



WEYLAND-YUTANI DOCUMENT

SECURITY CLEARANCE:
[LEVEL 4 - CLASSIFIED]

SPECIAL SERVICES DIVISION

LOADING...

LOADING...

Identification Scanned...

Welcome, [Director Tawi].

DATALOG - [#OPR-SP-9793-1] "Stolen Parable" Selected.

LOADING...

PRINTING...

Operation "Stolen Parable"

DATE: [08/03/2178]

INDEX: [#OPR-SP-9793-1]

OPERATION LOCATION: [LV-9793]

SC: [LEVEL 4 - CLASSIFIED]

OPERATIONAL OUTCOME: [FAILURE]

--- Operational Summary ---

PMC Team [REDACTED] was dispatched to LV-9793 at the request of the Research Director, [REDACTED]. The mission was authorized by the PMC Dispatch Supervisor, [REDACTED]. Regarding the transport of [REDACTED] to the primary sector research station for further study. During transportation, the PMC team was terminated by unknown humanoids. PMC Support Synth "Raven" triggered protocol [DEADMAN] after sustaining severe damage and subsequent shutdown. Data transfer was terminated after [3:37 minutes].

--- PERSONNEL LOG ---

PMC Team ██████████

PMC Team Leader	- Callum, ██████████	- DECEASED
PMC Support Synth	- Raven	- REACTIVATED
PMC Corporate Medic	- Ayesha, ██████████	- DECEASED
PMC Support Weapons Spec.	- Takeshi, ██████████	- DECEASED
PMC Operator	- Liam, ██████████	- DECEASED
PMC Operator	- Noah, ██████████	- DECEASED

--- START OF DATA TRANSFER ---

"Good morning, Team Leader Callum. The Research Director wishes to speak with you regarding the transportation of the package." The positive, cheery, yet professional tone of the synth was apparent. The camera feed then focused upon Team Leader Callum and its optical sensors eagerly monitored the attached vital signs of the Team Leader. Their hands were clearly occupied with quite the stack of paperwork regarding security protocols and forms to be filled out - Their synthetic digits idly glided over them. "Dispatch is also requesting a situation report once the package has been loaded."

"Is that so? I'll make time for it then. What are the statuses of the rest of the team and the package? Have we finally finished securing it?" The tired and quite somber tone of the Leader was boosted by the audio sensors ever so slightly. Their right hand quickly moved to their side, opening a pouch and inspecting the team's suit sensors alongside a tracking device that marked the location of the package to the team.

"It seems the transportation of the package from the lower levels towards the APC is going well. All security protocols are underway. All internal systems seem to be nominal, and the integrity of the package remains to be in good condition after

the transfer. Emergency protocols and backup systems show green." Their facial motors actuated, as to mimic smiling back at the Team Leader as she gave her report. Their hand returned onto the stack of papers, continuing the idle motor movements.

"Right. Let's go finish up the procedure with the Director and see what they wish to say. Has dispatch informed us of what exactly we are transporting then?" They gave a firm quick nod and another smile towards Callum. As she followed and as she stuffed the papers into a sealed document case before responding, trying to mimic how a hurried human would react.

"I have not, Callum. Shall I pager the Director and the rest of the team on our soon-to-be arrival?" The lower motors have to actuate quickly due to the difference of height between the two. Her systems were already readying a burst of information and awaiting for authorization as the two returned to the Team.

"Yes, please. Do so."

Raven quickly sent out both a packet of information to the Company Servers regarding their leave and readied her headset to undergo multi-frequency broadcast. Her response was artificially delayed by a few seconds to mimic biological processing.

[CLICK]

"This is Synthetic Support Unit Raven. Broadcasting to PMC Team and Director [REDACTED] private channels. Team [REDACTED], come in."

"This is Takeshi. Reporting that there seems to be a hold-up with the external door locks. Local Security personnel seem to be in a hurry. The rest of the team is with me alongside the Director."

"No- No... I'll be fine. Just get that damn door open, so we can get off this rock. I'd rather not stay here and find out who's sabotaging us. Quickly now."

"I shall get going then." Its motors hastened, without the need for the artificial restraint to mimic a human. Swiftly navigating the halls - Moving with a purpose. They would finally make it to the external blast doors.

"Greetings, I am Raven. Part of the PMC Team sent here. What seems to be the issue?" Their visual actuators quickly straightened out. Focusing and scanning the surroundings. Noting the 'chemical' damage onto the opening mechanisms of the blast door. Before focusing on the nearby team of Security personnel and technicians. Adjusting her uniform back to a presentable state after her sprint.

"I've never seen anything like it before. It's like it was melted with acid... That's hyperplasteel though."

Quickly moving to work. Scanners and different databases used to identify what exactly could have melted through such a tough material. Her body turned as soon as she heard the airlock open.

"Right... What seems to be the issue... All these delays." Their motions and tone seemingly convey annoyance and anger. Identified, non-threat. Vital signs, heightened.

"Jeez- What could have done that? Looks like it melted straight through." Identified, non-threat.

Her motors and systems began to 'relax' as soon as the two were identified. Quickly responding.

"Preliminary scans do not match with any existing chemicals in the known Weyland-Yutani database. Residue indicates a new, unknown compound. Repairs may take over five hours, due to the extensive damage."

"F-Five... We can't be here that long! We've already loaded the cargo on---"

The conversation was rapidly cut short by the unmistakable sound of pulse rifle fire. The Unit Raven quickly moved their hand and assessed their tracker and sensors. Noah - [CRITICAL CONDITION]. The radio quickly filled with the sudden harking of orders from the Team Leader.

"Fuck! Noah's down- [Erratic bursts of bullets] Raven! Takeshi! Liam! Get the fuck back here. We've got hostiles, some sort of cloak-ers- They dragged Noah down... Cargo has been compromised. Engage emergency protocol- Watch your damn spacing!"

Raven quickly started back-logging and encrypting all previous data. Ensuring all secure containers and pouches on their body were ID locked. Their eyes and motors moved with haste watching over the vital signs of the team.

Noah - [DECEASED]	Takeshi - [VITALS HEIGHTENED]
Callum - [INJURED]	Liam - [VITALS HEIGHTENED]
Ayesha - [INJURED]	

As the team quickly arrived towards the shuttle. Four unidentified, 7" tall humanoids were quickly noted. Engaging in various forms of ranged and melee combat with members of the PMC and Security Team. One was noted to be seemingly 'breaching' into the cargo with some sort of blue chemical - [DATA EXPUNGED] was seen breaking and melting [DATA EXPUNGED]

Ayesha - [DECEASED]

Liam - [VITALS HEIGHTENED]

Processing. Direct order confirmed. Raven quickly was overwritten by her programming, moving to prioritize mission data over the personnel. Disabled self-preservation.

"Understood."

The synth quickly weaved her way through the chaos of the hangar towards the shuttle. Visual confirmed on the acid destroying-[VISUAL DATA EXPUNGED].

Scanning... Humanoid, muscular and skeletal structure heightened. Armor plating - UNKNOWN. Hostile. Preservation of data prioritized. Their hands quickly tried to disarm and fight the humanoid. Reinforced baton being deployed and broken. A sudden bright blue light appeared.

[WARNING. WARNING. CHASSIS DAMAGE CRITICAL.]

[DEADMAN PROTOCOL ENGAGED.]

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[WARNING. DATA TRANSFER HALTED - 3:37 Minutes.]

[UNIT DEACTIVATED] [RECORDING DATA CORRUPTED]