THUD. My shining, heavy, Kevlar boot thumped the ground of Mars. In fact, it was the first boot to ever touch Mars. It was kind of overwhelming knowing that you’re making history; the real Neil Armstrong 2.0, they’ll call me. The heat of the sun felt like it was piercing my suit. The mind-numbing calefaction felt like it was piercing my suit. I wasn’t sure if my drenching sweat was from my excitement or being baked alive. I took some more steps forward into the vivid yet bleak orange haze in front of me. It felt strange that I was breathing after being told there was no oxygen here my whole life.

Me and my crew needed rest after the prolonged journey here, so sleep was our number one priority. We didn’t have to set much up, since the rovers sent here by NASA already had built a quaint, dome-shaped home for us. apparently calling the rovers “WALL—E’s” is inappropriate and offensive to their AI, so I shan’t call them that.

Our mission is to explore deeper into the Utopia Planitia. 100 years ago, in 2018, a subglacial lake was found there, meaning water on Mars. Unfortunately, the terrain down there is unscalable by robots, so we must do it ourselves. We start tomorrow.

The lake was frozen and gorgeous. It was a dark, sapphire, bottomless marine, filled with miniscule white specks. It was translucent and glistened differently at every angle. It was as if an infinite ocean mist had been submerged in there for centuries. The cold and bleak underground of Mars was like a whole different dimension when compared to the exterior. Everything had a violet tint, and it was layered with and crystals. The walls became decreasingly orange as we went further down. We took samples from the glacial lake and everything around it and grappled our way back up to the sandy surface.

I gasped in fear and exhilaration in the lab the next day; I nearly broke the microscope in surprise. I screamed out for my crewmates as loud as I could, and they came sprinting down the hallway anxiously.

“Look at this. Now!” I exclaimed.

“What?” Jones sighed, “This is what you called us for?”.

“Just look!”

“Fine! Fine.” Jones peered into the slim lens of the microscope, which was directed to one of the lake’s samples. There was silence for a moment as I was bouncing on my toes, ecstatic for him to see it.

“Wait… It can’t be-” he whispered in disbelief.