

## **INC137 SURVEY EXERPT (Supp.) - The Mess Hall**

The three researchers reacted simultaneously to the inception of Incident 137, but in different ways.

R1 scratched the back of his head, grimacing and shifting uncomfortably in his chair. R2 suddenly stood and walked toward a window of the tower, opposite from where R3 was standing. R3 stood still, his shoulders relaxed, head bobbed forward, eyes vacant.

“Whoah...yeah that was definitely something.” R1 had stood to join R2 looking out the guard tower window. R3 shuddered, then regained his full faculties.

“Whatever it is, it's intense guys.” R3 joined the others. “See anything?”

“Give me a second.” R2 raises a compact monocular to her eye and slowly scans the rows of concrete, chain link fencing, and iron barred gates below.

R1 muttered to himself and took a few notes, before returning to where R2 was still surveying. “It didn't feel outwardly hostile. But if you say it's intense enough to affect our ESP outside the Rooms, that's something they'd wanna know. Worth reporting in, right?”

R2 lowered her optics and nodded. “Yep. It's there. I felt it most strongly near the prisoner's mess hall, but it's still dull. In all likelihood, we found another way in.”

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The radio chirped at my desk and I made a note of their findings. The researchers were made aware of the provisioned supplies onsite, and instructed to confirm the presence of a Door.

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The researchers reached the location of interest with the help of large MAGlights and night vision monoculars. The prisoner's mess hall was cavernous, littered with rusted tables and chairs. They agreed to keep the unicorn hats on.

R2 gave a motion to stop in front of a high wall that stretches the entire length of the cafeteria. She cautiously reached out and touched the cool, smooth painted concrete. Humming to herself, R2 walked the length of the room, patting a few sections of the wall and occasionally shaking her head.

She walked along the wall, some distance from the others. R3 shouted to her, “Getting closer you think?”

“Yeah! I'm alm—” R2's reply is cut off as she vanishes from view. She does not fall into the wall, but rather appears to blink out of existence. R1 and R3 continue searching for the entrance to the Backrooms as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened.