MISSION ENTRY: RESEARCH TRIP TO LV - 952 ‘JEREMIAH’S BOON’
No. of Operatives: 4
Special Considerations: 1x ‘Irwin’ Model Synth, Model Number G32162AU

START OF ACTION LOG:

TIME: 01:52 SOL TIME
LOCATION: LZ1
OPERATIVE STATUS:
> A. Hughes : Healthy
> T. Mannamead: Healthy
> Corporal J. Caimann: Okay
> Sergeant K. Straut: Healthy
> Synthetic Model ‘Irwin’: Perfect Condition

<A roar of a Dropship engine can be heard overhead as the operatives leave the safety of the vessel.>

“Crikey! This place is blistering hot, be sure to wear your sun-screen to prevent some bloody nasty burns, professors. Ah, you too, marines!” The tone of their voice had been a very casual one, as if his fellows were just students of a primary school teacher, seeming to humiliate the entourage, however Irwin did not intend on such.

Irwin’s left index finger had been pointing to the rest of the group, given that they’d left the dropship first, in a leader-like fashion.

“Yeah yeah, Irwin. I got your ruddy message! Just don't go jabbering about that stupid show of yours, for the sake of our ears.” [under breath] “Smartarse…”

“Ya know, Irwin. You can’t just order people around like that, you are no Kommandant, it doesn't fit your, vell, dialect I suppose.” The Sergeant coughed sharply soon after this, scratching their flaking tattoo of the

German Kriegsmarine flag, this clearly having been his past facade. Just as he was going to give an order, one of the Enlisted speaks.

“Gah! Bloody insects, what is up with jungles having right old nasty fuckin bugs everywhere, Irwin? Surely you should know with your *wide* suite of knowledge you ruddy tin can!” They had been bitten, being made obvious by their incessant itching of their left leg, a singular bite mark, commonly inflicted by mosquitoes or mosquito like creatures.

It had been clear to Irwin that the Corporal was mocking his knowledge, however that didn’t stop Irwin, for he simply valued learning and informing his peers.

“Well, corporal.. Funny you should say that! Mosquitoes and other small bitey bugs swarm to these warm and wet areas like flies to dung! Ya gotta keep your bug spray on ya, would’ve learned that from episode 26 of Wild Bytes mate!” Irwin could already sense that something was amiss, aside from the common bugs biting the marines, but something more sinister, larger. The signs of it were everywhere.
>Trees slashed out by seemingly huge claws.
> Burn damage somehow present on some of the ferns.
> Wood being melted on the tree itself with no visible fire damage.

The first professor piped up once more, “Bloody hell, he’s going on about it AGAIN! Let's just… get moving alright? Is that FINE with everyone? I don’t particularly wish to slouch around in this green hell for much time.”

“I second this!” The professor’s voice was exasperated, definitely not used to this climate. Their cheeks had turned an unhealthy red tinge, being contrasted by their rather pale skin. This one hadn’t followed Irwin’s advice, and paid the toll for it.

“Right then, Herr professor, do lead the way, Irwin please keep to the middle of the formation, and check up on herr Mannamead would you? I fear he may not be as… proficient in acclimatising compared to the rest of this circus.”

“Fair Dinkum, Sergeant. He’ll be good as gold when I'm done with him!” The synth blurted in an optimistic tone, as if confident that the issue

wasn’t as severe as the timid professor had made it out to be for themselves.

SECOND ENTRY:
TIME: 02:34 SOL TIME
LOCATION: WESTERN COLONY GROUNDS
OPERATIVE STATUS:
> A. Hughes : Okay
> T. Mannamead: Deteriorating
> Corporal J. Caimann: Deteriorating
> Sergeant K. Straut: Healthy
> Synthetic Model ‘Irwin’: Perfect Condition

<The team have been moving through meters of thick jungle, Corporal Caimann’s wound has festered into a large pustule>

“[Heavy Breathing] Fuckin hell… W-what is this bloody thing on my leg? It HURTS! Fuckin’ ALIENS!” The corporal would be bent down, inspecting the wound thoroughly with whatever medical knowledge he could muster, which was minimal at best.

“Don’t be so loud, mate. It’ll attract some rather nasty attention to ourselves! Now, let me see that nasty bite ya got!” Irwin would inspect the wound closely, suddenly snatching an identical bug out of the air with inhuman speed while doing so to attempt a cross reference.

Irwin would analyze the blood of the mosquito like insect, eventually spouting off results in an unusually casual tone.“Right, just had a little closer look at it, doesn't seem all that bad, mate! Some antibiotics and that little bugger is gone!”

“Really? I-it seems to look a lot worse than how you put it, but alright, gotta trust the synth, the brainboxes…” They would say in a begrudging tone, as if jealous of the abilities of such a machine as Irwin.

“G-guys… I feel… [Sounds of vomiting goes through the recording]”

“Crikey mate, seems like the jungle ain’t treating you as well as myself and the others! Your symptoms are different to the Corporal though, which is bloody interesting!”

“Yes, yes. It is rather interesting indeed, however now is not the time for your ruddy ‘investigations’, Irwin. We must move east, to.. [Sound of paper scrunching]... colony medical it seems, how convenient!” There’d be several tears in this map, inconveniently being placed at where the objective was; the research facility.

“Very well, Hughes! Let's keep moving! [Pats Mannamead on the back] I’ll have a gander at you a bit more when we reach there mate, just hold on a little! ” Mannamead would look back at Irwin with a face of confusion, as if mortified at themselves of their sudden friendship with such a thing as a robot, despite sound unbelievable in their head.

“Right then professors, [coughs] and Irwin, let us move east then! And Irwin, many thanks for treating the men so swiftly, my commendations to you, mein freund.” They would give a subtle salute to the synth, seemingly warming up to it, as if remembering an old friend for the first time in a while.

“Crikey! Thanks for the compliment mate! Although, there is no need for such amenities sir! Your participation in this expedition is thanks enough mate!”

THIRD ENTRY:
TIME: 03:59 SOL TIME
LOCATION: COLONY CENTRAL GROUNDS, WEST OF RESEARCH
OPERATIVE STATUS:
> A. Hughes : Okay
> T. Mannamead: Deteriorating
> Corporal J. Caimann: Recovering
> Sergeant K. Straut: Okay
> Synthetic Model ‘Irwin’: Slight Damage

[The group have gotten visual of the exterior of the research sector of the colony, of which is their objective]

Having taken up the lead due to the Sergeant’s fatigue, Irwin had just encountered a rather peculiar critter. Possibly seeing the risk of such a

lifeform, they went to inspect it before moving on“Oi, what’s this? Come here little guy!”

“What is it, Irwin? Contacts? SET PERIMETER PEOPLE!” To the people watching him, it’d have seemed like the Sergeant could simply swap personalities to whatever was more convenient, however the Sergeant knew deep down that this was just his true self; A soldier, through and through.

“No no, that is entirely unnecessary Sergeant. See?” They’d hold up a small lizard looking creature, not too dissimilar to the Earth originating iguana. This creature, however, had a blue tinge to it, unusually unfitting for the lush green environment that surrounded it.

“Just a little critter, similar to iguanas in South America.” Irwin’s eyes would light up slightly, before dimming again.

“These little things are rather cool, you know? Lots of funky traits that help it survive, just those spikes on the back, or dorsal spikes, makes it so other bigger buggers don’t chow down on it.”

“Yes yes… now I don’t think that is all too-”

The synth would point prudently to the creature’s tail despite the professor’s objections, which had been adorned with spikes while being long and skinny. “As for this bit, I'd wager it’s for all sorts of things, kind of like an organic multitool. Defense with the spikes, utility for use as a little flagella and offense for incapacitating whatever it may hunt, crikey!”

“Enough of that, Irwin. We can spend time gawking at creatures later, as for now, the objective lies ahead**.”** They’d rub their eyes thoroughly, likely from the eyedrops prescribed by the synth following some recommendations to assist with their leg pustule.

“Very well, corpie.**”** The synth seemed to be attempting to warm up towards the soldier’s opinions of himself, a strange behaviour from the machine, it did seem to be somewhat working though, which Irwin thought was just okay.

“Eugh.. that’s a nasty dent I have there… mind if we stop inside the research lab to patch myself up? Can’t be running half functional if we got something big to confront”

“Very well, Irwin. Professors, are you ready to move in towards the research facility?”

A resounding nod went between the 2 professors, the less senior of the two catching their breath first.“Yes.. Although I am rather worse for wear, I don’t know if i’ll need to return..”

“I’ll check you up once we’re inside mate, don’t worry.”

“How quaint, anyhow let us move on from this.. Stagnancy.” Their last words had some air of suspicion around them, almost akin to paranoia. Why were they so skeptical of him? Irwin had many ideas as to why, although none actually made sense.

FOURTH ENTRY:
TIME: 04:26 SOL TIME
LOCATION: COLONY RESEARCH
OPERATIVE STATUS:
> A. Hughes : Okay
> T. Mannamead: Less than Ideal, Deteriorating
> Corporal J. Caimann: Okay
> Sergeant K. Straut: Okay
> Synthetic Model ‘Irwin’: Slight Damage

[The team has made their way inside the Research Facility to investigate the lockdown.]

“Well, here we are I suppose, seems rather… desolate if I may say so myself.**”**
“I’d be inclined to agree. Although…**”** Something would catch the synth’s eye. A streak of melted metal, a winding clawmark, bullet holes, all being cross referenced to the first area, something came from here.

“Don’t move, mates.. Something is looking at us. Be as still as a scared possum...**”** Even the air would be still in this place. Irwin could feel the

presence of some visual receptors looking at him and the group, with what intention however, he was not privy to know.
“Irwin… what the fuck is in here? Maybe NOW would be a time for your fucking animal facts.”

“Shut it, Corporal.” The sergeant was now even more deadly serious than before. A bead of sweat rolled down their brow as their pupils scanned the room, being on the prowl for any smidge of movement.

A lanky tail drooped down from the ceiling of the room they were standing in, being adorned in skeletal-like plates and a vicious spike implanted on the end of it. A figure would drop in front of it, seemingly being the source of this tail.

Irwin got a good look at the beast, acutely observing all of its features. Hidden eye sockets for confusing prey, Razor sharp claws for eviscerating prey, internal jaws with a biomechanical force to kill prey quickly, a perfect killing machine.“Oh my, Crikey… it seems we’ve stumbled into an XX 121 infestation.”

“Wait.. no-NO! RUN!”

“W-waiiit… GAHK!” Only moments had passed when the younger scientist was skewered on the Warrior’s tail, their arms and legs convulsing violently, vomit and blood seeping out of their mouth like a foul cocktail.

“We’d best leave immediately, mates, ON ME! I have a route.”
There was a unanimous nod between the rest of the group, barring Mannamead, who had been dragged off somewhere deeper in the facility. A cacophony of screeches and hissing followed their sprint.

“CORPORAL, SHOOT BEHIND YOU SCHWEINEHUND! GET THEM OFF OUR TAIL!”
Streaks of fire followed the fleeing group, some shots impacting the XX 121. Bursts of corrosive blood streamed out behind the castes following them, creating a trail of corrosion in the floor tiles.

“Get behind the door as quick as a cheetah! I’ll shock the door, many animals are afraid of electricity since it’s alien to them!” The synth still

had kept up this TV show host personality even in the darkest of times. It was a relief to the surviving entourage.

[The remaining group waited a little, biding their time and catching their breath. The choir of screeches and hisses die down behind the door.]

“What the fuck? What the fuck. Why, WHY!” The other professor had witnessed the younger equivalent’s grisly demise while not having the stomach for such scenarios.

“C-calm down, Hughes.. Ugh…” Judging by the state, it seemed like a spatter of corrosive blood had streaked across their thigh, melting through the cloth with small bits touching their skin. Thankfully they’d tipped their leg forward to avoid the majority of the acid from rendering them an amputee.

“P-pass me that Oxycodone Injector, Hughes..” Hughes, in their pale faced shock, threw the Oxycodone injector from their Lifesaver pattern belt towards the Sergeant, of whom caught it and promptly injected it.

“Better?”

“Better, what about you Corporal?”

“Yea… good enough I suppose. I- It's just that I saw a gleam of hope in that man’s eyes, just taken away by that.. **Alien.**” Their eyes emanate a sense of despair, while simultaneously being blinded by the sense of order and duty.

“I would recommend we get a bloody move on, lads. That door won’t hold for long against that nasty acid.”

“I suppose you’re right.. Lead on Irwin.” Before they left, Irwin had applied synthetic grafting to the Sergeant’s leg, preventing any slow down against the wild untamed environment.

[The battered entourage would move towards the dropship LZ, slashing down any obstructive greenery with Irwin’s specialized machete.]

“Sergeant, Corporal, Professor, do keep pace in front of me, path should be clear as the outback!”

An all encompassing nod of understanding ricocheted between each of the group members, all taking their turn patting Irwin on the back before moving past him, towards the drop ship.

“T-thank you Irwin, sorry for not trusting ya all that much, just didn’t have an eye for synthetics really.”

“Crikey! No problem mate, just as long as you're alive and informed, I'm happy.” Irwin had a sense of a burden lifted off his back, this of course being completely placebo.

“Right then, lads. Hop on the dropship like a kangaroo, cheers for accompanying me on this episode of Wild Bytes!”