



Can you tell what this is? I hope it scans clearly. It's my ticket to... to something. Something is better than nothing, right? On earth, for me, nothing is left. Existence in a cage. That's worse than nothing, really. So... Mars. Barren, cold, lifeless. Maybe growing potatoes in my poop. If Sartre was right about "other people" — and it's getting hard to believe he wasn't — then that sounds almost like heaven.

I'm in.

(Hey, would someone mind telling me what direction Vandenberg is from Sacramento? May's only a few weeks away now, so I really should know which way to go. Thanks.)