

# A Message to the Ministry: Files Incomplete

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## *Heuji Cepheus: Log #1, Entry 1; Beginning the Mission!*

Now that I am reaching a crux in my research for climate science, I've decided to start this log to keep my facts and my thoughts accurate. I am Heuji Cepheus, Second Level Climate Researcher of Proxima B, and my main goal is to find some way to restore what's left of my planet's water supply. I finally completed my senior education and graduated from the Academy mere weeks ago, and though I'm excited to move on, I'm still getting used to my different routine. In the time since graduation, I've gone from worrying about classes and paying rent to actually getting into the field and putting my knowledge into practical use.

I've had the honor of doing sweeps of the planet in assistance to some of the more experienced climate scientists, and the data isn't promising. We've solved some of the atmosphere problems with EnviroDomes for our civilized areas, but still no one can travel outside of them without proper hardware due to the thin air and extensive UV radiation. But bigger than that is discovering a solution to the problem really hindering life on our planet, which is the lack of water.

So, the Ministry is sending our climate researchers across the galaxy for a solution. I myself have the pleasure of being one of them! I've been tasked with leaving the planet for my travels in one of the compact research starships. The Ministry hasn't informed us of how long the journey will be, but it doesn't much matter to me. I shall go to the farthest reaches of the galaxy to collect as much information and as many samples as I need to help fix our predecessors' mistakes. I can only imagine all the sights I'll see and all the planets I'll visit along the way!

## *Heuji Cepheus: Log #7, Entry 2; Writing Again After Landing*

This place is glorious! I've already reported my findings here to the Ministry via long-distance radio, as planned, and gathered a good number of samples. I'm quite happy to note the new top of the line suits the Ministry provided us, as mine worked excellently for exploring the surface.

This planet, designated 6445 C in the galactic database, is rather sandy and almost wastelandish with a thin atmosphere that can barely hold in the dust. Somehow it's even worse than ours. But despite its barrenness, it boasts a magnificent sunset I could never witness from my small apartment block back home!

Unfortunately, this planet holds no water. Though it's only the first of many! Surely I will find dozens of planets with useful data, and there must be one out there holding the key to our crisis. Not only the Ministry, but the entirety of Proxima B is counting on our field researchers. Counting on *me*. I refuse to let them down.

*Heuji Cepheus: Log #98, Only Entry: Uneventful*

Even after I've visited dozens of planets, my results hold little relevant research. Very few planets have the environment to contain water, and even when they do, it's never in proper condition. None of the planets I've traveled to have any form of intelligent life either. I've only seen simple base forms of bacteria and some vast spanning forms of plants. While still impressive on their own due to the nature of the statistics, it doesn't serve my cause well. Even if I watched them gradually change their environment, there's no water to make that change relevant.

To be entirely honest, I too have been affected by the lack of sentient beings. It has become a rather lonely journey. I've started collecting personal samples, usually of the small rock variety, and drawing faces on them in an attempt to cope. I've placed them around the ship and given them names (Harold sits up in the pilot's seat with me), but there's only so much they can fill the void.

There's still no radio response from the Ministry, so there must be some issue there. Perhaps I've gone out of range? I hope to speak with someone soon.

*Heuji Cepheus: Log #233*

I'm still trying to continue my research, but I'm losing hope that I'll be able to contact the Ministry. Some of the ship's systems have been starting to wear down. I've been able to maintain them with my basic engineering training, but I'm not sure how long they'll hold.

Still not much progress on the mission. I almost wonder how much care the Ministry holds for it by the way things are going, but that wouldn't make sense. If this is pointless, why send us all out here?

I'm on my own, and the loneliness is finally starting to get to me. But to stop now would be giving up. I only hope I finally find what we're looking for.

*Log #543*

Incredible news! I have entered the star system of a yellow sun, and I may have *finally* found an ideal planet! There is one so blue that I at first believed it was the color of its surface. But as I traveled, I learned that it was water.

A planet composed of almost *entirely* water!

There's these radio signals and satellites, and I can hear *voices*, even if I do not understand what they're saying! This place *must* host advanced civilization! I can even see their cities, clustered mostly together on the only landform with vegetation, glowing with artificial light on the dark side of the planet. I'm sending these logs to the Ministry, and I shall attempt to make contact again within 48 hours after landing. In my excitement, I've checked the galactic database and, strangely, not much is noted about it. Merely a name and a very bare-bones description.

*“Earth: A planet on the slow path to self-destruction. Only time will tell if it survives.”*