

Ausflug - OUTING

I quickly realized after walking some distance the difference in gravitational pull between the surface world and the station. Even with the intense physical training on the station to prepare my body for the long journey it proved only to help a little as my muscles screamed in aching pain every step I took. But I couldn't stop, already having covered the three miles to US-19 in around two hours I needed to continue on until I reached a reasonable ruin that could house me for the night. The sun was already falling and quickly so the temperature continued to drop below my 37 degree starting point. The suit was capable of keeping me from freezing but I couldn't just lie on the floor to rest without the risk of the suit failing or becoming damaged. Ah, the sun moving along the monitor called the sky was a new experience that I could only dream of seeing. All I had to do was close a door and flip a switch to be engulfed by complete darkness when on the station. But here on the surface the sun illuminated everything with its beating rays only to be slightly weakened by floating objects called *clouds* that are apparently made up of water molecules. I was constantly observing the new and wild things around me, the different kinds of trees, old objects from the time before, so many things to discover while making my way through this empty and abandoned world. Though, I did not think of this surface world being empty with so much life surrounding me no matter how far I walked. Old buildings stood tall covered in the wood workings of trees that laid barren of their foliage. The snow layered atop the many branches and buildings with such a solid and pure color. Though I did not like this thing called snow for it made my travels tougher with each step. It came up about to my knees so around a foot and a half causing me to raise my legs high to plow through it. How did people in the old time live with this kind of hindrance there is no way they could quickly get from one area to another on foot. The terrain also wasn't favorable due to its high gradient angle which it sloped. People apparently called these slopes *hills* though I have no idea where that word comes from. We call our language English but it was never really explained why we called it that on the station, our concentration of education was primarily on mechanics and technology to help keep the station stable for generations to come. I was briefed that this area spoke our language so I didn't need to worry about not understanding and systems or labels that I found while traveling. I finally made it to a stretch of road on US-19 that wasn't sloped and reminded me of the straight level floors of the station clad in pure white. The entire area to my right was nothing but a large forest while the area to my left had many different buildings in a row. Each of the buildings had labels on them saying what each was. One caught my eye due to its separation and large size, it also had many old time electric vehicles scattered in what was known as a recharge station. I knew that these were the last sufficient buildings for some distance and my time before darkness was limited so I trudged along the snow topped floor towards the building. I entered the building and immediately found an area suitable for setting up a base.

Schlafzimmer - BEDROOM

It was towards the rear of the ruin that I found a suitable rest area, located in what seemed to be an ancient refrigerator of sorts. The large metal door was rusted well but I was able to nudge it open enough to just make it inside the room. Inside I found shelves filled with canned goods from the old times which the labels of had faded over the time. This room was well sealed from the outside elements to where there was no water leakage or physical damage. I take out a

portable sleep rack (PSR), instant meal operations machine (IMOM), Mini-Tablet (M-T), instant light&heat operations machine (ILHOM), and finally a chocobar (CB). As I take my time setting up the small base camp for the night I snack on my CB, something that was very expensive on the station. The growing of Choco beans to create chocolate on the station is very difficult and the making of a CB is even harder given the limited resources on the station. Only 5 CBs are made every year so getting your hands on one is very difficult if you don't have an abundance of tradeable resources. Since I was given a mission where I'm probably going to die they made one specially for me, the final gesture of kindness the station could bestow upon me. Was I really going to die here? This world seemed to be bursting with life though it was lying dormant for right now. Most ruins had been grown over with the nature of this world to the point I think many from the old times wouldn't recognize their home. Now with everything set up I plopped myself on the PSR, removed my helmet and unzipped my filtration suit a bit for added comfort. Thanks to the ILHOM the small room had reached a comfortable temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Under my suit I wore the jacket my great-great-grandfather brought with him when he entered the station years ago. What was called a slim sport jacket with waterproofing seemed to be useless on the station but will most likely benefit me here on the surface. It was solid white with red and orange stripes on the shoulders and back, the color red also lined the end of the sleeves and the zipper. On the front left side just above my heart was a crest from the old word embroidered topped with two gold stars. The crest was of three large cats with a blue backdrop, above them was printed the name "UKingdom" in gold. I had no idea what the name "UKingdom" referred to because it wasn't any known family name we derived off of before my great-great-grandfather. Maybe I will find its meaning somewhere here on the surface? No, that wasn't my current mission! I was starting to lose focus after a tiring first day here on the surface, I needed rest more than ever for the moment. I snuggled myself underneath the PSR's thick quilt after adjusting the lighting of the room. I slowly drifted off into a slumber while listening to a strange noise envelope the ruin. Was this what they called "The whispers of the wind?" as I could hear the gentle wisp surround me. I wish I could share this calming sensation with mother someday.