Teddy's office.

“Why'd you do it, Mitch?” Teddy demanded.

“Do what?” Mitch asked.

“You know damn well what I'm talking about.”

“Oh, you mean the Hermes mutiny?” Mitch said innocently. “You know, that'd make a good movie title. 'The Hermes Mutiny.' Got a nice ring to it.”

“We know you did it,” Teddy said sternly. “We don't know how, but we know you sent them the maneuver.”

“I suppose you have proof, then?”

Teddy glared. “No. Not yet, but we're working on it.”

“Really?” Mitch said. “Is that *really* the best use of our time? I mean, we have a near-Earth resupply to plan, not to mention figuring out how to get Watney to Schiaparelli. We've got a lot on our plates.”

“You're damn right we have a lot on our plates!” Teddy fumed. “After your little stunt, we're committed to this thing.”

“*Alleged* stunt,” Mitch said. “I suppose Annie will tell the media we decided to try this risky maneuver? And she'll leave out the mutiny part?”

“Of course,” Teddy said. “Otherwise we'd look like idiots.”

“Guess that's me off the hook then!” Mitch smiled. “Can't fire me for enacting NASA policy. *Allegedly* enacting it, that is. I guess Lewis is off the hook, too. And maybe Watney gets to live. Happy endings all around!”

“You may have killed the whole crew,” Teddy countered. “Ever think of that?”

“*Whoever* gave them the maneuver,” Mitch said, “only passed along information. Lewis made the decision to act on it. If she let emotion cloud her judgment, she'd be a shitty commander. And she's not a shitty commander.”

“If I can ever prove it was you, I'll find a way to fire you for it.” Teddy warned.

“Sure,” Mitch shrugged. “But if I wasn't willing to take risks to save lives, I'd...” He thought for a moment. “Well, I guess I'd be you.”

Chapter 17

LOG ENTRY: SOL 192

Holy shit!

They're coming back for me!

I don't even know how to react. I'm choked up!

And I've got a **shitload** of work to do before I catch that bus home.

They can't orbit. If I'm not in space when they pass by, all they can do is wave.

I have to get to Ares-4's MAV. Even NASA accepts that. And when the nannies at NASA recommend a 3200km overland drive, you know you're trouble.

Schiaparelli Crater here I come!

Well... not right away. I still have to do the aforementioned shitload of work.

My trip to Pathfinder was a quick jaunt compared to the epic journey that's coming up. I got away with a lot of shortcuts because I only had to survive 18 sols. This time, things are different.

I averaged 80km/sol on my way to Pathfinder. If I do that well toward Schiaparelli it'll take 40 sols. Call it 50 to be safe.

But there's more to it than just travel. Once I get there, I'll need to set up camp and do a bunch of MAV modifications. NASA estimates they'll take 30 sols, 45 to be safe. Between the trip and the MAV mods, that's 95 sols. Call it 100 because "95" cries out to be approximated.

So I'll need to survive away from the Hab for 100 sols.

"What about the MAV?" I hear you ask (in my fevered imagination).

"Won't it have some supplies? Air and water at the very least?"

Nope. It's got dick-all.

It does have air tanks, but they're empty. An Ares mission needs lots of O₂, N₂ and water anyway. Why send more with the MAV? Easier to have the crew top off the MAV from the Hab. Fortunately for my crewmates, the mission plan had Martinez fill the MAV tanks on Sol 1.

The flyby is on Sol 549, so I'll need to leave by 449. That gives me 257 sols to get my shit in gear.

Seems like a long time, doesn't it?

In that time, I need to modify the rover to carry the Atmospheric Regulator, Oxygenator, and Water Reclaimer. I call them "The Big Three". All three need to be in the pressurized area, but the rover isn't big enough. All three need to be running at all times, but the rover's batteries can't handle that load for long.

The rover will also need to carry all my food, water, solar cells, extra battery, my tools, some spare parts, and Pathfinder. As my sole means of communication with NASA, Pathfinder gets to ride on the roof, Granny Clampett style.

I have a lot of problems to solve, but I have a lot of smart people to solve them. Pretty much the whole planet Earth.

NASA is still working on the details, but the idea is to use both rovers. One to drive around, the other to act as a trailer for all the shit I have to bring.

I'll have to make structural changes to that trailer. And by "structural changes" I mean "cut a big hole in the hull." Then I can move the Big Three in and use Hab canvas to loosely cover the hole. It'll balloon out when I pressurize the rover, but it'll hold.

How will I cut a big chunk out of a rover's hull? I'll let my lovely assistant Venkat Kapoor explain further:

[14:38]JPL: I'm sure you're wondering how to cut a hole in the rover.

Our experiments show a rock sample drill can get through the hull. Wear and tear on the bit is minimal (rocks are harder than carbon composite). You can cut holes in a line, then chisel out the remaining chunks between them.

I hope you like drilling. The drill bit is 1cm wide, the holes will be 0.5cm apart, and the length of the total cut is 11.4m. That's 760 holes. And each one takes 160 seconds to drill.

Problem: The drills weren't designed for construction projects. They were intended for quick rock samples. The batteries only last 240 seconds. You do have two drills, but you'd still only get 3

holes done before needing to recharge. And recharging takes 41 minutes.

That's 173 hours of work, limited to 8 EVA hours per day. That's 21 days of drilling, and that's just too long. All our other ideas hinge on this cut working. If it doesn't, we need time to come up with new ones.

So we want you to wire a drill directly to Hab power.

The drill expects 28.8V and pulls 9 Amps. The only lines that can handle that are the rover recharge lines. They're 36V, 10A max. Since you have two, we're comfortable with you modifying one.

We'll send you instructions on how to step down the voltage and put a new breaker in the line, but I'm sure you already know how.

I'll be playing with high voltage power tomorrow. Can't imagine anything going wrong with that!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 193

I managed to not kill myself today, even though I was working with high voltage. Well, it's not as exciting as all that. I disconnected the line before I fucked with it.

As instructed, I turned a rover charging cable into a drill power source. Getting the voltage was a simple matter of adding resistors, which my electronics kit has in abundance.

I had to make my own a 9 Amp breaker. I strung three 3A breakers in parallel. There's no way for 9A to get through that without tripping all three in rapid succession.

Then I had to rewire a drill. Pretty much the same thing I did with Pathfinder. Take out the battery and replace it with a power line from the Hab. But this time it was a **lot** easier.

Pathfinder was too big to fit through any of my airlocks, so I had to do all the rewiring outside. Ever done electronics while wearing a space suit? Pain

in the ass. I even had to make a workbench out of MAV landing struts, remember?

Anyway, the drill fit in the airlock easily. It's only a meter tall, and shaped like a jackhammer. We did our rock sampling standing up, like Apollo astronauts.

Also, unlike my Pathfinder hatchet-job, I had the full schematics of the drill. I removed the battery and attached a power line where it used to be. Then, taking the drill and its new cord outside, I connected it to the modified rover charger and fired it up.

Worked like a charm! The drill whirled away with happy abandon. Somehow, I had managed to do everything right the first try. Deep down, I thought I'd fry the drill for sure.

It wasn't even midday yet. I figured why not get a jump on drilling?

[10:07] Watney: Power line modifications complete. Hooked it up to a drill, and it works great. Plenty of daylight left. Send me a description of that hole you want me to cut.

[10:25] JPL: Glad to hear it. Starting on the cut sounds great. Just to be clear, these are modifications to Rover 1, which we've been calling "the trailer." Rover 2 (the one with your modifications for the trip to Pathfinder) should remain as-is for now.

You'll be taking a chunk out of the roof, just in front of the airlock in the rear of the vehicle. The hole needs to be at least 2.5m long and the full 2m width of the pressure vessel.

Before any cuts, draw the shape on the trailer, and position the trailer where Pathfinder's camera can see it. We'll let you know if you got it right.

[10:43] Watney: Roger. Take a pic at 11:30 if you haven't heard from me by then.

The rovers are made to interlock so one can tow the other. That way you can rescue your crewmates if the shit hits the fan. For that same reason, rovers can share air via hoses you connect between them. That little feature

will let me share atmosphere with the trailer on my long drive.

I'd stolen the trailer's battery long ago; it had no ability to move under its own power. So I hitched it up to my awesomely modified rover and towed it in to place near Pathfinder.

Venkat told me to “draw” the shape I plan to cut, but he neglected to mention how. It's not like I have a Sharpie that can work out on the surface. So I vandalized Martinez's bed.

The cots are basically hammocks. Lightweight string woven loosely into something that's comfortable to sleep on. Every gram counts when making stuff to send to Mars.

I unraveled Martinez's bed and took the string outside. I taped it to the trailer hull along the path I planned to cut. Yes, of course duct tape works in a near-vacuum. Duct tape works anywhere. Duct tape is magic and should be worshiped.

I can see what NASA has in mind. The rear of the trailer has an airlock that we're not going to mess with. The cut is just ahead of it, and will leave plenty of space for The Big Three to stand.

I have no idea how NASA plans to power the Big Three for 24½ hours a day and still have energy left to drive. I bet they don't know, either. But they're smart; they'll work something out.

[11:49] JPL: What we can see of your planned cut looks good. We're assuming the other side is identical. You're cleared to start drilling.

[12:07] Watney: That's what she said.

[12:25] JPL: Seriously, Mark? Seriously?

First, I depressurized the trailer. Call me crazy, but I didn't want the drill explosively launched at my face.

Then I had to pick somewhere to start. I thought it'd be easiest to start on the side. I was wrong.

The roof would have been better. The side was a hassle because I had to hold the drill parallel to the ground. This isn't your dad's Black & Decker we're talking about. It's a meter long and only safe to hold by the handles.

Getting it to bite was nasty. I pressed it against the hull and turned it on, but it wandered all over the place. So I got my trusty hammer and screwdriver. With a few taps, I made a small chip in the carbon composite.

That gave the bit a place to seat, so I could keep drilling in one place. As NASA predicted, it took about two minutes to get all the way through.

I followed the same procedure for the second hole and it went much smoother. After the third hole, the drill's overheat light came on.

It wasn't designed to operate constantly for so long. Fortunately, it sensed the overheat and warned me. So I leaned it against the workbench for a few minutes and it cooled down. One thing you can say about Mars: It's *really* cold. The thin atmosphere doesn't conduct heat very well, but it cools everything eventually.

I had already removed the drill's cowling (the power cord needed a way in). A pleasant side effect is the drill cools even faster. Though I'll have to clean it thoroughly every few hours as dust accumulates.

By 17:00, when the sun began to set, I had drilled 75 holes. A good start, but there's still tons to do. Eventually (probably tomorrow) I'll have to start drilling holes that I can't reach from the ground. For that I'll need something to stand on.

I can't use my "workbench." It's got Pathfinder on it, and the last thing I'm going to do is mess with that. But I've got three more MAV landing struts. I'm sure I can make a ramp or something.

Anyway, that's all stuff for tomorrow. Tonight is about eating a *full* ration for dinner.

Awww yeah. That's right. I'm either getting rescued on Sol 549 or I'm dying. That means I have 35 days of extra food. I can indulge once in a while.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 194

I average a hole every 3.5 minutes. That includes the occasional breather to let the drill cool off.

I learned this by spending all damn day drilling. After 8 hours of dull, physically intense work, I had 137 holes to show for it.

It turned out to be easy to deal with places I couldn't reach. I didn't need to modify a landing strut after all. I just had to get something to stand on. I used a geological sample container (also known as "a box").

Before I was in contact with NASA, I would have worked more than 8 hours. I can stay out for 10 before even dipping in to "emergency" air. But NASA's got a lot of Nervous Nellies who don't want me out longer than spec.

With today's work, I'm about ¼ of the way through the whole cut. At least, ¼ of the way through the drilling. Then I'll have 759 little chunks to chisel out. And I'm not sure how well carbon composite is going to take to that. But NASA'll do it a thousand times back on Earth and tell me the best way to get it done.

Anyway, at this rate, it'll take 4 more days of (boring-ass) work to finish the drilling.

I've actually exhausted Lewis's supply of shitty '70's TV. And I've read all of Johanssen's mystery books.

I rifled through other crewmates' stuff to find entertainment. But all of Vogel's stuff is in German, Beck brought nothing but medical journals, and Martinez didn't bring anything.

I'm got really bored, so I decided to pick a theme song!

Something appropriate. And naturally, it should be something from Lewis's godawful '70's collection. It wouldn't be right any other way.

There are plenty of great candidates: *Life on Mars* by David Bowie, *Rocket Man* by Elton John, *Alone Again (Naturally)* by Gilbert O'Sullivan.

But I settled on *Stayin' Alive* by the Bee Gees.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 195

Another day, another bunch of holes. 145 this time (I'm getting better.) I'm half-way done. This is getting really old.

But at least I have encouraging messages from Venkat to cheer me on!

[17:12] Watney: 145 holes today. 357 total.

[17:31] JPL: We thought you'd have more done by now.

Dick.

Anyway, I'm still bored at night. I guess that's a good thing. Nothing's wrong with the Hab, there's a plan to save me, and the physical labor is making me sleep wonderfully.

I miss tending the potatoes. The Hab isn't the same without them.

There's still soil everywhere. No point in lugging it back outside. Lacking anything better to do, I ran some tests on it. Amazingly, some of the bacteria

survived. The population is strong and growing. That's pretty impressive, when you consider it was exposed to near-vacuum and sub-arctic temperatures for over 24 hours.

My guess is pockets of ice formed around some of the bacteria, leaving a bubble of survivable pressure inside, and the cold wasn't quite enough to kill them. With hundreds of millions of bacteria, it only takes one survivor to stave off extinction.

Life is amazingly tenacious. They don't want to die anymore than I do.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 196

I fucked up.

I fucked up big time. I made a mistake that might kill me.

I started my EVA around 08:45, same as always. I got my hammer and screwdriver and started chipping the trailer's hull. It's a pain in the ass to make a chip before each drilling, so I make all the day's chips in a single go.

After chipping out 150 divots (hey, I'm an optimist), I got to work.

It was the same as yesterday and the day before. Drill through, relocate. Drill through, relocate. Drill through a third time, then set the drill aside to cool. Repeat that process over and over till lunchtime.

At 12:00, I took a break. Back in the Hab, I enjoyed a nice lunch and played some chess against the computer (it kicked my ass). Then back out for the day's second EVA.

At 13:30 my ruination occurred, though I didn't realize it at the time.

The worst moments in life are heralded by small observations. The tiny lump on your side that wasn't there before. Coming home to your wife and seeing two wine glasses in the sink. Any time you hear "We interrupt this program..."

For me, it was when the drill didn't start.

Only three minutes earlier, it was working fine. I had finished a hole and set the drill aside to cool. Same as always.

But when I tried to get back to work, it didn't work. The power light wouldn't even come on.

I wasn't worried. If all else failed, I had another drill. It would take a few hours to wire it up, but that's hardly a concern.

The power light being off meant there was probably something wrong

with the line. A quick glance at the airlock window showed the lights were on in the Hab. So there were no systemic power problems. I checked my new breakers and sure enough, all three had tripped.

I guess the drill pulled a little too much amperage. No big deal. I reset the breakers and got back to work. The drill fired right up, and I was back to making holes.

Doesn't seem like a big deal, right? I certainly didn't think so at the time.

I finished my day at 17:00 after drilling 131 holes. Not as good as yesterday, but I lost some time to the drill malfunction.

I reported my progress.

```
[17:08] Watney: 131 holes today. 488 total. Minor drill issue; it tripped the breakers. There may be an intermittent short in the drill, probably in the attachment point of the power line. Might need to redo it.
```

Earth and Mars are just over 18 light-minutes apart now. Usually, NASA responded within 25 minutes. But this time, no reply came. Remember, I do all my communication from Rover 2, which relays everything through Pathfinder. I can't just lounge in the Hab awaiting a reply; I have to stay in the rover until they acknowledge the message.

```
[17:38] Watney: Have received no reply. Last message sent 30 minutes ago. Please acknowledge.
```

I waited another 30 minutes. Still no reply. Fear started to take root.

Back when JPL's Nerd Brigade hacked the rover and Pathfinder to be a poor-man's IM client, they sent me a cheat sheet for troubleshooting. I executed the first instruction:

```
[18:09] Watney: system_command: STATUS
```

```
[18:09] SYSTEM: Last message sent 00h31m ago. Last message received 26h17m ago. Last ping reply from probe received 04h24m ago. WARNING: 52 unanswered pings.
```

Pathfinder was no longer talking to the rover. It had stopped answering pings 4 hours and 24 minutes ago. Some quick math told me that was around 13:30 today.

The same time the drill died.

I tried not to panic. The troubleshooting sheet has a list of things to try if communication is lost. They are (in order):

1. Confirm power still flowing to Pathfinder.
2. Reboot rover.
3. Reboot Pathfinder by disconnecting/reconnecting power.
4. Install rover's comm software on the other rover's computer, try from there.
5. If both rovers fail, problem is likely with Pathfinder. Check connections very closely. Clean Pathfinder of Martian dust.
6. Spell message in Morse Code with rocks, include things attempted. Problem may be recoverable with remote update of Pathfinder.

I only got as far as step 1. I checked Pathfinder's connections and the negative lead was no longer attached.

I was elated! What a relief! With a smile on my face, I fetched my electronics kit and prepared to reattach the lead. I pulled it out of the probe to give it a good cleaning (as best I can with the gloves of my space suit) and noticed something strange. The insulation had melted.

I pondered this development. Melted insulation usually means a short. More current than the wire could handle had passed through. But the bare portion of the wire wasn't black or even singed, and the positive lead's insulation wasn't melted at all.

Then, one by one, the horrible realities of Mars came in to play. The wire wouldn't be burnt or singed. That's a result of oxidization. And there's no oxygen in the air. There likely was a short after all. But with the positive lead being unaffected, the power must have come from somewhere else...

And the drill's breaker tripped around the same time...

Oh... shit...

The internal electronics for Pathfinder included a ground lead to the hull. This way it could not build up a static charge in Martian weather conditions (no water and frequent sandblasting can make impressive static charge).

The hull sat on Panel A, one of four sides of the tetrahedron which

brought Pathfinder the Mars. The other 3 sides are still in Ares Vallis where I left them.

Between Panel A and the workbench were the Mylar balloons Pathfinder had used to tumble-land. I had shredded many of them to transport it. Still, a lot of material remained; enough to reach around Panel A and be in contact with the hull. I should mention that Mylar is conductive.

At 13:30, I leaned the drill against the workbench. The drill's cowling was off to make room for the power line. The workbench is metal. If the drill leaned against the workbench just right, it could make a metal-to-metal connection.

And that's exactly what happened.

Power traveled from the drill line's positive, through the workbench, through the Mylar, through Pathfinder's hull, through a bunch of extremely sensitive and irreplaceable electronics, and out the negative lead of Pathfinder's power line.

Pathfinder operates on 50 milliamps. It got *nine thousand* milliamps, which plowed through the delicate electronics, frying everything along the way. The breakers tripped, but it was too late.

Pathfinder's dead. I've lost the ability to contact Earth.

I'm on my own.

Chapter 18

LOG ENTRY: SOL 197

Sigh...

Just once I'd like something to go to plan, ya know?

Mars keeps trying to kill me.

Well... Mars didn't electrocute Pathfinder. So I'll amend that:

Mars and my stupidity keep trying to kill me.

Ok, enough self-pity. I'm not doomed. Things will be just be harder than planned. I have all I need to survive. And Hermes is still on the way.

I spelled out a Morse Code message using rocks. "PATHFINDER FRIED WITH 9AMPS. DEAD FOREVER. PLAN UNCHANGED. WILL GET TO MAV."

If I can get to the Ares-4 MAV, I'll be set. But having lost contact with NASA, I have to design my own Great Martian Winnebago.

For the time being, I've stopped all work on it. I don't want to continue without a plan. I'm sure NASA had all kinds of ideas, but now I have to come up with one on my own.

As I mentioned, the Big Three (Atmospheric Regulator, Oxygenator, and Water Reclaimer) are critical components. I worked around them for my trip to Pathfinder. I used CO₂ filters to regulate the atmosphere, and brought enough oxygen and water for the whole trip. That won't work this time. I need the Big Three.

Problem is, they soak up a lot of power, and have to run all day long. The rover batteries have 18kwh of juice. The Oxygenator *alone* uses 44.1kwh per sol. See my problem?

You know what? "Kilowatt-hours per sol" is a pain in the ass to say. I'm gonna invent a new scientific unit name. One kilowatt-hour per sol is... it can be anything... um... I suck at this... oh fuck it. I'll call it a "pirate-ninja."

All told, the Big Three need 69.2pn, most of that going to the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator. (The Water Reclaimer only needs 3.6 of that.)

There'll be cutbacks.

The easiest one is the Water Reclaimer. I have 620L of water (I had a lot more before the Hab blew up). I only need three liters of water per sol, so my

supply will last 206 sols. There's only 100 sols after I leave and before I'm picked up (or die in the attempt).

Conclusion: I don't need the Water Reclaimer at all. I'll drink as needed, and dump my waste outdoors. Yeah, that's right Mars, I'm gonna piss and shit on you. That's what you get for trying to kill me all the time.

There. I saved myself 3.6 pirate-ninjas.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 198

I've had a breakthrough with the Oxygenator!

I spent most of the day looking at the specs. It heats CO₂ to 900C, then passes it over a zirconia electrolysis cell to yank the carbon atoms off. Heating the gas is what takes most of the energy. Why is that important? Because I'm just one guy and the Oxygenator was made for six. 1/6th the quantity of CO₂ means 1/6th the energy to heat it.

The *spec* said 44.1pn, but all this time it's only been using 7.35 because of the reduced load. Now we're getting somewhere!

Then there's the matter of the Atmospheric Regulator. The regulator samples the air, figures out what's wrong with it, and corrects the problem. Too much CO₂? Take it out. Not enough O₂? Add some. Without it, the Oxygenator is worthless. The CO₂ needs to be separated in order to be processed.

The regulator analyzes the air with spectroscopy, then separates the gasses by supercooling them. Different elements turn to liquid at different temperatures. On Earth, supercooling this much air would take ridiculous amounts of energy. But (as I'm acutely aware) this isn't Earth.

Supercooling is done by pumping air to a component outside the Hab. The air quickly cools to the outdoor temperature, which ranges from -150C to 0C. When it's warm, additional refrigeration is used, but cold days can turn air to liquid for free. The real energy cost comes from heating it back up. If it came back to the Hab unheated, I'd freeze to death.

“But wait!” You're thinking, “Mars's atmosphere isn't liquid. Why does the Hab's air condense?”

The Hab's atmosphere is 90 times as dense, so it turns to liquid at much higher temperatures. The regulator gets the best of both worlds. Literally. Side note: Mars's atmosphere *does* condense at the poles. In fact, it solidifies

into dry ice.

Problem: the regulator takes 21.5pn. Even adding some of the Hab's power cells would barely power the regulator for a sol, let alone have juice to drive.

More thinking is required.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 199

I've got it. I know how to power the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator.

The problem with small pressure vessels is CO₂ toxicity. You can have all the oxygen in the world, but once the CO₂ gets above 1% you'll start to get drowsy. At 2% it's like being drunk. At 5%, it's hard to stay conscious. 8% will eventually kill you. Keeping alive isn't about oxygen, it's about getting rid of CO₂.

I need the regulator. But I don't need the Oxygenator all the time. I just need to get CO₂ out of the air, and back-fill with oxygen. I have 50 liters of liquid oxygen in two 25L tanks here in the Hab. That's 50,000L in gaseous form, enough to last 85 days. Not enough to see me through to rescue, but a hell of a lot.

The regulator can separate the CO₂ and store it in a tank, adding oxygen to my air as needed. When I run low on oxygen, I can camp out for a day and use *all* my power to run the Oxygenator. That way, the Oxygenator's power consumption doesn't eat up my driving juice.

So I'll run the regulator all the time, but only run the Oxygenator on days I dedicate to using it.

After the regulator freezes the CO₂ out, the oxygen and nitrogen are still gasses, but they're -75C. If the regulator fed that back to my air without reheating it, I'd be a Popsicle within hours. Most of the regulator's power goes to heating the return air so that doesn't happen.

But I have a better way to heat it up. Something NASA wouldn't consider on their most homicidal day.

The RTG!

Yes, the RTG. You may remember it from my exciting trip to Pathfinder. A lovely lump of Plutonium so radioactive it gives off 1500 watts of heat which it uses to harvest 100W of electricity. So what happens to the other

1400W? It gets radiated out as heat.

On the trip to Pathfinder, I had to actually remove insulation from the rover to vent excess heat from the damn thing.

I ran the numbers. The regulator uses 790W to constantly reheat air. The RTG's 1400W is more than equal to the task, as well as keeping the rover a reasonable temperature.

To test, I shut down the heaters in the regulator and noted its power consumption. After a few minutes I turned them right back on again. Jesus Christ that return air was cold. But I got the data I wanted.

With heating, the regulator needs 21.5pn. Without it... (drum roll) 1pn. That's right, almost *all* of the power was going to heat.

As with most of life's problems, this one can be solved by a box of *pure radiation*.

I spent the rest of the day double-checking my numbers and running more tests. It all checks out. I can do this.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 200

I hauled rocks today.

I needed to know what kind of power efficiency the rover/trailer will get. On the way to Pathfinder, I got 80km from 18kwh. This time, the load will be a lot heavier. I'll be towing the trailer and all the other shit.

I backed the rover up to the trailer and attached the tow clamps. Easy enough.

The trailer has been depressurized for some time now (there's a couple of hundred little holes in it, after all), so I opened both airlock doors to have a straight shot at the interior. Then I threw a bunch of rocks in.

I had to guess at the weight. The heaviest thing I'll bring with me is the water. 620kg worth. My freeze-dried potatoes will add another 200kg. I'll probably have more solar cells than before, and maybe a battery from the Hab. Plus the Atmospheric Regulator and Oxygenator, of course. Rather than weigh all that shit, I took a guess and called it 1200kg.

Half a cubic meter of basalt weighs about that much (more or less). After two hours of brutal labor, during which I whined a lot, I got it all loaded in.

Then, with both batteries fully charged, I drove circles around the Hab until I drained them both.

With a blistering top speed of 25kph, it's not an action-packed thrill ride. But I was impressed it could maintain that speed with all the extra weight. The rover has spectacular torque.

But physical law is a pushy little shit, and it exacted revenge for the additional weight. I only got 57km before I was out of juice.

That was 57km on level ground, without having to power the regulator (which won't take much with the heater off). Call it 50km per day to be safe. At that rate it would take 65 days to get to Schiaparelli. But that's just the travel time.

Every now and then, I'll need to break for a day and let the Oxygenator use all the power. How often? After a bunch of math I worked out that my 18pn budget can power the Oxygenator enough to make 2.5 sols of O₂. I'd have to stop every two to three sols to reclaim oxygen. My 65 sol trip would become 91!

That's too fucking long. I'll tear my own head off if I have to live in the rover that long. Anyway, I'm exhausted from lifting rocks and whining about lifting rocks. I think I pulled something in my back. Gonna take it easy the rest of today.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 201

Yeah, I definitely pulled something in my back. I woke up in agony.

So I took a break from rover planning. Instead, I spent the day taking drugs and playing with radiation.

First, I loaded up on Vicodin for my back. Hooray for Beck's medical supplies!

Then I drove out to the RTG. It was right where I left it, in a hole 4km away. Only an idiot would keep that thing near the Hab. So anyway, I brought it back to the Hab.

Either it'll kill me or it won't. A lot of work went in to making sure it doesn't break. If I can't trust NASA, who can I trust? (For now I'll forget that NASA told us to bury it far away.)

I stored it on the roof of the rover for the trip back. That puppy really spews heat.

I have some flexible plastic tubing intended for minor Water Reclaimer repairs. After bringing the RTG in to the Hab, I *very carefully* glued some

tubing around the heat baffles. Using a funnel made from a piece of paper, I ran water through the tubing, letting it drain in to a sample container.

Sure enough, the water heated up. That's not really a surprise, but it's nice to see thermodynamics being well-behaved.

The Atmospheric Regulator doesn't run constantly. The freeze-separation speed is driven by the weather outside. So the returning frigid air doesn't come as a steady flow. And the RTG generates a constant, predictable heat. It can't “ramp up” its output.

So I'll heat water with the RTG to create a heat reservoir, then I'll make the return air bubble through it. That way I don't have to worry about when the air comes in. And I won't have to deal with sudden temperature changes in the rover.

When the Vicodin wore off, my back hurt even more than before. I'm going to need to take it easy. I can't just pop pills forever. So I'm taking a few days off from heavy labor. To that end, I made a little invention just for me...

I took Johanssen's cot and cut out the hammock. Then I draped spare Hab canvas over the frame, making a pit inside the cot, with extra canvass around the edges. Weighing down the excess canvass with rocks, I now had a water-tight bathtub!

It only took 100L to fill the shallow tub.

Then, I stole the pump from the Water Reclaimer. (I can go quite a while without the Water Reclaimer operating). Hooking it up to my RTG-water-heater, I put both the input and output lines in the tub.

Yes, I know this is ridiculous, but I hadn't had a bath since Earth, and my back hurts. Besides, I'm going to spend 100 sols with the RTG anyway. A few more won't hurt. That's my bullshit rationalization and I'm sticking with it.

It took two hours to heat the water to 37C. Once it did, I shut off the pump, and got in. Oh man, all I can say is “Ahhhhhhh.”

Why the *hell* didn't I think of this before?

LOG ENTRY: SOL 207

I spent the last week recovering from back problems. The pain wasn't bad, but there aren't any chiropractors on Mars, so I wasn't taking chances.

I took hot baths twice a day, laid in my bunk a lot, and watched shitty

'70's TV. I've already seen Lewis's entire collection, but I didn't have much else to do. I was reduced to watching reruns.

I got a lot of thinking done.

I can make everything better by having more solar panels. The 14 panels I took to Pathfinder provided the 18kwh that the batteries could store. When traveling, I stowed the panels on the roof. The trailer gives me room to store another 7 (half of its roof will be missing because of the hole I'm cutting in it).

This trip's power needs will be driven by the Oxygenator. It all comes down to how much power I can give that greedy little fucker in a single sol. I want to minimize how often I have days with no travel. The more juice I can give the Oxygenator, the more oxygen it'll liberate, and the longer I can go between those "air-sols."

Let's get greedy. Lets say I can find a home for 14 more panels instead of 7. Not sure how to do that, but let's say I can. That would give me 38pn to work with, which would net me 5.1 sols of oxygen per air-sol. I'd only have to stop once per five sols. That's much more reasonable.

Plus, if I can arrange battery storage for the extra power, I could drive 100km per sol! Easier said than done, though. That extra 18kwh of storage will be tough. I'll have to take 2 of the Hab's 9kwh fuel cells and load them on to the rover or trailer. They aren't like the rover's batteries; they're not small or portable. They're light enough, but they're pretty big. I may have to attach them to the outside hull, and that would eat in to my solar cell storage.

100km per sol, stopping every fifth sol to reclaim oxygen. If I could pull that off, I'd get there 40 sols. That would be sweet!

In other news, It occurred to me that NASA is probably shitting bricks. They're watching me with satellites, and haven't seen me come out of the Hab for six days. With my back better, it was time to drop them a line.

I headed out for an EVA. This time, being very careful while lugging rocks around, I spelled out a Morse code message: "INJURED BACK. BETTER NOW. CONTINUING ROVER MODS."

That was enough physical labor for today. I don't want to overdo it. Think I'll have a bath.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 208

Today, it was time to experiment with the panels.

First, I put the Hab on low power mode: No internal lights, all nonessential systems offline, all internal heating suspended. I'd be outside most of the day anyway.

I detached 28 panels from the solar farm and dragged them to the rover. I spent four hours stacking them this way and that. The poor rover looked like the Beverly Hillbillies truck. Nothing I did worked.

The only way to get all 28 on the roof was to make stacks so high they'd fall off the first time I turned. If I lashed them together, they'd fall off as a unit. If I found a way to attach them perfectly to the rover, the rover would tip. I didn't even bother to test. It was obvious by looking and I didn't want to break shit.

I haven't removed the chunk of hull from the trailer yet. Half the holes are drilled, but I'm not committed to anything. If I left it in place, I could have four stacks of seven cells. That would work fine; it's just two rovers worth of what I did for the trip to Pathfinder.

Problem is, I need that opening. The regulator has to be in the pressurized area and it's too big to fit in the rover. Plus which, the Oxygenator needs to be in a pressurized area while operating. I'll only need it every 5 sols, but what would I do on that sol? No, the hole has to be there.

As it is, I'll be able to stow 21 panels. I need homes for the other seven. There's only one place they can go: The sides of the rover and trailer.

One of my earlier modifications was "saddlebags" draped over the rover. One side held the extra battery (stolen from what is now the trailer) while the other side was full of rocks as counterweight.

I won't need them this time around. I can return the second battery to the trailer whence it came. In fact, it'll save me the hassle of the mid-drive EVA I had to do every day to swap cables. When the rovers are linked up, they share resources including electricity.

I went ahead and reinstalled the trailer's battery. It took me two hours but it's out of the way now. I removed the saddlebags and set them aside. They may be handy down the line. If I've learned one thing from my stay at Club Mars, it's that *everything* can be useful.

I had liberated the sides of the rover and trailer. After staring at them for a while, I had my solution.

I'll make L-brackets that stick out from the undercarriages, with the hooks facing up. Two brackets per side to make a shelf. I could set panels on the

shelves and lean them against the rover. Then I'd lash them to the hull with homemade rope.

There'll be four "shelves" total; two on the rover and two on the trailer. If the brackets stick out far enough to accommodate two panels, I could store 8 additional panels that way. That would give me one more panel than I'd even planned for.

I'll make those brackets and install them tomorrow. I would have done it today, but it got dark and I got lazy.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 209

Cold night last night. The solar cells were still detached from the farm, so I had to leave the Hab in low-power mode. I did turn the heat back on (I'm not insane), but I set the internal temperature to 1C to conserve power. Waking up to frigid weather was surprisingly nostalgic. I grew up in Chicago, after all.

But nostalgia only lasts so long. I vowed to complete the brackets today, so I can return the panels to the farm. Then I can turn the damn heat back on.

I headed out to the MAV's landing strut array. Most of the MAV was made from composite, but the struts had to absorb the shock of landing. Metal was the way to go.

Each strut is 2 meters long, and held together by bolts. I brought them in to the Hab to save myself the hassle of working in an EVA suit. I took each strut apart, yielding a bunch of metal strips.

Shaping the brackets involved a hammer and... well that's it, actually. Making an "L" doesn't take a lot of precision.

I needed holes where the bolts would pass through. Fortunately, my Pathfinder-murdering drill made short work of that task.

Attaching the brackets to the undercarriages of the rover and trailer was easy. The undercarriages come right off. I bolted the brackets in place and returned the undercarriages where they belonged. Important note – an undercarriage is *not* part of the pressure vessel. The holes I drilled won't let my air out.

I tested the brackets by hitting them with rocks. This kind of sophistication is what we interplanetary scientists are known for.

After convincing myself the brackets wouldn't break at the first sign of

use, I tested the new arrangement. Two stacks of seven solar cells on the rover; another seven on the trailer, then two per shelf. They all fit.

After lashing the cells in place, I took a little drive. I did some basic acceleration and deceleration, turned in increasingly tight circles, and even did a power-stop. The cells didn't budge.

28 solar cells, baby! And room for one extra!

After some well-earned fist-pumping, I unloaded the cells and dragged them back to the farm. No Chicago morning for me tomorrow.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 211

I am smiling a great smile. The smile of a man who fucked with his car and *didn't break it*. This is considerably more rare than you might think.

I spent today removing unnecessary crap from the rover and trailer. I was pretty damn aggressive about it, too. Space inside the pressure vessels is premium. The more crap I clear out of the rover, the more space there is for me. The more crap I clear out of the trailer, the more supplies I can store in it, and the less I have to store in the rover.

First off: Each vehicle had a bench for passengers. Bye!

Next: there's no reason for the trailer to have life support. The oxygen tanks, nitrogen tanks, CO2 filter assembly... all unnecessary. It'll be sharing air with the rover (which has its own copy of each of those) and it'll be carrying the regulator and Oxygenator. Between the Hab components it'll be carrying and the rover, there'll be two redundant life support systems. That's plenty.

Then I yanked the driver's seat and control panel out of the trailer. The link-up with the rover is physical. The trailer doesn't do anything but get dragged along and fed air. It doesn't need controls or brains. However, I did salvage its computer. It's small and light, so I'll bring it with me. If something goes wrong with the rover's computer en-route, I'll have a spare.

The trailer had tons more space now. It was time for experimentation.

The Hab has twelve 9kwh batteries. They're bulky and awkward. Over two meters tall, a half-meter wide, and 3/4 meter thick. Making them bigger makes them take less mass per kwh of storage. Yeah, it's counter-intuitive. But once NASA figured out they could increase volume to decrease mass they were all over it. Mass is the expensive part about sending shit to Mars.

I detached two of them. The Hab mostly uses the batteries at night. As long as I return them before the end of the day, things should be fine.

With both of the trailer's airlock doors open I was able to get the first battery in. After playing real-life Tetris for a while I found a way to get the first battery out of the way enough to let the second battery in. Together, they eat up the whole front half of the trailer. If I hadn't cleared the useless shit out earlier today, I'd never have gotten them both in.

The trailer's battery is in the undercarriage, but the main power line runs through the pressure vessel. I was able to wire the Hab batteries directly in. (No small feat in the damn EVA suit).

A system check from the rover showed I had done the wiring correctly.

This may all seem minor, but it's awesome. It means I can have 29 solar cells and 36kwh of storage. I'll be able to do my 100km per day after all.

4 days out of 5, anyway.

According to my calender, the Hermes resupply probe is being launched from China in two days (if there were no delays). If that screws up, the whole crew will be in deep shit. I'm more nervous about that than anything else.

I've been in mortal danger for months; I'm kind of used to it now. But now I'm nervous again. Dying would suck, but my crewmates dying would be way worse. And I won't find out how the launch went till I get to Schiaparelli.

Good luck, guys.

Chapter 19

“Hey, Melissa...” said Robert. “Am I getting through? Can you see me?”

“Loud and clear, babe,” said Commander Lewis. “The video link is solid.”

“They say I have 5 minutes,” Robert said.

“Better than nothing,” Lewis said. Floating in her quarters, she gently touched the bulkhead to stop drifting. “It’s nice to see you in real-time for a change.”

“Yeah,” Robert smiled. “I can hardly notice the delay. I gotta say, I wish you were coming home.”

Lewis sighed, “Me too, babe.”

“Don’t get me wrong,” Robert quickly added, “I understand why you’re doing all this. Still, from a selfish point of view, I miss my wife. Hey, are you floating?”

“Huh?” Lewis said. “Oh, yeah. The ship isn’t spinning right now. No centripetal gravity.”

“Why not?”

“Because we’re docking with the *Taiyang Shen* in a few days. We can’t spin while we dock with things.”

“I see,” said Robert. “So how are things up on the ship? Anyone giving you shit?”

“No,” Lewis shook her head. “They’re a good crew; I’m lucky to have them.”

“Oh hey!” Robert said. “I found a great addition to our collection!”

“Oh? What’d you get?”

“An original production 8-track of *Abba’s Greatest Hits*. Still in the original packaging.”

Lewis widened her eyes. “Seriously? A 1973 or one of the reprints?”

“1973 all the way.”

“Wow! Good find!”

“I know, right!?”

With a final shudder, the jetliner came to a stop at the gate.

“Oh gods,” said Venkat, massaging his neck. “That was the longest flight I’ve ever been on.”

“Mm,” said Teddy, rubbing his eyes.

“At least we don’t have to go to Jiuquan till tomorrow,” Venkat moaned. “14½ hours of flying is enough for one day.”

“Don’t get too comfortable,” Teddy said. “We still have to go through customs and we’ll probably have to fill out a bunch of forms because we’re U.S. Government officials... it’s gonna be hours before we sleep.”

“Craaaaap.”

Gathering their carry-on luggage, they trudged off the plane with the rest of the weary travellers.

Beijing Capital International Airport’s Terminal 3 echoed with the cacophony common to huge air terminals. Venkat and Teddy continued forward as the Chinese citizens from their flight split off to go to a simpler point-of-entry process.

As Venkat took his place in line, Teddy filed in behind him and scanned the terminal for a convenience store. Any form of caffeine would be welcome.

“Excuse me, gentlemen,” came a voice from beside them.

They turned to see a young Chinese man wearing casual attire. “My name is Su Bin Bao,” he said in perfect English. “I am an employee of the China National Space Administration. I will be your guide and translator during your stay in the People’s Republic of China.”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Su,” Teddy said. “I’m Teddy Sanders, and this is Dr. Venkat Kapoor.”

“We need sleep,” Venkat said immediately. “Just as soon as we get through customs, please take us to a hotel to sleep.”

“I can do better than that, Dr. Kapoor,” Su smiled. “You are official guests of the People’s Republic of China. You have been pre-authorized to bypass customs. I can take you to your hotel immediately.”

“I love you,” Venkat said.

“Tell the People’s Republic of China we said thanks,” Teddy added.

“I’ll pass that along,” Su Bin smiled.

“Helena, my love,” Vogel said to his wife. “I trust you are well?”

“Yes,” she said. “I’m fine. But I do miss you.”

“Sorry.”

“Can't be helped,” she shrugged.

“How are our monkeys?”

“The children are fine,” she smiled. “Eliza is adjusting to life in junior high, and Victor is goalkeeper for his high school's team.”

“Excellent!” Vogel said. “I hear you are at Mission Control. Was NASA unable to pipe the signal to Bremen?”

“They could have,” she said. “But it was easier for them to bring me to Houston. A free vacation to the United States. Who am I to turn that down?”

“Well played. And how is my mother?”

“As well as can be expected,” Helena said. “She has her good days and bad days. My last few visits, she didn't recognize me. In a way, it's a blessing. She doesn't have to worry about you like I do.”

“She hasn't worsened?” He asked.

“No, she's about the same as when you left. The doctors are sure she'll still be here when you return.”

“Good,” he said. “I was worried I'd seen her for the last time.”

“Alex,” Helena said, “Will you be safe?”

“As safe as we can be,” he said. “The ship is in perfect condition, and after receiving the Taiyang Shen, we will have all the supplies we need for the remainder of the journey.”

“Be careful,” She said.

“I will, my love,” Vogel promised.

“Welcome to Jiuquan,” Guo Ming said. “I hope your flight was smooth?”

Su Bin translated Guo Ming's words as Teddy took the second-best seat in the observation room.

“Yes, thank you,” Teddy said. “The hospitality of your people has been wonderful. The private jet you arranged to bring us here was a nice touch.”

“My people have enjoyed working with your advance team,” Guo Ming said. “The last month has been very interesting. Attaching an American probe to a Chinese booster. I believe this is the first time it's ever been done.”

“It just goes to show,” Teddy said. “Love of science is universal across all cultures.”

Guo Ming nodded. *“My people have especially commented on the work ethic of your man Mitch Henderson. He is very dedicated.”*

“He's a pain in the ass,” Teddy said.
Su Bin paused before translating, but pressed on.
Guo Ming laughed. “*You can say that,*” he said. “*I cannot.*”

“So explain it again,” Beck's sister Amy said. “Why do you have to do an EVA?”

“I probably don't,” Beck explained. “I just need to be ready to.”

“Why?”

“In case the probe can't dock with us. If something goes wrong, it'll be my job to go out and grab it.”

“Can't you just move Hermes to dock with it?”

“No way,” Beck said. “Hermes is *huge*. It's not made for fine maneuvering control.”

“Why does it have to be you?”

“Cause I'm the EVA specialist.”

“But I thought you were the Doctor.”

“I am,” Beck said. “Everyone has multiple roles. I'm the doctor, the biologist, and the EVA specialist. Commander Lewis is our geologist. Johanssen is the sysop and reactor tech. And so on.”

“How about that good looking guy... Martinez?” Amy asked. “What does he do?”

“He pilots the MDV and MAV.” Beck said. “He's also married with a kid, you lecherous homewrecker.”

“Ah well. How about Watney? What did he do?”

“He's our botanist and engineer. And don't talk about him in the past tense.”

“Engineer? Like Scotty?”

“Kind of,” Beck said. “He fixes stuff.”

“I bet that's coming in handy now.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

“They're a weird bunch, these Chinese nerds,” Mitch said. “But they make a good booster.”

“Good.” Venkat said. “How's the linkage between the booster and our probe?”

“It all checks out,” Mitch said. “JPL followed the specs perfectly. It fits like a glove.”

“Any concerns or reservations?” Venkat asked.

“Yeah. I'm concerned about what I ate last night. I think it had an eyeball in it.”

“I'm sure there wasn't an eyeball.”

“The engineers here made it for me special,” Mitch said.

“There may have been an eyeball,” Venkat said. “They hate you.”

“Why?”

“Cause you're a dick, Mitch,” Venkat said. “A total dick. To everyone.”

“Fair enough. So long as the probe gets to Hermes, they can burn me in fucking effigy for all I care.”

“Wave to Daddy!” Marissa said, waving David's hand at the camera.

“Wave to Daddy!”

“He's too young to know what's going on,” Martinez said.

“Just think of the playground cred he'll have later in life,” she said. “My dad went to Mars. What's your dad do?”

“Yes, I'm pretty awesome,” he agreed.

Marissa continued to wave David's hand at the camera. David was more interested in his other hand, which was actively engaged in picking his nose.

“So,” Martinez said. “You're pissed.”

“You can tell?” Marissa asked. “I tried to hide it.”

“We've been together since we were 15. I know when you're pissed.”

“You volunteered to extend the mission 533 days,” she said. “Asshole.”

“Yeah,” Martinez said. “I figured that'd be the reason.”

“Your son will be in kindergarten when you get back. He won't have any memories of you.”

“I know,” Martinez said.

“I have to wait another 533 days to get laid!”

“So do I,” he said defensively.

“I have to worry about you that whole time,” she added.

“Yeah,” he said. “Sorry.”

She took a deep breath. “We'll get past it.”

“We'll get past it,” he agreed.

“Welcome to CNN's Mark Watney Report. Today we have the Director of Mars Operations Venkat Kapoor. He's speaking to us live via satellite from China. Dr. Kapoor, thank you for joining us.”

“Happy to do it,” Venkat said.

“So Dr. Kapoor, tell us about the *Taiyang Shen*. Why go to China to launch a probe? Why not launch it from the US?”

“Hermes isn't going to orbit Earth,” Venkat said. “It's just passing by on its way to Mars. And its velocity is *huge*. We need a booster capable of not only escaping Earth's gravity, but matching Hermes's current velocity. Only the *Taiyang Shen* has enough power to do that.”

“Tell us about the probe itself.”

“It was a rush job,” Venkat said. “JPL only had 30 days to put it together. They had to be as safe and efficient as they could. It's basically a shell full of food and other supplies. It has a standard satellite thruster package for maneuvering, but that's it.”

“And that's enough to fly to Hermes?”

“The *Taiyang Shen* will send it to Hermes. The thrusters are for fine control and docking. And JPL didn't have time to make a guidance system. So it'll be remote-controlled by a human pilot.”

“Who will be controlling it?” Cathy asked.

“The Ares 3 pilot, Major Rick Martinez. As the probe approaches Hermes, he'll take over and guide it to the docking port.”

“And what if there's a problem?”

“Hermes will have their EVA specialist, Dr. Chris Beck, suited up and ready the whole time. If necessary he will literally grab the probe with his hands and drag it to the docking port.”

“Sounds kind of unscientific,” Cathy laughed.

“You want unscientific?” Venkat smiled. “If the probe can't attach to the docking port for some reason, Beck will open the probe and carry its contents to the airlock.”

“Like bringing in the groceries?” Cathy asked.

“Exactly like that,” Venkat said. “And we estimate it would take 4 trips back and forth. But that's all an edge case. We don't anticipate any problems with the docking process.”

“Sounds like you're covering all your bases,” Cathy smiled.

“We have to,” Venkat said. “If they don't get those supplies... well, they

need those supplies.”

“Thanks for taking the time to answer our questions,” Cathy said.

“Always a pleasure, Cathy.”

He fidgeted in the chair, unsure what to say. After a moment, he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped sweat from his balding head.

“What if the probe doesn't get to you?” He asked.

“Try not to think about that,” Johanssen said.

“Your mother is so worried she couldn't even come.”

“I'm sorry,” Johanssen mumbled, looking down.

“She can't eat, she can't sleep, she feels sick all the time. I'm not much better. How can they make you do this?”

“They're not 'making' me do it, Dad. I volunteered.”

“Why would you do that to your mother?” He demanded.

“Sorry,” Johanssen mumbled. “Watney's my crewmate. I can't just let him die.”

He sighed. “I wish we'd raised you to be more selfish.”

She chuckled quietly.

“How did I end up in this situation?” He lamented. “I'm the district sales manager of a napkin factory. Why is my daughter in space?”

Johanssen shrugged.

“You were always scientifically minded,” he said. “It was great! Straight-A student. Hanging around nerdy guys too scared to try anything. No wild side at all. You're every father's dream daughter.”

“Thanks, Dad, I-”

“But then you got on a giant bomb that blasted you to Mars. And I mean that literally.”

“Technically,” she corrected, “the booster only took me in to orbit. It was the nuclear powered ion engine that took me to Mars.”

“Oh, much better!” He said.

“Dad, I'll be all right. Tell Mom I'll be all right.”

“What good will that do?” He said. “She's going to be tied up in knots until you're back home.”

“I know,” Johanssen mumbled. “But...”

“What?” He said. “But what?”

“I won't die. I really won't. Even if everything goes wrong.”

“What do you mean?”

Johanssen furrowed her brow. “Just tell Mom I won't die.”

“How? I don't understand.”

“I don't want to get in to the how,” Johanssen said.

“Look,” he said, leaning toward the camera. “I've always respected your privacy and independence. I never tried to pry in to your life, never tried to control you. I've been really good about that, right?”

“Yeah,” she said.

“So in exchange for a lifetime of staying out of your business, let me nose in just this once. What are you not telling me?”

She fell silent for several seconds. Finally, she said “They have a plan.”

“Who?”

“There's always have a plan,” she said. “They work out everything in advance.”

“What plan?”

“They picked me to survive. I'm youngest. I have the skills necessary to get home alive. And I'm the smallest and need the least food.”

“What happens if the probe fails, Beth,” her father asked. This time, he was uncharacteristically firm.

“Everyone would die but me,” she said. “They'd all take pills and die. They'll do it right away so they don't use up any food. Commander Lewis picked me to be the survivor. She told me about it yesterday. I don't think NASA knows about it.”

“And the supplies would last until you got back to Earth?”

“No,” she said. “We have enough food left to feed six people for a month. If I was the only one, it would last 6 months. With a reduced diet I could stretch it to 9. But it'll be 17 months before I get back.”

“So how would you survive?”

“The supplies wouldn't be the only source of food.” she said.

He widened his eyes. “Oh... oh my god...”

“Just tell Mom the supplies would last, ok?”

Taiyang Shen's con-trail wafted in the chilly Gobi sky. The ship, no longer visible to the naked eye, pressed onward toward orbit. Its deafening roar dwindled to a distant rumbling thunder.

“Perfect launch,” Venkat said enthusiastically.

“Of course,” said Zhu Tao.

“You guys really came through for us,” Venkat said. “And we're grateful!”

“Naturally.”

“And hey, you guys get a seat on Ares 5. Everyone wins.”

“Mmm.”

Venkat looked at Zhu Tao sideways. “You don't seem too happy.”

“I spent 4 years working on *Taiyang Shen*,” he said. “So did countless other researchers, scientists, and engineers. Everyone poured their souls in to construction while I waged a constant political battle to maintain funding.

“In the end, we built a beautiful probe. The largest, sturdiest unmanned probe in history. And now it's sitting in a warehouse. It'll never fly. The State Council won't fund another booster like that.”

He turned to Venkat. “It could have been a lasting legacy of scientific research. Now it's a delivery run. We'll get a Chinese astronaut on Mars, but what science will he bring back that some other astronaut couldn't have? This operation is a net loss for mankind's knowledge.”

“Well,” Venkat said cautiously, “It's a net gain for Mark Watney.”

“Mmm,” Zhu Tao said.

“Distance 61m, velocity 2.3m/s,” Johanssen said.

“No problem,” Martinez said, his eyes glued to his screens. One showed the camera feed from docking port A, the other a constant feed of the probe's telemetry.

Lewis floated behind Johanssen and Martinez's stations.

“Visual contact,” Beck's voice came over the radio. He stood in Airlock 3 (via magnetic boots), fully suited up with the outer door open. The bulky SAFER Unit on his back would allow him free motion in space should the need arise. An attached tether led to a spool on the wall.

“Vogel,” Lewis said in to her headset. “You in position?”

Vogel stood in the still-pressurized Airlock 2, suited up save his helmet. “Ja, in position and ready,” he replied. He was the emergency EVA if Beck needed rescue.

“All right, Martinez,” Lewis said. “Bring it in.”

“Aye, Commander.”

“Distance 43m, velocity 2.3m/s.” Johanssen called out.

“All stats nominal,” Martinez reported.

“Slight rotation in the probe,” Johanssen said. “Relative rotational velocity is 0.05rps.”

“Anything under 0.3 is fine,” Martinez said. “The capture system can deal with it.”

“Probe is well within manual recovery range,” Beck reported.

“Copy,” Lewis said.

“Distance 22m, velocity 2.3m/s.” Johanssen said. “Angle is good.”

“Slowing her down a little,” Martinez said, sending instructions to the probe.

“Velocity 1.8... 1.3...” Johanssen reported. “0.9... stable at 0.9m/s.”

“Range?” Martinez asked.

“12m,” Johanssen replied. “Velocity steady at 0.9m/s.”

“Angle?”

“Angle is good.”

“Then we're in line for auto-capture,” Martinez said. “Come to papa.”

The probe drifted gently to the docking port. Its capture boom, a long metal triangle, entered the port's funnel, scraping slightly along the edge. The port pulled the boom in, aligning and orienting the probe automatically. After several loud clanks echoed through the ship, the computer reported success.

“Docking complete,” Martinez said.

“Seal is tight,” Johanssen said.

“Beck,” Lewis said. “Your services won't be needed.”

“Roger that, commander,” Beck said. “Closing airlock.”

“Vogel, return to interior,” she ordered.

“Copy, Commander,” he said.

“Airlock pressure to 100%” Beck reported. “Re-entering ship... I'm back in.”

“Also inside,” Vogel said.

Lewis pressed a button on her headset. “Houst- er... Jiuquan, probe docking complete. No complications.”

“Glad to hear it, Hermes,” came Mitch's voice over the comm. “Report status of all supplies once you get them aboard and inspected.”

“Roger Jiuquan,” Lewis said.

Taking off her headset, she turned to Martinez and Johanssen. “Unload the probe and stow the supplies. I'm going to help Beck and Vogel de-suit.”

Martinez and Johanssen floated down the hall toward docking port A.

“So,” he said, “who would you have eaten first?”

She glared at him.

“Cause I think I'd be tastiest,” he continued, flexing his arm. “Look at that. Good solid muscle there.”

“You're not funny.”

“I'm free range, you know. Corn-fed.”

She shook her head and accelerated down the hall.

“Come on! I thought you liked Mexican!”

“Not listening,” she called back.

Chapter 20

LOG ENTRY: SOL 376

I'm finally done with the rover modifications!

The hard part was figuring out how to maintain life support. Everything else was just hard work. A *lot* of hard work.

I haven't been good at keeping the log up to date, so here's a recap:

First I had to finish drilling holes with the Pathfinder-murderin' drill. Then I chiseled out a billion little chunks between the holes. Ok, it was 749 but it felt like a billion.

Then I had one big hole in the trailer. I filed down the edges to keep them from being too sharp.

Remember the pop-tents? I cut the bottom out of one and the remaining canvas was the right size and shape. I used seal-strips to attach it to the inside of the trailer. After pressurizing and sealing up leaks as I found them, I had a nice big balloon bulging out of the trailer. The pressurized area is easily big enough to fit the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator.

The regulator has an external component imaginatively named the "Atmospheric Regulator External Component." The regulator pumps air to the AREC to let Mars freeze it. It does this along a tube that runs through a valve in the Hab's wall. The return air comes back through another tube just like it.

Getting the tubing through the balloon canvas wasn't too hard. I have several spare valve patches. Basically they're 10x10cm patches of Hab canvas with a valve in the middle. Why do I have these? Consider what would happen on a normal mission if the regulator valve broke. They'd have to scrub the whole mission. Easier to send spares.

The AREC is fairly small. I made a shelf for it just under the solar panel shelves. The tubing and shelf are ready for when I eventually move the AREC over.

There's still a lot to do.

I'm not in any hurry; I've been taking it slow. One 4-hour EVA per day spent on work, the rest of the time to relax in the Hab. Plus, I'll take a day off every now and then, especially if my back hurts. I can't afford to injure

myself now.

I'll try to be better about this log. Now that I might actually get rescued, people will probably read it. I'll be more diligent and log every day.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 380

I finished the heat reservoir.

Remember my experiments with the RTG and having a hot bath? Same principle, but I came up with an improvement: Submerge the RTG. No heat will be wasted that way.

I started with a Large Rigid Sample Container (or “plastic box” to people who don't work at NASA). I ran a tube through the open top and down the inside wall. Then I coiled it in the bottom to make a spiral. I glued it in place like that, and sealed the end. Using my smallest drill bit, I put dozens of little holes in the coil. The idea is for the return air to pass through the water as a bunch of little bubbles. The increased surface area will get the heat in to the air better.

Then I got a Medium Flexible Sample Container (“Ziploc bag”) and tried to seal the RTG in it. But the RTG has an irregular shape, and I couldn't get all the air out of the bag. I can't allow any air in there. Instead of heat going to the water, some would get stored in the air, which could superheat and melt the bag.

I tried a bunch of times, but there was always an air pocket I couldn't get out. I was getting pretty frustrated until I remembered I have an airlock.

Suiting up, I went to Airlock 2 and depressurized to a full vacuum. I plopped the RTG in the bag and closed it. Perfect vacuum seal.

Next came some testing. I put the bagged RTG at the bottom of the container and filled it with water. It holds 20L, and the RTG quickly heated it. It was gaining a degree per minute. I let it go until it was a good 40C. Then I hooked up the regulator's return air line to my contraption and watched the results.

It worked great! The air bubbled through, just like I'd hoped. Even better, the bubbles agitated the water, which distributed the heat evenly.

I let it run for an hour, and the Hab started to get cold. The RTG's heat can't keep up with the total loss from the Hab's impressive surface area. Not a problem. I've already established it's plenty to keep the rover warm.

I reattached the return air line to the regulator and things got back to normal.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 381

I've been thinking about laws on Mars.

Yeah, I know, it's a stupid thing to think about, but I have a lot of free time.

There's an international treaty saying no country can lay claim to anything that's not on Earth. And by another treaty, if you're not in any country's territory, maritime law applies.

So Mars is "international waters."

NASA is an American non-military organization, and it owns the Hab. So while I'm in the Hab, American law applies. As soon as I step outside, I'm in international waters. Then when I get in the Rover, I'm back to American law.

Here's the cool part: I will eventually go to Schiaparelli crater and commandeer the Ares 4 lander. Nobody explicitly gave me permission to do this, and they can't until I'm aboard Ares 4 and operating the comm system. After I board Ares 4, before talking to NASA, I will take control of a craft in international waters without permission.

That makes me a pirate!

A Space Pirate!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 383

You may be wondering what I do with my free time. I spent a lot of it sitting around on my lazy ass watching TV. But so do you, so don't judge.

Also, I plan my trip.

Pathfinder was a cake run. Flat, level ground all the way. The only problem was navigating. But the trip to Schiaparelli will mean going over massive elevation changes.

I have a rough satellite map of the whole planet. It doesn't have much detail, but I'm lucky to have it at all. NASA didn't expect me to wander 3200km from the Hab.

Acidalia Planitia (Where I am) has a relatively low elevation. So does Schiaparelli. But between them it goes up and down by 10km. There's going to be a lot of dangerous driving.

Things will be smooth while I'm in Acidalia, but that's only the first 650km. After that comes the crater-riddled terrain of Arabia Terra.

I do have one thing going for me. And I swear it's a gift from God. For some geological reason, there's a valley called Mawrth Vallis that's *perfectly* placed.

Millions of years ago it was a river. Now its valley that juts in to the brutal terrain of Arabia almost directly toward Schiaparelli. It's much gentler terrain than the rest of Arabia Terra, and the far end looks like a smooth ascent out of the valley.

Between Acidalia and Mawrth Vallis I'll get 1350km of relatively easy terrain.

The other 1850km... well that won't be so nice. Especially when I have to descend in to Schiaparelli itself. Ugh.

Anyway. Mawrth Vallis. Awesome.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 385

The worst part of the Pathfinder trip was being trapped in the rover. I had to live in a cramped environment that was full of junk and reeked of body odor. Same as my college days.

Rim shot!

Seriously though, it sucked. It was 22 sols of abject misery.

I plan to leave for Schiaparelli 100 sols before my rescue (or death), and I swear to fucking God I'll rip my own face off if I have to live in the rover for that long.

I need a place to stay where I can stand up and take a few steps without hitting things. And no, being outside in a goddamn EVA suit doesn't count. I need personal space, not 50kg of clothing.

So today, I started making a tent. Somewhere I can relax while the batteries recharge; somewhere I can lay comfortably while sleeping.

I recently sacrificed one of my two pop tents to be the trailer balloon. The other is in perfect shape. Even better, it has an attachment for the rover's airlock. Before I made it a potato farm, its original purpose was a lifeboat for

the rover.

I could attach the pop tent to either vehicle's airlock. I'm going with the rover instead of the trailer. The rover has the computer and controls. If I need to know status of anything (like life support or how well the battery is charging) I'll need access. This way, I'll be able to walk right in. No EVA.

Also, while traveling, I'll keep it folded up in the rover. In an emergency, I can get to it fast.

The pop tent is the basis of my "bedroom," but not the whole thing. It's not very big; not much more space than the rover. But it has the airlock attachment so it's a great place to start. My plan is to double the floor area and double the height. That'll give me a nice big space to relax in.

Hab canvas is flexible. When you fill it with pressure, it wants to become a sphere. That's not a useful shape. So the Hab and the pop-tents have special flooring material. It unfolds as a bunch of little segments that won't open beyond 180 degrees so it remains flat.

The pop tent base is a hexagon. I have another base left over from what is now the trailer balloon. So when it's done, my bedroom will be two adjacent hexes with walls around them and a crude ceiling.

It's gonna take a lot of glue to make this happen.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 387

The pop tent is 1.2m tall. It's not made for comfort. It's made for astronauts to cower in while their crewmates rescue them. I want 2 meters. I want to be able to stand! I don't think that's too much to ask.

On paper, it's not hard to do. I just need to cut canvas pieces to the right shapes, seal them together, then seal them to the existing canvas and flooring.

But that's a lot of canvas. I started this mission with 6 square meters and I've used most of that up. Mostly on sealing the breach from when the Hab blew up.

Goddamn Airlock 1.

Anyway, my bedroom will take 30 square meters of the stuff. Way the hell more than I have left. Fortunately, I have an alternate supply of Hab canvas: The Hab.

Problem is (follow me closely here, the science is pretty complicated) if I cut a hole in the Hab, the air won't stay inside anymore.

I'll have to depressurize the Hab, cut chunks out, and put it back together (smaller). I spent today figuring out the exact sizes and shapes of canvas I'll need. I needed to not fuck this up, so I triple-checked everything. I even made a model out of paper.

The Hab is a dome. If I take canvas from near the floor, I can pull the remaining canvas down and re-seal it. The Hab will become a lopsided dome, but that shouldn't matter. As long as it holds pressure. I only need it to last another 62 sols.

I drew the shapes on the wall with a Sharpie. Then I spent a long time re-measuring them and making sure, over and over, that they were right.

That was all I did today. Might not seem like much, but the math and design work took all day. Now it's time for dinner.

I've been eating potatoes for weeks. Theoretically, with my 3/4 ration plan, I should still be eating food packs. But 3/4 ration is hard to maintain, so now I'm eating potatoes.

I have enough to last till launch, so I won't starve. But I'm pretty damn sick of potatoes. Also, they have a lot of fiber, so... let's just say it's good I'm the only guy on this planet.

I saved 5 meal packs for special occasions. I wrote their names on each one. I get to eat "Departure" the day I leave for Schiaparelli. I'll eat "Half-way" when I reach the 1600km mark, and "Arrival" when I get there.

The fourth one is "Survived Something That Should Have Killed Me" because some fucking thing will happen, I just know it. I don't know what it'll be, but it'll happen. The rover will break down or I'll come down with Fatal Hemorrhoids or I'll run in to hostile Martians or some shit. When I do (if I live) I get to eat that meal pack.

The fifth one is reserved for the day I launch. It's labeled "Last Meal." Maybe that's not such a good name.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 388

I started the day with a potato. I washed it down with some Martian Coffee. That's my name for "hot water with a caffeine pill dissolved in it." I ran out of real coffee months ago.

My first order of business was a careful inventory of the Hab. I needed to root out anything that would have a problem with losing atmospheric

pressure. Of course, everything in the Hab had a crash course in depressurization a few months back. But this time would be controlled and I might as well do it right.

The main thing is the water. I lost 300L to sublimation when the Hab blew up. This time, that won't happen. I drained the Water Reclaimer and sealed all the tanks.

The rest was just collecting knickknacks and dumping them in Airlock 3. Anything I could think of that doesn't do well in a near-vacuum. The three remaining laptops, all the pens, the vitamin bottles (probably not necessary but I'm not taking chances), medical supplies, etc.

Then I did a controlled shutdown of the Hab. The critical components are designed to survive a vacuum. Hab depress is one of the many scenarios NASA accounted for. One system at a time, I cleanly shut them all down, ending with the main computer itself.

I suited up and depressurized the Hab. Last time, the canvas collapsed and made a mess of everything. That's not supposed to happen. The dome of the Hab is mostly supported by air pressure, but there are flexible reinforcing poles across the inside to hold the canvas up. It's how the Hab was assembled in the first place.

I watched as the canvas gently settled on to the poles. To confirm the depress, I opened both doors of Airlock 2. I left Airlock 3 alone. It maintained pressure for its cargo of random crap.

Then I cut shit up!

I'm not a materials engineer; my design for the bedroom isn't elegant. It's just a 2m perimeter and a ceiling. No, it won't have right angles and corners (pressure vessels don't like those). It'll balloon out to a more round shape.

Anyway, it means I only needed to cut two big-ass strips of canvas. One for the walls and one for the ceiling.

After mangling the Hab, I pulled the remaining canvas down to the flooring and re-sealed it. Ever set up a camping tent? From the inside? While wearing a suit of armor? It was a pain in the ass.

I repressurized to 1/20th of an atmosphere to see if it could hold pressure.

Ha ha ha! Of course it couldn't! Leaks galore. Time to find them.

On Earth, tiny particles get attached to water or wear down to nothing. On Mars, they just hang around. The top layer of sand is like talcum powder. I went outside with a bag and scraped along the surface. I got some normal sand, but plenty of powder too.

I had the Hab maintain the 1/20th atmosphere, backfilling as air leaked out. Then I “puffed” the bag to get the smallest particles to float around. They were quickly drawn to where the leaks were. As I found each leak, I spot-sealed it with resin.

It took hours, but I finally got a good seal. I'll tell ya, the Hab looks pretty “ghetto” now. One whole side of it is lower than the rest. I'll have to hunch down when I'm over there.

I pressurized to a full atmosphere and waited an hour. No leaks.

It's been a long, physically taxing day. I'm totally exhausted but I can't sleep. Every sound scares the shit out of me. Is that the Hab popping? No? Ok... What was that!? Oh, nothing? Ok...

It's a terrible thing to have my life depend on my half-assed handiwork. Time to get a sleeping pill from the medical supplies.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 389

What the fuck is in those sleeping pills!? It's the middle of the day.

After two cups of Martian Coffee, I woke up a little. I won't be taking another one of those pills. It's not like I have to go to work in the morning.

Anyway, as you can tell from how not dead I am, the Hab stayed sealed overnight. The seal is solid. Ugly as hell, but solid.

Today's task was the bedroom.

Assembling the bedroom was way easier than re-sealing the Hab. Because this time, I didn't have to wear an EVA suit. I made the whole thing inside the Hab. Why not? It's just canvas. I can roll it up and take it out an airlock when I'm done.

First, I did some surgery on the remaining pop tent. I needed to keep the rover-airlock connector and surrounding canvas. The rest of the canvas had to go. Why hack off most of the canvas only to replace it with more canvas? Seams.

NASA is good at making things. I am not. The dangerous part of this structure won't be the canvas. It'll be the seams. And I get less total seam length by not trying to use the existing pop-tent canvas.

After hacking away most of the remaining tent, I seal-stripped the two pop-tent floors together. Then I sealed the new canvas pieces in to place.

It was so much easier without the EVA suit on. So much easier!

Then I had to test it. Again, I did it in the Hab. I brought an EVA suit in to the tent with me and closed the mini-airlock door. Then I fired up the EVA suit, leaving the helmet off. I told it to bump the pressure up to 1.2 atm.

It took a little while to bring it up to par, and I had to disable some alarms on the suit. (“Hey, I'm pretty sure the helmet's not on!”). It depleted most of the N2 tank, but was finally able to bring the pressure up.

Then I sat around and waited. I breathed, the suit regulated the air. All was well. I watched the suit readouts carefully to see if it had to replace any “lost” air. After an hour with no noticeable change, I declared the first test a success.

I rolled up the whole thing (wadded up, really) and took it out to the rover.

You know, I suit up a lot these days. I bet that's another record I hold. A typical Martian astronaut does, what, 40 EVAs? I've done several hundred.

Once I brought the bedroom to the rover, I attached it to the airlock from the inside. Then I pulled the release to let it loose. I was still wearing my EVA suit, cause I'm not an idiot.

It fired out and filled in three seconds. The open airlock hatchway led directly to the bedroom, and it appeared to be holding pressure.

Just like before, I let it sit for an hour. And just like before, it worked great. Unlike the Hab canvas resealing, I got this one right on the first try. Mostly because I didn't have to do it with a damn EVA suit on.

Originally I planned to let it sit overnight and check in the morning. But I ran in to a problem: I can't get out if I do that. The rover only has one airlock, and the bedroom was attached to it. There was no way for me to get out without detaching the bedroom, and no way to attach and pressurize the bedroom without being inside the rover.

It's a little scary. The first time I test the thing overnight will be with me in it. But that'll be later. I've done enough today.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 390

I have to face facts. I'm done with the rover. I don't “feel” like I'm done. But it's ready to go:

Food: 1,692 potatoes. Vitamin pills.

Water: 620L.

Shelter: Rover, trailer, bedroom.

Air: Rover and trailer combined storage: 14L liquid O₂, 14L liquid N₂.

Life Support: Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator. 418 hours of use-and-discard CO₂ filters for emergencies.

Power: 36kwh of storage. Carrying capacity for 29 solar cells.

Heat: 1400W RTG. Homemade reservoir to heat regulator's return air.

Electric heater in rover as a backup.

Disco: Lifetime supply.

I'm leaving here on Sol 449. That gives me 59 sols to test everything and fix whatever isn't working right. And decide what's coming with me and what's staying behind. And plot a route to Schiaparelli using a grainy satellite map. And rack my brains trying to think of anything important I forgot.

Since Sol 6 all I've wanted to do was get the hell out of here. Now the prospect of leaving the Hab behind scares the shit out of me. I need some encouragement. I need to ask myself: "What would an Apollo astronaut do?"

He'd drink 3 whiskey sours, bang his mistress, then fly to the moon. And if he ever met a botanist like me he'd dispense a wedgie on principle.

To hell with those guys. I'm a Space Pirate!

Chapter 21

LOG ENTRY: SOL 431

I'm working out how to pack. It's harder than it sounds.

I have two pressure vessels: The rover and the trailer. They're connected by hoses, but they're also not stupid. If one loses pressure, the other will instantly seal off the shared lines.

There's a grim logic to this: If the rover breaches I'm dead. No point in planning around that. But if the trailer breaches, I'll be fine. That means I should put everything important in the rover. If I'm going to die, I may as well take all the delicate stuff with me.

Everything that goes in the trailer has to be comfortable in near-vacuum and freezing temperatures. Not that I anticipate that, but you know. Plan for the worst.

There isn't much room to spare. It'll have two bulky Hab batteries, the Atmospheric Regulator, the Oxygenator and my home-made heat reservoir. It would be more convenient to have the reservoir in the rover, but it has to be near the Regulator's return air feed.

It'll be cramped, but there will be some empty spaces. And I know just how to fill them: Taters!

Nothing “bad” can happen to the potatoes. They're already dead. I've been storing them outside for months anyway. Also, they're small and not delicate. They probably won't all fit, so some will have to ride with me.

The rover will be pretty packed, too. When I'm driving, I'll keep the bedroom folded up near the airlock, ready for emergency egress. Also, I'll have the two functional EVA suits in there with me and anything that might be needed for emergency repairs: Tool kits, spare parts, my nearly depleted supply of sealant, the other rover's main computer (just in case!) and all 620 glorious liters of water.

And a plastic box to to serve as a toilet. One with a good lid.

“How's Watney doing?” Venkat asked.

Mindy looked up from her computer with a start. “Dr. Kapoor?”

“I hear you caught a pic of him during an EVA?”

“Uh, yeah,” Mindy said, typing on her keyboard. “I noticed things would always change around 9am local time. People usually keep the same patterns so I figured he likes to start work around then. I did some minor realignment to get seventeen pics between 9:00 and 9:10. He showed up in one of them.”

“Good thinking. Can I see the pic?”

“Sure,” she said. She brought up the image on her screen.

Venkat peered at the blurry image. “Is this as good as it gets?”

“Well it is a photo taken from orbit,” Mindy said. “The NSA enhanced the image with the best software they have.”

“Wait, What?” Venkat stammered. “The NSA?”

“Yeah, they called and offered to help out. Same software they use for enhancing spy satellite imagery.”

Venkat shrugged. “It's amazing how much red tape gets cut when everyone's rooting for one man to survive.” He pointed to the screen. “What's Watney doing here?”

“I think he's loading something into the rover.”

“When was the last time he worked on the trailer?” Venkat asked.

“Not for a while. Why doesn't he write us notes more often?”

Venkat shrugged. “He's busy. He works most of the daylight hours, and arranging rocks to spell a message takes time and energy.”

“So...” Mindy said. “Why'd you come here in person? We could have done all this over email.”

“Actually, I came to talk to you,” he said. “There's going to be a change in your responsibilities. From now on, instead of managing the satellites around Mars, your sole responsibility is watching Mark Watney.”

“What?” Mindy said. “What about course corrections and alignment?”

“We'll assign that to other people,” Venkat said. “From now on, your only focus is examining imagery of Ares 3.”

“That's a demotion,” Mindy said. “I'm an orbital engineer, and you're turning me in to a glorified Peeping Tom.”

“It's short-term,” Venkat said. “And we'll make it up to you. Thing is, you've been doing it for months and you're an expert at identifying elements of Ares 3 from satellite pics. We don't have anyone else who can do that.”

“Why is this suddenly so important?”

“He's running out of time,” Venkat said. “We don't know how far along he is on the rover modifications. But we do know he's on only got 16 sols to

get them done. We need to know exactly what he's doing. I've got media outlets and senators asking for his status all the time. The President even called me a couple of times.

“But seeing his status doesn't help,” Mindy said. “It's not like we can do anything about it if he falls behind. This is a pointless task.”

“How long have you worked for the government?” Venkat sighed.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 434

The time has come to test this shit out.

This presents a problem. Unlike my Pathfinder trip, I have to take vital life support elements out of the Hab. When you take the Atmospheric Regulator and Oxygenator out of the Hab, you're left with... a tent. A big round tent that can't support life.

It's not as risky as it seems. As always, the dangerous part about life support is managing carbon dioxide. When the air gets to 1% CO₂, you start getting symptoms of poisoning. So I need to keep it below that.

The Hab's internal volume is about 120,000L. Breathing normally, it would take me over two days to bring the CO₂ level up to 1% (and I wouldn't even dent in the O₂ level). So it's safe to move the Regulator and Oxygenator over for a while.

Both are way too big to fit through the trailer airlock. Lucky for me, they came to Mars with “some assembly required”. They were too big to send whole, so they're easy to dismantle.

Over several trips, I took all their chunks to the trailer. I brought each chunk in through the airlock, one at a time. It was a pain in the ass reassembling them inside, let me tell you. There's barely enough room for all the shit it's got to hold. There wasn't much left for our intrepid hero.

Then I got the AREC. It sat outside the Hab like an AC unit might on Earth. In a way, that's what it was. I hauled it over to the trailer and lashed it to the shelf I'd made for it. Then I hooked it up to the feed lines that led through the “balloon” to the inside of the trailer's pressure vessel.

The Regulator needs to send air to the AREC then the return air needs to bubble through the heat reservoir. And, it needs a pressure tank to dump the CO₂ it pulls from the air.

When gutting the trailer to make room, I left one tank in place for this. It's

supposed to hold oxygen, but a tank's a tank. Thank God all the air lines and valves are standardized across the mission. That's no mistake. It's a deliberate decision for maintenance purposes. We could fix things in the field easier that way.

Once everything assembled, I hooked them in to the trailer's power and watched them power up. I ran both through full diagnostics to confirm they were working correctly. Then I shut down the Oxygenator. Remember, I'll only use it one sol out of every 5.

I moved to the rover, which means I had to do an annoying 10-meter EVA. From there I monitored the life support situation. It's worth noting that I can't monitor the actual support equipment from the rover (it's all in the trailer), but the rover can tell me all about the air. Oxygen, CO₂, temperature, humidity, etc. Everything seemed ok.

Getting back in to the EVA suit, I released a canister of CO₂ in to the rover's air. I watched the rover computer have a shit-fit when it saw the CO₂ spike to lethal levels. Then, over time, the levels dropped to normal. The regulator was doing its job. Good boy!

I left the equipment running when I returned to the Hab. It'll be on its own all night and I'll check it in the morning. It's not a true test, because I'm not there to breathe up the oxygen and make CO₂, but one step at a time.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 435

Last night was weird. I knew *logically* that nothing bad would happen in just one night, but it was a little unnerving to know I had no life support other than heaters. My life depended on some math I did earlier. If I dropped a sign or added two numbers wrong, I might never wake up.

But I did wake up, and the main computer showed the slight rise in CO₂ I had predicted. Looks like I live another Sol.

“Live Another Sol” would be an awesome name for a James Bond movie.

I checked up on the rover. Everything was fine. If I don't drive it, a single charge of the batteries could keep the regulator going for over a month (with the heater off). It's a pretty good safety margin to have. If all hell breaks loose on my trip I'll have time to fix things. I'd be limited by oxygen consumption rather than CO₂ removal, and I have plenty of oxygen.

I decided it was a good time to test the bedroom.

I got in the rover, and attached the bedroom to the outer airlock door from the inside. Like I mentioned before, this is the only way to do it. Then I turned it loose on an unsuspecting Mars.

As intended, the pressure from the rover blasted the canvas outward and inflated it. After that, chaos. The sudden pressure popped the bedroom like a balloon. It quickly deflated, leaving both itself and the rover devoid of air. I was wearing my EVA suit at the time; I'm not a fucking idiot. So I get to...

Live Another Sol! (Starring Mark Watney as ... probably Q. I'm no James Bond.)

I dragged the popped bedroom in to the Hab and gave it a good going-over. It failed at the seam where the wall met the ceiling. Makes sense. It's a right-angle in a pressure vessel. Physics hates that sort of thing.

First, I patched it up, then I cut strips of spare canvas to place over the seam. Now it has double-thickness and double sealing resin all around. Maybe that'll be enough. At this point, I'm kind of guessing. My amazing botany skills aren't much use for this.

I'll test it again tomorrow.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 436

I'm out of caffeine pills. No more Martian Coffee for me.

So it took a little longer for me to wake up this morning, and I spent most of the day with a headache. One nice thing about living in a multi-billion dollar mansion on Mars: Access to pure oxygen. For some reason, a high concentration of O₂ will kill most headaches. Don't know why. Don't care. The important thing is I don't have to suffer.

I tested out the bedroom again. I used the same process as yesterday. This time it held. So is that good? I don't know. That's the shitty part of failure analysis. If the bedroom fails while I'm sleeping in it, I'll die. How long will it last?

Hopefully, if it developed a leak, it'd be slow enough that I could react. But you never know.

After a few minutes standing around in my EVA suit, I decided to make better use of my time. I may not be able to leave while the bedroom is attached to the airlock, but I can go in to the rover and close the door.

Once I did that, I took off the uncomfortable EVA suit. The bedroom was

on the other side of the airlock door, still fully pressurized. So I'm still running my test, but I don't have to wear the EVA suit.

I wanted a good long test (I arbitrarily picked 8 hours) so I was trapped in the rover until then.

I spent my time planning the trip. There wasn't much to add to what I already knew. I'll bee-line to Mawrth Vallis, then follow it until it ends. It'll take me on a zig-zag route, but mostly toward Schiaparelli.

After that comes Arabia Terra. Each crater represents two brutal elevation changes. First down, then up. I did my best to find the shortest path around them. I'm sure I'll have to adjust the course when I'm actually driving it. No plan survives first contact with the enemy.

Mitch took his seat in the conference room. The usual gang was there: Teddy, Venkat, Mitch, and Annie. But this time there was also Mindy Park as well as a man Mitch had never seen before.

“What's up, Venk?” Mitch asked. “Why the sudden meeting?”

“We've got some developments,” Venkat said. “Mindy, why don't you bring them up to date.”

“Uh, yeah,” Mindy said. “Looks like Watney finished the balloon addition to the trailer. It mostly uses the design we sent him.”

“Any idea how stable it is?” Teddy asked.

“Pretty stable,” she said. “It's been inflated for several days with no problems. Also he built some kind of... room.”

“Room?” Teddy asked.

“It's made of Hab canvas, I think,” Mindy explained. “It attaches to the rover's airlock. I think he cut a section out of the Hab to make it. I don't know what it's for.”

Teddy turned to Venkat. “Why would he do that?”

“We think it's a workshop,” Venkat said. “There'll be a lot of work to do on the MAV once he gets to Schiaparelli. It'll be easier without an EVA suit. He probably plans to do as much as he can in that room.”

“Clever,” Teddy said.

“Watney's a clever guy,” Mitch said. “How about getting life support in there?”

“I think he's done it,” Mindy said. “He moved the AREC.”

“Sorry,” Annie interrupted. “What's an AREC?”

“It's the external component of the Atmospheric Regulator,” Mindy said. “It sits outside the Hab, so I know when it disappeared. He probably mounted it on the rover. There's no other reason to move it so I'm guessing he's got life support online.”

“Awesome,” Mitch said. “Things are coming together.”

“Don't celebrate yet, Mitch,” Venkat said. “This is Randall Carter, one of our Martian meteorologists. Randall, tell them what you told me.”

Randall nodded. “Thank you, Dr. Kapoor.” He turned his laptop around to show a map of Mars. “Over the past few weeks, a dust storm has been developing in Arabia Terra. Not a big deal in terms of magnitude. It won't hinder his driving at all.”

“So what's the problem?” Annie asked.

“It's a low-velocity dust storm,” Randall Explained. “Slow winds, but fast enough to pick up very small particles on the surface and whip them up in to thick clouds. There are five or six of them every year. The thing is, they last for months, they cover huge sections of the planet, and they make the atmosphere thick with dust.”

“I still don't see the problem,” Annie said.

“Light,” Randall said. “The total sunlight reaching the surface is very low in the area of the storm. Right now, it's 20% of normal. And Watney's rover is powered by solar panels.”

“Shit,” Mitch said, rubbing his eyes. “And we can't warn him.”

“So he gets less power.” Annie said. “Can't he just recharge longer?”

“The current plan already has him recharging all day long,” Venkat explained. “With 20% of normal daylight, it'll take five times as long to get the same energy. It'll turn his 45 sol trip in to 225 sols. He'll miss the Hermes flyby.”

“Can't Hermes wait for him?” Annie asked.

“It's a flyby,” Venkat said. “Hermes isn't going in to Martian orbit. If they did, they wouldn't be able to get back. They need their velocity for the return trajectory.”

After a few moments of silence, Teddy said “We'll just have to hope he finds a way through. We can track his progress and-”

“No we can't,” Mindy interrupted.

“We can't?” Teddy said.

She shook her head. “The satellites won't be able to see through the dust. Once he enters the affected area, we won't see anything until he comes out

the other side.”

“Well...” Teddy said. “Shit.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 439

Before I risk my life with this contraption, I need to test it.

And not the little tests I've been doing so far. Sure, I've tested power generation, life support, the trailer bubble, and the bedroom. But I need to test all aspects of it working together.

I'm going to load it up for the long trip, and drive in circles. I won't ever be more than 500 meters from the Hab, so I'll be fine if shit breaks.

I dedicated today to loading up the rover and trailer for the test. I want the weight to match what it'll be on the real trip. Plus if cargo is going to shift around or break things I want to know about it now.

I made one concession to common sense: I left most of my water supply in the Hab. I loaded 20 liters; enough for the test but no more. There are a lot of ways I could lose pressure in this mechanical abomination I've created, and I don't want all my water to boil off if that happens.

On the real trip, I'm going to have 620L of water. I made up the weight difference by loading 600kg of rocks in with my other supplies.

Back on Earth, universities and governments are willing to pay millions to get their hands on Mars rocks. I'm using them as ballast.

I'm doing one more little test tonight. I made sure the batteries were good and full, then disconnected the rover and trailer from Hab power. I'll be sleeping in the Hab, but I left the rover's life support on. It'll maintain the air overnight, and tomorrow I'll see how much power it ate up. I've watched the power consumption while it's attached to the Hab and there weren't any surprises. But this'll be the true proof. I call it the “Plugs-out test.”

Maybe that's not the best name.

The crew of Hermes gathered in The Rec.

“Let's get through status quickly,” Lewis said. “We're all behind in our science assignments. Vogel, you first.”

“I repaired the bad cable on VASIMR 4,” Vogel reported. “It was our last thick gauge cable. If another such problem occurs, we will have to braid

lower gauge lines to carry the current. Also, the power output from the reactor is declining.”

“Johanssen,” Lewis said. “What the deal with the reactor?”

“I had to dial it back,” Johanssen said. “It's the cooling vanes. They aren't radiating heat as well as they used to. They're tarnishing.”

“How can that happen?” Lewis asked. “They're outside the craft. There's nothing for them to react with.”

“I think they picked up dust or small air leaks from Hermes itself. One way or another, they're definitely tarnishing. The tarnish is connecting the micro-lattice, and that reduces the surface area. Less surface area means less heat dissipation. So I limited the reactor enough that we weren't getting positive heat.”

“Any chance of repairing the cooling vanes?”

“It's on the microscopic scale,” Johanssen said. “We'd need a lab. Usually they replace the veins after each mission.”

“Will we be able to maintain engine power for the rest of the mission?”

“Yes, if the rate of tarnishing doesn't increase.”

“All right, keep an eye on it. Beck, how's life support?”

“Limping,” Beck said. “We've been in space way longer than it was designed to handle. There are a bunch of filters that would normally be replaced each mission. I found a way to clean them with a chemical bath I made in the lab, but it eats away at the filters themselves. We're ok right now, but who knows what'll break next?”

“We knew this would happen,” Lewis said. “This ship is designed for a 396 day mission, and we need to make it last 898. We've got all of NASA to help when things break. We just need to stay on top of maintenance. Martinez, what's the deal with your bunkroom?”

Martinez furrowed his brow. “It's still trying to cook me. The climate control just isn't keeping up. I think it's the tubing in the walls that brings the coolant. I can't get at them because they're built in to the hull. We can use the room for storage of non-temperature-sensitive cargo, but that's about it.”

“Where have you been sleeping?”

“In Airlock 2. It's the only place I can be without people tripping over me.”

“No good,” Lewis said, shaking her head. “If one seal breaks, you die.”

“I can't think of anywhere else to sleep,” he said. “The ship is pretty cramped, and if I sleep in a hallway I'll be in people's way.”

“Ok, from now on, sleep in Beck's room. Beck can sleep with Johanssen.”

Johanssen blushed and looked down awkwardly.

“So...” Beck said, “You know about that?”

“You thought I didn't?” Lewis said. “It's a small ship.”

“You're not mad?”

“If it were a normal mission, I would be,” Lewis said. “But we're way off-script now. Just keep it from interfering with your duties and I'm happy.”

“Million-mile-high club,” Martinez said. “Nice!”

Johanssen blushed deeper and buried her face in her hands.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 444

I'm getting pretty good at this. Maybe when all this is over I could be a product-tester for Mars rovers.

Things went well. I spent five sols driving in circles; I averaged 93 km per sol. That's a little better than I'd expected. The terrain here is flat and smooth, so it's pretty much a best-case scenario. Once I'm going up hills and around boulders it won't be nearly that good.

The bedroom is awesome. Large, spacious, and comfortable. On the first night, I ran in to a little problem with the temperature. It was fucking cold. The rover and trailer regulate their own temperatures just fine, but things weren't hot enough in the bedroom.

Story of my life.

The rover has an electric heater that pushes air with a small fan. I don't use it for anything because the RTG provides all the heat I need. I liberated the fan and wired it in to a power line near the airlock. Once it had power all I had to do was point it at the bedroom.

It's a low-tech solution, but it worked. There's plenty of heat, thanks to the RTG. I just needed to get it evenly spread out. For once, entropy was on my side.

I fell in to a routine pretty quickly. In fact, it was hauntingly familiar. I did it for 22 miserable days on the Pathfinder trip. But this time, I had the bedroom and that makes all the difference. Instead of being cooped up in the rover, I have my own little Hab.

The procedure is what you'd expect. After waking up, I have a potato for breakfast. Then, I deflate the bedroom from the inside. It's kind of tricky, but

I worked out how.

First, I put on an EVA suit. Then I close the inner airlock door, leaving the outer door (which the bedroom is attached to) open. This isolates the bedroom, with me in it, from the rest of the rover. Then I tell the airlock to depressurize. It thinks it's just pumping the air out of a small area, but it's actually deflating the whole bedroom.

Once the pressure is gone, I pull the canvas in and fold it. Then I detach it from the outer hatch and close the outer door. This is the most cramped part. I have to share the airlock with the entire folded up bedroom while it repressurizes. Once I have pressure again, I open the inner door and more-or-less fall in to the rover. Then I stow the bedroom, and go back to the airlock for a normal egress to Mars.

It's a complicated process, but it detaches the bedroom without having to depressurize the rover cabin. Remember, the rover has all my stuff that doesn't play well with vacuum.

The next step is to gather up the solar cells I'd laid out the day before and stow them on the rover and trailer. Then I do a quick check on the trailer. I go in through its airlock and basically take a quick look at all the equipment. I don't even take off my EVA suit. I just want to make sure nothing's obviously wrong.

Then, back to the rover. Once inside, I take off the EVA suit and start driving. I drive for almost 4 hours, and then I'm out of power.

Once I park, it's back in to the EVA suit for me, and out to Mars again. I lay the solar panels out and get the batteries charging.

Then I set up the bedroom. Pretty much the reverse of the sequence I use to stow it. Ultimately it's the airlock that inflates it. In a way, the bedroom is just an extension of the airlock.

Even though it's possible, I don't rapid-inflate the bedroom. I did that to test it because I wanted to find where it'll leak. But it's not a good idea. Rapid inflation puts a lot of shock and pressure on it. It would eventually rupture. I didn't enjoy that time the Hab launched me like a cannonball. I'm not eager to repeat it.

Once the bedroom is set up again, I can take off my EVA suit and relax the rest of the day. I mostly watch crappy 70's TV. I'm indistinguishable from an unemployed guy for most of the day.

I followed that process for four sols, and then it was time for an "Air Day".

An Air Day turns out to be pretty much the same as any other day, but without the 4 hour drive. Once I set up the solar panels, I fired up the Oxygenator and let it work through the backlog of CO2 the Regulator had stored up.

Once it was done, my test run was complete. It converted all the CO2 to oxygen, and used up the day's power generation to do it.

The test was a success. I'll be ready on time.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 449

Today's the big day. I'm leaving for Schiaparelli.

The rover and trailer are all packed. They've been mostly packed since the test run. But now I even have the water aboard.

I spent the last several days running full diagnostics on everything. The Regulator, Oxygenator, RTG, AREC, batteries, rover life support (in case I need a backup), solar cells, rover computer, airlocks, and everything else with a moving part or electronic component. I even checked each of the motors. Eight in all, one for each wheel, four on the rover, four on the trailer. The trailer's motors won't be powered, but it's nice to have backups.

It's all good to go. No problems that I can see.

The Hab is a shell of its former self. I've robbed it of all critical components and a big chunk of its canvas. I've looted that poor Hab for everything it could give me, and in return it's kept me alive for a year and a half. It's like The Giving Tree.

I performed the final shutdown today. The heaters, lighting, main computer, etc. All the components I didn't steal for the trip to Schiaparelli.

I could have left them on. It's not like anyone would care. But the original procedure for Sol 31 (which was supposed to be the last day of the surface mission) was to completely shut down the Hab and deflate it. NASA didn't want a big tent full of combustible oxygen next to the MAV when it launched, so they added the shutdown process to the mission.

I guess I did it as an homage to the mission Ares 3 could have been. A small piece of the Sol 31 I never got to have.

Once I shut everything down, an eerie silence was all that remained. I've spent 449 sols listening to the heaters, vents, and fans. But now it was dead quiet. It's a creepy, eerie kind of quiet that's hard to describe. I've been away

from the Hab before, but always in the rover or an EVA suit. There's always some kind of machinery in operation.

But now there was nothing. I never realized how utterly silent Mars is. It's a desert world with practically no atmosphere to convey sound. I could hear my own heartbeat.

Anyway, enough waxing philosophical.

I'm in the rover right now. (That should be obvious, with the Hab main computer offline forever.) I've got 2 full batteries, all systems are go and I've got 45 sols of driving ahead of me.

Schiaparelli or bust!

Chapter 22

LOG ENTRY: SOL 458

Mawrth Vallis! I'm finally here!

Actually, it's not an impressive accomplishment. I've only been traveling 10 sols. But it's a good psychological milestone.

So far, the rover and my ghetto life support are working admirably. At least, as well as can be expected for equipment being used ten times longer than intended.

Today is my second Air Day (the first was 5 sols ago). When I put this scheme together, I figured Air Days would be godawful boring. But now I look forward to them. They're my days off.

On a normal day I get up, fold up the bedroom, stack the solar cells, drive four hours, set up the solar cells, unfurl the bedroom, check all my equipment (especially the rover chassis and wheels), then make a Morse Code status report for NASA if I can find enough nearby rocks.

On an Air Day, I wake up and turn on the Oxygenator. The solar panels are already out from the day before. Everything's ready to go. Then I chill out in the bedroom or rover. I have the whole day to myself. The bedroom gives me enough space that I don't feel cooped up, and the computer has plenty of shitty TV reruns for me to enjoy.

Technically, I entered Mawrth Vallis yesterday. But I only knew that by looking at a map. The entrance to the valley is wide enough that I couldn't see the canyon walls in either direction.

But now I'm definitely in a canyon. And the bottom is nice and flat. Exactly what I was hoping for. It's amazing; this valley wasn't made by a river slowly carving it away. It was made by a mega-flood in a single day. It would have been a hell of a thing to see.

Weird thought: I'm not in Acidalia Planitia any more. I spent 457 sols there, almost a year and a half, and I'll never go back. I wonder if I'll be nostalgic about that later in life.

If there is a "later in life," I'll be happy to endure a little nostalgia in return. But for now I just want to go home.

“Welcome back to CNN's Mark Watney Report,” Cathy said to the camera. “We're speaking with our frequent guest, Dr. Venkat Kapoor. Dr. Kapoor, I guess what people want to know is: Is Mark Watney doomed?”

“We hope not,” Venkat responded. “But he's got a real challenge ahead of him.”

“According to your latest satellite data, the dust storm in Arabia Terra isn't abating at all, and will block 80% of the sunlight?”

“That's correct.”

“And can Watney's only source of energy is his solar panels, correct?”

“Yes, that's right.”

“Can his makeshift rover operate at 20% power?”

“We haven't found any way to make that happen, no. His life support alone takes more energy than that.”

“How long until he enters the Tau Event.”

“He's just entered Mawrth Vallis now. At his current rate of travel, he'll be at the edge of the Tau Event on Sol 471. That's 12 days from now.”

“Surely he'll see something is wrong,” Cathy said. “With such low visibility, it won't take long for him to realize his solar cells will have a problem. Couldn't he just turn around at that point?”

“Unfortunately, everything's working against him,” Venkat said. “The edge of the storm isn't a magic line. It's just an area where the dust gets a little more dense. It'll keep getting more and more dense as he travels onward. It'll be really subtle; every day will be slightly darker than the last. Too subtle to notice.”

Venkat sighed. “He'll go hundreds of kilometers, wondering why his solar panel efficiency is going down, before he notices any visibility problems. And the storm is moving west as he moves east. He'll be too deep in to get out.”

“Are we just watching a tragedy play out?” Cathy asked.

“There's always hope,” Venkat said. “Maybe he'll figure it out faster than we think and turn around in time. Maybe the storm will dissipate unexpectedly. Maybe he'll find a way to keep his life support going on less energy than we thought was possible. Mark Watney is now an expert at surviving on Mars. If anyone can do it, it's him.”

“Twelve days,” Cathy said to the camera. “All of Earth is watching, but powerless to help.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 462

Another uneventful sol. Tomorrow is an Air Day, so this is kind of my Friday night.

I'm about half-way through Mawrth Vallis now. Just as I'd hoped, the going has been easy. No major elevation changes. Hardly any obstacles. Just smooth sand with rocks smaller than half a meter.

You may be wondering how I navigate. When I went to Pathfinder, I watched Phobos transit the sky to figure out the east-west axis. But Pathfinder was an easy trip compared to this, and I did it mostly with landmarks.

I can't get away with that this time. My "map" (such as it is) consists of satellite images far too low-resolution to be of any use. They just never expected me to be out this far. The only reason I had high-res images of the Pathfinder region is because they were included for landing purposes; in case Martinez had to land way long of our target.

So this time around, I needed a reliable way to fix my position on Mars.

Latitude and Longitude. That's the key. The first is easy. Ancient sailors on Earth figured that one out right away. Earth's 23.5 degree axis points at Polaris. Mars has a tilt of just over 25 degrees, so it's pointed at Deneb.

Making a sextant isn't hard. All you need is a tube to look through, a string, a weight, and something with degree markings. I made it in under an hour.

So I go out every night with a home-made sextant and sight Deneb. It's kind of silly if you think about it. I'm in my space suit on Mars and I'm navigating with 16th century tools. But hey, they work.

Longitude is a different matter. On Earth, the earliest way to work out longitude required them to know the exact time, then compare it to the sun's position in the sky. The hard part for them back then was inventing a clock that would work on a boat (pendulums don't work on boats). All the top scientific minds of the age worked on the problem.

Fortunately, I have accurate clocks. There are four computers in my immediate line of sight right now. And I have Phobos.

Because Phobos is ridiculously close to Mars, it orbits the planet in less than one Martian day. So it travels west to east (unlike the sun and Deimos)

and sets every 11 hours. And naturally, it moves in a very predictable pattern.

I spend 13 hours every sol just sitting around while the solar panels charge the batteries. Phobos is guaranteed to set at least once during that time. I note the time when it does. Then I plug it in to a nasty formula I worked out and I know my longitude.

So, working out longitude requires Phobos to set, and working out latitude requires it to be night so I can sight Deneb. It's not a very fast system. But I only need it once a day. I work out my location when I'm parked, and account for it in the next day's travel. It's kind of a successive approximation thing. So far, it's been working.

Mindy Park zoomed in on the latest satellite photo with practiced ease. Watney's encampment was visible in the center, the solar cells laid out in a circular pattern as was his habit.

The bedroom was inflated. Checking the timestamp on the image, it was from noon local time. She quickly found the status report; Watney always placed it close to the rover when rocks were in abundance, usually to the north.

To save time, Mindy had taught herself Morse Code so she wouldn't have to look each letter up every morning. Opening an email, she addressed it to the ever-growing list of people who wanted Watney's daily status message.

“ON TRACK FOR SOL 495 ARRIVAL.”

She frowned and added “Note: 5 sols until Tau Event entry.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 466

Mawrth Vallis was fun while it lasted. I'm in Arabia Terra now.

I just entered the edge of it, if my latitude and longitude calculations are correct. But even without the math, it's pretty obvious the terrain is changing.

For the last two sols, I've spent almost all my time on an incline, working my way up the back wall of Mawrth Vallis. It was a gentle rise, but a constant one. I'm at a much higher altitude now. Adicalia Planitia (where the lonely Hab is hanging out) is 3000m below elevation zero, and Arabia Terra is 500m below. So I've gone up two and a half kilometers.

Want to know what's at elevation zero? On Earth, it's sea level.

Obviously, that won't work on Mars. So lab-coated geeks got together and decided Mars's elevation zero is wherever the air pressure is 610.5 Pascals. That's about 500 meters up from where I am right now.

Now things get tricky. In Acidalia Planitia, if I got off-course, I could just point in the right direction based on new data. Later, in Mawrth Vallis, it was impossible to fuck it up. I just had to follow the canyon.

Now I'm in a rougher neighborhood. The kind of neighborhood where you keep your rover doors locked, and never come to a complete stop at intersections. Well, not really, but it's bad to get off-course here.

Arabia Terra has large, brutal craters that I have to drive around. If I navigate poorly, I'll end up at the edge of one. I can't just drive down one side and up the other. Rising in elevation costs a ton of energy. On flat ground, I can make 90km per day. On a steep slope, I'd be lucky to get 40km. Plus, driving on a slope is dangerous. One mistake and I could roll the rover. I don't even want to think about that.

Yes, I'll eventually have to drive down in to Schiaparelli. No way around that. I'll have to be really careful.

Anyway, if I end up at the edge of a crater I'll have to backtrack to somewhere useful. And it's a damn maze of craters out here. I'll have to be on my guard; observant at all times. I'll need to navigate with landmarks as well as latitude and longitude.

My first challenge is to pass between the craters Rutherford and Trouvelot. It shouldn't be too hard. They're 100km apart. Even I can't fuck that up, right?

Right?

LOG ENTRY: SOL 468

I managed to thread the needle between Rutherford and Trouvelot nicely. Admittedly, the needle was a 100km wide, but hey.

I'm now enjoying my fourth Air Day of the trip. I've been on the road for 20 sols. So far, I'm right on schedule. According to my maps, I've traveled 1,440km. Not quite halfway there, but almost.

I've been gathering soil and rock samples from each place I camp. I did the same thing on my way to Pathfinder. But this time, I know NASA's watching me. So I'm labeling each sample by the current sol. They'll know

my location a hell of a lot more accurately than I do. They can correlate the samples with their locations later.

It might be a wasted effort. The MAV isn't going to have much weight allowance when I launch. To intercept Hermes, it'll have to reach escape velocity, but it was only designed to get to orbit. The only way to get it going fast enough is to lose a lot of weight.

At least that jury-rigging will be NASA's job to work out, not mine. Once I get to the MAV, I'll be back in contact with them and they can tell me what modifications to make.

They'll probably say "Thanks for gathering samples. But leave them behind. And one of your arms, too. Whichever one you like least." But on the off-chance I can bring them, I'm gathering them.

The next few days travel should be easy. The next major obstacle is Marth Crater. It's right in my straight-line path toward Schiaparelli. It'll cost me a hundred kilometers or so to go around, but it can't be helped. I'll try to aim for the southern edge. The closer I get to the rim the less time I waste going around it.

"Did you read today's updates?" Lewis asked, pulling her meal from the microwave.

"Yeah," Martinez said, sipping his drink.

She sat across the Rec table from him. Carefully opening the steaming package, she let it cool for a moment before eating. "Mark entered the dust storm yesterday."

"Yeah, I saw that," he said.

"We need to face the possibility that he won't make it to Schiaparelli," Lewis said. "If that happens, we need to keep morale up. We still have a long way to go before we get home."

"He was dead before," Martinez said. "It was rough on morale, but we soldiered on. Besides, he won't die."

"It's pretty bleak, Rick," Lewis said. "He's already 50km in to the storm, and he'll go another 90km per sol. He'll get in too deep to recover soon."

Martinez shook his head. "He'll pull through, Commander. Have faith." She smiled forlornly. "Rick, you know I'm not religious."

"I know," he said. "I'm not talking about faith in God, I'm talking about faith in Mark Watney. Look at all the shit Mars has thrown at him, and he's

still alive. He'll survive this. I don't know how, but he will. He's a clever son-of-a-bitch.”

Lewis took a bite of her food. “I hope you're right.”

“Want to bet \$100?” Martinez said with a smile.

“Of course not,” Lewis said.

“Damn right,” he smiled.

“I'd never bet on a crewmate dying,” Lewis said. “But that doesn't mean I think he'll-”

“Blah blah blah,” Martinez interrupted. “Deep down, you think he'll make it.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 473

My fifth Air Day, and things are going well. I should be skimming south of Marth Crater tomorrow. It'll get easier after that.

I'm in the middle of a bunch of craters that form a triangle. I'm calling it the Watney Triangle because after what I've been through, shit on Mars should be named after me.

Trouvelot, Becquerel, and Marth form the points of the triangle, with 5 other major craters along the sides. Normally this wouldn't be a problem at all, but with my extremely rough navigation, I could easily end up at the lip of one of them and have to backtrack.

After Marth, I'll be out of the Watney Triangle (yeah, I'm liking that name more and more). Then I can beeline toward Schiaparelli with impunity. There'll still be plenty of craters in the way, but they're comparatively small and going around them won't cost much time.

Progress has been great. Arabia Terra is certainly rockier than Acidalia Planitia, but nowhere near as bad as I'd feared. I've been able to drive over most of the rocks, and around the ones that are too big.

I have 1435km left to go. Ares 4's MAV is in the southwest part of Schiaparelli. The primary goal of Ares 4 is to get a look at the long-term effects of Martian weather on deep layers of strata exposed by the crater.

At least, that was the original plan. I'll be taking their MAV and Commander Lewis hasn't given Hermes back, so we've ruined everything. They'll probably just send another MAV and wait for the next window.

I did some research on Schiaparelli and found some good news. The best

way in is right in my direct-line path. I won't have to drive the perimeter at all. And the way in is easy to find, even when you suck at navigating. The northwest rim has a smaller crater on it, and that's the landmark I'll be looking for. To the southwest of that little crater is a gentle slope in to Schiaparelli Basin.

The little crater doesn't have a name. At least, not on the maps I have. So I dub it "Entrance Crater." Because I can.

In other news, my equipment is starting to show signs of age. Not surprising, considering it's way the hell past its expiration date. For the past two sols, the batteries have taken longer to recharge. The solar cells just aren't producing as much wattage as before. It's not a big deal, I just need to charge a little longer.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 474

Well, I fucked it up.

It was bound to happen eventually. I navigated badly and ended up at the ridge of Marth Crater. With it being 100km wide, I can't see the whole thing, so I don't know where on the circle I am.

The ridge runs perpendicular to the direction I was going. So I have no clue which way I should go. And I don't want to take the long way around if I can avoid it. Originally I wanted to go around to the south, but north is just as likely to be the best path now that I'm off-course.

I'll have to wait for another Phobos transit to get my longitude, and I'll need to wait for nightfall to sight Deneb for my latitude. So I'm done driving for the day. I'd made 70km out of the 90km I usually do. So it's not too much wasted potential driving.

Marth isn't too steep. I could probably just drive down one side and up the other. It's big enough that I'd end up camping inside it one night. But I don't want to take unnecessary risks. Slopes are bad and should be avoided. I gave myself plenty of buffer time, so I'm going to play it safe.

I'm ending today's drive early and setting up for recharge. Probably a good idea anyway with the solar cells acting up; it'll give them more time to work. They underperformed again last night. I checked all the connections and made sure there wasn't any dust on them, but they still just aren't 100%.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 475

I'm in trouble.

I watched two Phobos transits yesterday and sighted Deneb last night. I worked out my location as accurately as I could, and it wasn't what I wanted to see. As far as I can tell, I hit Marth Crater dead-on.

Craaaaap.

This is the worst case scenario. I can go north or south, and they'll be about the same. It'll cost at least a day to correct. All because I aimed wrong yesterday.

That's frustrating, but it's not why I'm in trouble.

I still wanted to be efficient, and I wasn't 100% sure where I was. So I took a little walk this morning. It was over a kilometer to the peak of the rim. That's the sort of walk people do on Earth without thinking twice, but in an EVA suit it's an ordeal.

I can't wait till I have grandchildren. "When I was younger, I had to walk to the rim of a crater. Uphill! In an EVA suit! On Mars, ya little shit! Ya hear me? Mars!"

Anyway, I got up to the rim and damn, it's a beautiful sight. From my high vantage point, I got a stunning panorama. I figured I might be able to see the far side of Marth Crater, and maybe work out if north or south was the best way around it.

But I couldn't see the far side. There was a haze in the air. It's not uncommon; Mars has weather and wind and dust, after all. But it seemed hazier than it should. I'm accustomed to the wide-open expanses of Acidalia Planitia, my former prairie home.

Then it got weirder. I turned around and looked back toward the rover and trailer. Everything was where I'd left it (very few car thieves on Mars). But the view seemed a lot clearer.

I looked east across Marth again. Then west to the horizon. Then east, then west. Each turn required me to rotate my whole body, EVA suits being what they are.

Yesterday, I passed a crater. It's about 50km west of here. It's just visible on the horizon. But looking east, I can't see anywhere near that far. Marth Crater is 110km wide. With a visibility of 50km, I should at least be able to see a distinct curvature of the rim. But I can't.

The fuck?

At first, I didn't know what to make of it. But the lack of symmetry bothered me. And I've learned to be suspicious of everything. That's when a bunch of stuff started to dawn on me:

- 1) The only explanation for asymmetrical visibility is a dust storm.
- 2) Dust storms reduce the effectiveness of solar cells.
- 3) My solar cells have been slowly losing effectiveness for several sols.

From this, I concluded the following:

- 1) I've been in a dust storm for several sols.
- 2) Shit.

Not only am I in a dust storm, but it gets thicker as I approach Schiaparelli. A few hours ago, I was worried because I had to go around Marth Crater. Now I'm going to have to go around something a fuckload bigger.

And I have to hustle. Dust storms move. Sitting still means I'll likely get overwhelmed. But which way do I go? It's no longer an issue of trying to be efficient. If I go the wrong way this time, I'll eat dust and die.

I don't have satellite imagery. I have no way of knowing the size or shape of the storm, or its heading. Man, I'd give anything for a 5-minute conversation with NASA. Now that I think of it, NASA must be shitting bricks watching this play out.

I'm on the clock. I have to figure out *how* to figure out what I need to know about the storm. And I have to do it now.

And right this second nothing comes to mind.

Mindy trudged to her computer. Today's shift began at 2:10pm. Her schedule matched Watney's every day. She slept when he slept. Watney simply slept at night on Mars, while Mindy had to drift 40 minutes forward every day, taping aluminum foil to her windows to get any sleep at all.

She brought up the most recent satellite images. She cocked an eyebrow. He had not broken camp yet. Usually he drove in the early morning, as soon as it was light enough to navigate. Then he capitalized on the midday sun to

maximize recharging.

But today, he had not moved, and it was well past morning.

She checked around the rovers and bedroom for a message. She found it in the usual place (north of the campsite). Reading the Morse code, her eyes widened.

“DUST STORM. MAKING PLAN.”

Fumbling with her cell phone, she dialed Venkat's personal number.

Chapter 23

LOG ENTRY: SOL 476

I think I can work this out.

I'm on the very edge of a storm. I don't know its size or heading. But it's moving, and that's something I can take advantage of. I don't have to wander around exploring it. It'll come to me.

The storm is just dust in the air; it's not dangerous to the rovers. I can think of it as "Percent power loss." I checked yesterday's power generation and it was 97% of optimal. So right now, it's a 3% storm.

I need to make progress and I need to regenerate oxygen. Those are my two main goals. I use 20% of my overall power to reclaim oxygen (when I stop for Air Days). If I end up in an 81% part of the storm, I'll be in real trouble. I'll run out of oxygen even if I dedicate all available power to it. That's the fatal scenario. But really, it's fatal much earlier than that. I need power to move or I'll be stranded until the storm passes or dissipates. That could be months.

The more power I generate, the more I'll have for movement. With clear skies, I dedicate 80% of my total power toward movement. I get 90km per sol this way. So Right now, at 3% loss, I'm getting 3.3km less than I should.

It's ok to lose some driving distance per sol. I have plenty of time, but I can't let myself get too deep in the storm or I'll never be able to get out.

At the very least, I need to travel faster than the storm. If I can go faster, I can maneuver around it without being enveloped. I need to find out how fast it's moving.

I can do that by sitting here for a sol. I can compare tomorrow's wattage to today's. All I have to do is make sure to compare the same times of day. Then I'd know how fast the storm is moving, at least in terms of percent power loss.

But I need to know the shape of the storm, too.

Dust storms are big. They can be thousands of kilometers across. So when I work my way around it, I'll need to know which way to go. I'll want to move perpendicular to the storm's movement, and in whatever direction has less storm.

So here's my plan:

Right now, I can go 86km (because I couldn't get a full battery yesterday). I'm going to leave a solar cell here and drive 40km due south. Then I'll drop off another solar cell and drive another 40km due south. I'll have three points of reference across 80km.

The next day, I'll go back to collect the cells and get the data. By comparing the wattage at the same time of day in those three locations, I'll learn the shape of the storm. If the storm is thicker to the south, I'll go north to get around it. If it's thicker north, I'll go south.

I'm hoping to go south. Schiaparelli is southeast of me. Going north would add a lot of time to my total trip.

There's one *slight* problem with my plan: I don't have any way to "record" the wattage from an abandoned solar cell. I can easily track and log wattage with the rover computer, but I need something I can drop off and leave behind. I can't just take readings as I drive along. I need readings at the same time in different places.

So I'm going to spend today working on some mad science. I have to make something that can log wattage. Something I can leave behind with a single solar cell.

Since I'm stuck here for the day anyway, I'll leave the solar cells out. I may as well get a full battery out of it.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 477

It took all day yesterday and today, but I think I'm ready to measure this storm.

When I packed for this road trip, I made sure to bring all my kits and tools. Just in case I had to repair the rover en-route.

I made the bedroom in to a lab. I stacked my supply containers to form a rudimentary table, and used a sample box as a stool.

I needed a way to track the time of day and the wattage of the solar cell. The tricky part is logging it. And the solution is the extra EVA suit I brought along.

The cool thing about EVA suits is they have cameras recording everything they see. There's a camera on the right arm (or the left if the astronaut is left handed), and one above the faceplate. A time-stamp is burned

in to the lower left corner of the image, just like the shaky home videos Dad used to take.

My electronics kit has several power meters. So I figure: why make my own logging system? I can just film the power meter all day long.

So that's what I set up.

First, I harvested the cameras from my spare EVA suit. I had to be careful; I didn't want to ruin the suit. It's my only spare. I had to get the cameras and the lines leading to their memory chips.

I put a power meter in to a small sample container, then glued a camera to the underside of the lid. When I sealed up the container, the camera was properly recording the readout of the power meter.

For testing, I used rover power. How will it get power once I abandon it on the surface? Well, it turns out it's going to be attached to a 2 square meter solar cell. That'll be plenty. And I put a small rechargeable battery in the container to tide it over during nighttime (again, harvested from the spare EVA suit).

The next problem is heat, or the lack thereof. As soon as I take this thing out of the rover, it'll start cooling down mighty fast. Once it gets too cold, the electronics will stop working entirely.

So I needed a heat source. And my electronics kit provided the answer. Resistors. Lots and lots of them. The camera and power meter only need a tiny fraction of what a solar cell can make. So I'm dumping the rest of the energy through resistors.

Resistors heat up. It's what they do. There's my heat source.

I made and tested two "power loggers", and confirmed the images were being properly recorded.

Then I had an EVA. I detached two of my solar cells and hooked them up to the power loggers. I let them log happily for an hour, then brought them back in to check the results. They worked great.

It's getting toward nightfall now. Tomorrow morning, I'll leave one power logger behind, and head south.

While I was working, I left the Oxygenator going (why not?). So I'm all stocked up on O₂ and good to go.

The solar cell efficiency for today was 92.5%. Compared to yesterday's 97%. So right now, the storm is moving at 4.5% per sol. If I were to stay here another 16 sols, it would get dark enough to kill me.

Just as well I'm not going to stay here.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 478

Everything went as planned today. No hiccups. I can't tell if I'm driving deeper in to the storm or out of it. It's hard to tell if the ambient light is less or more than it was yesterday. The human brain works hard to abstract that out.

I left a power-logger behind when I started out. Then, after 40km travel due south, I had a quick EVA to set up another. Now I've gone the full 80km, set up my solar cells for charging, and I'm logging the wattage.

Tomorrow, I'll have to reverse course and pick up the power-loggers. It may be dangerous; I'll be driving right back in to a known storm area. But the risk is worth the gain.

Also, have I mentioned I'm sick of potatoes? Because, by God, I am sick of potatoes. If I ever return to Earth, I'm going to buy a nice little home in Western Australia. Because Western Australia is on the opposite side of Earth from Idaho.

I bring it up because I dined on a meal pack today. I had saved 5 packs for special occasions. I ate the first of them 29 sols ago when I left for Schiaparelli. I totally forgot to eat the second when I reached the half-way point 9 sols ago. So I'm enjoying my belated half-way feast.

It's probably more accurate to eat it today anyway. Who knows how long it'll take me to go around this storm. And if I end up stuck in the storm and doomed to die, I'm totally eating the other earmarked meals.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 479

Have you ever taken the wrong freeway entrance? You need to drive to the next exit to turn around, but you hate every inch of travel because you're going away from your goal.

I felt like that all day. I'm now back where I started yesterday morning. Yuk.

Along the way, I picked up the power-logger I'd left behind at the half-way point. Just now I brought in the one I'd left here yesterday.

Both loggers worked the way I'd hoped. I downloaded each of their video recordings to a laptop and advanced them to noon. Finally I had solar

efficiency readings from three locations along an 80km line, all from the same time of day.

As of noon yesterday, the northern-most logger showed 12.3% efficiency loss, the middle one was a 9.5% loss, and the rover recorded a 6.4% loss at its southernmost location. It paints a pretty clear picture: the storm front runs northwest to southeast. And I already worked out it's traveling west.

The best way to avoid it is to go south.

Finally, some good news! South is what I wanted. I won't lose much time. Sigh... I have to drive the same god damned path a third time tomorrow.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 480

I think I'm getting ahead of the storm.

Having traveled along Mars Highway 1 all day, I'm back at my campsite from yesterday. Tomorrow, I'll finally make real headway again. I was done driving and had the camp set up by noon. The efficiency loss here is 15.6%. Compared to the 17% loss at yesterday's camp, this means I can outrun the storm as long as I keep heading south.

Hopefully.

The storm is *probably* circular. They usually are. But I could just be driving in to an alcove. If that's the case, I'm just fucking dead, ok? There's only so much I can do.

I'll know soon enough. If the storm is circular, I should get better and better efficiency every day until I'm back to 100%. One I reach 100% that means I'm completely south of the storm and I can start going east again. We'll see.

If there were no storm, I'd be going directly southwest toward my goal. As it is, going only south, I'm not nearly as fast. I'm traveling 90km per day as usual, but I only get 37km closer to Schiaparelli because Pythagoras is a dick. I don't know when I'll finally clear the storm and be able to beeline to Schiaparelli again. But one thing's for sure: My plan to arrive on Sol 495 is boned.

Sol 549. That's when they come for me. If I miss it, I'll spend the rest of my very short life here. And I still have the MAV to modify before then, too. Sheesh.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 482

Air day. A time for relaxation and speculation.

For relaxation, I read 100 pages of Agatha Christie's *Evil Under the Sun* courtesy of Johanssen's digital book collection. I think Linda Marshall is the murderer.

As for speculation, I speculated on when the hell I'll get past this fucking storm.

I'm still going due south every day; and still dealing with efficiency loss (though I'm keeping ahead of it). Every day of this crap I'm only getting 37km closer to the MAV instead of 90. Pissing me off.

I considered skipping the Air Day. I could go another couple of days before I ran out of oxygen, and getting away from the storm is pretty important. But I decided against it. I'm ahead of the storm enough that I can afford one day of no movement. And I don't know if a couple more days would help. Who knows how far the storm goes south?

Well, NASA probably knows. And the news stations back on Earth are probably showing it. And there's probably a website like www.watch-mark-watney-die.com. So there's like a hundred million people or so who know exactly how far south it goes.

But I'm not one of them.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 484

Finally!

I am FINALLY past the god damned storm. Today's power regen was 100%. No more dust in the air. With the storm moving perpendicular to my direction of travel, it means I'm south of the southernmost point of the cloud (presuming it's a circular storm. If it's not then fuck.)

Starting tomorrow, I can go directly toward Schiaparelli. Which is good, cause I lost a lot of time. I went 540km due south while avoiding that storm. I'm catastrophically off course.

Mind you, it hasn't been that bad. I'm well in to Terra Meridiani now, and the driving is a little easier here than the rugged ass-kicking terrain of Arabia Terra. Schiaparelli is almost due east, and if my sextant and Phobos

calculations are correct, I've got another 1030km to get there.

Accounting for air days and presuming 90km of travel per sol, I should arrive on Sol 505. Not too bad, really. The Nearly-Mark-Killin' storm only ended up delaying me by 7 sols.

I'll still have 44 sols to do whatever MAV modifications NASA has in mind.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 487

I have an interesting opportunity here. And by "opportunity" I mean Opportunity.

I got pushed so far off course, I'm actually not far from the Mars Exploration Rover Opportunity. It's about 300km away. I could actually get there and pull a Pathfinder on it. It would take about 4 sols.

Thing is, it's not worth it. I'm only 13 sols away from the MAV. Why go out of my way to dig up another broken-ass rover to use as a makeshift radio when I'll have a brand new, fully functional communication system within a couple of weeks.

So, while it's kind of neat that I'm within striking range of another rover (man we really littered this planet with them, didn't we?) it's not relevant.

Besides, I've defiled enough future historical sites for now.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 492

I need to put some thought in to the bedroom.

Right now, I can only have it set up when I'm inside the rover. It attaches to the airlock, so I can't get out if it's there. During my road trip that didn't matter, because I had to furl it every day anyway. But once I get to the MAV, I won't have to drive around anymore. Each decompress/recompress of the bedroom stresses the seams (I learned that lesson the hard way when the Hab blew up) so it's best if I can find a way to leave it out.

Holy shit. I just realized I actually believe I'll get to the MAV. See what I did there? I casually talked about what I'll do after I get to the MAV. Like it was nothing. No big deal. I'm just going to pop over to Schiaparelli and hang with the MAV there.

Nice.

Anyway, I don't have another airlock. I've got one on the rover and one on the trailer and that's it. They're firmly fixed in place, so it's not like I can detach one and attach it to the bedroom.

But I can seal the bedroom entirely. I don't even have to do any bullshit hatchet jobs on it. The airlock attachment point has a flap I can unroll seal the opening with. Remember, I stole the airlock attachment from a pop-tent. It's an emergency feature for pressure loss while in the rover. It'd be pretty useless if it couldn't seal itself off.

Unfortunately, as an emergency device, it was never intended to be reusable. The idea was people seal themselves in the pop tent, then the rest of the crew drives to wherever they are in the other rover and rescues them. The crew of the good rover detaches the pop tent from the breached rover, and re-attaches it to theirs. Then they cut through the seal from their side to recover their crewmates.

To make sure this would always be an option, mission rules dictated no more than 3 people could be in a rover at once, and both rovers had to be fully functional or we couldn't use either.

So here's my brilliant plan: I won't use the bedroom as a bedroom anymore once I get to the MAV. I'll use it to house the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator. Then I'll use the trailer as my bedroom. Neat, eh?

The trailer has tons of space. I put a fuckton of work in to making that happen. The balloon gives plenty of headroom. Not a lot of floor space, but still lots of vertical area.

Also, the bedroom has several valve apertures in its canvas. I have the pop-tents to thank for that again. I just needed swaths of canvas so I stole it from wherever I could. I stole a lot from the pop tents, and they had valve apertures (triple redundant ones, actually). NASA wanted to make sure the emergency shelter allows the crew on the outside to get air in to the crew on the inside.

In the end, I'll have the bedroom sealed with the Oxygenator and Atmospheric Regulator inside. It'll be attached to the trailer via hoses to share the same atmosphere and I'll run a power line through one of the hoses. The rover will serve as storage (because I won't need to get to the driving controls any more) and the trailer will be completely empty. Then I'll have a permanent bedroom. I'll even be able to use it as a workshop for whatever MAV modifications I need to do on parts that can fit through the trailer's

airlock.

Of course, if the Atmospheric Regulator or Oxygenator have problems, I'll need to cut in to the bedroom to get to them. But I've been here 492 sols and they've worked fine the whole time, so I'll take that risk.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 497

I'll be at the entrance to Schiaparelli crater tomorrow!

Presuming nothing goes wrong, that is. But hey, everything else has gone smoothly this mission, right? (That was sarcasm.)

Today's an Air Day and for once, I don't want it. I'm so close to Schiaparelli, I can taste it. I guess it would taste like sand, mostly, but that's not the point.

Of course, that won't be the end of the trip. It'll take another 3 sols to get from the entrance to the MAV, but hot damn! I'm almost there!

I think I can even see the rim of Schiaparelli. It's way the hell off in the distance and it might just be my imagination. It's 62km away, so if I'm seeing it, I'm only just barely seeing it.

Tomorrow, once I get to Entrance Crater, I'll turn south and enter the Schiaparelli Basin via the "Entrance Ramp." I did some back-of-the-napkin math and the slope should be pretty safe. The elevation change from the rim to the basin is 1.5km, and the Ramp is at least 45km long. That makes for a 2-degree grade. No problem.

Tomorrow night, I'll sink to an all new low!

Lemme rephrase that...

Tomorrow night, I'll be at rock bottom!

No, that doesn't sound good either...

Tomorrow night, I'll be in Giovanni Schiaparelli's favorite hole!

Ok, I admit I'm just fucking around now.

For millions of years, the rim of the crater had been under constant attack from wind. It eroded the rocky crest like a river cuts through a mountain range. After aeons, it finally breached the edge.

The high pressure zone created by the wind now had an avenue to drain. The breach widened more and more with each passing millennium. As it

widened, dust and sand particles carried along with the attack settled in the basin below.

Eventually, a balance point was reached. The sand had piled up high enough to be flush with the land outside the crater. It no longer built upward, but now outward. The slope lengthened until a new balance point was reached, one defined by the complex interactions of countless tiny particles and their ability to maintain an angled shape. Entrance Ramp had been born.

The weather brought dunes and desert terrain. Nearby crater impacts brought rocks and boulders. The shape became uneven.

Gravity did its work. The ramp compressed over time. But it did not compress evenly. Differing densities shrunk at different rates. Some areas became hard as rock while others remained as soft as talc.

While providing a small *average* slope into the crater, the ramp itself was rugged and bitterly uneven.

Upon reaching Entrance Crater, the lone inhabitant of Mars turned his vehicle toward the Schiaparelli Basin. The difficult terrain was unexpected, but looked no worse than other terrain he routinely navigated.

He went around the smaller dunes, and carefully crested the larger ones. He took care with every turn, every rise or fall in elevation, and every boulder in his path. He thought through every course and considered all alternatives.

But it wasn't enough.

The rover, while descending down a seemingly ordinary slope, drove off an invisible ridge. The dense, hard soil suddenly gave way to soft powder. With the entire surface covered by at least 5cm of dust, there were no visual hints to the sudden change.

The rover's left front wheel sank. The sudden tilt brought the right rear wheel completely off the ground. This in turn put more weight on the left rear wheel, which slipped from its precarious purchase into the powder as well.

Before the traveler could react, the rover rolled on to its side. As it did, the solar cells neatly stacked on the roof flew off and scattered like a dropped deck of cards.

The trailer, attached to the rover with a tow clamp, was dragged along. The torsion on the clamp snapped the strong composite like a brittle twig. The hoses connecting the two vehicles also snapped. The trailer plunged head-long in to the soft soil and flipped over on to its balloon-roof, shuddering to an abrupt halt.

The rover was not so lucky. It continued tumbling down the hill,

bouncing the traveler around like clothes in a dryer. After 20 meters, the soft powder gave way to more solid sand and it shuddered to a halt.

The rover had come to rest on its side. The valves leading to the now missing hoses had detected the sudden pressure drop and closed. The pressure seal was not breached.

The traveler was alive for now.

Chapter 24

The department heads stared at the satellite image on the projection screen.

"Jesus," Mitch said. "What the hell happened?"

"The rover's on its side," Mindy said, pointing to the screen. "The trailer's upside down. Those rectangles scattered around are solar cells."

Venkat put a hand on his chin. "Do we have any information on the state of the rover pressure vessel?"

"Nothing obvious," Mindy said.

"Any signs of Watney doing something after the accident? An EVA maybe?"

"No EVA," Mindy said. "The weather's clear. If he'd come out there'd be visible footsteps."

"Is this the entire crash site?" Bruce Ng asked.

"I think so," Mindy said. "Up toward the top of the photo, which is North, there are ordinary wheel tracks. Right here," she pointed to a large disturbance in the soil, "is where I think things went wrong. Judging by where that ditch is, I'd say the rover rolled and slid from there. You can see the trench it left behind. The trailer flipped forward on to its roof."

"I'm not saying everything's ok," Bruce said, "but I don't think it's as bad as it looks."

"Go on," Venkat said.

"The rover's designed to handle a roll," Bruce explained. "And if there'd been pressure loss there'd be a starburst pattern in the sand. I don't see anything like that."

"Watney may still be hurt inside," Mitch said. "He could have banged his head or broken an arm or something."

"Sure," Bruce said. "I'm just saying the rover is probably ok."

"When was this taken?"

Mindy checked her watch. "We got it 17 minutes ago. We'll get another pic in 9 minutes when MGS4's orbit brings it in view."

"First thing he'll do is an EVA to assess damage," Venkat said. "Mindy, keep us posted on any changes."

LOG ENTRY: SOL 498

Hmm.

Yeah.

Things don't go well on the descent in to Schiaparelli Basin. To give you some indication of how unwell they went, I'm reaching up to the computer to type this. Because it's still mounted near the control panel, and the rover is on its side.

I got bounced around a lot, but I'm a well-honed machine in times of crisis. As soon as the rover toppled, I curled in to a ball and cowered. That's the kind of action hero I am.

It worked, too. Cause I'm not hurt.

The pressure vessel is intact, so that's a plus. The valves that lead to the trailer hoses are shut. Probably means the hoses disconnected. And that means the trailer junction snapped. Wonderful.

Looking around the interior here, I don't think anything is broken. The water tanks stayed sealed. There aren't any visible leaks in the air tanks. The bedroom came unfolded and it's all over the place, but it's just canvas so it can't have gotten too hurt.

The driving controls are ok, and the Nav Computer is telling me the rover is at an "unacceptably dangerous tilt." Thanks, Nav!

So I rolled. That's not the end of the world. I'm alive and the rover's fine. I'm more worried about the solar cells I probably rolled over. Also, since the trailer detached there's a good chance it's fucked up, too. The balloon roof it has isn't exactly durable. If it popped, the shit inside will have flung out in all directions and I'll have to go find it. That's my critical life support.

Speaking of life support, the rover switched over to the local tanks when the valves shut. Good boy, Rover! Here's a Scooby-Snack.

I've got 20L of oxygen (enough to keep me breathing for 40 days) but without the Regulator (which is in the trailer) I'm back to chemical CO2 absorption. I have 312 hours of filters left. Plus I have another 171 hours of EVA suit CO2 filters as well. All told, they'll last 483 hours, which is close to 20 sols. So I have time to get things working again.

I'm really damn close to the MAV now. About 220km. I'm not going to let something like this stop me from getting there. And I don't need everything to work at top form anymore. I just need the rover to work for 220

more kilometers and the life support to work for 51 more sols. That's it.
Time to suit up and look for the trailer.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 498 (2)

I had an EVA and things aren't too bad. Mind you, they're not good.

I trashed 3 solar cells. They're under the rover and cracked all to hell. They might still be able to piss out a few watts, but I'm not holding out much hope. I did come in to this with one extra solar cell. I needed 28 for my daily operations and I brought 29 (14 on the rover's roof, 7 on the trailer's roof, and 8 on the makeshift shelves I installed on the sides of both vehicles.)

I tried pushing the rover over, but I wasn't strong enough. I'll need to rig something to get a leverage advantage. Other than being on its side, I don't see any real problems.

Well, that's not true. The tow hook is fucked beyond repair. Half of it ripped clean off. Fortunately, the trailer also has a tow hook, so I have a spare.

The trailer's in a precarious situation. It's upside-down and sitting on the inflated roof. I'm not sure which god smiled down on me and kept that balloon from popping, but I'm grateful. My first priority will be righting it. The longer it puts weight on that balloon, the larger the chances it'll pop.

While I was out, I collected the 26 solar cells that aren't under the rover and set them up to recharge my batteries. May as well, right?

So right now, I have a few problems to tackle: First, I need to right the trailer. Or at least get the weight off the balloon. Next, I need to right the rover. Finally, I need to replace the rover's tow hook with the one on the trailer.

Also, I should spell out a message for NASA. They're probably worried.

Mindy read the Morse code aloud. "Rolled. Fixing now."

"What? That's it?" Venkat said over the phone.

"That's all he said," she reported, cradling the phone as she typed out an email to the list of interested parties.

"Just three words? Nothing about his physical health? His equipment? His supplies?"

“You got me,” she said. “He left a detailed status report. I just decided to lie for no reason.”

“Funny,” Venkat said. “Be a smart-ass to a guy seven levels above you at your company. See how that works out.”

“Oh no,” Mindy said. “I might lose my job as an interplanetary voyeur? I guess I'd have to use my Master's degree for something else.”

“I remember when you were shy.”

“I'm space paparazzi now. The attitude comes with the job.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Venkat said. “Just send the email.”

“Already sent.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 499

I had a busy day today and I got a lot done.

I started out pretty sore. I had to sleep on the wall of the rover. The bedroom won't work when the airlock is facing up. I did get to use the bedroom, somewhat. I folded it up and used it as a bed.

Anyway, suffice to say the wall of the rover wasn't made for sleeping on. But after a morning potato and Vicodin, I was feeling much better.

At first I figured my top priority was the trailer. Then I changed my mind. After taking a good look at it, I decided I'd never be able to right it by myself. I'd need the rover.

So today was focused on getting the rover righted.

I brought all my tools along on this trip, figuring I'd need them for the MAV modifications. And along with them I brought cabling. Once I get set up at the MAV, my solar cells and batteries will be in a fixed position. I don't want to move the rover around every time I use a drill on the far side of the MAV. So I brought all the electrical cabling I could fit.

Good thing, too. Because it doubles as rope.

I dug up my longest cable. It's the same one I used to power the drill that destroyed Pathfinder. I call it my “Lucky Cable.”

I plugged one end in to the battery and the other in to the infamous sample drill. Then walked off with the drill to find solid ground. Once I found it, I kept going until I'd gone as far as the electrical line would reach. I drove a 1-meter bit half a meter into a rock, unplugged the power line, and tied it around the base of the bit.

Then I went back to the rover and tied off the cord to the roof-rack bar on the high side. Now I had a long, taut line running perpendicular to the rover.

I walked to the middle of the cord and pulled it laterally. The leverage advantage on the rover was huge. I only hoped it wouldn't break the drill bit before it tipped the rover.

I backed away, pulling the line more and more. Something had to give, and it wasn't going to be me. I had Archimedes on my side. The rover finally tipped.

It fell on to its wheels, kicking up a large cloud of soft dust. It was a silent affair. I was far enough away that the thin atmosphere had no hope of carrying the sound to me.

I untied the power line, liberated the drill bit, and returned to the rover. I gave it a full system's check. That's a boring-as-hell task but I had to do it. Every system and subsystem was working correctly.

JPL did a damn good job making these rovers. If I get back to Earth, I'm buying Bruce Ng a beer. Though I guess I should buy all the JPL guys a beer.

Beers for fucking everyone if I get back to Earth.

Anyway, with the rover back on its wheels it was time to work on the trailer. Problem is, I'm in a crater.

I had gotten most of the way down the Ramp when I rolled the rover. And the Ramp is up against the western edge of the crater. So the sun sets really early from my point of view. I'm in the shadow of the western wall. And that royally sucks.

Mars is not Earth. It doesn't have a thick atmosphere to bend light and carry particles that reflect light around corners. It's damn-near a vacuum here. Once the sun isn't visible, I'm in the dark. Phobos gives me some moonlight, but not enough to work with. Deimos is a little piece of shit that's no good to anyone.

Long story short: I ran out of daylight. I hate to leave the trailer sitting on its balloon for another night, but there's not much else I can do. I figure it's survived a whole day like that. It's probably stable for now.

And hey, with the rover righted, I get to use the bedroom again! It's the simple things in life that matter.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 500

When I woke up this morning, the trailer hadn't popped yet. So that was a good start.

The trailer was a bigger challenge than the rover. I only had to tip the rover. I'd need to completely flip the trailer. That requires lot more force than yesterday's little leverage trick.

The first step was to drive the rover to near the trailer. Then came the digging.

Oh god the digging.

The trailer was upside down with its nose pointed downhill. I decided the best way to right it was to take advantage of the slope and roll the trailer over its nose. Basically to make it do a somersault to land on its wheels.

I can make this happen by tying off the cable to the rear of the trailer and towing with the rover. But if I tried that without digging a hole first, the trailer would just slide along the ground. I needed it to tip up. I needed a hole for the nose to fall in to.

So I dug a hole. A hole one by three meters, and one meter deep. It took me four miserable hours of hard labor, but I got it done.

I hopped in the rover and drove it downhill, dragging the trailer with me. As I'd hoped, the trailer nosed in to the hole and tipped up. From there, it fell on to its wheels with a huge plume of dust.

Then I sat for a moment, dumbstruck that my plan actually worked.

And now I'm out of daylight again. I can't wait to get out of this fucking shadow. All I need is one day of driving toward the MAV and I'll be away from the wall. But for now, it's another early night.

I'll spend tonight without the trailer to manage my life support. It may be righted, but I have no idea if the shit inside still works. The rover still has ample supplies for me.

I'll spend the rest of the evening enjoying a potato. And by “enjoying” I mean “hating so much I want to kill people.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 501

I started the day with some Nothin' Tea. Nothin' Tea is easy to make. First, get some hot water, then add nothin'. I experimented with Potato Skin Tea a few weeks ago. The less said about that the better.

I ventured in to the trailer today. Not an easy task. It's pretty cramped in

there; I had to leave my EVA suit in the airlock.

The first thing I noticed was that it was really hot in there. It took me a few minutes to work out why.

The Atmospheric Regulator was still in perfect working order, but it had nothing to do. Without being connected to the rover, it no longer had my CO2 production to deal with. The atmosphere in the trailer was perfect, why change anything?

With no regulation necessary, the air was not being pumped out to the AREC for freeze-separation. And thus it wasn't coming back in as a liquid in need of heating.

But remember, the RTG gives off heat all the time. You can't stop it. So the heat just built up. Eventually, things reached a balance point where the heat bled through the hull as fast as the RTG could add it. If you're curious, that balance point was a sweltering 41C.

I did a full diagnostic on the Regulator and Oxygenator and I'm happy to report both are working perfectly.

The RTG's water tank was empty, which is no surprise. It was an open top, not intended to be turned upside down. The floor of the trailer has a lot of puddled water that took me quite a while to sop up with my jumpsuit. I topped the tank off with some more water from a sealed container that I'd stored in the trailer earlier. Remember, I need that water to have something for the returning air to bubble through. That's my heating system.

But all things considered, it was good news. The critical components are working fine, and both vehicles are back on their tires.

The hoses that connected the rover and trailer were designed well, and released without breaking. I simply snapped them back in to place and the vehicles were sharing life support again.

The one remaining thing to fix was the tow hook. It was absolutely ruined. It took the full force of the crash. As I suspected, the trailer's tow hook was unscathed. So I transferred it to the rover and reconnected the two vehicles for travel.

All told, that little fender-bender cost me 4 sols. But now I'm back in action!

Sort of.

What if I run in to another powder pit? I got lucky this time. Next time I might not get off so easy. I think this was sort of a freak accident. The problem was that one wheel was on solid ground while the other was on soft

powder.

I need a way to know if the ground in front of me is safe. At least for the duration of my time on The Ramp. Once I'm in the Schiaparelli Basin proper, I can count on the normal sandy terrain I'm used to.

If I could have anything, it would be a radio to ask NASA the safe path down the Ramp. Well, if I could have *anything*, it would be for the green-skinned yet beautiful Queen of Mars to rescue me so she can learn more about this Earth thing called “lovemaking”.

It's been a long time since I've seen a woman. Just sayin'.

Anyway, to ensure I don't crash again, I'll-- Seriously... no women in like, years. I don't ask for much. And believe me, a Botanist / Mechanical Engineer doesn't exactly have ladies lined up at the door. But still, c'mon.

Anyway. I'll drive slower. Like... a crawl. That should give me enough time to react if one wheel starts to sink. Also, the lower speed will give me more torque, making it less likely I lose traction.

Up till now I've been driving 25kph, so I'm going to cut that to 5kph. I'm still toward the top of the Ramp, but the whole thing is only 40km. I can take my time and get safely to the bottom. It should take about 8 hours.

I'll do it tomorrow. I'm already out of daylight again today. That's another bonus: Once I clear the ramp, I can start bee-lining toward the MAV, which will take me away from the crater wall. I'll be back to enjoying the entire day's sunlight instead of just half of it.

If I get back to Earth, I'll be famous, right? A fearless astronaut who beat all the odds, right? I bet women like that.

More motivation to stay alive.

“So it looks like he's fixed everything,” Mindy explained. “And his message today was 'ALL BETTER NOW' so I guess he's got everything working.”

She surveyed the smiling faces of the meeting room.

“Awesome.” Mitch said.

“Great news,” Bruce's voice came in through the speakerphone.

Venkat leaned forward to the speakerphone “How are the MAV modification plans coming, Bruce? Is JPL going to have that procedure soon?”

“We're working around the clock on it,” Bruce said. “We're past most of

the big hurdles. Working out the details now.”

“Good, good,” Venkat said. “Any surprises I should know about?”

“Um...” Bruce said. “Yeah, a few. This might not be the best venue for it. I’ll be back in Houston with the procedure in a day or two. We can go through it then.”

“Ominous,” Venkat said. “But ok. We’ll pick it up later.”

“Can I spread the word?” Annie asked. “It’d be nice to see something other than the rover crash site on the news tonight.”

“Definitely,” Venkat said. “It’ll be nice to have some good news for a change. Mindy, how long until he gets to the MAV?”

“At his usual rate of 90km per sol,” Mindy said, “he should get there on Sol 504. Sol 505 if he takes his time. He always drives in the early morning, finishing around noon.” She checked an application on her laptop. “Noon on Sol 504 will be 11:41am this Wednesday here in Houston. Noon on Sol 505 will be 12:21pm on Thursday.”

“Mitch, who’s handling Ares 4 MAV communication?”

“The Ares 3 mission control team,” Mitch replied. “It’ll be in control room 2”.

“I assume you’ll be there?”

“Bet your ass I’ll be there.”

“So will I.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 502

Every Thanksgiving, my family used to drive from Chicago to Sandusky, an 8-hour drive. It’s where Mom’s sister lived. Dad would always drive, and he was the slowest, most cautious driver who ever took the wheel.

Seriously. He drove like he was taking a driver’s test. Never exceeded the speed limit, always had his hands at 10 and 2, adjusted mirrors before each outing, you name it.

It was infuriating. We’d be on the freeway, cars blowing by left and right. Some of them would blare their horns because, honestly, driving the speed limit makes you a road hazard. I wanted to get out and push.

I felt that way all damn day today. 5km/h is literally a walking pace. And I drove that speed for eight hours.

But the slow speed ensured that I wouldn’t fall in to anymore powder pits

along the way. And of course I didn't encounter any. I could have driven full speed and had no problems. But better safe than sorry.

The good news is I'm off the Ramp. I camped out as soon as the terrain flattened out. I've already overdone my driving time for the day. I could go further, I still have 15% battery power or so, but I want to get as much daylight on my solar cells as I can.

I'm in the Schiaparelli Basin at last! Far from the crater wall, too. I get a full day of sunlight every day from now on.

I decided it was time for a very special occasion. I ate the meal pack labeled "Survived Something That Should Have Killed Me." Oh my god, I forgot how good real food tastes.

With luck, I'll get to eat "Arrival" in a few sols.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 503

I didn't get as much recharge I usually would yesterday. Because of my extended driving time, I only recharged to 70% before night fell. So today's driving was abbreviated.

I got 63km before I had to camp out again. But I don't even mind. Because I'm only 148km from the MAV. That means I'll get there the sol after tomorrow.

Holy hell, I'm really going to make it!

LOG ENTRY: SOL 504

Holy shit this is awesome! Holy shit! Holy shit!

Ok calm. Calm.

I made 90km today. By my estimate, I'm 50km from the MAV. I should get there some time tomorrow. I'm excited about that, but here's what I'm really stoked about: I caught a blip from the MAV!

NASA has the MAV broadcasting the Ares 3 Hab homing signal. Why wouldn't they? It makes perfect sense. Unlike my worn out shit, the MAV is a sleek, perfectly functional machine, ready to do what it's told. And they have it pretending to be the Ares 3 Hab so my rover will see the signal and tell me where it is.

That is an *exceptionally* good idea! I won't have to wander around looking for the thing. I'm going straight to it.

I only caught a blip. I'll get more as I get closer. It has three redundant methods of communicating with Earth, but they're extremely directed and are designed for line-of-sight communication. It's strange to think that a sand dune will stop me from hearing what the MAV has to say, but it can talk to Earth no problem. Well, there aren't any sand dunes between it and Earth when they talk.

Somehow they messed with things to make a radial signal, however weak it may be. And I heard it!

My message for the day was "GOT BEACON SIGNAL." If I'd had enough rocks, I would have added "AWESOME FUCKING IDEA!!!" But it's a really sandy area.

The MAV waited in southwestern Schiaparelli. It stood an impressive 27 meters tall, its conical body gleaming in the midday sun.

The rover crested a nearby dune with the trailer in tow. It slowed for a few moments, then continued toward the ship at top speed. It came to a stop 20 meters away.

There it remained for ten minutes while the astronaut inside suited up.

He stumbled excitedly out of the airlock, falling to the ground then scrambling to his feet. Beholding the MAV, he gestured to it with both arms, as if in disbelief.

He leaped in to the air several times, arms held high with fists clenched. Then he knelt on one knee and fist-pumped repeatedly.

Running to the spacecraft, he hugged Landing Strut B. After a few moments, he broke off the embrace to perform another round of leaping celebrations.

Now fatigued, the astronaut stood with arms akimbo, looking up at the sleek lines of the engineering marvel before him.

Climbing the ladder on the landing stage, he reached the ascent stage and entered the airlock. He sealed the door behind him.

Chapter 25

LOG ENTRY: SOL 505

I finally made it! I'm at the MAV!

Well, right this second, I'm back in the rover. I did go in to the MAV to do a systems check and boot-up. I had to keep my EVA suit on the whole time because there's no life support in there just yet.

It's going through a self check right now, and I'm feeding it oxygen and nitrogen with hoses from the rover. This is all part of the MAV's design. It doesn't bring air along. Why would it? That's a needless weight when you'll have a Hab full of air right next door.

I'm guessing folks at NASA are popping champagne right now and sending me lots of messages. I'll read them in a bit. First things first: Get the MAV some life support. Then I'll be able to work comfortably inside.

And then I'll have a boring conversation with NASA. The content may be interesting, but the 14-minute transmission time between here and Earth will be a bit dull.

[13:07]HOUSTON: Congratulations from all of us here at Mission Control! Well done! What's your status?

[13:21]MAV: Thanks! No health or physical problems. The rover and trailer are getting pretty worn out, but still functional. Oxygenator and Regulator both working fine. I didn't bring the Water Reclaimer. Just brought the water. Plenty of potatoes left. I'm good to last till 549.

[13:36]HOUSTON: Glad to hear it. Hermes is still on track for a Sol 549 flyby. As you know, the MAV will need to lose some weight to make the intercept. We're going to get you those procedures within the day. How much water do you have? What did you do with urine?

[13:50]MAV: I have 550L of remaining water. I've been dumping urine outside along the way.

[14:05]HOUSTON: Preserve all water. Don't do any more urine dumps. Store it somewhere. Turn the rover's radio on and leave it on. We can contact it through MAV.

“So is it ready?” Venkat asked.

“Yes, it's ready.” Bruce said. “But you're not going to like it.”

“Go on.”

“Bear in mind,” Bruce said, producing a booklet from his briefcase, “This is the end result of thousands of hours of work, testing, and lateral thinking by all the best guys at JPL.”

“I'm sure it was hard to trim down a ship that's already designed to be as light as possible,” Venkat said.

Bruce slid the booklet across the desk to Venkat. “The problem is the intercept velocity. The MAV is designed to get to Low Mars Orbit, which is 4.1kps. But the Hermes flyby will be 5.8kps.”

Venkat flipped through the pages. “Care to summarize?”

“Firstly, we're going to add fuel. The MAV makes its own fuel from the Martian atmosphere, but it's limited by how much Hydrogen it has. It brought enough to make 19,397kg of fuel, as it was designed to do. If we can give it more hydrogen, it can make more.”

“How much more?”

“For every kilogram of hydrogen, it can make 13 kilograms of fuel. Watney has 550 liters of water. We'll have him electrolyze it to get 60kg of Hydrogen.” Bruce reached over the desk and flipped a few pages, pointing to a diagram. “The fuel plant can make 780kg of fuel from that.”

“If he electrolyzes his water what'll he drink?”

“He can electrolyze urine, so we only need to set a few liters aside for the last couple of days.”

“I see. And what does 780kg of fuel buy us?” Venkat asked.

“It buys us 300kg of payload. It's all about fuel versus payload. The MAV's launch weight is over 12,600kg. We need to get that down to 7,300kg. That's accounting for the bonus fuel. So the rest of this booklet is how to remove over five thousand kilograms from the ship.”

Venkat leaned back. "Walk me through it."

Bruce pulled another copy of the booklet from his briefcase. "There were some gimmies right off the bat. The design presumes 500kg of Martian soil and rock samples. Obviously we won't do that. Also, there's just one passenger instead of six. That saves 500kg when you consider their weight plus their suits and gear. And we can lose the other 5 acceleration chairs. And of course, we'll remove all nonessential gear. The med kit, tool kit, internal harnessing, straps, and anything else that isn't nailed down. And some stuff that is.

"Next up," he continued, "We're ditching all life support. The tanks, pumps, heaters, air lines, CO2 absorption system, even the insulation on the inner side of the hull. We don't need it. We'll have Watney wear his EVA suit for the whole trip."

"Won't that make it awkward for him to use the controls?" Venkat asked.

"He won't use any controls," Bruce said. "Major Martinez will pilot the MAV remotely from Hermes. It's already designed for remote piloting. It was remotely landed, after all."

"What if something goes wrong?" Venkat asked.

"Martinez is the best trained pilot," Bruce said. "If there is an emergency, he's the guy you want controlling the ship."

"Hmm," Venkat said cautiously. "We've never had a manned ship controlled remotely before. But ok. Go on."

"Since Watney won't be flying the ship," Bruce continued, "he won't need any of those controls. We'll ditch the control panels and all the power and data lines that lead to them."

"Wow," Venkat said. "We're really gutting this thing."

"I'm just getting started," Bruce said. "The power needs will be dramatically reduced now that life support is gone, so we'll dump three of the five batteries and the auxiliary power system. The Orbital Maneuvering System has 3 redundant thrusters. We'll get rid of those. Also, the secondary and tertiary comm systems can go."

"Wait, what?" Venkat said, shocked. "You're going to have a remote controlled ascent with no backup comm systems?"

"No point," Bruce said. "If the comm system goes out during ascent, the time it takes to reacquire will be too long to do any good. The backups don't help us."

"This is getting really risky, Bruce."

Bruce sighed. "I know, Venkat. There's just no other way. And I'm not even to the nasty stuff yet."

Venkat rubbed his forehead. "By all means, tell me the nasty stuff."

"We'll remove the nose airlock, the windows, and Hull Panel 19."

Venkat blinked. "You're taking the front of the ship off?"

"Sure," Bruce said. "The nose airlock alone is 400kg. The windows are pretty damn heavy, too. And they're connected by Hull Panel 19 so may as well take that, too."

"So he's going to launch with a big hole in the front of the ship?"

"We'll have him cover it with Hab canvas."

"Hab canvas? For a launch to orbit!?"

Bruce shrugged. "The hull's mostly there to keep the air in. Mars's atmosphere is so thin you don't need a lot of streamlining. By the time the ship's going fast enough for air resistance to matter, it'll be high enough that there's practically no air. We've run all the simulations. Should be good."

"You're sending him to space under a tarp."

"Pretty much, yeah."

"Like a hastily loaded pick up truck."

"Yeah. Can I go on?"

"Sure, can't wait."

"We'll also have him remove the back panel of the pressure vessel. It's the only other panel he can remove with the tools on-hand. Also, we're getting rid of the auxiliary fuel pump. Sad to see it go, but it weighs too much for its usefulness. And we're nixing a Stage One engine."

"An engine?"

"Yeah. The Stage One booster works fine if one engine goes out. It'll save us a huge amount of weight. Only during the Stage One ascent, but still. Pretty good fuel savings."

Bruce fell silent.

"That it?" Venkat asked.

"Yeah."

Venkat sighed. "You've removed most of the safety backups. What's this do to the estimated odds of failure?"

"It's about 4%."

"Jesus Christ." Venkat said. "Normally we'd never even consider something that risky."

"It's all we've got, Venk," Bruce said. "We've tested it all out and run

simulations galore. We should be ok if everything works the way its supposed to.”

“Yeah. Great.” Venkat said.

[08:41]MAV: You fucking kidding me?

[09:55]HOUSTON: Admittedly, they are very invasive modifications, but they have to be done. The procedure doc we sent has instructions for each of these steps with tools you have on hand. Also, you'll need to start electrolyzing water to get the hydrogen for the fuel plant. We'll send you procedures for that shortly.

[09:09]MAV: You're sending me into space in a convertible.

[09:24]HOUSTON: There will be Hab canvas covering the holes. It will provide enough aerodynamics in Mars's atmosphere.

[09:38]MAV: So it's a ragtop. Much better.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 506

On the way here, in my copious free time, I designed a “workshop.” I figured I'd need space to work on stuff without having to wear an EVA suit. I devised a brilliant plan whereby the current bedroom would become the new home of the Regulator and Oxygenator, and the now-empty trailer would become my workshop.

It's a stupid idea and I'm not doing it.

All I need is a pressurized area that I can work in. I somehow convinced myself that the bedroom wasn't an option because it's a hassle to get stuff into it. But it won't be that bad.

It attaches to the rover airlock, so the only way to get stuff in is annoying. Bring the stuff into the rover, attach the bedroom to the airlock from the inside, inflate it, bring the stuff in to the bedroom. I'll also have to empty the bedroom of all tools and equipment to fold it up any time I need to do an EVA.

So yeah, it'll be annoying, but all it costs me is time. And I'm actually doing well on that front. I have 43 more sols before Hermes flies by. And looking at the procedure NASA has in mind for the modifications, I can take advantage of the MAV itself as a workspace.

The lunatics at NASA have me doing all kinds of rape to the MAV, but I don't have to open the hull till the end. So the first thing I'll do is clear out a bunch of clutter, like chairs and control panels and the like. Once they're out, I'll have a lot of room in there to work.

But I didn't do anything to the soon-to-be-mutilated MAV today. Today was all about system checks. Now that I'm back in contact with NASA, I have to go back to being all "safety first." Strangely, NASA doesn't have total faith in my kludged-together rover or my method of piling everything into the trailer. They had me do a full systems check on every single component.

Everything's still working fine, though it's wearing down. The Regulator and Oxygenator are less than peak efficiency (to say the least) and the trailer leaks some air every day. Not enough to cause problems, but it's not a perfect seal. NASA's pretty uncomfortable with it, but we don't have any other options.

Then, they had me run a full diagnostic on the MAV. That's in much better shape. Everything's sleek and pristine and perfectly functional. I'd almost forgotten what new hardware even looks like.

Pity I'm going to tear it apart.

"You killed Watney," Lewis said.

"Yeah," Martinez said, scowling at his monitor. The words "Collision with Terrain" blinked accusingly.

"I pulled a nasty trick on him," Johanssen said. "I gave him a malfunctioning altitude readout and made engine 3 cut out too early. It's a deadly combination."

"Shouldn't have been a mission failure," Martinez said. "I should have noticed the readout was wrong. It was way off."

"Don't sweat it," Lewis said. "That's why we drill. You've still got three weeks to get it right."

"Will do," Martinez said.

"We only got a week of remote launch training," Johanssen said. "It was only supposed to happen if we scrubbed before landing. We'd launch the

MAV to have it act as a satellite. It was a cut-your-losses scenario.”

“It's mission-critical now,” Lewis said. “So get it right.”

“Aye, Commander.” Martinez said.

“Resetting the Sim,” Johanssen said. “Anything specific you want to try?”

“Surprise me,” Martinez said.

Leaving the control room, Lewis made her way to the reactor. Climbing “up” the ladder toward the center of the ship, the centripetal force on her diminished to nearly zero as she reached the core. Vogel looked up from a computer console. “Commander?”

“How are the engines?” She asked, grabbing a wall-mounted handle to stay attached to the slowly turning room.

“All working within tolerance,” Vogel said. “I am now doing a diagnostic on the reactor. I am thinking that Johanssen is busy with the launching training. So perhaps I do this diagnostic for her.”

“Good idea,” Lewis said. “And how's our course?”

“All is well,” Vogel said. “No adjustments necessary. We are still on track to planned trajectory within 4 meters.”

“Keep me posted if anything changes.”

“Ja, Commander.”

Floating to the other side of the core, Lewis took the other ladder out, again gaining gravity as she went “down”. She made her way to the Airlock 2 ready room.

Beck held a coil of metal wire in one hand and a pair of work gloves in the other. “Heya, Commander. What's up?”

“I'd like to know your plan for recovering Mark.”

“Easy enough if the intercept is good,” Beck said. “I just finished attaching all the tethers we have into one long line. It's 214 meters long. I'll have the MMU pack on, so moving around will be easy. I can get going up to around 10 meters per second safely. Any more and I risk breaking the tether if I can't stop in time.”

“How fast a relative velocity can you handle, you think?”

“You mean once I get to Mark? I can grab the MAV easily at 5 meters per second. 10 meters per second is kind of like jumping on to a moving train. Anything more than that and I might miss.”

“So, including the MMU safe speed, we need to get within 20 meters per second of his velocity.”

“And the intercept has to be within 214 meters,” Beck said. “Pretty narrow margin of error.”

“We've got a lot of leeway,” Lewis said. “The launch will be 52 minutes before the intercept and it takes 12 minutes. As soon as Mark's S2 engine cuts out we'll know our intercept point and velocity. If we don't like it, we'll have 40 minutes to correct. Our engine's 2 millimeters per second may not seem like much, but in 40 minutes it can move us up to 5.7 kilometers.”

“Good,” Beck said. “And 214 meters isn't a hard limit, per se.”

“Yes it is,” Lewis corrected.

“Nah,” Beck said. “I know I'm not supposed to go untethered, but without my leash I could get way out there-”

“Not an option.” Lewis said.

“But we could double or even triple our safe intercept range-”

“We're done talking about this.” Lewis said sternly.

“Aye, Commander.”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 526

There aren't many people who can say they've vandalized a three billion dollar spacecraft. But I'm one of them.

I've been pulling critical hardware out of the MAV left and right. It's nice to know that my launch to orbit won't have any pesky back-up systems weighing me down.

First thing I did was remove the small stuff. Then came the things I could disassemble. Like the crew seats, several of the back-up systems, and the control panels.

I'm not improvising anything. I'm following a script sent by NASA, which was set up to make things as easy as possible. Sometimes I miss the days when I made all the decisions myself. Then I shake it off and remember I'm infinitely better with a bunch of geniuses deciding what I do than making shit up as I go along.

Periodically, I suit up, crawl into the airlock with as much junk as I can fit, and dump it outside. The area around the MAV looks like the set of Sanford and Son.

I learned about Sanford and Son from Lewis's collection. Seriously, that woman needs to see someone about her 70's problem.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 529

I'm turning my pee in to rocket fuel. It's easier than you'd think.

Urine is mostly water. Separating hydrogen and oxygen only requires a couple of electrodes and some current. The problem is collecting the hydrogen. I don't have any equipment for pulling hydrogen out of the air. The Atmospheric Regulator doesn't even know how. The last time I had to get hydrogen out of the air (back when I turned the Hab in to a bomb) I burned it to turn it in to water. Obviously that would be counter-productive.

But NASA thought everything through and gave me a process. First, I disconnected the rover and trailer from each other. Then, while wearing my EVA suit, I depressurized the trailer and back-filled it with pure oxygen at one fourth of an atmosphere. Then I opened a plastic box full of urine and put a couple of electrodes in. That's why I needed the atmosphere. Without it, the urine would just boil immediately and I'd be hanging around in an piss-based atmosphere.

The electrolysis separated the hydrogen and oxygen from each other. Over time, it reduced the urine to a really gross sludge as it pulled the water out. Now the trailer was full of even more oxygen and also hydrogen. Pretty dangerous, actually.

Then I fired up the Atmospheric Regulator. It doesn't even recognize hydrogen, but it knows how to yank oxygen out of the air. I broke all the safeties and set it to pull 100% of the oxygen out. After it was done, all that was left was hydrogen. That's why I started out with an atmosphere of pure oxygen. So the regulator could separate it later.

Then I opened the inner airlock door and had it evacuate the trailer. It pumped all the air in to the airlock's holding tank. And there you have it, a tank of pure hydrogen.

The final step was to take the airlock's holding tank to the MAV and transfer the contents to the MAV's hydrogen tanks. I've said this many times before but: Hurray for standardized valve systems!

Once I fed it the hydrogen, I fired up the fuel plant and it got to work making the additional fuel I'd need.

I'll need to go through this process several more times as the launch date approaches. I could have done this all at once, but NASA doesn't want me to

run low on water until we're close to launch. They'd rather I electrolyze urine over time because I've already "used" that water.

If I survive this, I'll tell people I pissed my way in to orbit.

[19:22]JOHANSSEN: Hello, Mark.

[19:23]MAV: Johanssen!? Holy crap! They finally letting you talk to me directly?

[19:24]JOHANSSEN: Yes, NASA gave the OK for direct communication an hour ago. We're only 35 light-seconds apart, so we can talk in near-realtime. I just set up the system and I'm testing it out.

[19:24]MAV: What took them so long to let us talk?

[19:25]JOHANSSEN: The psych team was worried about personality conflicts.

[19:25]MAV: What? Just cause you guys abandoned me on a godforsaken planet with no chance of survival?

[19:26]JOHANSSEN: Funny. Don't make that kind of joke with Lewis.

[19:27]MAV: Roger. So uh... thanks for coming back to get me.

[19:27]JOHANSSEN: It's the least we could do. How is the MAV retrofit going?

[19:28]MAV: So far, so good. NASA put a lot of thought into the procedures. They work. That's not to say they're easy. I spent the last 3 days removing Hull Panel 19 and the front window. Even in Mars-G they're heavy motherfuckers.

[19:29]JOHANSSEN: When we pick you up, I will make wild, passionate love to you. Prepare your body.

[19:29]JOHANSSEN: I didn't type that! That was Martinez! I stepped away from the console for like 10 seconds!

[19:29]MAV: I've really missed you guys.

LOG ENTRY: SOL 543

I'm... done?

I think I'm done.

I did everything on the list. The MAV is ready to fly. And in 6 sols, that's just what it'll do. I hope.

It might not launch at all. I did remove an engine, after all. I could have fucked up all sorts of things during that process. And there's no way to test the ascent stage. Once you light it, it's lit.

Everything else, however, will go through tests from now until launch. Some done by me, some done remotely by NASA. They're not telling me the failure odds, but I'm guessing they're the highest in history. Yuri Gagarin had a much more reliable and safe ship than I do.

And Soviet ships were fucking deathtraps.

“All right,” Lewis said, “tomorrow's the big day.”

The crew floated in the Rec. They had halted the rotation of the ship in preparation for the upcoming operation.

“I'm ready,” Martinez said. “Johanssen threw everything she could at me. I got all scenarios to orbit.”

“Everything other than catastrophic failures,” Johanssen corrected.

“Well yeah,” Martinez said. “Kind of pointless to simulate an ascent explosion. Nothing we can do.”

“Vogel,” Lewis said, “How's our course.”

“It is perfect,” Vogel said. “We are within one meter of projected path and two centimeters per second of projected velocity.”

“Good,” she said. “Beck, how about you?”

“Everything's all set up, Commander,” Beck said. “I linked all the tethers I could find and spooled them up in Airlock 2. My suit and MMU are prepped and ready.”

“Ok,” Lewis said. “The battle plan is pretty obvious. Martinez will fly the MAV, Johanssen will sysop the ascent. Beck and Vogel, I want you in Airlock 2 with the outer door open before the MAV even launches. You'll have to wait 52 minutes, but I don't want to risk any technical glitches with

the airlock or your suits. Once we reach intercept, it'll be Beck's job to get Watney."

"He might be in bad shape when I get him," Beck said. "The stripped-down MAV will get up to 12 g's during the launch. He could be unconscious and may even have internal bleeding."

"Just as well you're our doctor," Lewis said. "Vogel, if all goes according to plan, you're pulling Beck and Watney back aboard with the tether. If things go wrong, you're Beck's backup."

"Ja," Vogel said.

"I wish there was more we could do right now," Lewis said. "But all we have left is the wait. Your work schedules are cleared. All scientific experiments are suspended. Sleep if you can, run diagnostics on your equipment if you can't."

"We'll get him, Commander," Martinez said. "24 hours from now, Mark Watney will be right here in this room."

"Let's hope so, Major," Lewis said. "Dismissed."

"Final checks for this shift are complete," Mitch said in to his headset. "Timekeeper."

"Go, flight," said the Timekeeper.

"Time until MAV launch?"

"16 hours, 9 minutes, 40 seconds... mark."

"Copy that. All stations: Flight Director shift change." He took his headset off and rubbed his eyes.

Brendan Hutch took the headset from him and put it on. "All stations, Flight Director is now Brendan Hutch."

"Call me if anything happens," Mitch said. "If not, I'll see you tomorrow."

"Get some sleep, boss," Brendan said.

Venkat watched from the observation booth. "Why ask the Timekeeper?" he mumbled. "It's on the huge mission clock in the center screen."

"He's nervous," Annie said. "You don't often see it, but that's what Mitch Henderson looks like when he's nervous. He double and triple checks everything."

"Fair enough," Venkat said.

"They're camping out on the lawn, by the way," Annie said. "Reporters

from all over the world. Our press rooms just don't have enough space.”

“The media loves a drama,” he sighed. “It'll be over tomorrow, one way or another.”

“What's our role in all this?” Annie said. “If something goes wrong, what can Mission Control do?”

“Nothing,” Venkat said. “Not a damned thing.”

“Nothing?”

“It's all happening 12 light-minutes away. That means it takes 24 minutes for them to get the answer to any question they ask. The whole launch is 12 minutes long. They're on their own.”

“Oh,” Annie said. “So we're just observers in all this?”

“Yes,” Venkat said. “Sucks, doesn't it?”

LOG ENTRY: SOL 549

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't shitting myself. In 4 hours, I'm going to ride a giant explosion into orbit. This is something I've done a few times before, but never with a jury-rigged mess like this.

Right now, I'm sitting in the MAV. I'm suited up because there's a big hole in the front of the ship where the window and part of the hull used to be. I'm “awaiting launch instructions.” Really, I'm just awaiting launch. I don't have any part in this. I'm just going to sit in the acceleration couch and hope for the best.

Last night, I ate my final meal pack. It's the first good meal I've had in weeks. I'm leaving 41 potatoes behind. That's how close I came to starvation.

I carefully collected samples from my entire journey. But I can't bring any of them with me. So I put them in a container a few hundred meters from here. Maybe some day they'll send a probe to collect them. May as well make them easy to pick up.

This is it. There's nothing after this. There isn't even an abort procedure. Why make one? We can't delay the launch. Hermes can't stop and wait. No matter what, we're launching on schedule.

I face the very real possibility that I'll die today. Can't say I like it. It wouldn't be so bad if the MAV blew up. I wouldn't know what hit me.

If I miss the intercept I'll just float around in space until I run out of air. I have a contingency plan for that. I'll drop the oxygen mixture to zero and

breathe pure nitrogen until I suffocate. It wouldn't feel bad. The lungs don't have the ability to sense lack of oxygen. I'd just get tired, fall asleep, then die.

I've had my last Martian potato. I've slept in the rover for the last time. I've had my last EVA on the surface. I'm leaving Mars today, one way or another.

About fucking time.

Chapter 26

They gathered.

Everywhere on Earth, they gathered.

From Trafalgar Square to Tienanmen Square to Times Square, they watched on giant screens. In offices they huddled around computer monitors. In bars, they stared silently at the TV in the corner. In homes they sat breathlessly on their couches, their eyes glued to the story playing out.

In Chicago, a couple clutched each other's hands as they watched. The man held his wife gently as she rocked back and forth out of sheer terror. The NASA representative knew not to disturb them, but stood ready to answer any questions should they ask.

“Fuel Pressure green,” Johanssen's voice said from a billion televisions. “Engine alignment perfect. Communications 5 by 5. We are ready for preflight checklist, Commander.”

“Copy,” came Lewis's voice. “CAPCOM”

“Go,” Johanssen responded.

“Guidance.”

“Go,” Johanssen said again.

“Remote Command.”

“Go,” said Martinez.

“Pilot.”

“Go,” said Watney from the MAV.

A mild cheer coruscated through the crowds worldwide.

Mitch sat at his station in mission control. They monitored everything and were ready to help in any way they could. The communication latency between Hermes and Earth made any such need highly unlikely.

“Telemetry,” Lewis's voice said over the speakers.

“Go,” Johanssen responded.

“Recovery,” she continued.

“Go,” said Beck from the airlock.

“Secondary Recovery.”

“Go,” said Vogel from beside Beck.

“Mission control, this is Hermes Actual,” Lewis reported. “We are go for

launch and will proceed on schedule. We are T minus four minutes, 10 seconds to launch... mark.”

“Did you get that, Timekeeper?” Mitch said.

“Affirmative, flight,” came the response. “Our clocks are synched with theirs.”

“Not that we can do anything,” Mitch mumbled, “But at least we'll know what's supposedly happening.”

“About four minutes, Mark,” Lewis said into her mic. “How you doing down there?”

“Eager to get up there, Commander,” Watney responded.

“We're going to make that happen,” Lewis said. “Remember, you'll be pulling some pretty heavy G's. It's ok to pass out. You're in Martinez's hands.”

“Tell that asshole no barrel-rolls.”

“Copy that, MAV,” Lewis said.

“Four more minutes,” Martinez said, cracking his knuckles. “You ready for some flying, Beth?”

“Yeah,” Johanssen said. “It'll be strange to sysop a launch and stay in zero-g the whole time.”

“I hadn't thought of it that way,” Martinez said, “but yeah. I'm not going to be squashed against the back my seat. Weird.”

Beck floated in the airlock, tethered to a wall-mounted spool. Vogel stood beside him, his boots clamped to the floor. Both stared through the open outer door to the red planet below.

“Didn't think I'd be back here again,” Beck said.

“Yes,” Vogel said. “We are the first.”

“First what?”

“We are the first to visit Mars twice.”

“Oh yeah. Even Watney can't say that.”

“He cannot.”

They looked at Mars in silence for a while.

“Vogel,” Beck said.

“Ja.”

“If I can't reach Mark, I want you to release my tether.”

“Doctor Beck,” Vogel said, “The Commander has said no to this.”

“I know what the Commander said, but if I need a few more meters, I want you to cut me loose. I have an MMU, I can get back without a tether.”

“I will not do this, Doctor Beck.”

“It's my own life at risk, and I say it's ok.”

“You are not the Commander.”

Beck scowled at Vogel, but with their reflective visors down, the effect was lost.

“Fine,” Beck said. “But I bet you'll change your mind if push comes to shove.”

Vogel did not respond.

“T-minus 10,” said Johanssen, “9...8...”

“Main engines start,” said Martinez.

“7...6...5...mooring clamps released...”

“About 5 seconds, Watney,” Lewis said to her headset. “Hang on.”

“See you in a few, Commander,” Watney radioed back.

“4...3...2...”

Watney lay in the acceleration couch as the MAV rumbled in anticipation of liftoff.

“Hmm,” he said to nobody. “I wonder how much longer-”

The MAV launched with incredible force. More than any manned ship had accelerated in the history of space travel. Watney was shoved in to his couch so hard he couldn't even grunt.

Having anticipated this, he had placed a folded up shirt behind his head in the helmet. As his head pressed firmly in to the makeshift cushion, the edges of his vision became blurry. He could neither breathe nor move.

Directly in his field of view, the Hab canvas patch flapped violently as the ship exponentially gained speed. Concentration became difficult, but something in the back of his mind told him that was bad.

“Velocity 741 meters per second,” Johanssen quickly called out.

“Altitude 1350 meters.”

“Copy,” Martinez said.

“That's low,” Lewis said. “Too low.”

“I know,” Martinez said. “It's sluggish; fighting me. What the fuck is going on?”

“Velocity 850, altitude 1843,” Johanssen said.

“I'm not getting the power I need!” Martinez said.

“Engine power at 100%,” Johanssen said.

“I'm telling you it's sluggish,” Martinez insisted.

“Watney,” Lewis said to her headset. “Watney, do you read? Can you report?”

Watney heard Lewis's voice in the distance. Like someone talking to him through a long tunnel. He vaguely wondered what she wanted. His attention was briefly drawn to the fluttering canvas ahead of him. A rip had appeared and was rapidly widening.

But then he was distracted by a bolt in one of the bulkheads. It only had five sides. He wondered why NASA decided that bolt needed five sides instead of six. It would require a special wrench to tighten or loosen.

The canvas tore even further, the tattered material flapping wildly. Through the opening, Watney saw red sky stretching out infinitely ahead. “That's nice,” he thought.

As the MAV flew higher, the atmosphere grew thinner. Soon, the canvas stopped fluttering and simply stretched toward Mark. The sky shifted from red to black.

“That's nice, too,” Mark thought.

As consciousness slipped away, he wondered where he could get a cool 5-sided bolt like that.

“I'm getting more response now,” Martinez said.

“Back on track with full acceleration,” Johanssen said. “Must have been drag. MAV's out of the atmosphere now.”

“It was like flying a cow,” Martinez grumbled, his hands racing over his controls.

“Can you get him up?” Lewis asked.

“He'll get to orbit,” Johanssen said, “but the intercept course may be compromised.”

“Get him up first,” Lewis said. “Then we'll worry about intercept.”

“Copy. Main engine cut-off in 15 seconds.”

“Much smoother now,” Martinez said. “It's not fighting me at all anymore.”

“Well below target altitude,” Johanssen said. “Velocity is good.”

“How far below?” Lewis said.

“Can't say for sure,” Johanssen said. “All I have is accelerometer data. We'll need radar pings at intervals to work out his true final orbit.”

“Back to automatic guidance,” Martinez said.

“Main shutdown in 4,” Johanssen said “3... 2... 1... Shutdown.”

“Confirm shutdown,” Martinez said.

“Watney, you there?” Lewis said. “Watney? Watney, do you read?”

“Probably passed out, Commander,” Beck said over the radio. “He pulled 12 G's on the ascent. Give him a few minutes.”

“Copy,” Lewis said. “Johanssen, got his orbit yet?”

“I have interval pings. Working out our intercept range and velocity...”

Martinez and Lewis stared intensely at Johanssen as she brought up the intercept calculation software. Normally, orbits would be worked out by Vogel, but he was otherwise engaged. Johanssen was his backup for orbital dynamics.

“Intercept velocity will be 11 meters per second...” she began.

“I can make that work,” Beck said over the radio.

“Distance at intercept will be-” She stopped and choked. Shakily, she continued. “We'll be 68 kilometers apart.” She buried her face in her hands.

“Did she say 68 *kilometers!*?” Beck said. “*Kilometers!*?”

“God damn it,” Martinez whispered.

“Keep it together,” Lewis said. “Work the problem. Martinez, is there any juice in the MAV?”

“Negative, Commander,” Martinez responded. “They ditched the OMS system to lighten the launch weight.”

“Then we'll have to go to him. Johanssen, time to intercept?”

“39 minutes, 12 seconds,” Johanssen said, trying not to quaver.

“Vogel,” Lewis continued, “how far can we deflect in 39 minutes with the ion engines?”

“Perhaps 5 kilometers,” he radioed.

“Not enough,” Lewis said. “Martinez, what if we point our attitude thrusters all the same direction?”

“Depends on how much fuel we want to save for attitude adjustments on the trip home.”

“How much do you need?”

“I could get by with maybe 20 percent of what's left.”

“All right, if you used the other 80 percent-”

“Checking,” Martinez said, running the numbers on his console. “We'd get a delta-v of 31 meters per second.”

“Johanssen,” Lewis said. “Math.”

“In 39 minutes we'd deflect...” Johanssen quickly typed, “72 kilometers!”

“There we go,” Lewis said. “How much fuel-”

“Use 75.5 percent of remaining attitude adjust fuel,” Johanssen said.

“That'll bring the intercept range to zero.”

“Do it,” Lewis said.

“Aye, Commander.” Martinez said.

“Hold on,” Johanssen said. “That'll get the intercept *range* to zero, but the intercept *velocity* will be 42 meters per second.”

“Then we have 39 minutes to figure out how to slow down,” Lewis said.

“Martinez, burn the jets.”

“Aye.” Martinez said.

“Whoa,” Annie said to Venkat. “A lot of shit just happened really fast. Explain.”

Venkat strained to hear the speaker over the murmur of the VIPs in the observation booth. Through the glass he saw Mitch throw his hands up in frustration.

“The launch missed badly,” Venkat said, looking past Mitch to the screens beyond. “The intercept distance was going to be way too big. So they're using the attitude adjusters to close the gap.”

“What do attitude adjusters usually do?”

“They rotate the ship. They're not made for thrusting it. Hermes doesn't have quick reaction engines. Just the slow steady ion engines.”

“So... problem solved?” Annie said hopefully.

“No,” Venkat said. “They'll get to him, but they'll be going 42 meters per second when they get there.”

“How fast is that?” Annie asked.

“About 90 miles per hour,” Venkat said. “There's no hope of Beck grabbing Watney at that speed.”

“Can they use the attitude adjusters to slow down?”

“They used all the fuel they could to close the gap in time. They don't have enough to slow down.” Venkat frowned.

“So what can they do?”

“I don't know,” he said. “And even if I did, I couldn't tell them in time.”

“Well fuck,” Annie said.

“Yeah,” Venkat agreed.

“Watney,” Lewis said “Do you read?”

“Watney?” She repeated.

“Commander,” Beck radioed. “He's wearing a surface EVA suit, right?”

“Yeah.”

“It should have a bio-monitor,” Beck said. “And it'll be broadcasting. It's not a strong signal; it's only designed to go a couple hundred meters to the rover or Hab. But maybe we can pick it up.”

“Johanssen,” Lewis said.

“On it,” Johanssen said. “I have to look up the frequencies in the tech specs. Gimme a second.”

“Martinez,” Lewis continued. “Any idea how to slow down?”

He shook his head. “I got nothin', Commander. We're just going too damn fast.”

“Vogel?”

“The ion drive is simply not strong enough,” Vogel replied.

“There's got to be something,” Lewis said. “Something we can do. Anything.”

“Got his biomonitor data,” Johanssen said. “Pulse 58, blood pressure 98/61.”

“That's not bad,” Beck said. “Lower than I'd like but he's been in Mars gravity for 18 months, so it's expected.”

“Time to intercept?” Lewis asked.

“32 minutes,” Johanssen replied.

Blissful unconsciousness became foggy awareness which transitioned into painful reality. Watney opened his eyes, then winced at the pain in his chest.

Little remained of the canvas. Tatters floated along the edge of the hole it once covered. This granted Watney an unobstructed view of Mars from orbit. The great red planet's horizon stretched out seemingly forever as the wispy atmosphere gave it a fuzzy edge. Only 18 people in history had personally seen this view.

“Fuck you,” he said to the planet below.

Reaching toward the controls on his arm, he winced. Trying again, more

slowly this time, he activated his radio. "MAV to Hermes."

"Watney!?" Came the reply.

"Affirmative. That you, Commander?" Watney said.

"Affirmative. What's your status?"

"I'm on a ship with no control panel," he said. "That's as much as I can tell you."

"How do you feel?"

"My chest hurts. I think I broke a rib. How are you?"

"We're working on getting you," Lewis said. "There was a complication in the launch."

"Yeah," Watney said, looking out the hole in the ship. "The canvas didn't hold. I think it ripped early in the ascent."

"That's consistent with what we saw during the launch."

"How bad is it, Commander?" He asked.

"We were able to correct the intercept range with Hermes's attitude thrusters. But there's a problem with the intercept velocity."

"How big a problem."

"42 meters per second."

"Well shit."

"Hey, at least he's ok for the moment," Martinez said.

"Beck," Lewis said. "I'm coming around to your way of thinking. How fast can you get going if you're untethered?"

"Sorry, Commander," Beck said. "I already ran the numbers. At best I could get 25 meters per second. Even if I could get to 42, I'd need *another* 42 to match Hermes when I came back."

"Copy," Lewis said.

"Hey," Watney said over the radio, "I've got an idea."

"Of course you do," Lewis said. "What do you got?"

"I could find something sharp in here and poke a hole in the glove of my EVA suit. I could use the escaping air as a thruster and fly my way to you. The source of thrust would be on my arm, so I'd be able to direct it pretty easily."

"How does he come up with this shit?" Martinez interjected.

"Hmm," Lewis said. "Could you get 42 meters per second that way?"

"No idea," Watney said.

"I can't see you having any control if you did that," Lewis said. "You'd be

eyeballing the intercept and using a thrust vector you can barely control.”

“I admit it's fatally dangerous,” Watney said. “But consider this: I'd get to fly around like Iron Man.”

“We'll keep working on ideas,” Lewis said.

“Iron Man, Commander. *Iron Man.*”

“Standby,” Lewis said.

She furrowed her brow. “Hmm... Maybe it's not such a bad idea...”

“You kidding, Commander?” Martinez said. “It's a terrible idea. He'd shoot off in to space-”

“Not the whole idea, but part of it,” she said. “Using atmosphere as thrust. Martinez, get Vogel's station up and running.”

“Ok,” Martinez said, typing at his keyboard. The screen changed to Vogel's workstation. He quickly changed the language from German to English. “It's up. What do you need?”

“Vogel's got software for calculating course offsets caused by hull breaches, right?”

“Yeah,” Martinez said. “It estimates course corrections needed in the event of-”

“Yeah, yeah,” Lewis said. “Fire it up. I want to know what happens if we blow the VAL.”

Johanssen and Martinez looked at each other.

“Um. Yes, Commander,” Martinez said.

“The Vehicular Airlock?” Johanssen said. “You want to... open it?”

“Plenty of air in the ship,” Lewis said. “It'd give us a good kick.”

“Ye-es...” Martinez said as he brought up the software. “And it might blow the nose of the ship off in the process.”

“Also, all the air would leave,” Johanssen felt compelled to add.

“We'll seal the bridge and reactor room. We can let everywhere else go vacuo, but we don't want explosive decompression in here or near the reactor.”

Martinez entered the scenario in to the software. “I think we'll just have the same problem as Watney, but on a larger scale. We can't direct that thrust.”

“We don't have to,” Lewis said. “The VAL is in the nose. Escaping air would make a thrust vector through our center of mass. We just need to point the ship directly away from where we want to go.”

“Ok I have the numbers,” Martinez said. “A breach at the VAL, with the

bridge and reactor room sealed off, would accelerate us 29 meters per second.”

“We'd have a relative velocity of 13 meters per second afterward,” Johanssen supplied.

“Beck,” Lewis radioed, “Have you been hearing all this?”

“Affirmative, Commander,” Beck said. “

“Can you do 13 meters per second?”

“It'll be risky,” Beck replied, “13 to match the MAV then another 13 to match Hermes. But it's a hell of a lot better than 42.”

“Johanssen,” Lewis said. “time to intercept?”

“18 minutes, Commander.”

“What kind of jolt will we feel with that breach?” Lewis asked to Martinez.

“The air will take 4 seconds to evacuate,” he said. “We'll feel a little less than one g.”

“Watney,” she said to her headset, “We have a plan.”

“Yay! A plan!” Watney replied.

“Houston,” Lewis's voice rang through Mission Control, “be advised we are going to deliberately breach the VAL to produce thrust.”

“What?” Mitch said. “What!?” He yelled.

“Oh... my god,” Venkat said in the observation room.

“Fuck me raw,” Annie said, getting up. “I better get to the press room. Any parting knowledge before I go?”

“They're going to breach the ship,” Venkat said, still dumbfounded.

“They're going to *deliberately* breach the ship. Oh my god...”

“Got it,” Annie said, jogging to the door.

“How will we open the airlock doors?” Martinez asked. “There's no way to open them remotely, and if anyone's nearby when it blows-”

“Right,” Lewis said. “We can open one door with the other shut, but how do we open the other?”

She thought for a moment. “Vogel,” she radioed. “I need you to come back in and make a bomb.”

“Um. Again, please, Commander?” Vogel replied.

“A bomb,” Lewis confirmed. “You're a chemist. Can you make a bomb out of stuff on board?”

“Ja,” Vogel said. “We have flammables and pure oxygen.”

“Sounds good.” Lewis said.

“It is of course dangerous to set off an explosive device on a spacecraft,” Vogel said pragmatically.

“So make it small,” Lewis said. “It just needs to poke a hole in the inner airlock door. Any hole will do. If it blows the door off that's fine. If it doesn't, the air will get out slower, but for longer. The momentum change is the same and we'll get the acceleration we need.”

“Pressurizing Airlock-2,” Vogel reported. “How will we activate this bomb?”

“Johanssen?” Lewis said.

“Uh...” Johanssen said. She picked up her headset and quickly put it on. “Vogel, can you run wires in to it?”

“Ja,” Vogel said. “I will use threaded stopper with a small hole for the wires. It will have little effect on the seal.”

“We could run the wire to lighting panel 41,” Johanssen said. “It's next to the airlock, and I can turn it on and off from here.”

“There's our remote trigger,” Lewis said. “Johanssen go set up the lighting panel. Vogel, get in here and make the bomb. Martinez, go close and seal the doors to the reactor room.”

“Yes Commander,” Johanssen said, kicking off her seat toward the hallway.

“Commander,” Martinez said, pausing at the exit, “You want me to bring back some space suits?”

“No point,” Lewis said. “If the seal on the bridge doesn't hold we'll get sucked out at close to the speed of sound. We'll be jelly with or without suits on.”

“Roger, Commander.”

“Are you back in yet, Vogel?” Lewis asked.

“I am just re-entering now, Commander.”

“Beck,” Lewis said to her headset. “I'll need you back in, too. But don't take your suit off.”

“Ok,” Beck said. “Why?”

“We're going to have to literally blow up one of the doors,” Lewis explained. “I'd rather we kill the inner one. I want the outer door unharmed so we keep our smooth aerobraking shape.”

“Makes sense.” Beck responded as he floated back in to the ship.

“One problem,” Lewis said. “I want the outer door locked in the fully open position with the mechanical stopper in place to keep it from being trashed by the decompress.”

“You have to have someone in the airlock to do that,” Beck said. “And you can't open the inner door if the outer door is locked open.”

“Right,” Lewis said. “I need you to go to the VAL, depressurize, and lock the outer door open. Then you'll need to crawl along the hull to get back to Airlock 2.”

“Copy, Commander,” Beck said. “There are latch points all over the hull. I'll move my tether along, mountain climber style.”

“Get to it,” Lewis said. “And Vogel, you're in a hurry. You have to make the bomb, set it up, get back to Airlock 2, suit up, depressurize it, and open the outer door so Beck can get in.”

“He's taking his suit off right now and can't reply,” Beck reported, “but he heard the order.”

“Watney, how you doing?” Lewis's voice said in his ear.

“Fine so far, Commander,” Watney replied. “You mentioned a plan?”

“Affirmative,” she said. “We're going to vent atmosphere to get thrust.”

“How?”

“We're going to blow a hole in the VAL.”

“What!?” Watney said. “How!?”

“Vogel's making a bomb.”

“I *knew* that guy was a mad scientist!” Watney said. “I think we should just go with my Iron Man idea.”

“That's too risky and you know it,” she replied.

“Thing is,” Watney said, “I'm selfish. I want the memorials back home to be just for me. I don't want the rest of you losers in them. I can't let you guys blow the VAL.”

“Oh,” Lewis said. “Well if you won't let us then- wait... wait a minute... I'm looking at my shoulder patch and it turns out I'm the Commander. Sit tight. We're coming to get you.”

“Smart-ass.”

Being a chemist, Vogel knew how to make a bomb. In fact, much of his training was to avoid making them by mistake.

The ship had few flammables aboard, due to the fatal danger of fire. But

food, by its very nature, contained flammable hydrocarbons. Lacking time to sit down and do the math, he estimated.

Sugar has 4000 food-calories per kilogram. One food-calorie is 4184 Joules. Sugar in zero-g will float and the grains will separate, maximizing surface area. In a pure oxygen environment, 16.7 million Joules will be released for every kilogram of sugar used, releasing the explosive force of 8 sticks of dynamite. Such is the nature of combustion in pure oxygen.

Vogel measured the sugar carefully. He poured it into the strongest container he could find, a thick glass beaker. The strength of the container was as important as the explosive. A weak container would simply cause a fireball without much concussive force. A strong container, however, would contain the pressure until it reached trus destructive potential.

He quickly drilled a hole in the stopper, then stripped a section of wire. He ran the wire through the hole.

“Sehr gefährlich,” he mumbled as he poured liquid oxygen from the ship's supply in to the container, then quickly screwed the stopper on. In just a few minutes, he had made a rudimentary pipe bomb.

“Sehr, *sehr*, gefährlich,”

He floated out of the lab and made his way toward the nose of the ship.

Johanssen worked on the lighting panel as Beck floated toward the airlock.

She grabbed his arm. “Be careful crawling along the hull.”

He turned to face her. “Be careful setting up the bomb.”

She kissed his faceplate then looked away, embarrassed. “That was stupid. Don't tell anyone I did that.”

“Don't tell anyone I liked it,” Beck smiled.

He entered the airlock and sealed the inner door. After depressurizing, he opened the outer door and locked it in place. Grabbing a handrail on the hull, he pulled himself out.

Johanssen watched until he was no longer in view, then returned to the lighting panel. She had deactivated it earlier from her workstation. Pulling a length of the cable out and stripping the ends, she fiddled with a roll of electrical tape until Vogel arrived.

He showed up just a minute later, carefully floating down the hall with the bomb held in both hands.

“I have used a single wire for igniting,” he explained. “I did not want to

risk two wires for a spark. It would be dangerous to us if we had static while setting up.”

“How do we set it off?” Johanssen said.

“The wire must reach a high temperature. If you short power through it, that will be sufficient.”

“I'll have to pin the breaker,” Johanssen said, “but it'll work.”

She twisted the lighting wires to the bomb's and taped them off.

“Excuse me,” Vogel said. “I have to return to Airlock 2 to let Dr. Beck back in.”

“Mm,” Johanssen said.

Martinez floated back in to the bridge. “I had a few minutes, so I ran through the aerobrake lockdown checklist for the reactor room. Everything's ready for acceleration and the compartment's sealed off.”

“Good thinking,” Lewis said. “Prep the attitude correction.”

“Roger, Commander.” Martinez said, drifting to his station. “It'll take me a sec... I need to do everything backward. The VAL's in front, so the source of thrust will be exactly opposite to our engines. Our software wasn't expecting us to have an engine there. I just need to tell it we plan to thrust *toward* Mark.”

“Take your time and get it right,” Lewis said. “And don't execute till I give you the word. We're not spinning the ship around while Beck's out on the hull.”

“Roger.” He said. After a moment, he added “Ok, the adjustment's ready to execute.”

“Standby.” Lewis said.

Vogel, back in his suit, depressurized Airlock 2 and opened the outer door.

“Bout time,” Beck said, climbing in.

“Sorry for the delay,” Vogel said. “I was required to make a bomb.”

“This has been kind of a weird day,” Beck said. “Commander, Vogel and I are in position.”

“Copy,” came Lewis's response. “Get up against the fore wall of the airlock. It's going to be about one g for four seconds. Make sure you're both tethered in.”

“Copy,” Beck said as he attached his tether. The two men pressed

themselves against the wall.

“Ok, Martinez,” Lewis said, “Point us the right direction.”

“Copy,” said Martinez, executing the attitude adjustment.

Johanssen floated in to the bridge as the adjustment was performed. The room rotated around her as she reached for a handhold. “The bomb's ready, and the breaker's jammed closed,” she said. “I can set it off by remotely turning on Lighting Panel 41.”

“Seal the bridge and get to your station,” Lewis said.

“Copy,” Johanssen said. Unstowing the emergency seal, she plugged the entrance to the bridge. With a few turns of the crank, the job was done. She returned to her station and ran a quick test. “Increasing Bridge pressure to 1.03 atmospheres... pressure is steady we have a good seal.”

“Copy,” Lewis said. “Time to intercept?”

“28 seconds,” Johanssen said.

“Wow,” Martinez said. “We cut that pretty close.”

“You ready, Johanssen?” Lewis asked.

“Yes,” Johanssen said. “All I have to do is hit enter.”

“Martinez, how's our angle?”

“Dead-on, Commander,” Martinez reported.

“Strap in,” Lewis said.

The three of them tightened the restraints of their chairs.

“20 seconds,” Johanssen said.

Teddy took his seat in the VIP room. “What's the status?” He asked.

“15 seconds till they blow the VAL,” Venkat said. “Where have you been?”

“On the phone with the President,” Teddy said. “Do you think this will work?”

“I have no idea,” Venkat said. “I've never felt this helpless in my life.”

“If it's any consolation,” Teddy said, “Pretty much everyone in the world feels the same way.”

On the other side of the glass, Mitch paced to and fro.

“5... 4... 3...” Johanssen said.

“Brace for acceleration,” Lewis said.

“2... 1...” Johanssen continued. “Activating Panel 41.”

She pressed enter.

Inside Vogel's bomb, the full current of the ship's internal lighting system flowed through a thin, exposed wire. It quickly reached the ignition temperature of the sugar. What would have been a minor fizzle in Earth's atmosphere became an uncontrolled conflagration in the container's pure oxygen environment. In under 100 milliseconds, the massive combustion pressure burst the container and the resulting explosion ripped the airlock door to shreds.

The internal air of Hermes rushed through the open VAL, blasting Hermes in the other direction.

Vogel and Beck were pressed against the wall of Airlock 2. Lewis, Martinez, and Johanssen endured the acceleration in their seats. It was not a dangerous amount of force, in fact it was less than the force of Earth's surface gravity. But it was inconsistent and jerky.

After four seconds, the shaking died down and the ship returned to weightlessness.

“Reactor room still pressurized,” Martinez reported.

“Bridge seal holding,” Johanssen said. “Obviously.”

“Damage?” Martinez said.

“Not sure yet,” Johanssen said. “I have External Camera four pointed along the nose. I don't see any problems with the hull near the VAL.”

“Worry about that later,” Lewis said. “What's our relative velocity and distance to MAV?”

Johanssen typed quickly. “We'll get within 22 meters and we're at 12 meters per second. We actually got better than expected thrust.”

“Watney,” Lewis said. “It worked. Beck's on his way.”

“Score!” Watney responded.

“Beck,” Lewis said. “You're up. 12 meters per second.”

“Close enough!” Beck replied.

“I'm going to jump out,” Beck said. “Should get me another two or three meters per second.”

“Understood,” Vogel said, loosely gripping Beck's tether. “Good luck, Dr. Beck.”

Placing his feet on the back wall, Beck coiled and leaped out of the airlock.

Once free, he got his bearings. A quick look to his right showed him what

he could not see from inside the airlock.

“I have visual!” he said. “I can see MAV! Jesus, Mark, what did you *do* to that thing?”

“You should see what I did to the rover,” Watney radioed back.

Beck thrust on an intercept course. He had practiced this many times. The presumption in those practice sessions was that he'd be rescuing a crewmate whose tether had broken, but the principle was the same.

“Johanssen,” he said, “You got me on radar?”

“Affirmative,” she replied.

“Call out my relative velocity to Mark every 2 seconds or so.”

“Copy. 5.2 meters per second.”

“Hey Beck,” Watney said. “The front's wide open. I'll get up there and be ready to grab at you.”

“Negative,” interrupted Lewis. “No untethered movement. Stay strapped to your chair until you're latched to Beck.”

“Copy,” Watney said.

“3.1 meters per second,” Johanssen reported.

“Going to coast for a bit,” Beck said. “Gotta catch up before I slow it down.” He rotated himself in preparation for the next burn.

“11 meters to target,” Johanssen said.

“Copy.”

“6 meters,” Johanssen said.

“Aaaaand, counter-thrusting.” Beck said, firing the MMU thrusters again. The MAV loomed before him. “Velocity?” He asked.

“1.1 meters per second,” Johanssen said.

“Good enough,” he said, reaching for the ship. “I'm drifting toward it. I think I can get my hand on some of the torn canvas...”

The tattered canvas beckoned as the only handhold on the otherwise smooth ship. Beck reached, extending as best he could, and managed to grab hold.

“Contact,” Beck said. Firming his grip, he pulled his body forward and lashed out with his other hand to grab more canvas. “Firm contact!”

“Dr. Beck,” Vogel said. “We have past closest approach point and you are now getting further away. You have 169 meters of tether left. Enough for 14 seconds.”

“Copy,” Beck said.

Pulling his head to the opening, he looked inside the compartment to see

Watney strapped to his chair.

“Visual on Watney!” He reported.

“Visual on Beck!” Watney reported.

“How ya doin', man?” Beck said, pulling himself in to the ship.

“I... I just...” Watney said. “Give me a minute. You're the first person I've seen in 18 months.”

“We don't have a minute,” Beck said, kicking off the wall. “We've got 11 seconds before we run out of tether.”

Beck's course took him to the chair where he clumsily collided with Watney. The two gripped each others' arms to keep Beck from bouncing away. “Contact with Watney!” Beck said.

“8 seconds, Dr. Beck,” Vogel radioed.

“Copy,” Beck said as he hastily latched the front of his suit to the front of Watney's with tether clips. “Connected,” he said.

Watney released the straps on his chair. “Restraints off.”

“We're outa' here,” Beck said, kicking off the chair toward the opening.

The two men floated across the MAV cabin to the opening. Beck reached out his arm and pushed off the edge as they passed through.

“We're out,” Beck reported.

“5 seconds,” Vogel said.

“Relative velocity to Hermes: 12 meters per second,” Johanssen said.

“Thrusting,” Beck said, activating his MMU.

The two accelerated toward Hermes for a few seconds. Then the MMU controls on Beck's heads-up display turned red.

“That's it for the fuel,” Beck said. “Velocity?”

“5 meters per second,” Johanssen replied.

“Standby,” Vogel said. Throughout the process, he had been feeding tether out of the airlock. Now he gripped the ever-shrinking remainder of the rope with both hands. He didn't clamp down on it; that would pull him out of the airlock. He simply closed his hands over the tether to create friction.

Hermes pulled Beck and Watney along, with Vogel's use of the tether acting as a shock absorber. If Vogel used too much force the shock of it would pull the tether free from Beck's suit clips. If he used too little the tether would run out before they matched speeds, then it would have a hard stop at the end, which would also rip it out of Beck's suit clips.

Vogel managed to find the balance. After a few seconds of tense, gut-feel physics, Vogel felt the force on the tether abate.

“Velocity 0!” Johanssen reported excitedly.

“Reel 'em in, Vogel,” Lewis said.

“Copy,” Vogel said. Hand over hand, he slowly pulled his crewmates toward the airlock. After a few seconds, he stopped actively pulling and simply took in the line as they coasted toward him.

They floated in to the airlock, and Vogel grabbed them. Beck and Watney both reached for handholds on the wall as Vogel worked his way around them and closed the outer door.

“Aboard!” Beck said.

“Airlock 2 outer door closed,” Vogel said.

“Yes!” Martinez yelled.

“Copy,” Lewis said.

Lewis's voice echoed across the world: “Houston, this is Hermes Actual. Six crew safely aboard.”

The control room exploded with applause. Leaping from their seats, they cheered, hugged, and cried. The same scene played out all over the world in parks, bars, civic centers, living rooms, classrooms, and offices.

Mitch haggardly pulled off his headset and turned to face the VIP room. Through the glass, he saw various well-suited men and women cheering wildly. He looked at Venkat and let out a heavy sigh of relief.

Venkat put his head in his hands and whispered “Thank the gods.”

Teddy pulled a blue folder from his briefcase and stood. “Annie will be wanting me in the press room.”

“Guess you don't need the red folder today,” Venkat said.

“Honestly, I didn't make one.” As he walked out he added “Good work, Venk. Now get them home.”

LOG ENTRY: MISSION DAY 687

That “687” caught me off guard for a minute. On Hermes, we track time by mission days. It may be Sol 549 down on Mars, but it's Mission Day 687 up here. And you know what? It doesn't matter what time it is on Mars cause I'M NOT FUCKING THERE!

Oh my god. I'm really not on Mars anymore. I can tell because there's no gravity and there are other humans around. I'm still adjusting.

If this were a movie, everyone would have been in the airlock and there would have been high-fives all around. But it didn't pan out that way.

I broke two ribs during the MAV ascent. They were sore the whole time, but they really started screaming when Vogel pulled us in to the airlock by the tether. I didn't want to distract the people who were saving my life so I muted off my mic and screamed like a little girl.

It's true, you know. In space, no one can hear you scream like a little girl.

Once they got me in to Airlock 2, they opened the inner door and I was finally aboard again. Hermes was still in vacuo, so we didn't have to cycle the airlock.

Beck told me to go limp and pushed me down the corridor toward his quarters (which serve as the ship's "sick bay" when needed).

Vogel went the other direction and closed the outer VAL door.

Once Beck and I got to his quarters, we waited for the ship to repressurize. Hermes had enough spare air to refill the ship two more times if needed. It'd be a pretty shitty long-range ship if it couldn't recover from a decompression.

Once Johanssen gave us the all clear, Dr. Bossy-Beck made me wait while he first took off his suit, then took off mine. After he pulled my helmet off, he looked shocked. I thought maybe I had a major head-wound or something, but it turns out it was the smell.

It's been a while since I washed... anything.

After that, it was x-rays and chest bandages while the rest of the crew waited outside.

Then came the (painful) high-fives, followed by people staying as far away from my stench as possible. We had a few minutes of reunion before Beck shuttled everyone out. He gave me painkillers and told me to shower as soon as I could freely move my arms.

So now I'm waiting for the drugs to kick in. My ribs hurt like hell, my vision is still blurry from acceleration sickness, I'm really hungry, it'll be another 211 days before I'm back on Earth, and apparently I smell like a skunk took a shit on some sweat socks.

This is the happiest day of my life.

Watney finished his two slices of pizza and a coke. He had another half-hour to kill before going back to Johnson Space Center. Leaving the pizzeria, he sat on a public bench just outside.

Next week would be busy. He would be meeting the Ares-6 Engineer. He had read her file, but had never met her in person. He wouldn't get much time to relax after that. The following six weeks would be filled with constant training as he tried to impart as much knowledge as he could.

But that was something to worry about later. Right now, he took a deep breath of the fresh air and watched the people go by.

“Hey, I know you!” Came a voice from behind.

A young boy had strayed from his mother. “You're Mark Watney!”

“Sweetie,” the boy's mom said, embarrassed. “Don't bother people like that.”

“It's ok,” Watney shrugged.

“You went to Mars!” The boy said, his eyes wide with awe.

“Sure did,” Watney said. “Almost didn't make it back.”

“I know!” Said the boy. “That was awesome!”

“Sweetie!” The mom scolded. “That's rude.”

“So Mr. Watney,” the boy said, “If you could go to Mars again, like, if there was another mission and they wanted you to go, would you go?”

Watney scowled at him. “You out of your fucking mind?”

“Ok time to go,” the mom said, quickly herding the boy away. They receded in to the crowded sidewalk.

Watney snorted in their direction. Then he closed his eyes and felt the sun on his face. It was a nice, boring afternoon.

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