

Once upon a time, around two hundred years ago, there lived an eccentric millionaire by the name of Augustus Weaver. While known for his impulsive, hedonistic tendencies and for his excessive doting over his wife, the man was no fool by any means - well-versed in politics and business, he had powerful connections throughout the country that left him practically untouchable. Even so, the man wanted nothing more than to have a happy family life with his beloved wife... A wish that would be met with tragedy at every turn.

His wife died giving birth to their only child, and the boy only lived for about five years before dying of an illness despite his father's desperate attempts to save him. Mr. Weaver was devastated, and would visit his son and wife's graves every day to bring them fresh flowers. While at first, his friends and extended family would join him in said ritual, as the months passed Mr. Weaver realized everyone was already forgetting about his lost loved ones. Even he found he could no longer properly recall his son's voice. He had watched them die once before, and now he was watching a second, slower, more insidious death. He could not allow that.

And that is, so they say, why he founded the Weaver Foundation.

Ironically, it is unknown why or how the Weaver Foundation - soon to be referred to as simply The Foundation - grew to such prominence. The official story is that he used his ties to influential people throughout the country to spread the knowledge of his Foundation, and people were drawn by the idea of eternal life, in any form. It was a way for even common folk to feel recognized and important with no cost outside of travel expenses. Even so, many point out that there are flaws in this version of events - if that was the case, then why does the Foundation seem so universally beloved, despite its propensity for surveillance towards even those who do not have the chance to consent? How did it get branches in nearly every country, all so massive they could practically be towns in and of themselves? How does it manage to continue to pay its employees despite having no clear method of making any sort of profit? And why does no one, not even the most senior employee, know what exactly caused Mr. Weaver to vanish after entering his office one fateful morning?

Odd things happen at the Foundation. Eyes grow from the flesh and hair of employees as they become extensions of the facility - eyes they can transplant onto surfaces to feed the Foundation's endless need for knowledge. You may enter an office on one side of a hallway, only to leave from the door across from it, but when you turn around, you're facing an entirely different room. They say any employee who tampers with information for personal gain will find themselves in unfamiliar corridors that twist and bend around them, and their personal records

edited to list them as deceased by an unknown party, even when their remains are never discovered. No one has ever come on record to say that they have taken the position of CEO from the presumed-late Mr. Weaver, despite the prestige it would have given them, and there's a strong possibility that there simply is no CEO anymore. At least, not a human one.

When a building gets big enough, how can you tell if it's only a building anymore? How can you tell the halls you walk aren't brick vessels for a much different kind of blood - how can you tell when a room isn't a stomach, made of concrete and drywall, your very existence feeding an entity so much larger than yourself that you could never fully comprehend it's vastness? How do you know you aren't a single cell giving life to a much larger body?

Even so... The Foundation is a well-respected place of work in it's home world, seen as a service to the world and a way to ensure history is never altered or erased. In times of economic crisis, the Foundation still manages to pay it's employees living wages, and those who become part of the facility are still every bit as human as they were before their apprenticeship. Senior observers often play a large part in resolving global crises with the extensive knowledge of history, anthropology and sociology that is gained through their employment. To a certain extent, even the abnormal extra eyes it's employees possess have become symbols similar to a badge of honour, and certain alternative fashion movements center around highlighting the beauty of these strange mutations. As disconcerting as the Foundation can be, it appears to be a largely neutral, if not outright benevolent entity, with the goal of only expanding the knowledge of mankind throughout time and space.

As for me? I was drawn to the Foundation the way anyone else is - the promise of decent employment in a time where jobs like those are becoming harder and harder to find. I did my three year apprenticeship at the facility, passed it, had a year where no jobs were available before a branch in a nearby city expanded and hired around four hundred new recruits. It was a little rough at first, especially since I lived an hour away from the place but I enjoyed - and still enjoy - it to this day. I'll take long hours and good pay over pain in my legs and low pay any day of the week.

As a Junior Observer, my duties largely consist of reviewing footage the Scouts and Senior Observers have collected for my assignments and taking notes on the events in their lives. While we slowly document and survey our own world, we also document the past, presents and futures of other worlds, and usually the entire wing of the Foundation works on one world at a time, so none of my assignments have lived in the same world as me. Once my

notes have been taken, I compile them into written biography pages adhering to the usual style of the Foundation's documents. I submit my work each day to the Reviewing Department to check for discrepancies between accounts of others in my assignments' life, and should they find any, I need to carefully revise my work according to their notes so that mixed information isn't added to our records. This is why I don't stream on weekdays while I'm working - at any moment, something could come up that requires hours upon hours of cross-referencing and revisions, such as a wedding, funeral, or just a sufficiently-large family reunion, and doing my job well is my priority. On top of it being what's putting food on my table and keeping a roof over my head, it's my dream job and I don't want to jeopardize it.

I'm exploiting a bit of a loophole to be able to stream for you all, honestly - we aren't allowed to interfere with or gain attachments to anything or anyone in the worlds we observe... but, technically, this version of Earth isn't *being* observed yet and likely won't be for some time, so I'm free to do whatever I like here without fear of it being considered a conflict of interest. I haven't vanished yet, so I'm assuming the Foundation is alright with this situation. It might even see it as a form of scouting for all I know.

So, I hope that clears up a few things about the Foundation and what I do there! If you have any questions, feel free to ask me over on Twitter! Have a great day (or night) everyone, and I'll see you all again soon!