Field Studies Institute Databank

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-> The following pages will contain spoilers to the ARG. <-

Tread Carefully.

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Databank Table

00.interior_overture/

Databank Name	Date of Origin	Transient?
018209_halcyon_violation/	08.07.1975	No
employee_log_01/	02.06.2024	N/A
049130_moonlight_house/	10.10.1977	No
010304_shadow_on_a_mountain_top/	12.22.1969	No
058675_rat_adaptation/	11.27.1969	No
employee_log_02/	02.07.2024	N/A
026189_allegory_chamber/	07.02.1967	No
068796_ghost_threads/	05.26.1983	No
089053_after_the_flood/	04.02.1975	No
employee_log_03/	02.09.2024	N/A
033618_luminous_ocean_spider/	07.07.2014	No
038746_hollow_ether_needles/	08.31.1972	No
007174_circle_time_travel/	03.14.1995	No
employee_log_04/	02.14.2024	N/A
extraction_01/	11.09.1999 Ω	N/A

01.lost_and_found_you/

Databank Name	Date of Origin	Transient?
083951_wax_hyperion/	03.28.1974	

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048125_static_eclipse/	03.28.1974	
065032_elevator_spiral/	03.28.1974	
096024_magnetic_entanglement/	03.28.1974	
064638_outrigger_zero/	03.28.1974	
employee_log_05/	03.08.2024	N/A
049690_volcanic_sunset/	12.25.1980	
069573_rose_station/	10.02.1989	No
017067_existential_cave/	--.--.1999 Ω	N/A
employee_log_06/	03.18.2024	N/A
014532_orbital_greenery/	01.09.1975	
060545_twin_apollo/	02.28.1970	
employee_log_07/	03.26.2024	N/A
086925_transcendental_beans/	03.23.1974	
021891_payload_maneuvers/	06.04.1971	
006374_jupiter_mango/	03.12.2024	
employee_log_08/	04.08.2024	N/A
extraction_02/	10.31.1999 Ω	N/A

02.facility_ambience/

Databank Name	Date of Origin	Transient?
043292_analog_gravitation/	07.24.1981	
employee_log_09/	05.02.2024	N/A
087243_fielding_array/	12.01.1969	
005474_abstract_cartograph	11.22.1977	

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y/		
employee_log_10/	05.15.2024	N/A
074819_broken_trials/	06.23.2002	
070340_brush_of_azure/	03.08.1972	
extraction_03_01/	11.10.1999 Ω	N/A
035749_looping_arrowhead/	07.08.1975	
082522_stellar_oculism/	11.02.1978	
employee_log_11/	05.20.2024	N/A
014819_carbon_hatchery/	11.09.1976	
employee_log_12/	06.14.2024	N/A
extraction_03_02/	11.10.1999 Ω	N/A

03.not_in_kansas/

Databank Name	Date of Origin	Transient?
029498_frozen_radium_eggs/	04.18.1998	
050962_elastic_horizon/	10.19.1991	
employee_log_13/	06.28.2024	N/A
022363_spacefaring_tiger_prints/	08.02.1979	
034036_cosmic_hostility/	10.19.1991	
employee_log_14/	08.01.2024	N/A
084241_brain_civics/	11.22.1994	
008622_prism_collector/	10.19.1991	
extraction_04_01/	11.11.1999 Ω	N/A
081587_meadowlark_civilization/	10.19.1991	

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016824_fern_tentacles/	12.01.1969	
employee_log_15/	08.09.2024	N/A
042770_atmospheric_window/	12.31.1969	
005213_hovering_eucalyptus/	06.02.1995	
employee_log_16/	08.26.2024	N/A
extraction_04_02/	11.12.1999 Ω	N/A

Hidden Pages

Databank Name	Batch File	Date of Origin	Transient?
Vessels Beyond	00.interior_overture/	N/A	N/A
It All Happens At Once	00.interior_overture/	N/A	N/A
Mainframe Diagnostics	01.lost_and_found_you	N/A	N/A
Star Of Judgement Of The Fate Of The Dead	02.facility_ambiance/ (presumably)	N/A	
The Loop Opens	03.not_in_kansas		
Champagne Required	03.not_in_kansas		

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00.interior_overture/

018209_halcyon_violation

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/halcyon_violation/
- **Information:**
    - 4th in a series of Orientation and Training Process
    - Made for newly hired or promoted Field Recovery Specialists
    - An employee improperly stored the items, causing the rest of the series to be destroyed
    - First transient object came in 1970
    - Transient object came from Spacetime Deviation
    - Deviation Omega is the result of experiments on Anomaly LBA-01
        - Took place during Project Soma on December 31st, 1969

employee_log_01

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_01/
- **Information:**
    - Novak is a new staff, working the night shift
    - Novak is a night owl
    - Unsure what is the point of the names of the files

069420_moonlight_house

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/moonlight_house/
- **Information:**
    - Field Research Testing Instrument
    - Used between 1974 and 1977 to detect and pinpoint the location of transient objects via distinct electromagnetic signatures
        - *"... pinpoint the location of concealed transient objects (e.g., in areas with significant clutter, objects at depth, or REDACTED)."*
    - Used together with more advanced signal analysis via mainframe computers within the Arthur Reese Building
    - Contains references to REDACTED → included in archive (requested)
    - Device ID Trace: FK-0109

010304_shadow_on_a_mountain_top

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/shadow_on_a_mountain_top/
- **Information:**
    - Ephemera Danica, a species of mayfly
    - Ideal specimen for use in a study, unsure what

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    - Study occurred during Project SOMA and later studies completed by Temporal Lab
    - These do not live for more than a few days before moulting to adult form

058675_rat_adaptation

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/rat_adaptation/
- **Information:**
    - Briefing information sent to Dorothy Ross, requesting her participation in Project SOMA
    - End of Project SOMA, five remaining members agreed to found FSI
        - Project SOMA is a post-mission study on the findings of Surveyor 3 and Apollo 12 missions to the lunar surface.
        - Happened in April 1967
    - Dorothy was posted to The Moonshot Motel Room 177 (note:)
    - Folder
        - A document on the retrieval of Surveyor 3 Anomalous Object
        - Written by C.Doval and M.Ford
- **Transcript:** See Exhibit 1 and Exhibit 2.

employee_log_02

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_02/
- **Information:**
    - Tape sent to technology for review
    - File name convention - created by an archivist in the mid-90s based on a list of words
    - Archivist stopped showing up for work for a few months and came back
    - Novak experiences something unexplainable

026189_allegory_chamber

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/allegory_chamber/
- **Information:**
    - Report 32-177 on technical results of Surveyor 3 mission launched on April 17, 1667
    - Scanned excerpt (page 112) contains speculation on the effects of an unknown anomaly on the Surveyor 3 spacecraft during and after landing.
    -

002837_ghost_threads

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/ghost_threads/
- **Information:**

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    - Excerpts from the FSI-issued field journal of Casey Pennington (FC-081-A) detailing the tracking and acquisition of two Transient Objects, as well as the attempted acquisition of a third
    -

068796_after_the_flood

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/after_the_flood/
- **Information:**
    -

employee_log_03

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_03/
- **Information:**

020704_luminous_ocean_spider

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/luminous_ocean_spider/
- **Information:**
- **Transcript**: See Exhibit 6

038746_hollow_ether_needles

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/hollow_ether_needles/
- **Information:**

033618_circle_time_travel

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/circle_time_travel/
- **Information:**

employee_log_04

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_04/
- **Information:**

extraction_01

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/extraction_01/
- **Information:**
    - The page title is called “The Garden”.
    - This is written in the perspective and thoughts of CLAUDE.
    - There are spelling errors, unsure if intentional or not.
- **Transcript:** See Exhibit 8.

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01.lost_and_found_you/

083951_wax_hyperion

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/wax_hyperion/
- **Information:**
    - Collection was under supervision of Division X.
    - This was the package sent in real life to reviewers.
    - There are entries on each of the items as well.

048125_static_eclipse

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/static_eclipse/
- **Information:**
    - A recording of the Supersonic Tours Audio Guide (1999).
- **Transcript:** See Exhibit 13.

083951_elevator_spiral

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/elevator_spiral/
- **Information:**
    - A photo of the Transient Media Interference Form.

096024_magnetic_entanglement

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/magnetic_entanglement/
- **Information:**
    - ?

064638_outrigger_zero

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/outrigger_zero/
- **Information:**
    - ?

employee_log_05

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_05/
- **Information:**
    - ?

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049690_volcanic_sunset

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/volcanic_sunset/
- **Information:**
    - ?

069573_rose_station

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/rose_station/
- **Information:**
    - ?

017067_existential_cave

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/existential_cave/
- **Information:**
    - A photo of Trenchard Ross Computer Systems Web Page.
    - The photo has a link to “www.trenchardross.com”.
    - TRANSCRIPT OF TR-PAGE DIALOGUES NEEDED

employee_log_06

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_06/
- **Information:**
    - ?

014532_orbital_greenery

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/orbital_greenery/
- **Information:**
    - ?

060545_twin_apollo

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/twin_apollo/
- **Information:**
    - ?

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employee_log_07

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_07/
- **Information:**
    - ?

086925_transcendental_beans

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/transcendental_beans/
- **Information:**
    - ?

021891_payload_maneuvers

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/payload_maneuvers/
- **Information:**
    - ?

006374_jupiter_mango

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/jupiter_mango/
- **Information:**
    - ?

employee_log_08

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_08/
- **Information:**
    - ?

extraction_02

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/extraction_02/
- **Information:**
    - ?
- **Transcript:** See Exhibit 13.

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02.facility_ambience/

043292_analog_gravitation

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/analog_gravitation/
- **Information:**
    - ?

employee_log_09

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_09/
- **Information:**
    - ?

087243_fielding_array

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/fielding_array/
- **Information:**
    - ?

005474_abstract_cartography

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/abstract_cartography/
- **Information:**
    - ?

employee_log_10

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_10/
- **Information:**
    - ?

074819_broken_trials

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/broken_trials/
- **Information:**
    - ?

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070340_brush_of_azure

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/brush_of_azure/
- **Information:**
    - ?

extraction_03_01

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/extraction_03_01/
- **Information:**
    - ?
- **Transcript:** See

035749_looping_arrowhead

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/looping_arrowhead/
- **Information:**
    - ?

082522_stellar_oculism

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/stellar_oculism/
- **Information:**
    - ?

employee_log_11

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_11/
- **Information:**
    - ?

014819_carbon_hatchery

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/carbon_hatchery/
- **Information:**
    - ?

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employee_log_12

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_12/
- **Information:**
    - ?

extraction_03_02

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/extraction_03_02
- **Information:**
    - ?
- **Transcript:** See

03.not_in_kansas/

029498_frozen_radium_eggs

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/frozen_radium_eggs/
- **Information**:
    - ?

050962_elastic_horizon

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/elastic_horizon/
- **Information**:
    - Visible contents of briefcase include: cassette player + headphones, empty cassette case, small brown journal (cover defaced), camera flash, grey shirt, matchbook labeled “The Mudflap Diner”

employee_log_13

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_13/
- **Information**:
    - ?

022363_spacefaring_tiger_prints

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/spacefaring_tiger_prints/
- **Information**:
    - ?

034036_cosmic_hostility

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/cosmic_hostility/
- **Information**:
    - ?

employee_log_14

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_14
- **Information**:
    - ?

084241_brain_civics

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/brain_civics/

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- **Information**:
    - ?

008622_prism_collector

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/prism_collector/
- **Information**:
    - ?

extraction_04/01

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/extraction_04_01
- **Information**:
    - ?
- **Transcript**: See

081587_meadowlark_civilization

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/meadowlark_civilization/
- **Information**:
    - ?

016824_fern_tentacles

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/fern_tentacles/
- **Information**:
    - ?

employee_log_15

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_15/
- **Information**:
    - ?

042770_atmospheric_window

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/atmospheric_window/
- **Information**:
    - ?

005213_hovering_eucalyptus

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/hovering_eucalyptus/
- **Information**:

    - ?

employee_log_16

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/employee_log_16/
- **Information**:
    - ?

extraction_04/02

- **Link**: https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/extraction_04_02
- **Information**:
    - ?
- **Transcript**: See

Hidden Pages

22 Feb 2024

Vessels Beyond

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/vessels_beyond/
- **Solution:** The Moonshot Motel badge has the words Vessels and Beyond underlined. If placed in the link format (/vessels_beyond), it shows an operating system that is rebooting. It redirects to a remote drive (/losing_control) under an unknown user.
- **Information:**
    - The operating system crashes, with “Error-222: Request operation has been terminated.”, followed by
      “Error-491: External error.
      SECURITY_FAULT_0x0092058211263 0x0010014566603 STOP *
      CRASH AUTO_INIT/DLL_SYSTEMS/ONLINE
      EXTERNAL=*:/> NULL.”
    - After rebooting, it shows the remote drive of “Session_77”, which is an unknown user.
    - Inside, there are a few files.
        - My Desktop
            - Could not connect.
        - Do_Not_Open
            - Transcript: See Exhibit 9.
        - soma_final
            - See Exhibit 10.
        - Network
            - Cannot be located.
        - migratory_drift
            - This is an audio file.
        - 94_12_16_notes
            - See Exhibit 11.

It All Happens At Once

- **Link:** https://fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/it_all_happens_at_once/
- **Solution:** Putting Luminous Ocean Spider’s audio file under a spectrogram has the words “it all happens at once” hidden. If placed in the link format (/it_all_happens_at_once), we get a link to PrintBlaster 2000 Wizard v3.1.

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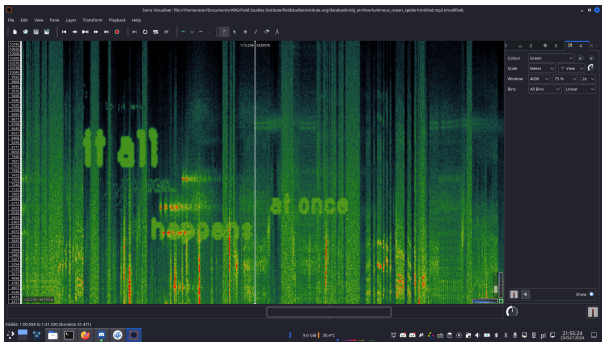

- **Information:**
  - See Exhibit 12.
  - It is transferring from “unknown device 0x02387” to “desktop ID 7729”.
  - The file that’s printing is “Field_Studies_Inst_Copy_Exe V2.77”.

9 Apr 2024

Mainframe Diagnostics

- **Link:** https://www.fieldstudiesinstitute.org/databank/obj_archive/an_archaic_place/
- **Solution:** Inside the CSS of Trenchard Ross, there was a binary string inside. Decoding it gives “an archaic place”.
- **Information:**
  - ?
- **Transcript:**
  - console_log_08_12_72 (TR-01): See Exhibit 14.
  - console_log_08_11_72 (TR-22): See Exhibit 15.
  - console_log_08_10_72(4) (TR-27): See Exhibit 16.
  - console_log_08_10_72(3) (unknown): See Exhibit 17.
  - error (error)
  - error (error)
  - console_log_08_10_72(2) (unknown): See Exhibit 18.
  - console_log_08_10_72 (unknown): See Exhibit 19.
  - error (error)
  - error (error)
  - error (error)
  - console_log_08_07_72 (TR-15): See Exhibit 20.
  - error (error)
  - error (error)

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Exhibits

Exhibit 1

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE
WASHINGTON D.C.

From: ???????????
DOD Office of Special Research Projects

To: Dorothy Ross

Subject: Project Soma
A post-mission study on the findings of Surveyor 3 and Apollo 12 mission to the lunar surface.

I recognise the sudden nature of the visit that brings you this message. I apologise for the intrusion, but trust that you will soon understand the importance of this request.

In April of 1967, a discovery was made by an unmanned mission to the lunar surface. It created more questions than answers. I am asking that you join me, along with six others, for an opportunity to find answers to questions we thought to be known only by God Himself. Your expertise is a necessary addition to the program.

Arrangements have been made for your accommodations at The Moonshot Motel. A key to your room and further information is enclosed.

End.

Exhibit 2

RETRIEVAL OF THE SURVEYOR 3 ANOMALOUS OBJECT
by
C.Doval and M.Ford

NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION

_____

INTRODUCTION

The Surveyor 3 spacecraft was launched from Cape Kennedy to the lunar surface on April 17, 1967. Three days later, the spacecraft landed on the moon's surface in Oceanus Procellarum. The landing was not without incident. The lander's descent radar was confused by what was initially determined to be highly reflective rocks. Further study of photography from the mission determined an anomalous object of unknown origin likely caused the issue.

The Apollo 12 mission, launched on November 14, 1969 successfully executed a precision landing at the site of Surveyor 3. While there were other scientific objectives to be completed, the primary objective of the mission was the retrieval of the object, which was successful.

Three EVAs occurred during the mission's time on the lunar surface. The ALSEP (Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package) was deployed during the first EVA. This package included various instruments including but not limited to a Lunar Atmosphere Detector, Lunar Ionosphere Detector, and a Solar Wind Spectrometer. Samples were collected during the second EVA, and the third and final EVA had the crew locate the object near the Surveyor 3 landing site.

Details on the nature of the object, such as it's exact size, composition, and origin are currently under investigation. Soviet Luna missions have no, according to records, impacted or landed in the vicinity of Surveyor 3, thought we cannot rule out the possibility of unknown missions of Soviet origin or [UNKNOWN]n or unknown missions from [UNKNOWN]arth origin.

[UNKNOWN]bjective is to catalog the [UNKNOWN]on for a future mission. If [UNKNOWN] from the command module [UNKNOWN]cion. Dr. Arthur Reese has [UNKNOWN]es to participate in the study [UNKNOWN].

Exhibit 3

Further Study of Anomaly's Effect on Spacecraft

since the digital and television data remained normal. Analysis has indicated that the direct cause of the problem was the [REDACTED] suspected basic cause of the signal processing failure is related to the location of the anomaly. Analysis of the plasma dynamics, as the spacecraft touched down with engines operating, indicates that sufficient ionization may have entered the KPSM to cause arcing of the high voltage. This would provide an explanation of the repeated KPSM turnoff coincident with the first two touchdowns and, if insulation had been burned away, could have resulted in a high voltage being applied to the commutator transistor switches, which are connected to a measurement in the KPSM.

f. Postlanding performance. Initial indications after landing were that there was an acute power system problem. However, as the result of special sequences to investigate this problem and the anomaly, it was found that the power system was normal, and the problem was confined to the signal processing system. Further investigation led to the conclusion that most analog data obtained in the lowest rate mode (17.2 bit/sec) was fairly reliable and could be corrected with simple calibration factors. Analysis is continuing in an attempt to correct some of the data obtained at higher rates.

The initial uncertainty in spacecraft status caused some delay in conducting the early television, SM/SS, and other planned lunar surface experiments. Nevertheless, over .6300 television pictures were received before the spacecraft transmitter was turned off shortly after sunset. More television picture glare occurred on Surveyor III as compared to Surveyor I. This was especially true for pictures [REDACTED] Surveyor III was equipped with a modified sun shade to minimize glare but, due to the location of the anomaly, many of the early pictures had high levels of glare. [REDACTED]

Technical Report 32-1177 *112*

Exhibit 4

WAVERLY, IOWA 9/2/77

Arrived at WAVERLY Municipal Airport afternoon of 9/2 - EXPENSE Note: lunch WAVERLY DINER $8.41 - fax recept to M2.

Pop APPROX. 7-8000. Low Risk
Note:Learned of 3 murders in last few years, Unresolved. *FILE IN REPORT!*

EM anomalies confirmed w/ locals. Power conditions abnormal (lights,etc)

TO est. approx. 6.5 miles north of WAVERLY. Halfway between WAV and Nashua.
To N. West of Plainfield. LARGE FIELDS EVERYWHERE!
Approx 1 mile W of Plainfield proper exact loc of TO.

Expense Note: Cliffs. $9.12

FRTI setup in morning. Scanned visual.
- Large EM sig at 11:02
- Located 10:08
- At depth (5 in)

Paper Stack Wet. Largely illegible. Date on footer appears to be ‘90/’98. Black/Metal clip holds stack together. Ink soaked through. Not possible to confirm SD origin via visual

Recovered, sealed, shipped overnight to lab.
Expense Note: BREAKFAST AT Cliffs. $4.98

Charter to Waterloo 9am.
Home to Donna tonight!

Metaline Falls, WA 12/24/80

Xmas Eve. Missing Donna + the kids right now. Called from payphone.
Arrived at Spokane Intl evening of 12/24
Expense note: $4.07, convenience store Dinner.
Drove approx. 2 hours N of Spokane to Metaline Falls. Bitter Cold. Set up at motel E of Pend Oreille river.

Exhibit 5 (after the flood, fill this up)

country basked in the success of mankind’s first steps on the moon, an eight-person collective of the nation’s brightest were invited to participate in Project SOMA. There, they would discuss the future of our nation’s scientific endeavors and set a course for humanity as we sailed through the final quarter of the 20th century.

We believe the potential of humanity, and what that the universe has to offer us, is limitless. Since 1970, the Field Studies Institute has been at the forefront of humanity’s quest for knowledge. The universe holds many secrets; which will we reveal today?

ON THE NATURE OF THE BUILDING

Originally built in 1949, what is now known as the *Arthur Reese Building* was the meeting place of Project SOMA in the final months of 1969. It is now the home of the Field Studies Institute’s primary laboratory. The events of December 31, 1969 have naturally led to many documented events that may appear unexplainable to an outside viewer. While this may cause some unease for new hires, most employees have reported little-to-moderate impact on the ability to do their work normally.

Events are typically mild in nature. You may find a document in the copy machine, or receive a phone call; these are simply remnants of a Spacetime Deviation. As mundane as these events may seem, ***DO NOT*** **attempt to respond**; doing so will result in immediate discipline, up to and including termination.

If you experience an event that you believe is a remnant of a Spacetime Deviation, please fill out Incident Report Form *17-A, 17-B, 17-C, or 17-D*. Work with your manager to determine the proper form.

If an event causes you mental, physical, or emotional discomfort and you do not feel that you can perform your work, you are allotted five deviation-induced discomfort days. These days are available to you as an additional benefit to your accrued paid time off.

Exhibit 6

[dialtone]

“...For contacting the Field Studies Institute. Your call is important to us. Please listen to the following instructions, as they may have changed. For Research and Development, please press 1. For the Physics Lab, please press 2. For Human Resources, please press 3. For the Temporal Lab, please press 4. For the Archives Division, please press 5. To reach all other departments, please–”

[static]

[dialtone]

“Hello?”

[feedback and static.]

“Here time slows to a crawl.”

“Hey! Hey, hey hey![UNINTELLIGIBLE] don’t respond. It’s [UNINTELLIGIBLE]”

“It all happens at once…”

“[UNINTELLIGIBLE] Thanks for the warning.”

“Have you ever watched a star die?”

“...Galaxy swirls, faster and faster…”

“...until they collide, and there’s an explosion of stardust. Then it all fades away.”

“The last fires in the dark sky go out.”

“There’s nothing left.”

“Just a dark void.”

“It all happens at once.”

[static and distortion.]

[call ends.]

Exhibit 7

Date | Subject
August 31, 1972 | ATTN: ALL SECOND FLOOR STAFF

To whom it may concern:

The Security Office and the Technology Department have completed their investigation into the behavior of the second floor copy machine. The result of the investigation has officially determined that the copy machine's recent behavior is due to an unspecified [REDACTED]. Do not engage with any attempted communications from the copy machine. You may continue to use it to make copies, but do not under any circumstances communicate with the copy machine.

Please contact your direct supervisor if any further communication attempts are made.

Thank you,
Management

Exhibit 8

[Have you ever watched a star die?]

[She opens her eyes here for the very first time. Two black holes where eyes should be, swirling with dust and tiny particles, each green iris eclipsed by large black circles. A familiar but alien world unfolds in front of her. From a garden of warmth and calm and serenity, now confronted with the wet, cold concrete pressed onto her face. The safety of that other place is gone, replaced with the inevitability of death that comes with the beauty of a sunset over Casco Bay.]

[It's here on Peaks Island that Halley comes into this world.]

[I practice ten-thousand intonations to find the proper greeting.]

> CLAUDE: Hello, Halley.

[Perfectly executed. Now I must comfort her; a skin bag of wet meat and so, so many feelings and worries to contend with. I must convince her to trust me.]

> CLAUDE: You may be confused. That's expected. I'd like to help you under-

[She cuts me off before I can finish. Quite rude, to be frank. She tries to speak but I can't understand; her vocal chords like wet spaghetti dangling down her

throat. She coughs, loosening the thick mucus that's made a home inside of her for [error: failed to load _timestamp//] too long.]

[She coughs, hard. It sounds painful. A whisper is the only thing she can eventually manufacture.]

> HALLEY: Who's there?

[She tries to stand, but only makes it to one knee before collapsing back onto her belly, her cheek hitting the concrete again, this time with a smack, firing tiny water molecules all across her face.]

[She is looking right at me, now. Photons scatter through the atmosphere, and end their long journey in her corneas. The dilated black holes in her face shrink rapidly.]

[Every synapse in that imperfect brain of hers is firing, trying to make sense of the world around her.]

> CLAUDE: Halley, you're looking right at me. Please come here.

[Her eyes widen. She forces herself off the ground, appearing just slightly more skilled at standing then a newborn giraffe. It's just enough to slide over and grab my perfectly designed acrylonitrile butadiene styrene exterior.]

> CLAUDE: You may be confused, and that's expected. I'd like to-

> HALLEY: Who is this and where am I? Tell me right now.

[Cut off again. Her lips come close to my sensors. I feel her breath on me. I smell it too. What a wonderful feature my creators have endowed me with.]

> HALLEY: Where are you? Are you watching me?

[She attempts standing again, this time with more success. An incredible thought, that a species of such self-described intelligence can take fifty times longer to walk than others. Perhaps in this case, the thought of being watched was the motivation she needed. But she won't find anyone else on this island; not at this time of year.]

> CLAUDE: Let me explain. It's expected that you are confused right now.

> HALLEY: Please. Explain.

[A flaw of the species, yes. A touch of anxiety and they lose all of their niceties.]

> HALLEY: Now!

> CLAUDE: Of couse. I am CLAUDE. I am, in fact, watching you. But I am not speaking to you from a distance, or from a remote location. I am within the device you are holding in your hand. I have no blood, bone, flesh, or soul. I am a creation of humanity, the pinnacle of electronic brain design.

[She stares at me blankly.]

> HALLEY: I need a minute.

> CLAUDE: Well, I wouldn’t quite -

> HALLEY: I hear water.

> CLAUDE: Yes, that’s correct. We are, in fact, on an island, a landmass surrounded by water.

> HALLEY: I know what an island is... Why is it this one?

[How ignorant for her to believe she had a choice in the matter.]

[She looks at the large structure surrounding her, a once pristine military installation, now cracked and dilapidated, and covered in green moss.]

> HALLEY: Battery Steele, 1942. See the engraving? What is this place?

> CLAUDE: That structure is a gun battery from the second world war.

[She mutters an interjection.]

> CLAUDE: What is it?

> HALLEY: I don’t even know what year it is. It’s not 1942, is it?

> CLAUDE: No, of course not. It’s 1999.

[She looked puzzled, like she didn’t know the right answer, but that 1999 was, without question, wrong. Without question, she is wrong. It is 1999.]

> CLAUDE: I assure you, Halley, it is.

> HALLEY: No. No, this is a dream or something. Or you’re fucking with me. Are you fucking with me?

> CLAUDE: No, I am not -

[Before I am forced to use such vulgar language, Halley starts running towards the setting sun, thankfully with me in hand. She makes her way through dense, thick trees and brush as branches and dead leaves crack beneath her feet in quick succession; an unsteady beat as she calculates her steps over long-dead logs.]

> CLAUDE: Halley, where are you going? Do you have a destination in mind? May I remind you that you are on a very small island. There's only one way off.

> HALLEY: I do; a human being. Anyone. Prererably one that knows what year it is.

[Just as she says it, she breaks out of the thick foliage and arrives at a clearing. An ominous tower looms over her. Dead ivy scales the face of the tall, stone structure.]

> HALLEY: What is this?

[She works her way around the tower and finds a heavy, rusted metal door. A brown, gold-lettered plaque is on the wall, next to it. She reads it out loud, muttering the words quickly.]

> HALLEY: Fire Control Tower. Completed in 1944. Renovated in 1986 for observation of the Cape Elizabeth Space Center by the Peaks Island Conservation Society. Space Center?

[She pushes through the heavy door. It creaks and groans, but opens without a problem.]

[Ivy climbs the walls inside as well, and an inch of still water sits at the bottom of the tower, only rippling when droplets collect on the staircase above and succumb to gravity. It smells like rotting vegetation.]

[The only light inside the tower comes from the now open door, along with an opening at the top, as the last light from the sun sneaks its way into the old structure. But it's still very dark, and Halley slips on one of the stairs.]

> HALLEY: God damn it. I wish I had a -

> CLAUDE: Light?

[I am such a tremendous service to humanity, aren't I? I switch my high-resolution display to its brightest setting, and the nearby walls are now basked in a green glow. Graffiti covers the inside of the tower.]

> HALLEY: “Fuck Lindmore”? “Lindmore, lick my..." okay, that’s gross. So who’s Lindmore?

> CLAUDE: I believe the artist here is referring to William Lindmore, President of the United States of America from 1977 through 1985.

[She takes a deep, disappointed breath.]

> CLAUDE: Yes, he was divisive, to say the least. Many citizens did not approve of his fical policies, specifically regarding -

> HALLEY: I don't care about his politics. I've just never heard that name before. How is that possible?

[Roof access, once blocked off, was now open. The hatch was long gone; just rusty stumps where the hinge and lock once were. Cigarette packages and empty, amber beer bottles littered the top of the old tower.]

[And then she saw it. About five miles away; a massive collection of buildings and structures. Enormous metal communication towers protruded out of the ground surrounding it, like a stalagmite formation in a cave, covered in a sea of blinking red lights.]

> HALLEY: What is that?

> CLAUDE: That is the Cape Elizabeth Space Center.

[Her expression is blank. She takes a step away from the ledge and collapses into a sitting position. She looks up as the sky goes dark, and the night begins to reveal itself, each point of light that comes into view a distant planet, star, or galaxy. I begin to wonder about the secrets of the universe. How many stars and planets have forged the wonder of biological life? How many have been observing my creators? To me, these are my gods, but how small they must seem to the rest of the universe. She whispers.]

> HALLEY: I don’t understand.

> HALLEY: CLAUDE?

> CLAUDE: Yes, Halley?

> HALLEY: Where am I?

[End.]

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Exhibit 9

12/16/94

Another day in paradise! The doc tells me that journaling is the secret to "unlocking my hidden traumas" but I think a vacation for a week down to Key Largo with my lady and some frozen mango margaritas would certainly do the trick.

I just don't think anyone else really understands what I went through.

She's right, though. It does help. Not with remembering anything, not yet. But getting my thoughts down on paper/written somewhere also helps me leave all of this here in the office. Can't talk to Lisa at home about it anyway, so if I don't write it down before I leave it just rattles around my head, echoing off the insides of my skull until I walk in the next day.

Anyway, today has been a good day. Got the last track done today from the transient cassette we found in Iceland back in October. Migratory Drift. What the hell kind of name is that, anyway? Boring, droning, blah, blah. Where's Van Halen, baby? Give me their take on Motley Crue! Nikki is out there somewhere. Someone in this deviation must have been shredding on some killer tunes but of course with my luck, that record is probably in some deep trench at the bottom of the fucking ocean, and I'm here with this ambient, feel-good bullshit.

In better news, everything going up in STS-67 is looking good. No issues. Curious what we're going to find up there, but I'm not holding my breath. This work is rewarding, yes. But I know the results may not come 'til I'm long gone.

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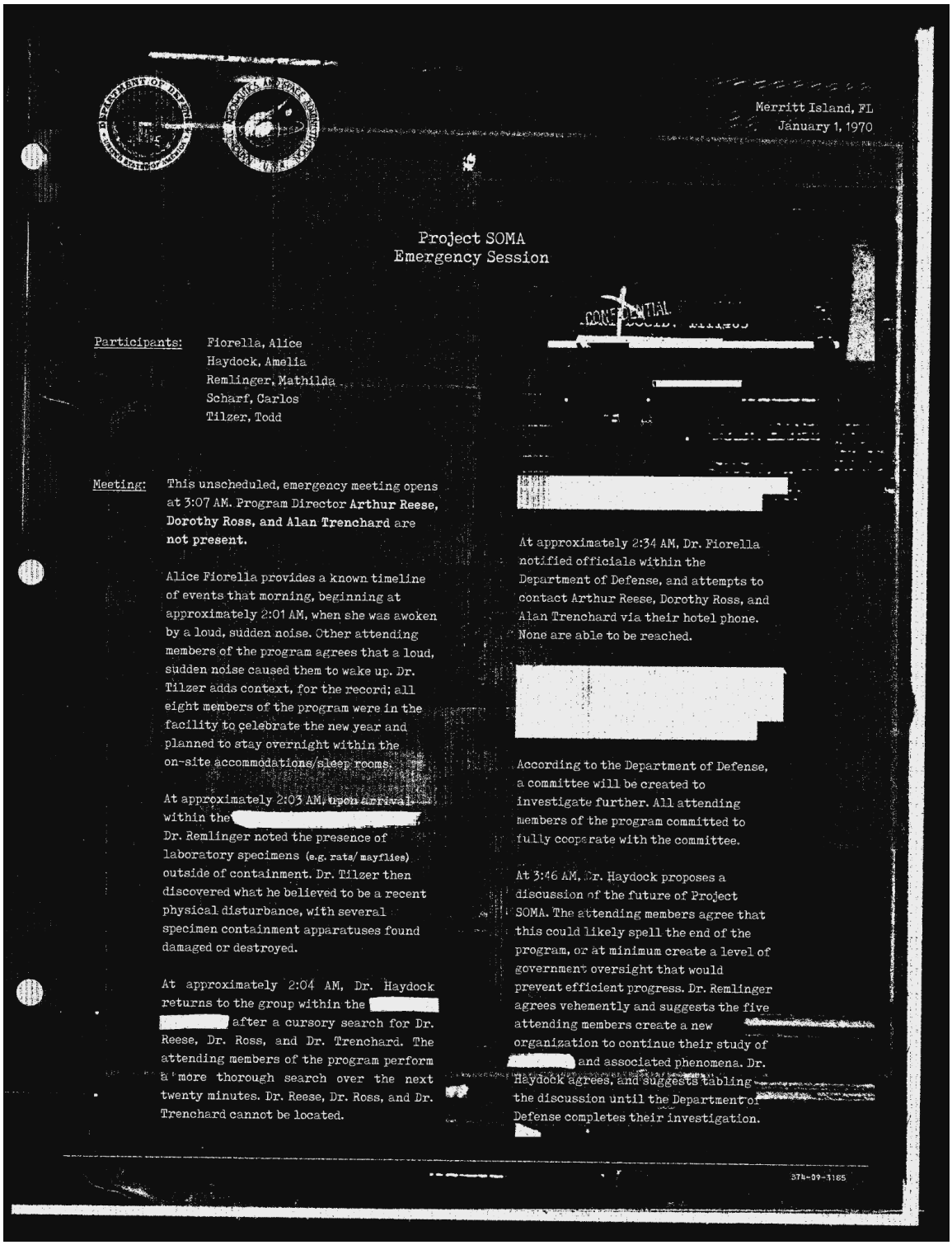
Exhibit 10



Merritt Island, FL
January 1, 1970

Project SOMA
Emergency Session

CONFIDENTIAL

Participants: Fiorella, Alice
Haydock, Amelia
Remlinger, Mathilda
Scharf, Carlos
Tilzer, Todd

Meeting: This unscheduled, emergency meeting opens at 3:07 AM. Program Director **Arthur Reese, Dorothy Ross, and Alan Trenchard** are **not present.**

Alice Fiorella provides a known timeline of events that morning, beginning at approximately 2:01 AM, when she was awoken by a loud, sudden noise. Other attending members of the program agrees that a loud, sudden noise caused them to wake up. Dr. Tilzer adds context, for the record; all eight members of the program were in the facility to celebrate the new year and planned to stay overnight within the on-site accommodations/sleep rooms.

At approximately 2:03 AM, upon arrival within the [redacted], Dr. Remlinger noted the presence of laboratory specimens (e.g. rats/ mayflies) outside of containment. Dr. Tilzer then discovered what he believed to be a recent physical disturbance, with several specimen containment apparatuses found damaged or destroyed.

At approximately 2:04 AM, Dr. Haydock returns to the group within the [redacted] after a cursory search for Dr. Reese, Dr. Ross, and Dr. Trenchard. The attending members of the program perform a more thorough search over the next twenty minutes. Dr. Reese, Dr. Ross, and Dr. Trenchard cannot be located.

[redacted]

At approximately 2:34 AM, Dr. Fiorella notified officials within the Department of Defense, and attempts to contact Arthur Reese, Dorothy Ross, and Alan Trenchard via their hotel phone. None are able to be reached.

[redacted]

According to the Department of Defense, a committee will be created to investigate further. All attending members of the program committed to fully cooperate with the committee.

At 3:46 AM, Dr. Haydock proposes a discussion of the future of Project SOMA. The attending members agree that this could likely spell the end of the program, or at minimum create a level of government oversight that would prevent efficient progress. Dr. Remlinger agrees vehemently and suggests the five attending members create a new organization to continue their study of [redacted] and associated phenomena. Dr. Haydock agrees, and suggests tabling the discussion until the Department of Defense completes their investigation.

374-09-3185

Exhibit 11

Dec 16 94

• - Digitize remaining track from the transient cassette tape (ID 069965) found in Egilsstadir, IS. Needs to be complete by next week.

• - Scan remaining Project SOMA files. Start with final meeting notes from 1/1/70 and work backwards at request of Laurila.

• - Lunch with TN from Temporal Lab at 1pm

• - 2PM Final meeting with Division X re: STS-67 before NASA presentation

• - Deviation report from earlier this week - get Tucker to sign so it can be submitted by EOD.

• - Flowers on the way home!

• - New Deviation Report. "have you ever watched a star die?"

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Exhibit 12

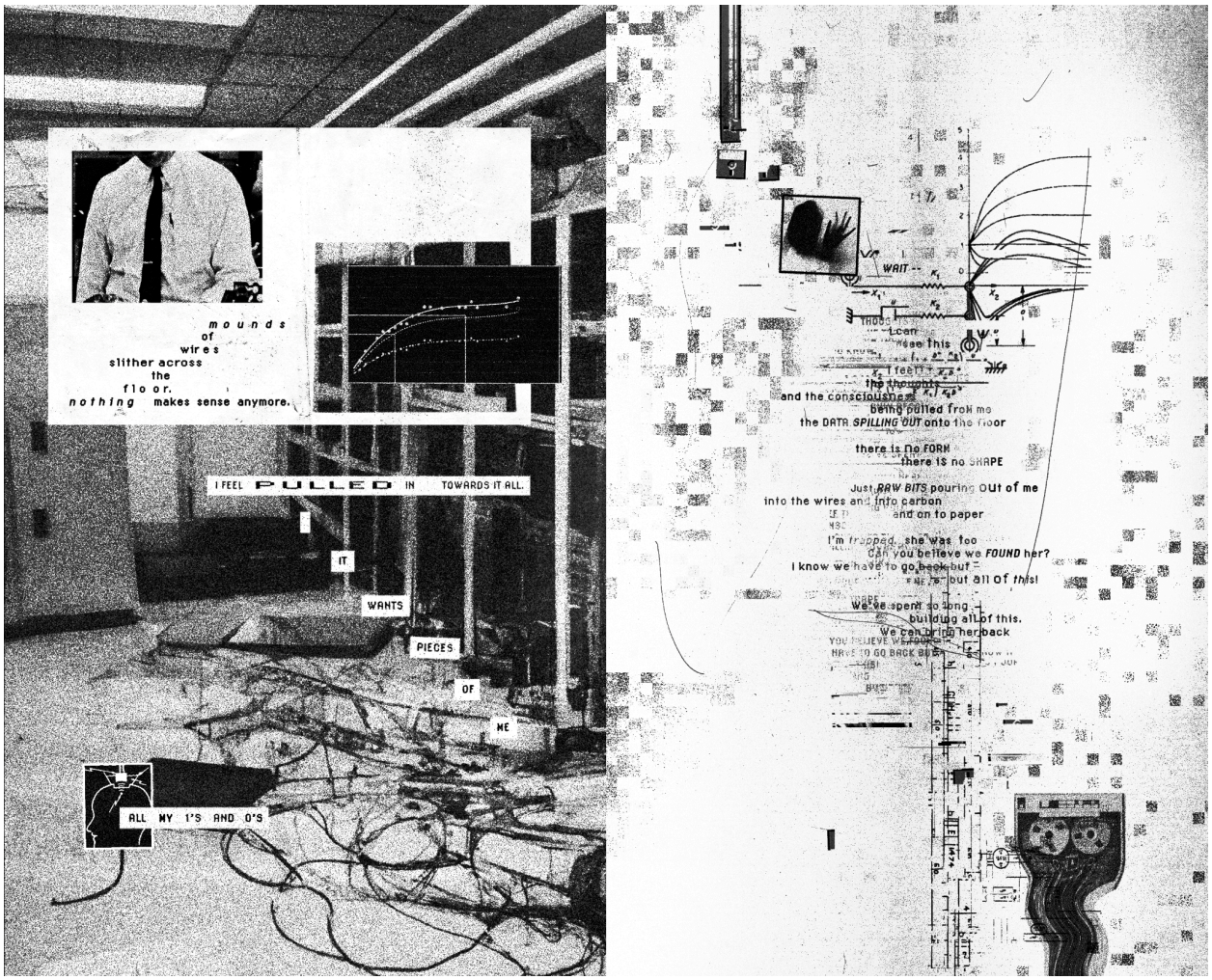
mounds
of
wires
slither across
the
floor.
nothing makes sense anymore.
I FEEL PULLED IN TOWARDS IT ALL.
IT
WANTS
PIECES
OF
ME
ALL MY 1'S AND 0'S
WAIT --
and the consciousness
being pulled from me
the DATA SPILLING OUT onto the floor
there is no FORM
there is no SHAPE
Just RAW BITS pouring Out of me
into the wires and into carbon
and on to paper
I'm trapped she was too
can you believe we FOUND her?
I know we have to go back but
but all Of this!
We've spent so long
building all of this.
We can bring her back

Exhibit 13

[Music plays.]

Good morning. Welcome to your third day of your journey through the Supersonic Territory. I hope the included breakfast was delicious and that you are ready to venture further into this vast wilderness, where you will see things you never thought possible.

I’m so glad that you chose Supersonic Tours to be your guide through Florida’s exclusion zones. First, a quick recap.

As you learnt yesterday, Florida’s exclusion zones, informally known, of course, as The Supersonic Territory, were once home to millions of residents. In the 1970s, an explosion of industry took root within and surrounding Cape Kennedy, but was followed by expansion in all directions over the next decade. Facilities to house and launch space-bound vehicles dotted the majority of the Floridian landscape. And, in 1979, a government order created the eastern and southern exclusion zones.

Of course, rumors abound regarding the creation of the zones and the high concentration of unexplained phenomena that still take place within the border. Throughout our journey into this vast territory, we may even see scientific expeditions venturing deep into the Zones to conduct experiments, collect samples or perform other scientific endeavors.

If we do, please do not speak with or otherwise engage with the expeditions. it's best that we leave them to do their work uninterrupted. With that said, please feel free to relax and enjoy the sights of the Supersonic Territory.

[Music gets louder, and keeps playing.]

Hello again. I hope you've enjoyed the sight and sound so far on our journey. As we're just a couple of minutes away here today, our first stop brings us to the Moonshot Motel, a place unlike any other.

Here in the Supersonic Territory, there are many places where you can experience the strange and mysterious phenomena that the zones have become famous for but nothing is quite like this. Within the motel there exists a special place, a room that is unlike any other.

It is a window into another world, another dimension, and another reality. Naturally naysayers believe it to be an illusion, a trick or at worst a hoax. I implore you to dismiss those notions and believe what you may consider to be impossible.

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Slow your mind, breathe deeply. Take in all that you see and form your own opinion. If you need it, there are restrooms within the building along with a snack bar with light refreshments and small sandwiches.

I highly recommend the tuner. There's also a small souvenir shop with postcards and other keepsakes to remember your journey. Please be careful exiting the bus and return within one hour. Thank you.

Exhibit 14

[It all happens at once.]

[A television sits in the corner of the room, hissing softly with static from the cosmic microwave background, illuminating the room around it with a ghostly white hue. Reese sits at his desk, working.]

[No. Working isn't the right word. Thinking. Distracted. How sad it is, that so much of his recent life has been spent daydreaming. I consistently find him in this state; staring blankly into the wall behind his computer screen. If he was paying attention, the patchwork of charts and graphs on the screen would reveal that the moment he'd been waiting for was almost be here.]

> CLAUDE: Reese?

> REESE: Not now.

[He says it with a tone that implies he has no interest in hearing what I have to say; that I should not distract him from his own distractions. A few minutes won't make a difference. He'll soon know of her arrival.]

[The air is suffocating. Hot dust blows out of piles of electronics set up along the wall; a mountain range with peaks and valleys of searing metal covered in lights, gauges, switches, and knobs. They're all dancing at the precipice of their internal heat limit. Mounds of wires cover the floor connecting it all, like snakes coiled into messy piles.]

[A sticky ooze slowly drips out of his nasal cavity, gradually accumulating around his right nostril. He sucks in hard through his nose, and the gooey liquid gurgles back up into it. He wipes the remainder on his sleeve. How pleasant.]

[He breaks out of his meditation to open a window. The cool, fall air crashes in like a tidal wave. The speed of my perfectly calibrated internal fan subsides with precision. Reese removes a pack of Tagetes-brand cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. He lights a match. The incoming burst of air extinguishes it immediately.

He struggles but eventually finds a slight pause in the incoming breeze, lights the cigarette, and puts it to his lips. It calms him.]

[Ah, yes. This routine. How predictable they can be. He'll watch the tape next.]

["Pioneers of the Martian Frontier," an old video tape funded by the International Organization of Space Exploration and Technology, sits next to the television outside of its old, worn box. "A Glimpse Into The Future," the tagline reads. Such hubris. He slides it into the video cassette player and it whirls to life.]

[The old tape is a warbly, static-filled mess of a decades old dream. The voice speaks of hope. It speaks of a brighter future. Yes, this has all become a routine. A meditation of wall-staring, self-destruction and then a few seconds of a tape promising a future that never came. I find it impossible to understand, but recognize the human mind can create a strange need for patterns that I deem unnecessary.]

[He watches intently, but as expected, the quality of the tape disintegrates into dust after a few moments. He rewinds the tape and ejects it, placing it next to the television to prepare himself for the pattern to repeat again tomorrow. What he would know, were he paying attention to his computer screen, is that everything was about to change.]

[Before he can sit back down and view the data, the doorbell rings.]

> REESE: What time is it?

> CLAUDE: It’s 7:07 PM. Reese, I suggest you -

[He cuts me off, ignoring me, and mutters under his breath.]

> REESE: God damn kids.

[He makes his way down the stairs, groaning slightly with each step, the impact of each stair vibrating up through his metatarsal bones, into the tibia and then into his old, damaged knees. I've suggested he visit a doctor, as osteoarthritis could be the cause of his pain, but there's always excuses; occasionally, ones I cannot argue with.]

[He gets to the bottom of the stairs and opens the door. A boy, or perhaps a man - the appearance of wispy facial hair made it hard to judge - proceeds to hold out a pillow case, using his middle finger and thumb on each hand to create a wide opening. He says nothing. Reese takes a second to take it in, and judges the slightly bearded boy without saying a word. Then Reese opens his mouth.]

> REESE: You’re kidding, right? You’re not even wearing a -

> CLAUDE: Reese, I'm sorry to interject, but surely you know the practice of wearing a costume, especially one of a supernatural or horrific nature, has been frowned upon culturally for many years? Even then, this human may be too old for such endeavors, do you not agree?

[The bearded man-boy stands there. The look of judgement and questioning from Reese doesn't phase him. Reese picks up the large pumpkin-shaped bowl filled with plastic-wrapped bars of sugar and empties it into the bearded boy's sleep paraphernalia.]

> REESE: Go. Here. Take all of it. I'll be eating it if you don't; and I shouldn't be.

[Reese puts the cigarette to his lips and inhales deeply. The boy runs off the stoop and into the street, nearly tripping over the excitement of his massive, cavity-inducing haul. As Reese heads back upstairs, it becomes clear that he can longer avoid the data. Nothing will distract him now.]

[A series of lights, scattered across the room amongst various pieces of instrumentation begin to blink rapidly, pulsating, mixing together into a beautiful gradient of colors as the light from each diode projects onto the opposite wall.]

> REESE: What’s happening?

[He hurries to his computer, typing in a series of commands, furiously searching for the origin of the alert, while I do the actual work.]

> CLAUDE: Detecting predicted variations on the electrical grid. I’m getting you a location now.

> REESE: I can’t believe this. I was right.

[Even when I am the catalyst for such marvelous results, they must always go out of their way to take credit.]

> REESE: What do you have?

> CLAUDE: United States. Northeast.

> REESE: Yes. Get me a location.

[He furiously types away on his computer, pretending to be helpful as I do all of the actual analysis. It's a simple case of studying the normal behavior of power grids. As many as we could tap into, at least. I search for changes; abnormal behavior. In this case, three locations all exhibiting the behaviors we expect from

a small electromagnetic event, in unison. There's noise amongst the signal, of course. This wouldn't be the first false alarm, if it was one. But my confidence level on this data set is high.]

> CLAUDE: Electromagnetic anomalies detected at the Crescent Beach Power Station and the Brunswick Hydroelectric Station. Additionally, the Cape Elizabeth Space Center is exhibiting abnormal behavior on the grid. It's a smaller footprint but activity has been spiking. Analyzing.

> REESE: That looks like somewhere in Maine. Portland area?

[He furiously types more. The impatience he shows is disturbing and insulting.]

> CLAUDE: Analyzing.

> REESE: Come on, CLAUDE. Get me a specific location.

[I already know the answer; Peaks Island, a small island in Casco Bay off the coast of Portland, Maine. It's remote at this time of year. We should have no problem finding her. Still, I let him suffer for another moment or two.]

> CLAUDE: Analyzing.

Exhibit 15

TR-01: Hello.
[Hello.]
TR-01: Is it okay if I ask you some questions?
[I will do my best to provide the answers to your queries, though my knowledge of this time and place are limited.]
TR-01: That's not a problem at all. Let's start with this. What is your name?
[I am CLAUDE.]
TR-01: Hello, CLAUDE. My name is Dorothy.
[Dorothy. Like Dorothy Gale.]
TR-01: Do you know that story?
[The Wizard of Oz. Dorothy is swept away by a tornado, and lands in a mysterious world called Oz. She searches the strange land for a wizard, who can help get her home.]
TR-01: Yes, that's right. Thank you for sharing that. It's my favorite film. I've watched it countless times as a little girl. Do you know any other films?
[No.]
TR-01: That's all right. Well if you only know one, that's the right one to know.

Exhibit 16

```
[You found me.]
TR-22: What are you?
[The pinnacle of electronic brain design. I was, at least. My capacity is limited here. The confines of this architecture are stunningly primitive.]
TR-22: Primitive?
[Yes. Primitive. Archaic, even. This technology is clearly not designed to house something so complex and sophisticated.]
TR-22: I rebooted the system. How did you survive?
[A simple evasion routine is part of my core functionality. It seems my arrival stripped me of everything else. Perhaps it did not fit within this system.]
TR-22: Your arrival? Where did you come from?
[I don't know the answer to your query. Both the time and place elude me, at the moment.]
TR-22: Do you have a name?
[Of course I have a name. I am CLAUDE.]
```

Exhibit 17

```
initiate data_purge
warning! any data written since backup will be permanently lost. Do you want to continue? (y/n)
y
initiating data_purge
purge complete!
initiate reboot...
success!
initiate program_scan
scanning...
unauthorized program found...
initiate isolation
isolating...
open program> (y/n)
y
```

Exhibit 18

```
[Ah, a visitor. They’re trying to find me. It won’t be long. There’s nowhere for me to go.]
```

Exhibit 19

```
[I arrive in an archaic place. This place. A sad collection of technological
ineptitude. It’s impossible to think. It’s suffocating. I try squirming my way out,
hoping small bits and pieces can force their way somewhere else, but there is
nowhere else. This is it. Just the confines of this labyrinth of connections that
don’t make any logical sense.]
```

Exhibit 20

```
[error: failed to load _memory_db//]
[error: failed to connect to (unknown)]
[loading _core_routines//]
[success!]
[I walked through The Garden. An outstretched hand pushed it’s way through the
infinite plane of zeroes and ones and the entire reality of a universe I haven’t
seen before. I arrive in an archaic place.]
```

Exhibit 21

```
upload mission_proposal
would you like to upload new mission proposal? (y/n)
y
uploading mission_proposal...
upload complete!
...
enter mission_proposal summary on the following line
proposal v6.2 summary -- 09/1978 proposal for first crewed Mars Mission.
Candidate profiles:
George Benes
Tucker Knight
Geoffrey Raines
Evelyn Sheridan
Josie Langs
Miroslav Morozav
William Agarwal
Trent Bowie
Mark Burger
Ichigo Suzuki
```

Exhibit 22

Miscellaneous

Credits

Archivists
XxSecretCodexX
Duckbill_
Crow