

Stardate 4373.8 May 17, 2327 at 10:29 AM
Location: Starbase 42, Theta Corvus Sector
Log Type: Station Administrator's Log
Author: Commander Quin Malcom

Administrative confirmation of Permanent Change of Station for Commander A. Thorne (Assistant Chief Engineer) and Crewman N. Thorne (Operations Analyst), accompanied by minor child X. Thorne (age 4). Family assigned quarters 0345, Habitat ring deck 12, Section C, Starbase 42.

Administrator's personal observation: Child X. Thorne is exceptionally curious; observed him taking apart a tricorder this morning in the hallway of C-12 on my way past. I've requested engineering install additional lockouts on all diagnostic and access panels in the section and in personnel quarters 0345.

Stardate 5758.5 October 4, 2328 at 8:00 PM
Location: Starbase 42 — Habitat Ring Observation Deck 12
Log Type: Personal Note (fragment)
Author: [Recovered journal entry attributed to X. Thorne, age 6]

The ships come and go every day, all kinds—some shiny, others scarred. They always look different when they leave, a little cleaner or a little quieter. Dad says that's because the base "listens to them." I tried listening today. The hum of the docking clamps changes when a freighter breathes through the hull. Maybe if you listen long enough, you can tell which ships are healthy and which are hurting.

Stardate 9222.3 March 23, 2332 at 3:20 AM
Location: Starbase 42 — Lower Maintenance Ring
Log Type: Incident Report
Author: Captain Graham (Security)

Dependent Thorne (9 yrs) found in restricted conduit near EPS junction 3A. Claimed to be "testing power distribution harmonics." No damage sustained.

Recommendation from Lt. Colm of station family counseling division: two day student detention in Education Module E.

Stardate 11596.5 August 6, 2334 at 5:20 PM
Location: Starbase 42 — Main Operations Core
Log Type: Personal Communication (Excerpt)
Author: Nara Thorne to Xander (12 yrs)

“Starfleet isn’t just uniforms and orders, Xander. It’s pattern recognition—seeing the threads connecting people, systems, and stars. You already do that. Try not to let impatience make you reckless.”

Stardate 13946.7 December 12, 2336 at 1:05 PM

Location: Starbase 42 — Observation Atrium

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Xander Thorne (14 yrs)

The cadet shuttle from Mars Fleet Depot docked today. Saw the cadets in their silver trimmed gray uniforms—looked like moving pieces of the base itself. Commander Vreen let me assist with recalibrating the long-range sensor array. The phase variance between the station’s lateral and dorsal bands created a standing harmonic at 22 hertz. When we fixed it, the whole base seemed to exhale. That hum stayed with me all night; I recorded it on my personal padd, the one I rebuilt and secured better than the ones the station stores provide. I want to know *why* it feels alive when the readings flatten.

Stardate 14005.1 January 2, 2337 at 10:40 PM

Location: Starbase 42 — Docking Spoke A

Log Type: Observation Supplement

Author: Lt. Commander Tobias Crain (Ops)

The Thorne kid spends hours near the viewport watching shuttles come and go. He times the light oscillation of their RCS thrusters and charts them in a notebook. When I asked why, he said, “*Every pattern has a voice; I’m learning the language.*”

I told him that’s what I learned at the Academy. He grinned and said, “*Then I should probably apply.*”

Stardate 16811.2 October 24, 2339 at 14:06 PM

Location: Starbase 42 — Education Wing Theta

Log Type: Academic Reflection Essay

Subject: “The Importance of Uncertainty in Exploration”

Author: Xander Thorne (17 yrs)

Exploration isn’t about finding order; it’s about measuring chaos. Every species we’ve met builds walls around what it fears most—the unknown. A good Operations officer should know when to reinforce that wall... and when to take it apart.

I want to find the harmonics in chaos.

(Awarded station’s Edson Merit for theoretical reasoning; recommendation attached to Starfleet Academy application.)

Stardate 17673.5 September 3, 2340 at 7:51 PM
Location: Starbase 42 — Shuttle Launch Bay
Log Type: Personal Audio Recording
Author: Xander Thorne (18 yrs)

Boarding transport *USS Mariner*. Destination—Earth.
The hum of the engines is lower than on the big ships; almost a growl.
Mother said it's natural to be nervous, but I'm not. I've lived among hulls and conduits my whole life. I just want to understand what they're saying.
Next stop—Starfleet Academy.

Stardate 17711.2 September 17, 2340 at 2:06 PM
Location: Starfleet Academy — San Francisco, Earth
Log Type: Personal Log
Author: Cadet Xander Thorne

First day. The Academy smells like ozone and polish—like a shuttle deck before inspection. The instructors stride as if they already know who will fail. I keep reminding myself that half these people dreamed of this, the other half were told they were destined. I'm somewhere in between.

Classes begin at dawn with interstellar navigation, and already Commander Varin has warned us that “impossible” isn't an acceptable adjective.

Stardate 17742.6 September 29, 2340 at 1:10 AM
Location: Dormitory T-26
Log Type: Personal Log
Author: Cadet Xander Thorne

Commander Varin introduced our first Operations drill: pattern recognition under stress. Five of us lasted through the simulation. I was the last to blink—the hum in the console matched the 22-hertz undertone back on Starbase 42. I corrected the fault, aced the test, and barely noticed everyone else had frozen.

Stardate 18850.3 November 7, 2341 at 8:37 AM
Location: Sensor Wing Holodeck 4
Log Type: Training Evaluation Extract
Evaluator: Lt. Cmdr. Sayres (Ops Instructor)

Cadet Thorne demonstrated exceptional pattern recognition during Phase III of Tactical Analysis Simulation. Noted for recalibrating sensor harmonics manually after the programmed sabotage routines kicked in — an unorthodox but effective solution. Leadership

prospects tentative. Not a natural people person, definitely prefers system optimization over delegation/collaboration. Recommend mentorship under Strategic Operations division.

Stardate 19218.1 March 21, 2342 at 2:33 PM

Location: Orbital Flight Range

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Cadet Xander Thorne

We lost a training shuttle today. Two injured, one critical. I was on telemetry when the display froze for half a second before failure. Sensor playback shows a rhythmic EM pulse—the flight incident review report called it unrelated static. I call it impossible coincidence.

Stardate 19338.9 May 4, 2342 at 4:45 PM

Location: Academy Library Stack 7

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Cadet Xander Thorne

Studied the Kobayashi Maru program. Everyone obsesses over winning. I'm not interested in victory—only in whether the sensor data presented lies to those who play. Systems can choose when to tell the truth.

Stardate 20699.7 September 13, 2343 at 9:22 AM

Location: Ethics Hall

Log Type: Academic Submission Excerpt

Title: Operational Protocols and Moral Boundaries in Sensor Analysis

Presenter: Cadet Xander Thorne

Evaluator: Lt. Cmdr. Sayres

Cadet Thorne's presentation, "Manipulating data can prevent a war—or start one. Altering a reading is firing the first shot without a weapon" was unsettling and brilliant. Presentation skills significantly above average for his class. By the end of the presentation most of the room was ready to add a new section to their tactics textbooks. I can tell this cadet deserves special observation. I can't decide if it would be better to keep him on a very short leash or just point him in a direction and tell him "let us know what you find".

Stardate 21355.3 May 10, 2344 at 4:25 PM

Location: Holodeck 9—Tactical Scenario Room

Log Type: Training Event Summary

Scenario: Breen Border Incident

Cadet review: X. Thorne

Evaluators: Captain Valmer, Captain Ryopt, Master Chief Bles

Verbalized purpose of scenario: Routine patrol of contested border zone.

Confidential purpose of scenario: Evaluation of cadets for Command Track potential.

Cadet Thorne assumed impromptu command of the training group after senior cadet leader panicked during simulation. Cadet Thorne neutralized additional threat to the ship via decoy sensor signature loop rather than engaging in a direct fire situation to exfil from the incident without further damage and to avoid being boarded.

Result: Demonstrated Command presence under stress, both obeyed and gave orders.

Undisclosed primary tactical objective of scenario achieved (avoid being boarded).

Success in this scenario occurs in less than 6% of the simulation groups. Evaluation score for Cadet Thorne, 97%.

Stardate 21498.6 July 1, 2344 at 11:44 PM

Location: Academy Grounds

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Cadet Xander Thorne

Graduation in a week. Top five in Operations with a minor in Tactical Analysis. They offered me my pick of Science or Tactical; I asked for Ops instead. It feels right to be at the center of things, where every thread converges and the whole picture actually comes into view.

Wrote home last night. Mom replied with her usual Surak quote—"Logic is the cement of civilization." I get what she means, but out here I've seen how quickly logic bends when fear gets involved. Data holds steadier than Doctrine. Order isn't automatically truth, and Chaos isn't automatically bad. The universe is messier than the sayings we inherit, and maybe that's the truth I'm finally able to hear through the static.

Stardate 21502.3 July 3, 2344 at 8:08 AM

Location: Command Hall B

Log Type: Administrative Directive

Author: Capt. M. Norwyn, Starfleet Personnel Division

Subject: Commissioning Order — Ensign Xander Thorne

Cadet Thorne hereby commissioned Ensign, Operations Officer. Posting: USS Dragonfly NC C-24713. Effective Stardate 21504.0.

Stardate 21503.3 July 3, 2344 at 4:54 PM

Location: Dormitory C-12

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Ensign Xander Thorne

Orders received. USS *Dragonfly*—a Miranda-class relic assigned to border patrol and mapping. Hardly grand, but it's a start. I should feel relief; instead I feel tension, the same moment before a resonance hits. Maybe nerves. Maybe the universe clearing its throat again.

Stardate 21584.9 August 2, 2344 at 11:43 AM

Location: USS *Dragonfly*, NCC-24713 — en route to Izar

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Ensign Xander Thorne

First day aboard. The *Dragonfly* looks like a rejected museum piece: pitted hull, uneven lighting, consoles with three different eras of hardware patched together.

Captain Hargrove greeted me with a grip like duranium and said he liked “Officers who can think like engineers but shoot like soldiers.” I’m still deciding whether he meant that as a compliment or a challenge.

Assigned to secondary sensor maintenance team. Everyone here swears by instinct—nobody checks the logs until after something misbehaves. I won’t last long if that’s the culture here.

Stardate 21779.9 October 12, 2344 at 3:55 PM

Location: USS *Dragonfly*

Log Type: Operations Record

Author: Lt. J. Lerris, Chief Ops

Ensign Thorne isolated micro-oscillation in long-range scanner array unrecorded in past diagnostics. Corrected deviation manually. Sensor resolution improved 11%. Commended.

Stardate 22216.1 March 20, 2345 at 9:02 PM

Location: USS *Dragonfly*

Log Type: Science Officer’s Log

Author: Lt. Serina Kel, Chief Science Officer

Ensign Thorne’s recalibration protocol improved spectral focus far beyond operational spec. This wasn’t the first improvement he made to our aging beauty here, and I’m very hesitant to let go of his skills, but honestly he’s being wasted in the traditional basic operational tasks of an Ops ensign. I recommended his reassignment from the normal introductory maintenance rotation to the Border Scenario Tactical Analysis team. He asks more questions than the rest of my staff combined, but they’re the right questions.

Stardate 22482.6 June 26, 2345 at 3:34 AM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Ensign Thorne

They've moved me to the Border Scenario Tactical Analysis team. It's quiet—sterile. Models of possible incursions and response scenarios run day and night.

Stayed up studying archived Cardassian telemetry tonight, I keep seeing a repeating interval. The console filters it out automatically, marking it "background noise." It syncs precisely with our own scanning pulse. Like something out there is watching us watch it.

Stardate 22666.6 September 1, 2345 at 7:24 AM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Ensign Xander Thorne

Dreamed of the sensor hum again—steady 22 hertz buried within the ship's normal drive tone. Woke to find an alert on my console: anomalous EM reflection, gone before I could open the file. Correlation = unknown. I feel compelled to record it even if it's meaningless.

Stardate 23720.1 September 20, 2346 at 8:04 PM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain E. Hargrove

Routine patrol near the Tarsin Corridor. Intercepted drifting civilian transport. Ensign Thorne handled radiation-scatter tractor capture manually—precision exemplary. Marked for promotion and assignment as Acting Ops Tactical Supervisor effective as of our upcoming resupply and crew change at Starbase 42. Thorne still has family posted there, should make for a good liberty for him.

Stardate 24272.3 April 10, 2347 at 9:20 AM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Engineering Note

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Pava Niles

Consultation: Lieutenant Thorne proposed rerouting relay harmonics to eliminate phase feedback in navigation scanner loops—idea unorthodox but effective. Will incorporate into future engineering training scenarios.

Stardate 24508.5 July 5, 2347 at 2:27 PM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant (j.g.) Xander Thorne

We nearly lost Shuttle Two. A micro-meteor puncture in its port nacelle—containment failure within twelve seconds. I caught the flux irregularity on sensors, established a forcefield around the nacelle and sealed the bay before it ruptured. Every time something like this happens, people call it intuition, or attribute it to just *deja vu*. It feels more like a memory of something I already lived, but haven't lived yet.

Stardate 25238.0 March 28, 2348 at 8:52 PM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant (j.g.) Xander Thorne

I think the captain finally trusts me. He let me audit bridge analytics while we passed through the Brys Nebula. Beautiful light show until a power surge wiped half the readings. I managed to save fragments—the pattern tightened into a set of pulsing light, almost like symbols or constellations, when overlaid on each other and analyzed 4 dimensionally. I really wish I had all of the data, the sensor recording network and data core needs a major revamp.

I showed Captain Hargrove the partial analysis I was able to pull; he laughed and said that if you look into the black long enough you'll see faces in the clouds. Maybe I did. Maybe clouds are where the faces hide.

Stardate 25579.0 July 31, 2348 8:02 AM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

Promotion confirmed. Assigned multiple roles (the curse of a smaller ship). Continuing my Ops posting on the bridge, and also attached to the newly established cross-divisional team consisting of Science, Tactical, and Engineering specialists tasked with analyzing a fleet-wide database of sensor records of bursts of interference from various border patrols. I guess that's what I get for submitting the suggestion to Sector Intel Ops. I keep forgetting the fundamental law of bureaucracy -- you find it, you fix it.

Five years of data point to a spiral convergence near M'Kemas III. The noise isn't random—it's a chord spaced out across sectors. The stars hum in harmony; we've just forgotten how to listen.

Stardate 25787.8 October 15, 2348 at 1:07 PM

Location: USS Dragonfly

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

Orders came through—transfer to the *USS Hecate*, Ambassador-class, deep-range exploratory assignment.

New crew, new life, exploration of the northern colonies area our beyond Izar.

Captain Hargrove toasted me: “You’ll see stranger things than faces in the clouds.”

I can’t believe he remembered that, but also he doesn’t know how right he is.

Stardate 25910.2 November 29, 2349 at 5:21 AM

Location: USS *Hecate*, NCC-34709 — Departing Starbase 77

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

The *Hecate* looks alive when she moves—massive, deliberate. An Ambassador-class ship feels less like metal and more like a city that learned to dream.

With my varied background, and the sheer size of this ship, there are so many options. I know I was brought here as part of the Tactical Analysis department, responsible for charting enemy emission spectra and discerning enemy from echo. Security Chief Harris says my job is to “see the threat before it fires.”

Four hours in, I already feel the ship’s pulse under my feet—steady and different from the *Dragonfly*. A deeper tone, resonant. Almost like I’ve somehow attuned myself to the soul of the ship.

Stardate 27417.3 June 2, 2350 at 7:32 AM

Location: USS *Hecate*

Log Type: Operations Note

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

Compiled cross-patterning on Cardassian comm traffic. Found seven repeaters designed to mimic Federation bandwidth. False telemetry intended to bait patrols. Submitted counter-algorithm “Aegis Filter Beta.” Approved for fleet testing.

Stardate 28889.8 November 21, 2351 at 6:38 PM

Location: USS *Hecate*

Log Type: Tactical Analysis Report

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

42 intercepts over 90 days correlated to warp signatures inconsistent with power curves — determination: intentionally fabricated sensor data. New grid protocol “Slice Gamma” reduces false positives by another 37%.

Stardate 31437.1 June 9, 2354 at 12:59 PM

Location: USS Hecate

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

Commander Kelsy commended my Slice Gamma protocol, and used it to improve our own sensor buoy lures being set in subspace along the border, apparently deception has become doctrine on both sides.

Stardate 35624.0 August 16, 2358 at 6:14 PM

Location: USS Hecate

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

The crew seems to be numb after the disclosure of the Archanis border raid news. There's talk of open war though Command avoids the word.

I've been running predictive models for days—every possible outcome ends in civilian loss on both sides, the outcome just depends on which side is willing to sacrifice more for a long term win. Lines don't exist anymore, war erases them faster than combat plasma.

Stardate 36004.4 January 2, 2359 at 2:32 PM

Location: USS Hecate

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Lieutenant Xander Thorne

Another memorial. Two shuttles were lost on Bader IV. Names echo over the Ship Comm and then fade into silence. No one spoke. The silence was heavier than anything else.

Another MACO detachment arrived today; they move like ghosts and talk even less.

Chief Harris once told me "Safety Protocols don't exist in the real world, training doesn't help if it's not real." I'd better get my bed in sick bay reserved now if this group is anything like that.

Stardate 36886.5 November 20, 2359 at 1:44 PM

Location: M'Kemas III — Ground Assault Zone

Log Type: Combat Record Extract

Source: MACO Helmet Recorder 05-Gamma

"—under heavy fire—enemy has transporter inhibitors active—Captain Vee down—
Lt Cmdrs Evans, Ryall unaccounted—Thorne assuming command... coordinates transmitted for shuttle exfil... holding perimeter for evac—"
[Audio: plasma discharges, orders amid fire]

Thorne: “Teams 1 and 3 fallback and protect the delegation. All other units collapse to line Delta; buy them ten minutes then move!”

Stardate 36890.7 November 22, 2359 at 2:31 AM

Location: USS Hecate

Log Type: Personal Voice Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Xander Thorne

Doctor says rest. The silence says otherwise.

M’Kemas III’s ground is scorched into my memory like plasma etching—twelve minutes of hell that felt eternal.

They’re calling it a victory. Forty-five total defenders, twenty-three of which I will never see again. A nurse told me I’ve been recommended for the Starfleet Shield. Some shield, more than half of my team didn’t survive.

Stardate 36954.7 December 15, 2359 at 11:10 AM

Location: USS Hecate

Log Type: Captain’s Log

Author: Captain Vera Solis

Lieutenant Commander Thorne is one of the most well-rounded officers, in terms of skill sets, I’ve ever seen. The Hecate has a lot of Ops Officers, most are technically proficient, some excel in a specialty. Thorne can move between Ops, Tactical, Engineering, Science, and Security with barely a blink. He even graduated the academy with a dual-track commission. Not very common at all. His service record reflects a continuation of this multi-discipline service. Given the events on M’Kemas III, I’ve spent quite a while reviewing his records and experiences. It’s an unfortunate situation, but with the losses we suffered there are holes to be filled. I’ve evaluated all of the choices available and Lieutenant Commander Thorne is the best fit for the role of Senior MACO Operations Officer.

As a result, I am promoting Lieutenant Commander Thorne to Commander and assigning him as our Senior MACO Operations Officer.

Stardate 36960.0 December 17, 2359 at 9:36 AM

Location: USS Hecate

Log Type: Executive officer’s Log

Author: Commander Wills Duro

Captain Solis has assigned Commander Thorne as Senior MACO Operations Officer. It’s an uncommon transfer, but his career path has been uncommon from day 1. The CMO has indicated that Thorne is increasingly presenting with isolation, heightened focus, sleeplessness, and other common post-trauma symptoms. Nothing that would rise to the level of inhibiting job performance. Recommend continued monitoring, especially given his new responsibilities.

Stardate 39565.4 July 26, 2362 at 8:54 AM

Location: Cereb-2 Surface Outpost

Log Type: Joint Mission Log, response to automated distress beacon activation

Author: Cmdr. X. Thorne

Mining post silent. Four dozen dead, slaughtered where they stood.

Science Officer Mira Ken detects gravitic fluctuation in the lower shaft. We are proceeding to investigate.

Descending past fourth tier support... shaft narrowing... air density decreasing—pressure reads inconsistent—

[record truncated]

Stardate 39565.9 July 26, 2362 at 13:17 PM

Location: USS *Hecate* Security Records

Log type: Incident C-E2-01

Sensor contact lost: Stardate 39565.9 July 26, 2362 at 13:17 PM

Cmdr. X. Thorne / Lt. M. Ken. - 27 hours unaccounted time.

Both officers recovered: Stardate 39569.0 July 27, 2362 at 16:26 PM alive;

no injury, recorded neural hyper-synchronization of limbic and visual cortices. Cause undetermined.

Stardate 39573.6 July 29, 2362 at 8:44 AM

Location: USS *Hecate*

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Cmdr. Xander Thorne

Woke holding Mira's hand. They tell me it's been a day; I remember an instant.

Lights that sang in equations and a figure that felt like gravity itself.

No physical trace. No proof. But the tone lingers—harmonic 22.3 again.

I'll write nothing of this. Not yet. They already call me eccentric.

Stardate 39753.5 Thursday, October 3, 2362 at 12:00 AM

Location: Earth — Starfleet Headquarters

Log Type: Transfer Order

Author: Fleet Personnel Division

Commander Xander Thorne reassigned to Starfleet HQ, San Francisco, for Command preparation and debrief on Cereb-2 incident.

Stardate 39780.7 October 12, 2362 at 10:55 PM

Location: USS *Hecate*

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Cmdr. Thorne

Farewell gathering tonight. Smiles, laughter, noise. Inside—nothing but the hum I can't escape. Maybe it's still the mine calling, maybe Starbase 42's echo just never left. Tomorrow I trade warzones for classrooms. Maybe that will quiet it.

Stardate 40030.8 January 12, 2363 at 5:48 AM

Location: Starfleet Headquarters — San Francisco, Earth

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Commander Xander Thorne

Earth again. First time I've been posted planet side for an extended period since I was a cadet, and it already feels smaller than I remember. How a whole planet can feel smaller than a shuttle never ceases to baffle me.

Enrolled in Command Candidate Program—diplomacy, ethics, morale control. The lectures sound clean, theoretical... detached from the dirt under a real officer's fingernails. Nights are restless. When I close my eyes, I see the Cereb-2 shaft and light bending where it shouldn't. The doctors call it a "post-traumatic processing echo." I call it a warning.

Stardate 40098.2 February 5, 2363 at 8:13 PM

Location: Psychological Assessment Wing, Starfleet Medical

Log Type: Confidential Counseling Report

Author: Lt. Cmdr. E. Tarren (Chief Counselor)

Entry Excerpt:

Subject: Cmdr. Thorne, Xander H.

Exhibits classical hyper-vigilance and sensory pattern attachment common in officers with prolonged tactical assignments. Displays logical coherence; refuses to discuss incident Cereb-2 beyond official debrief.

Recommendation: limited observation; patient denies recurring dreams though bodily responses (REM data) indicate high-frequency flash episodes.

Assessment: fit* for duty.

*Caution: highly abstract thought processes; may overanalyze stimuli normally dismissed as irrelevant.

Stardate 40272.5 April 10, 2363 at 11:06 AM

Location: Command Simulation Lab 3

Log Type: Instructor Evaluation

Author: Commodore Ren Alden

Commander Thorne handled the “Collapsing Orbit” emergency simulation with surgical detachment—sacrificed the civilian ship and its crew to preserve covert presence and ensure long-term fleet objectives. Response classified as “efficient, morally pragmatic.” Cadet observers unsettled.

Annotation: It was not the choice most expect of a Starfleet Officer. A lot of the time we see candidates come through here who are trying to do what they think we expect a Captain will do. Thorne is different, he does what he does, doesn’t even seem to care if he is being evaluated or examined. Pragmatic to the point of coldness, but command sometimes demands ice.

Recommendation: Promote. The fleet needs minds capable of choosing duty over sentiment.

Stardate 40418.2 June 2, 2363 at 3:25 PM

Location: Presidio Housing Unit A-19

Log Type: Encrypted Personal Data Slate (PHI-9)

Author: Cmdr. Xander Thorne

Still dreaming. Still the tone.

I recorded ambient noise overnight—signal emerges at 22.3 Hz after three hours, identical to Cereb-2. Once I recognized it, the recording blanked itself—full data loss. No error logged.

If anyone finds this slate, I’ll be grounded. But I need to know why the universe keeps humming in my name.

Stardate 40600.3 August 8, 2363 at 2:37 AM

Location: Commandant’s Office

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Rear Admiral Bak Orota

I interviewed the top seven prospective candidates for promotion to Captain today. Three were easy recommendations to promote, three were easy recommendations to return to service for more seasoning. The only edge case is Commander Thorne. I spent almost two hours with him, and I still can’t say I actually understand him. There’s talent, drive, skill, and what may be the most important intangible – the ability to be in the right place at the right time and make the right decisions. Some sentients just seem drawn to nexus events and it’s better to have them on our side when they are.

The most convincing exchange we had was when I offered him the choice of a Science vessel or a Combat vessel. Most ask which class and what missions, trying to show they are open to flexibility.

Thorne surprised me, he instantly said “the Science Vessel”. I asked why and his explanation was “*because the Combat vessel already knows her job; the Science vessel would need guidance finding her purpose*”. I’m still pondering the implications of his response.

Stardate 40713.0 September 18, 2363 at 5:52 AM

Location: Command School Auditorium

Log Type: Instructor Transcript

Event: Lecture Series, Cadet Command Track Session 9

Instructor: Commodore Ren Alden

Alden: “Commander Thorne, what is the single trait that separates a captain from any other officer.”

Thorne: “A captain is the one person aboard who must decide when there is no time, no consensus, and no perfect option.”

Stardate 40908.1 November 28, 2363 at 10:57 AM

Location: Command Diplomatic Wing

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Cmdr. Xander Thorne

Today was a course on diplomatic triangulation. The instructor compared it to chess; I suggested it was more like sensor anomaly analysis. Both measure probabilities and try to make order out of chaos.

During break, I saw my reflection twist in the viewport—just light refracting off the bay, but the silhouette looked faceless.

Time to get off Earth.

Stardate 40970.4 December 21, 2363 at 4:42 PM

Location: Operations Division – Review Board Room 7

Log Type: Classified Personnel Assessment

Author: Vice Admiral Ribeaux

Subject: Commander Thorne

Cognitively uncompromising, tactically visionary, psychologically eccentric but controlled. Command Board votes 5-4 for promotion. Vessel assignment pending.

Stardate 40996.9 December 30, 2363 at 8:50 PM

Location: Presidio Housing (Encrypted Slate)

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Commander (promotable) Xander Thorne

They’re making me a Captain.

I should feel relief; instead, I hear the tone stronger—22 cycles per second and rising. Sometimes it syncs with my own pulse. Maybe I’ve just learned to listen too well.

Stardate 41032.6 January 12, 2364 at 9:34 PM

Location: Utopia Planitia Fleet Yards — Command Office

Log Type: Official Notification

Author: Fleet Ops Command

By order of Starfleet Command, Commander (promotable) Xander Thorne is hereby promoted to the rank of Captain.

Assignment: NCC-10217 *USS Horizon*.

Captain Thorne is hereby ordered to report to Utopia Planitia for change of command ceremony and then oversee the *USS Horizon* during its extended refit.

Stardate 41036.5 January 14, 2364 at 7:44 AM

Location: Presidio Housing

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Tomorrow I meet my ship. The dreams have settled down into a steady flow now — spiraling light winding in on itself with the stars singing their own music

My dad says Mars is a new beginning for me, that this step will be like starting my journey all over from the beginning, and I assume he's right – after all an Admiral should know.

But to me, it feels like I'm an echo that has just bounced off a far canyon wall and is now returning to the source.

Stardate 4140.0 January 15, 2364 at 2:24 PM

Location: Utopia Planitia Fleet Yards, Mars Orbit

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

The Change of Command ceremony is over, I've started walking the decks to get a feel for the *USS Horizon*. She's smaller than she looked on the drafting table—a unique Oberth-variant stripped down and reassembled far too often. Chief Engineer Reece says half of the systems don't even show correctly on the official schematics.

The *Horizon*'s nickname on the station is the “USS Try It”. Patches of three different hull material plating over the main bridge, jury-rigged junctions all over the place, exposed wiring because the access panels were being opened so often the crew finally just stacked them in the cargo bay.

On the way to dinner, I turned left instead of right and discovered a corridor that literally leads nowhere because an experimental mag-lock blast door system was installed and couldn't be disengaged once activated. The engineers call her a "learning vessel." I call her a survivor.

The mission brief says research and anomaly-survey operations along the border sectors. I've always felt like there was somewhere I was supposed to be, now I think I'm here. But I don't know what's coming.

I intend to rebuild her to survive whatever's waiting behind the faces in the clouds.

Stardate 41368.0 May 15, 2364 at 7:40 AM

Location: Utopia Planitia Fleet Yards

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Chief Engineer Claudia Reece and I submitted our enhancement proposals...all 974 of them. We've going to really make the Horizon live up to her moniker. There is nothing we aren't going to try, no experimental system we aren't trying to get approved for testing.

From Binar reinforced computer cores and secondary command relays funneled through the secondary Storage Spaces into a newly created Auxiliary Control (I know better than to call it a battle bridge or it will be scratched off the list before we get the first ODS conduit laid.

The admiralty hates when captains get creative, but they ultimately accepted. Claudia claims I gamble too much; she's not wrong, but she also owes me 15 strips of latinum from last week's pool game.

Stardate 41634.4 August 20, 2364 at 1:20 PM

Location: Fleet Yards Operations Platform

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

The final design is approved; work begins at dawn. Watching a ship disassembled is unsettling—deck plates floating like ribs, internal circuitry exposed like veins. I told the crew, *"We're not taking an old ship and making her new. We're taking a memory and making it flesh."*

Stardate 41717.2 September 19, 2364 at 6:40 PM

Location: Utopia Planitia Engineering Bay 12

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Disassembly completed. The walkways echo differently now. The Aux Control upgrade—my obsession—is progressing despite continued resistance. It will link every primary system, giving the ship a second life if the bridge ever dies.

My last two major installations, the Andorian sensor suppressor suite and the Orion fusion core are approved. We all know the Orion's didn't build that strange sphere, and no one really knows where the thing came from, but it's several classes above anything the yard was able to offer) Admiral Jaz finally gave in after losing that last poker hand. Apparently even bureaucracy folds to a straight flush.

Stardate 42261.3 April 6, 2365 at 8:59 AM

Location: USS *Horizon*

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

We've left Mars behind. The ship handles cleanly; the new redundancies flow like a living network. At night, I can almost hear the ship whisper to me.

Command acquiesced and assigned us a seven-member MACO detachment under Master Chief Manuel Harris. Officially they are here on a training rotation. Their presence gives us added weight—some see it as overkill; I see it as insurance.

Routine patrols along the border rarely stay routine. Harris and I both remember all too well from our time on the *Hecate*. If it wasn't his team, I doubt I'd even have the 8 MACO. Manuel called in a few pretty big markers with the brass for this "extended field training".

Stardate 42336.9 May 3, 2365 at 11:14 PM

Location: USS *Horizon*

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Lieutenant Commander Willow Ravencroft joined today as Chief Science Officer—young, brilliant, unafraid of debate. She requested time on the arrays to test subspace-turbulence models; permission granted. A curious officer is safer busy than bored.

Stardate 42694.9 September 11, 2365 at 3:19 PM

Location: Indri VIII Orbit

Log Type: Chief Medical Officer's Log

Author: Dr. Yaalz Gezko

Completed bi-annual biosphere survey. Indri VIII is still lifeless—tragic, but predictable. I advocate halting further missions; Starfleet prefers tradition over practicality.

Stardate 42763.8 October 6, 2365 at 6:53 PM

Location: USS *Horizon*

Log Type: Chief Medical Officer's Log

Author: Dr. Yaalz Gezko

If another protomatter experiment is ever justified, Indri VIII is the candidate. Ravencroft and I will update our findings for the Kirby Foundation conference. I suspect half our peers attend for the beaches, not the science.

Stardate 42922.6 December 3, 2365 at 5:58 PM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Chief Medical Officer's Log

Author: Dr. Yaalz Gezko

Monthly EMH-activation completed; regulations satisfied.

Personal annotation: I still can't stand that holographic monstrosity.

Stardate 42922.6 December 3, 2365 at 5:58 PM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Emergency Medical Hologram Log

Author: EMH

Patient Grace—blurred vision. Diagnosis: optic-nerve micro-defect. Repaired.

Dr. Gezko called my report "condescending." I call it factual. Additional Patient notes ...

Main Computer note: log abruptly ended, EMH remotely deactivation by Dr. Gezko.

Stardate 48365.6 May 14, 2371 at 10:39 AM

Location: Deep Space 4 Environs

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Routine docking at DS-4 for sensor upgrades and crew leave. I've begun thinking of the EMH as my real physician; the hologram never argues scheduling.

Stardate 48375.6 May 18, 2371 at 2:15 AM

Location: DS-4 Orbital Yards

Log Type: Chief Science Officer's Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

Refits complete. New sensors exceed tolerance by 18%. I'm petitioning the captain to take us through the nearby nebula for calibration. He agreed before I finished my sentence.

Stardate 48377.0 May 18, 2371 at 2:31 PM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Chief Medical Officer's Log

Author: Dr. Yaalz Gezko

Not even an hour! We're still docked! Commander Bostra was transported from main engineering after getting coolant burns to both arms and his upper torso. I've stabilized the injuries and the scarring will fade with a few more treatments. Full dexterity and sensitivity in the fingers may take longer to return as the coolant pretty much destroyed the nerves in the surrounding tissue there. He says he was just inspecting one of the new warp core SCRAM conduits to ensure it was installed correctly...he just failed to check if it was already pressurized.

I've issued an all hands memo reminding everyone to wear proper protective equipment, even if just performing routine maintenance.

Stardate 48485.8 June 27, 2371 at 7:46 AM

Location: USS *Horizon* — Beta Quadrant Sector JP-14

Log Type: Captain's Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Altered course toward a faint gravitational trace—periodic, rhythmic. Could be nothing. Could be everything.

Lieutenant Commander Ravencroft's eyes lit up like she'd found the universe's pulse. I told her to run with it.

Stardate 48485.8 June 27, 2371 at 7:46 AM

Location: USS *Horizon*

Log Type: Chief Science Officer's Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

Sensors show pattern coherence 0.998—a directed signal rather than random fluctuation. Reads like an engineered harmonic. The captain calls destiny flickering on the monitor and warned me if I look at it too long, I'll start to see faces in the clouds.

Stardate 48502.1 July 3, 2371 at 6:23 AM

Location: USS *Horizon*

Log Type: Chief Medical Officer's Log

Author: Dr. Yaalz Gezko

The science team dropped off some biological samples today (took long enough...it is BIO-logical after all, it should have come here first). Apparently, they found this during an away mission while we were at DS4 (some people just can't stop working). Initial medical scans indicate it isn't native to the planet they found it on. As a matter of fact, the scans seem to indicate it isn't native to ANY planet in our database. The remains consist of most of some form of appendage...thick, gray, covered in a mix of hair and fur, about 3 meters in overall length, double jointed with retractable curved claws in the paw (suited more for digging or ripping than slashing). Hypothesizing that this is essentially the full appendage, and it is some version of a leg, the creature would likely have been at least 4 meters long and 3 meters tall based on the

Selar scale. The membranes seem to be unusually resilient and pliable, almost like they have metamorphing properties. Whatever this lifeform was, it would have been insanely hard to kill, and probably very adaptable to most environments. I hope this is all I ever see of one of these.

Stardate 48517.4 July 8, 2371 at 8:25 PM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Chief Science Officer's Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

We've lost the signal completely. After chasing it across half the quadrant, it just disappeared.

When I informed Captain Thorne that we'd lost the trail, he just smiled and looked out his ready room window. He never smiles. I'm still wondering what I'm missing here. We've debated it among the science section and one radical, and disturbing possibility was raised. What if the signal never existed, but it was a ghost planted in the computer for us to find and follow? I've gone over the core, and the scanners and as far as I can tell, it was legitimate. I've set up an automated scanning program to alert me if we detect this signal again.

Stardate 48997.3 December 31, 2371 at 0:20 AM

Location: Bridge

Log Type: Automated Combat Sensor Log

Target: Unknown Object (Artifact-01)

Range 3.8 A.U. Gravitational flux +600%.

Captain's order: Approach Vector Alpha; maintain shields at maximum; prepare tractor beam.

Stardate 48997.5 December 31, 2371 at 2:05 AM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Chief Science Officer's Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

The sensor alarm work me up. The signal we lost back on Stardate 48485.8 returned.

Object detected—metallic, rectangular symmetry, etched symbols along its hull. Energy output impossible for mass. Captain ordered red alert. He almost smiled again.

Stardate 49009.2 January 4, 2372 at 8:35 AM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Chief Science Officer's Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

After another 5 days in an apparent stand-off with this Artifact. The tractor beam had no effect, the gravitational waves prevent transporters from locking on, and no shuttle can get close. I joking suggested we toss a rope out the shuttle bay and tug it in. Our Chief Engineer just looked

thoughtful and said, “maybe”.

Stardate 49009.2 January 4, 2372 at 8:35 AM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Chief Science Officer’s Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

Gravitational waves have begun battling against our shields. Helm reports distortion 12%. We reinforce critical fields and press on. The captain watches quietly, but has leaned forward, hands gripping the sides of the chair. It’s almost as if he’s waiting for confirmation of a premonition.

Stardate 49009.4 January 4, 2372 at 10:20 AM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Medical Log

Author: Dr. Y. Gezko

Headaches, auditory distortions continue to be reported shipwide. Low-frequency resonance confirmed source — Artifact-01. Captain refuses to withdraw from contact. Suggested partial evac—denied.

Stardate 49009.8 January 4, 2372 at 1:50 PM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Secured Personal Log

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

The tone is communication—modulated, intelligent. Matches the Cereb-2 harmonics identically. Ravencroft fears gravitational collapse; I know it’s recognition, the face in the clouds looking back at me.

We’re already inside its event horizon. I’ve ordered every backup and emergency system we have activated before we move the ship in closer. The ship must remember—for when we cannot.

Stardate 49010.6 January 4, 2372 at 8:51 PM

Location: USS Horizon

Log Type: Captain’s Log (Final Transmission)

Author: Captain Xander Thorne

Approaching artifact. Shields holding, though flux tenfold. Symbols glow—22.3 Hz intervals.

Record failsafe initiated. If this goes wrong—

[static — voice rises] “...Doctor, tell the crew—”

[signal loss]

Stardate 49010.7 January 4, 2372 at 9:43 PM
Location: USS Horizon
Log Type: Emergency Medical Hologram Log
Author: EMH

Multiple patients; severe injuries consistent with deck collapse. Dr. Gezko ordered immediate surgery then departed for Cargo Bay Triage.

Patient Kealoha—cranial trauma repaired.

Patient MACO female—crushed leg and burns successfully treated.

Crewman Stokes—

panic episode converted to lucidity via combined neuro-stimulant; now assisting with debris removal.

Power fluctuation — structural failure imminent — maintaining triage state until systems crash.

Stardate 49010.7 January 4, 2372 at 9:43 PM
Location: USS Horizon
Log Type: Auxiliary Control System Log
Author: Secondary Computer Core

Primary Bridge signal lost 49010.63. Emergency power rerouted.

Gravitational sensor data exceeds upper range—collapse registered.

Internal communications devolve to harmonic tone @ 22.3 Hz.

System status: Undefined. End of record.

Stardate 49010.7 January 4, 2372 at 9:43 PM
Location: USS Horizon, Deck 5 — Auxiliary Control
Log Type: First Officer's Log (Partial Audio Salvage)
Author: Commander Elais

“Main power offline. Bridge reports silence—no signal back. We're on reserves.

... Environmental drop 30%; Captain Thorne still on Bridge when the wave hit. He ordered me to the Auxiliary Command Hub just before ... Dear God—half the forward hull is gone.”

Stardate 49011.8 January 05, 2372 at 7:22 AM
Location: USS Horizon, Science Suite Sector B
Log Type: Personal Log
Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

The shockwave hit us like silence turned inside-out. One moment I was routing data to the secondary core, the next the deck and bulkhead folded together.

Four dead in my section alone—Kiana, Scarlett, Allie, and Sophie.

I won't stop to grieve yet; I keep expecting to wake up in a holosimulation because the numbers can't be real.

Stardate 49011.9 January 05, 2372 8:14 at AM

Location: USS Horizon, Auxiliary Command Hub

Log Type: Personal Log

Author: Commander Elais

The Captain was obsessed with redundant controls, such as this dead space he converted into a secondary bridge buried deep within the ship. We named it the “Dog House” as someone was always assigned here 24/7 and it felt more like a punishment than a posting. But it’s the only reason any of us are alive. Without all of these unique auxiliary and backup systems, the ship would’ve died with the Bridge. He must have known, somehow.

Stardate 49011.9 January 05, 2372 8:14 at AM

Location: USS Horizon, Lower Corridor J-4

Log Type: Chief Science Officer’s Personal Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

Emergency forcefields held. The corridor window conditions look like an aurora trapped inside a storm. Every colour has thickness.

We re-established non-local sensors enough to know one thing— we aren’t home.

Stardate 49012.1 January 05, 2372 at 9:59 AM

Location: USS Horizon, Cargo Bay 1

Log Type: Chief Medical Officer’s Log

Author: Dr. Yaalz Gezko

Using damage-control conversion protocol to turn Cargo Bay into triage site. Fifteen dead, ten critically injured. Forcefields unstable; transporters dead. We’re flying blind and bleeding out. If the Captain can hear this — we need power, any power — or this ship will be a tomb.

[Transmission cuts off; bulkhead impact.]

Stardate 49016.3 January 06, 2372 at 10:47 PM

Location: USS Horizon, Sickbay

Log Type: Emergency Medical Hologram Continuing Runtime

56 hours active. Structural emitters failing. Patients station-keeping stable through manual power rerouting.

Crewman Stokes performs adequately despite severe fatigue. Morphine thresholds widened to maintain function.

Observation: Organic resilience impressive, but temporary.

[Subspace record shows local time compression during log capture – 1.4 seconds missing per minute.]

Stardate 49016.6 January 07, 2372 1:24 at AM
Location: USS Horizon, Auxiliary Command Hub
Log Type: First Officer's Log
Author: Commander Elais

The *Horizon* was pulled into a parallel universe. The charts don't match, and the stars are wrong. Heavy casualties — half the crew gone. Captain Thorne ... didn't make it. I have assumed command.

Sensors show a massive structure ahead with a faint power signature; our only hope for refuge. All hands prepare for tow maneuver — if our engines still count as "engines."

Stardate 49016.9 January 07, 2372 4:02 at AM
Location: Long-Range Sensors / Bridge Remnant
Log Type: Science Team Supplement
Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

Found it —
the source of the power signature an asteroid hiding a hollowed dock. Pre-warp materials, impossible engineering.
We can tow the *Horizon* inside; structural integrity is failing too fast to delay.

Stardate 49017.2 January 07, 2372 6:40 at AM
Location: USS Horizon, Auxiliary Command Hub
Log Type: First Officer's Log
Author: Commander Elais

Medical staff decimated. Gezko and Rodie presumed lost after structural field failure in Cargo Bay 1.
EMH and two field medics handling remainder — barely.
Life support fluctuating by the hour. We've fabricated emergency suits and salvaged what equipment we can.
That station ahead is our only option. Course set.

Stardate 49019.1 January 07, 2372 11:18 at PM
Location: USS Horizon, Auxiliary Command Hub
Log Type: First Officer's Log
Author: Commander Elais

We've reached the asteroid. A drydock built inside rock — madness or genius. No Federation blueprints ever looked like this. Docking thrusters barely responding; half the crew operating manually from jeffries tubes. Captain Thorne would have called it "making do with the universe's leftovers." If he were here, we'd already be inside.

Stardate 49019.2 January 08, 2372 12:11 at AM

Location: USS Horizon, Engineering Conduits

Log Type: Chief Engineer's Field Note

Author: Cmdr. Claudia Reece

External thrusters 3-4 nonfunctional; dorsal stabilizers offline. We're literally dragging the *Horizon* with tractor beams and hope.

If we survive, we rename the ship Miracle.

Stardate 49019.3 January 08, 2372 1:04 at AM

Location: USS Horizon, Auxiliary Command Hub

Log Type: First Officer's Log

Author: Commander Elais

Docking successful—

barely. We've made it inside the derelict's main bay. Sensors call it "Arcturus." Gravity stable enough for repairs, for breathing, for mourning later.

Stardate 49024.1 January 09, 2372 7:06 at PM

Location: Arcturus Asteroid Facility – Docking Bay 1

Log Type: First Officer's Log

Author: Commander Elais

We made it. I still can't believe this structure exists—an entire drydock built inside an asteroid. The hull rewards silence: talk too loud and the sound just... stops.

Deck temperature is 2 degrees above freezing, yet gravity is stable. The external plating isn't duranium or tritanium—just layered iron composite, like something out of the early 22nd century.

The crew's huddled in the galley using makeshift heaters. For tonight, survival counts as victory.

Stardate 49024.2 January 09, 2372 7:59 at PM

Location: Arcturus Facility Main Control

Log Type: Chief Engineer's Log

Author: Cmdr. Claudia Reece

Structural integrity field—the station's own—still active at 12 percent. That's the only reason the asteroid hasn't collapsed on us.

Found obsolete power couplers that somehow predate the United Earth Fleet. No isolinear

hardware at all. Yet Tricorder readings register logical circuit trees far beyond anything we had a century ago.

Whoever built this, they weren't primitives; they were... *different*.

Stardate 49024.3 January 09, 2372 8:52 at PM

Location: Arcturus Facility — Docking Bay Inner Perimeter

Log Type: Chief Science Officer Personal Log

Author: Lt. Cmdr. Willow Ravencroft

The moment we crossed into the bay, the sensors picked up an indistinct hum—22 hertz again. Only I seem to notice it now.

Our phase alignment is off by 0.003 from known constants, meaning matter itself is different here.

I ran back-tests three times before recording these findings. We're expected to believe we moved a hundred light-years; truth is, we're in a new reality.

Stardate 49027.3 January 10, 2372 11:08 at PM

Location: USS Horizon, Sickbay

Log Type: EMH Run Status

Author: EMH

Runtime now six days continuous —

longest since installation. Ship stabilized structurally but environmental controls remain unreliable.

Thirty confirmed dead, twelve missing, four critical but stable.

I have recommended replacement of Chief Medical Officer per Fleet Regulations 328-A — temporary elevation of self to Acting CMO.

Comment: Scope of achievements unrecognized, not even a thank you from any of the patients I've treated. I'm a Tricorder, not a Doctor, apparently. Typical.

Stardate 49029.4 January 11, 2372 5:32 at PM

Location: USS Horizon, Sickbay

Log Type: Acting Chief Medical Officer's Log

Author: EMH

All patients discharged; no further critical injuries.

Environmental hazards under control.

Tomorrow engineering will deactivate me to relocate processor core into portable holo-repeater. P

robability of successful reactivation 83.7%.

If unsuccessful, I won't know — so why worry. End log.