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I used to think that I was afraid of dying. Since coming to join the ISS Pathfinder, I've realized that there are worse fates.

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I don't know how to live with the worry. Anxiety gnaws in my side like a rat burnt up in a heated bird cage.

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How do you tell someone that you love that you think they need serious help?

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I sleep easy at night. Some people would say that that in of itself is a travesty. I own what I do- and I can live with that. Can you?

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I gave up believing in God a long time ago.

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It's hard, sometimes. It feels like no one else is even trying. All this effort lays on the ground, laid to waste- like it wouldn't have even mattered if none of it had transpired to begin with.

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You threw up in my mouth the one and only time we've kissed. I remember it.

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I never stopped missing him. It's been years now. Does it ever get any easier to bear? Empirical evidence points to a resounding no.

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I don't know when I'm going to tell her. The timing never feels right- and it's almost as if it isn't my place to.

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How does anyone stand it up here? I've been finding myself escaping into the worlds presented by books, delving into the human psyche- I feel like I'm going unhinged, left only here with my thoughts for company and nothing more.

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Things would be so much easier if I could just be in love with you.

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I still remember the things you did, in that chapel.

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I don't think I've ever been more afraid than when you and I were standing in the same room. The cockpit never felt so enormously fragile.

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I don't understand how you can love someone like that.

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You don't deserve him.

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When I was younger, I used to think that I could just run away from all of my problems, if I wasn't myself. I loved stage personas. I had at least half a dozen of them. At the end of the day, after all the glitz and glamour of the show has been rubbed away in smears of greasepaint and white collared shirts thrown into the laundry, you're left there with your thoughts and your own mundane life to wrestle with.

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I wish I knew how to help you. I don't think anyone does, though. Nor do you...

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I wish I knew how to make myself love you.

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I keep telling myself that it's the right thing. It doesn't feel like it is- but maybe it's just because I'm not used to doing it, so it's a little unfamiliar, that's all.

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She's a raging bitch. One of these days- she's going to kill someone.

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Doesn't anyone ever wonder what R&D is doing with those brain scans? Is it just me?

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I don't think anyone in my life has ever known me as thoroughly as you know me.

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I miss my brother.

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I'm worried about her wellbeing.

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I wish that there was more that I could do for you- but there isn't. And for that, I am sorry- for being as fallible as I am. All I have are these words- and they're not worth very much, in the end.

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Why can't it go back to the way things were? We were happy, then. We were happy, once. I want the old you back. These days it's like looking at a stranger.

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I have accomplished so much, and yet it's all amounted to so little. I find myself clenching my jaw shut these days, tight enough that the teeth grind. I think I'm putting my dentist's kids through college.

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I don't know how to help you. I don't know, and I won't know, unless you tell me how.

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I can't forgive you for what you never told me.

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I loved you, once. I feel like I could love you again- if you'd just open up...

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You're going to hurt someone terribly- and it's going to be my fault.

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