

LOG(2040/06/23-i10:54)-Soldier-Fernando.Serenti

I'm recording this as a log, but I'm really hoping it doesn't end up as a will. Everything happened so fast...

I was on patrol in the first quadrant quarantine sector, deck one, when it all went to hell. One second I was changing the color of my HUD and the next, everything went black. Then white. Then black again, then turbocharged strobes until the flare compensation kicked in. A bunch of coats and collars in the hallway went into full seizure, more than half the rest were stunned... it wasn't pretty. I managed to grab a hold of two other guys, Juan and Ahmed, before we got ourselves a posse and headed down to the security station to find out what the hell was going on.

That's when the cleaning drone attacked. Now the coats I've asked about this told me all the little bots could do was pick up dust – nobody ever mentioned anything about the little spark boxes being able to switch from static to full-on lightning bolts. It fried two collars before me and the boys terminated it. I don't care if I punch holes through fifteen layers of wall, I'd sell my soul for some armor-piercing rounds right about now.

We're at the security station now. Nothing's working. All the screens show is the same old rotating model of the station with the welcoming spiel. We can't even access the local security grid, much less get any idea of what the hell's going on around here. Even Caesar's unreachable.

The lights are still in insanity mode. Juan, what's that?

...

Dammit, what the hell?! Close it! Close it now!

...

Holy hell. We can't reach the inner hall. There's a security drone that's got the run of the place and we don't even have caliber big enough to hit anything essential. We need some AP, and we need it right f... What's that? Roger, you two get to the quarantine room, I'll handle the door.

Alright, great... Ahmed says he caught wind of an invoice earlier today – says there's a shipment of brand-spanking-new ARs sitting pretty in the cargo hold. Those'll go through the bot's armor. Now we just need to find out where that crate's sitting... Damn. That means we have to check the registry, but we can't do that because the whole security station's down. We're gonna have to get to one of the cargo processing chambers and check it from there. With any luck the assault rifles won't have been processed yet. After that it's load up, punch the sec bot's clock and then get the hell up to Ops to find out what the hell's going on around here.

...

I'm in quarantine observation. The door to the outside ring's hardwired into this access terminal – at least if that's still working, then the other hardwired systems should be fine. Once the boys are in the quarantine chamber, I'll just pop the outside door open so they can get to the cargo from the outside. It's not the easiest way, but hell, it sure beats having to face that bot. They can probably get one of the loading exos and smash their way in. Alright, they're out... I'm holding the fort here, I guess. I should close this up for now and see if the workers and science guys are back and awake.

...

They're gone. Everyone's gone. Where the—oh no you don't, I'm not going down because of a damn maintenance drone. Alright? I'm locked and loaded! C'mon, you son of a—

**LOG(2040/06/23-i11:21)-ChiefEngineer-John.Brown**

This is one for the record books. Either the biggest glitch in the history of life support networking or one damn handy saboteur... That little light show's over now, I've got the deck running on backup power. Lucky for everyone involved I was running maintenance checks here when it all started... I'm heading back up into storage after this, deck one's become too dangerous. The elevators will still work, they're running straight off main power.

...On second thought, I'll take the maintenance shafts. I've seen too many horror movies.

**LOG(2040/06/23-i11:25)-Soldier-Jeanne.Wilmington**

The lights are back on. Or off, at least... Whatever. They stopped giving me brain spasms.

I've got the frag gun from the security station, just in case... The little sidearms they have us walking around with just won't cut it anymore. Well, neither will the frag, but I'm hoping the shrapnel's gonna mess up any cameras on the buggers. Even a trashcan gets too close and I'll blast it.

I haven't gotten word from the captain, or anyone else in my unit so far... It's been real quiet.

**LOG(2040/06/23-i15:31)-Maintenance-Steve.Kinkel**

He's shooting at me! He's shooting at me, man! I'm not a drone, I'm a human bei—@&£±|ç☐

**LOG(2040/06/23-i15:57)-Visitor-Hiroshi.Fukushima**

I hope everyone's okay... Miss Kimusume never came out of the doors. I'm still waiting at the booth, but everyone's gone... I wonder where they went...

I know they ran away, I just don't know where... This station's so big...

At least I have Nabe-Chan to bring me luck. It's so dark, though... I hate it when it's dark. One time I decided to go clean out my dad's closet... It was gonna be a big surprise, he'd been talking a lot about how he should clear everything out in there and make room for his new suit that he'd gotten because of his promotion... Then I got locked in and he came in late. I don't like it when it's dark anymore, I really hate it.

"Greetings!"

...Is there someone there?

"There you are! Can I be of assistance? Information Unit #245 ready to help!"

It's alright, Nabe-Chan, it's just a dro—

**MESSAGE(2040/06/23-i16:00)-Caesar**

Welcome to Gateway Station.

