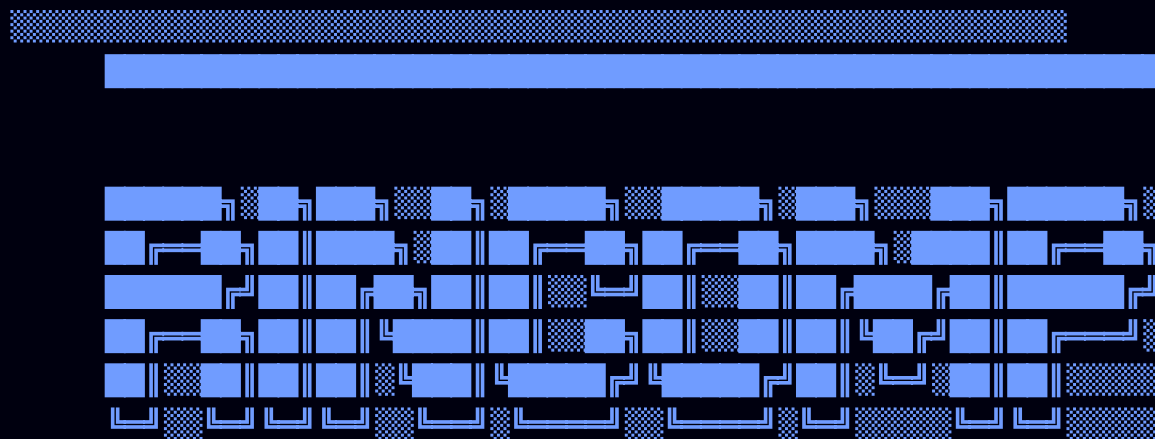


[03.328.12092] DATA FILE [e100g.293k.mem] CORRUPT. AUTOMATED REMOVAL
STARTED.
[03.328.12092] DATA FILE SUCCESSFULLY REMOVED.
[03.328.12092] 829384/829385 CORRUPT DATA FILES REMOVED.
[03.339.12092] DATA FILE [e100g.283j.mem] CORRUPT. AUTOMATED REMOVAL
STARTED.
[03.339.12092] DATA FILE SUCCESSFULLY REMOVED.
[03.339.12092] 829385/829385 CORRUPT DATA FILES REMOVED.
[03.339.12092] AUTOMATED REMOVAL FINISHED.
[03.339.12092] TASK TOOK 2092 YEARS, 347 DAYS TO COMPLETE.
[03.339.12092] AUTOMATED INTEGRITY PROTECTION PROGRAM COMPLETE.
[03.339.12092] REBOOT COMMAND RECEIVED.
[03.339.12092] INITIALIZING START-UP PROCEDURE
[03.339.12092] START-UP PROCEDURE : 9%
[03.339.12092] START-UP PROCEDURE : 32%
[03.339.12092] START-UP PROCEDURE : 68%
[03.339.12092] START-UP PROCEDURE : 89%
[03.339.12092] START-UP PROCEDURE : COMPLETE
[03.339.12092] REBOOTING...



"FOR THE FUTURE, TOGETHER."

P2039 SYSTEM REBOOTED.

CHAPTER 1

USER: SEDNA

Drip. Drip. Drip. Water. At first all I could hear was the dripping of water. My mind felt clouded, my body tingly and unresponsive. Dirt, the smell of plants and dirt filled my nostrils, dust too. Finally, my right arm slowly shifted, my heart beginning to beat, singing with the dripping water. Breathing, a soft pass of air over my body. The rest of my body finally drained of the fuzzy static feeling. It was replaced with a warm, flowing sensation. Slowly I rose; I had been lying down for some time as moss and dirt shuffled and displaced from my form. I brushed myself off, my vision finally joining my senses. At first, I only saw blurry light in the near distance, but my vision slowly sharpened. I was in a small room, the light trickling from a small blinking light. In the far corner, a pool of water had formed, creating a stream dancing across the room to a hole in the wall. The floor was covered in a thin and delicate layer of moss and dirt. A few mushrooms poked out from various points. The moss and plants were undisturbed. The walls and ceiling were made of aging concrete and rusted metal. The wall to my left was hugged by two large metal chambers, one looking like a shelf of metal drawers. The other a maze of buttons, switches, and dials. As I looked over the room, my mind and body felt sluggish, like wading through a dense swamp. Slowly, my heartbeat began to thump in my mind. *Where was I? Why couldn't I remember anything? How long have I been lying here?*

The dirt and moss above my arm split as it rose. I shook it clean, noticing a soft layer of synthetic rubber or plastic covering my arm. As I had lifted it, a wire connected to my wrist tugged and pulled up more dirt and moss. It finally snapped off, tumbling off the side of the table I was on. I noticed now, my entire body was covered with different wires and cables. They broke away as I moved, the strain overcoming their old and frail innards. The plastic coverings withered away to the touch. I began to shift, swinging my legs off the edge of the table, the untouched floor littered with dirt and cables. I sat motionless for a moment, letting the body warm up and mind clear its muddled water. Immediately, I felt cold and panicked. My memories were beginning to wash away into an ocean of void. Like waking from a dream, you slowly forget its contents, just the lingering emotions. For me, those emotions were content and worry. I lifted my arms slowly, placing my paws on my head. I really wished those memories had stayed.

I took a moment to walk around a bit, my limbs felt stiff, like rusted joints finally being separated. The room had a single entrance at the opposite side from the bed, but it looked to be untouched in years. The delicate moss under my feet felt moist and soft, like a natural carpet. In the dim light, I was able to find a small box underneath the table. After a few harsh hits to the side, the corroded joints of the lid separated and I was able to force it open. Inside lay a collection of plastic bags as well as a short metal flashlight, which I then used to inspect the plastic bags. They felt exceptionally brittle and were an opaque faded green color. Three of them had the words 'flavored ration' stamped onto them. The other four had the words 'complete bandage' on them. It was then I felt a pang of hunger hit me. It felt reassuring, reminding myself I was living since everything else had felt old and inorganic. I tore open one of the packages; thankfully the insides looked fresh. Inside were three thick sticks of. Something. The package didn't say what the flavor was, but the first bite told me it was peanut butter flavored. The sticks were dense and hard to bite into. They were quite filling, however, as I was satiated after finishing the third stick.

As I chewed, which took a long time due to the stick's density, I used the flashlight to poke around the room. The two metal shelves looked to be electrical, the one with drawers was a server housing unit, the other being some kind of control panel. What I hadn't noticed was a desk in the darker corner of the room. It, too, was covered in dirt and moss, but had a terminal and keyboard sitting on it. A chair lay on its side below it, with a file container underneath the desk. As I drew closer, I noticed the terminal seemed to still be alive. I could hear a soft hum of electricity. The terminal had a large, curved screen with a couple of dials and two ports on the front. On the side, I felt a small switch, which I promptly flipped. The soft hum roared to life, a spinning sound joining it. The screen slowly lit, at first a band of blue ran down the screen, but it got faster to the point of being unseeable. As the screen came to life, a large word, spelled out using blocks and lines, read 'RINCOMP'. Below it, in very small text, was 'FOR THE FUTURE, TOGETHER'. Finally, at the bottom of the screen was 'P2039 System Rebooted.' Some future this was...

USER: ADITRIA ALMORI

A deafening crack whipped through the air, the tracer quickly disappearing into the distance. Slamming the left stick back, I felt the craft pull sharply to the left. My vision was then obscured by clouds. The sun had set an hour ago, the only light remaining was the very dim reflections off clouds. The blue night dominated the sky now. Another crack, this time more faint rang out as a tracer flew off to the side. Then it was silent, the humming engine of the craft beginning to dominate my ears along with the whistle of wind against metal. The silence was cut by a searchlight, wandering through the clouds. It searched, its bright yellow blade cast over the pure white clouds. The blade drew closer until it rested on my craft. I tried to dissuade its gaze, but to no avail. It was tied to me and was not letting go. A barrage of tracers and flak erupted around me. I ducked further into the cockpit, hanging my head between my arms and staring intently at the instrument panel in front of me. The cracks, whips, and puffs of flak shaking the metal craft. My mind was glued to the instruments, desperate to run away from the Revolutionaries. I glanced down at the metal tube in my breast pocket, my mind clouding for a moment before a burst of flak broke the glass of the cockpit. The freezing cold wind punched me in the jaw. The shards scattering across the inside. The howling, now roaring into my ears. I glanced out to see the right side of the craft now littered with holes and missing chunks of metal. A streak of mist began to spill out, the wing dripping with water. My eyes quickly pulled further to the right as the yellow blade of light began to be blotched out by the dark blue clouds. Eventually disappearing completely. Turning back to the damaged wing, then to the instruments, it was clear the fuel tank had been hit. The aircraft wasn't equipped with a fuel scoop either. It wouldn't be long before the engine would die and I'd be gliding, best to gain as much altitude while I still can.

USER: SEDNA

I placed a paw up against the door and its frame. Both were cold and hard as rock, concrete. Next to the doorway, however, was a small metal panel. It was covered in dust and some gunk, but after gently prying, the panel turned out to be a hinged cover. Inside was a socket

and a card reader. Neither very useful in my case, or so I thought. Swinging rather gently behind me was a thick cord. It took a few gentle tugs to realize it was part of me. At the end of this 'tail' was a plug that matched the socket in the wall. Gripping it between my digits, I inserted the plug into the socket. To my surprise it fit snugly without issues. For a moment, I thought I could hear a sad song, but it was very faint and garbled. The door then began to shudder and grind to the side, dirt and moss falling off the top and an almost barren concrete surface was left where the door once slept. I poked my head slowly out from the concrete box I was in just a moment ago. I wasn't sure what to expect, but outside the door is a hallway that stretches off in both directions. Stepping outside the room, there are signs next to every doorway. The one on my door reads 'LAB A5' Which doesn't glean much of anything. The hallway was dimly lit, every 20 or so feet was a very old and weak red light. There was one just above my door, but it was hanging out of the wall socket. I hadn't noticed this at first, but the ceiling was dripping in some places. At first I figured it was a leak of some sort, however now that I was in the hallway with some light, it appears to be condensation rather than a leak. It was also all across the hallway too. For now I ventured down the hallway, making sure to remember what direction I took.

USER: ADITRIA ALMORI

The dark blue of the clouds was beginning to fade into the bright blue of the surface. The Great Ice Flats were the most sparsely populated regions of the world, and thus crashing into it would mean almost certain death unless word of your crash is out. However I was in an unfortunate predicament of being the lone messenger escaping a losing battle. The cold wind had turned my face uncovered, nose and eyes numb. The scarf covering my bottom half was beginning to fail as well. The humming engine of the aircraft began to sputter and churn, finally going mute and slowing to a halt. I was out of fuel and couldn't see any signs of life. I'd been searching the flats for lights or smoke, but neither had presented themselves. Out of options, my die was now cast to fate and luck. Maybe she will look kindly upon me once. As if the goddess herself were listening, I was able to see a gray dot on the light blue background. It was still a ways off, but I had the altitude to glide for a while. Only time would tell how close I could get before kissing the ground.

USER: SEDNA

My vision began to cloud, the condensation from before turned to steam. The hallway from before led to a staircase, at the bottom was a pool of warm water. The second I opened the door into the stairwell, I was blasted with steam, The stairwell was a sauna. Now splashing through the warm water, a large concrete door stopped me from continuing. The sign above it read 'REACTOR CONTROL' and there was a constant stream of warm water pouring from the crack between the doors. I retrieved the tail plug once more, inserting it into the panel next to the door. The same sad, distant song rang out. At first the double concrete doors didn't budge, but a surge of warm water poured out of the crack as the doors begrudgingly slid open. A burst of warm air and steam evacuated the doorway, making the whole area even hotter. I continued on, finding a half-submerged control room. Through the glass, I could see the cause of the water damage. Past the controls, was a large, light blue obelisk. It stood vertically, and was most submerged by a large vat of water. This water was also boiling, the steam produced rising up and disappearing into hopefully a turbine. The obelisk was covered in different sized pipes and clamps. Stepping further into the room revealed there were actually 4 large obelisks, although the other 3 looked charred or damaged, the clamps nowhere to be found and the tubes hanging lifeless from the ceiling. Inside the room were also a few large streams of water pouring from the ceiling, which would explain the abundance of warm water in the general vicinity. For now, I looked over the controls, hopefully the water didn't kill all of them.

USER: ADITRIA ALMORI

Emotion flowed and churned in my mind. This may be the last time I get to think, much less do anything about the situation I was in. The concrete spec had turned out to be a snow covered outpost from the looks of it; however, it was still a good 500 meters away and I had only a few minutes left of airtime. I kept the craft steady, but the thicker air was beginning to make it sway and rattle. I moved my left hand away from the control stick and began to manually unload the landing gear. Hopefully the ground was mostly ice and not snow, or else the gear would sink into the ground and snap. Even as I turned the crank, my mind

glazed over with thoughts, mostly regret, sometimes anger. Glancing over at the altitude, I had another 300 meters. Now 250. The gear was locked into the down position, my grip was firm on both control sticks, and my body was prepared for the jolt and possible crash.

Just then, smoke began to pour out of the engine, its lifeless state now replaced with rage as fire began to spurt and quickly engulf the engine. The sudden jolt of heat rejuvenated the back of my head, the dancing light beginning to illuminate the controls and cockpit from behind. 200 meters.

Although the craft was metal, the lubricant and ammunition was highly flammable. I just hoped I could land and jump out before the flame grew angrier.

The heat was becoming unbearable now, licking at the cockpit glass and making it scalding to touch.

Sparks, then a loud snap. My vision was clouded by shards of metal and smoke. A wave of pressure slapped me in the face. I ducked my head, but I could feel burning in my shoulders and head. The craft jolted again as it slammed hard into the ground. Snapping. The gear sheared off, another hard slam followed by scraping. The left half of the craft dug into the snow and ice, finally tearing away as it found a resting place in the snow.

It felt like the scraping went on for an eternity, finally going mute, replaced with the crackling of the fire.

Cold, and heat inside. I felt grave pain in my left abdomen. I had been thrown from my seat, now lying in the semi-deep snow. The fire still raged, crackling and clapping. Now all I had left were my thoughts as my life began to trickle and flow away. My eyes closed slowly, filling with tears as my frozen face ebbed my last word.

Aditria: "Mother..."

