









CPU MEMORY POWER

CORDS CORDS

UPTIME

00:01:30

CREW LOG

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ANOTHER DAY IN SPACE FOR CREW-MATE PAUL AS HE WOKE UP TO THE SOUND OF HIS COFFEE MAKER ALARM CLOCK. HE STRETCHED OUT TO TURN OFF THE ALARMS AND LOOKED AROUND. SUDDENLY, THE SPACESHIP HIT SOMETHING. PAUL STUMBLED AND SPILLED THE COFFEE ALL OVER HIS SHIRT! "DAMMIT!" HE EXCLAIMED, BUT THEN, HE GUICKLY REMEMBERED HE WAS IN ZERO GRAVITY AS THE COFFEE FLOATED AWAY.

PAUL PANICKED NOW - HE NEEDED HIS MORNING CUP OF COFFEE. AND HE COULDN'T LET THESE CIRCUMSTANCES STOP HIM. HE QUICKLY STRAPPED HIMSELF INTO HIS SEAT AND STARTED PUNCHING THE COFFEE MAKER BUTTONS. "COME ON. COME ON." HE MUTTERED RAPIDLY. AS HE TURNED HIS ATTENTION BACK TO THE ASTEROID FIELD. HE NOTICED THAT ONE OF THE ROCKS HAD SKIMMED THE SIDE OF THE SHIP. THE PROXIMITY ALARM BEGAN BLARING IN THE BACKGROUND. PAUL WAS TOO DISTRACTED BY HIS QUEST FOR COFFEE AND IGNORED IT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE. THE NEXT THING HE KNEW. THE SHIP HAD BEEN HIT BY ANOTHER ASTERDIO!

THE IMPRCT SENT THE COFFEE MAKER ROCKETING AWAY FROM PAULS GRIP. "NOODOODOODOODOO!" HE SCREAMED. THE COFFEE MAKER EXPLODED AS IT HIT THE WALL, AND THE HOT LIQUID COFFEE RAINED DOWN ONTO THE SPACECRAFT'S INSTRUMENTS. SHORTING THEM OUT ONE BY ONE.

PAUL JUST SAT THERE, COFFEE-STAINED, SURROUNDED BY FLOATING DEBRIS, AS HE REALIZED THAT MAYBE HE SHOULD START DRINKING TEA.

CYRERSPACE FUESTREAM CREW LOG ASTERDID HUNTING MISSION CREW ING SPACE HIGHWAY MISSION CREW LOG ASTERDIO BELT MISSION

CREW

OWERTYUIOP[]

ASOFGHJKL: enter

ZXCVBNM../ DELETE

SPACE













