

S.A.R.A.H.'S LOG (1/1147):

Modern science was a mistake. I was only 16 years old when it was publicly stated that scientists had all of the resources to pursue both time and interdimensional travel, a revolutionary advancement! But they refused. Research facilities were defunded, shut down, or repurposed almost immediately. It wasn't safe to go further. Any and all paper documents relating to these discoveries were immediately burnt, entire computer hard drives were wiped clean, and universal laws were put in place to make any further research surrounding the topics punishable by death.

10 years later, a rift was opened... and I was part of the military force that was sent to attempt to shut it down, but in the end, we were absorbed into the corrupted reality beyond. Upon entering, there were around 28 of us, and we were immediately attacked by the residents of this world, large demonic beings with exposed wirings and other mechanical parts visible across their bodies, the bullets we fired did minimal damage, and we ended up needing to retreat. I was able to lead us to the basement of an abandoned building that was completely unoccupied and those of us who made the journey decided it'd be best we remain here, considering the dangers that roam the surface.

S.A.R.A.H.'S LOG (2/1147):

Unfortunately, not all 28 of us were fast enough to escape the cyber-demons. Now, only ten of us remain, eight full-fledged robots, D.E.L.I.L.A.H. who's a cyborg, and me, S.A.R.A.H., a genetically unaltered and physically unenhanced human. The military is a field that has mostly been overtaken by robots, though humans are still needed and highly valued in the military, since robots lack the intuition and emotional capabilities of real people, and humans tend to be nimbler, meaning more efforts can be focused on developing bulkier, more enduring robotic soldiers, which is what *our* world needed. But *this* world seems to be one where agility's going to be incredibly useful in any worst-case scenarios. Evident by the fact that only one of our remaining robots was built for raw power above all else, and even it was barely able to keep up with the rest of us.

We spend this day mourning the ones we've lost, robotic, human, or both, they didn't deserve the fate that was brought upon them. Morale is down, but we have to do our best to remain calm and collected, else we lose even more soldiers.

S.A.R.A.H.'S LOG (5/1147):

A red essence fills the air, the creatures of this world are what I can only describe as hideous, rampaging demons, demons that seem to have fused with whatever technology this ruined world once had... Looking through the feed of one of our only 2 drones, which we sent out to survey this world more closely, has made us fully aware of the horrors it has in store. Beastly creatures larger than a dozen skyscrapers, buildings constantly being stomped into rubble, and a dark-purple gunk lining nearly every street and building that remains. Our glimpse into what's in store for us if we're ever to leave this

cramped room we now call our base is cut short by a small one of these cybernetic demons that has an odd resemblance to a monkey leaping up to the drone, and mercilessly tearing it apart, killing our feed.

We're all uncertain of what to do from here, but rations are running low, and I fear I may not be able to survive for much longer if I'm unable to find food or water soon. There are many factors to consider regarding living here, after all, locking a human up in a room for long enough periods of time is never great for their mental wellbeing, and I need to be as mentally prepared as I can be to face whatever is thrown at me, and live to tell the tale. For now, my shaking hand holds a protein bar, running out of these is going to hurt in the long run.