

CAUTION

This document has been deemed **CLASSIFIED**
and graded as a **Level 2** potential threat to planetary security
As per statute 105.75.R, this transcript and/or recording is property of
Aluria Institute of Exotechnology & Aetherium Studies [C],
a subsidiary of

ALURIA CORPORATION [G]

HANDLING, VIEWING, AND STORAGE OF THE ATTACHED MUST BE IN ACCORDANCE WITH
APPLICABLE CORPORATE ORDERS, STATUES, AND REGULATIONS.

THIS DOCUMENT AND ANY CONTENTS HEREIN ARE ABSOLUTELY NOT TO BE
REPRODUCED OR DISTRIBUTED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE. DISCLOSURE SUBJECT TO
ADMINISTRATIVE AND CRIMINAL SANCTIONS

△-09931.335.715.1 | ▲ 15541.002.151.1 | △-77180.000.003.1 | ▲-DN-AU

○ = P.(C3) ● = SYTM SVCM7315R-LOG-16

.▽.

!-Loading Aetherium Codex Array v.7.5.1 (© Aluria Institute of Exotechnology – 15.03.6570SRT)
 !-????????//TRANSLATING... ERROR...unknown variable at memblock 4410.6624.4582.2640
 !-conditions satisfied...executing program
 !-system.display.untranslatable(#4472C4)
 !-attempt OS boot?....y
 ...
 ...
 !-loading Operating System...FATAL SYSTEM ERROR...
 !-loading subroutine XX-71r510.000.0001
 !-Body spec svcm7315r, semisentient type-● cybernetic being of the delineation Ah'Raa'il'ev, manufactured by Xe'bi:nu'ev as per the S.IO [Types ☉ - ☾] guidelines outlined In ██████████. □□□□ purpose □□□□ to compile information related to ██████████ celestial objects. This assemblage of data is then entered into The Great Archive Raa'il on the homeworld Ci'Raa'il'ek, located at coordinates ██████████. □□□□ (translation suggestion: transportation of information cargo) □□□□ vessel contains a local record, Raa'il-duik, which is transmitted at intervals back to the homeworld. Raa'il is an evolved version of the Q4-(9)-Exm distributed greater quantum cluster as theorized and prototyped by the 27th ██████████ council of Ra'Vielu, pre- ç'xulHira; the databases of which constitute the sum total of all processing and storage capabilities across several planets throughout ██████████. The current state of ██████████ species and of Ci'Raa'il'ek is ██████████. The current state of ██████████
 !-loading Observation log SYTM SVCM7315R-LOG-16-350-9000-4-00 (line 0)
 !-attempting (translate.language)+(interpret measurements(#ED7D31))....success

.△.

● = □

The first point of color emerged from the illimitable blackness of the cosmic canvas after what seemed an eternity of travel through the night tapestry of the universe. At the current rate of flight, the craft will make planetfall in 0.0027 standard cycles (unknown measurement//translation fail) and the work will begin anew.




I am entering an as-yet unnamed system 4.357kly from my point of origin. My initial destination is the planet which exists within parameters to potentially harbor macroscopic life, orbiting at approximately 9.45 light minutes from its sun. cursory scans show a dead world; there are no signs of living beings, sentient or otherwise. The temperature and general climate seem to be significantly colder than expected based on the planets estimated composition, gravity, and average orbital distance. Perhaps some form of life dwelt here once but is now buried under an eternity of frost. In a mere few μcycles I will make connection with the sterile, unforgiving ice world to begin the work.

Immediately upon landing, my ship is engulfed by the maw of the great white wall of snow. The roiling winds clatter viciously against the outer hull, masking the deathlike silence of the abandoned world. I key the standard enter/exit sequence into the computer; at once the ship powers down all extemporaneous systems while expelling a ramp from the airlock on the underside of the craft to join with the ground below. From here I descend onto frostbitten exterior of the inert biosphere. Prior to entry, I deployed a low orbit satellite γ -drone which is to make evaluations of the planet's atmosphere and topography; it will complete its orbit every $\sim 2700 \mu\text{cycles}$ which should equal, approximately, a full planetary rotation. In the meantime, I will manually survey the surface. Beyond the churning maelstrom of snow, the world lies as silent and empty as the space between stars. Visibility is severely restricted due to the nebulous alabaster cyclone of unyielding blizzard. This world has been ravaged by this all-consuming cold and even time itself has seemingly been frozen in its grasp. Despite its ever-presence, in the open fields the churning tempest is strangely quiet and quickly fades into the background of perception; for nearly $375 \mu\text{cycles}$ the only noticeable sound is that of my ||||| breaking through hardened permafrost. At intervals the blizzard dies down to momentarily reveal forgotten bits of existence. There are scattered building materials—advanced, intricately-manipulated stonework, plastics, and metallic alloys alongside fragments of structure clawing their way through the oppressive blanket of ice. All have been weathered beyond recognition. After some time, I come upon a circular clearing about 150m in diameter where the winds have calmed, though just outside the edge of this ring the storm still seethes; I surmise there must be some concealed phenomenon preventing the furious weather from occurring within the confines of the circle. The significance of this location is immediately visible. Amidst concentric rings of debris and derelict refuse is a platform held aloft by a meshwork of frozen metal beams and struts. Atop this platform is a cyclopean figure approximately 16.15m in height; my cursory estimation is that it is a statue chiseled from ||||| or analogous white stone. Its idealized features have been formed with calculated precision; it looks frightening close to being alive—though I detect no signs of thermal nor other radiation emanating from it. The face, in juxtaposition to its level of artistic beauty, is twisted into an unsettling display of tragic agony. Its topmost two arms are outstretched and bound by immense chains. These chains stretch upwards until they disappear into the overhead mist of the eternal storm. Other parts of the body similarly appear to be bound by additional crude mechanisms of bondage. The size of the figure is far too large to correspond with that of the estimated size of habitations, buildings, or tool remnants; therefore, it must be concluded this statue-esque form represents a divine, or otherwise ethereal, figure. It is likely that this was a deity worshipped by the beings of this planet, though the use of the chain motifs is unclear upon initial observation. I do a quick scan through the ship's archive: mentally sending search commands which fracture and spread, in simultaneous relay, through the voluminous digital sea of cataloged data as they peruse a multitude of tables and databases before further splintering to cross-reference ever more archaic tables deeper in the catalog. Ultimately, these commands yield no apparent reference to this figure; I make a note in the file to assess later alongside any other viable artifacts that are found. I look back to the imposing quasi-deific form before me. Perhaps at some point the local denizens went to war against, and achieved victory over, this "god" and now it remains imprisoned here-- a dead guardian of these endless barren wastes, frozen for eternity. Or was it this "god" who brought ruination to this world?

● = 2

Further west I come upon an expansive lake whose waters are frozen in languid gray solitude. The ice spears down into fathomless depths; perhaps there is no liquid water left, even at this sea's nadir. The surface is rife with elongated cracks and a galaxy of desultory scars-- a topographical chronology of the planet's endured pain. 20m from the lake's edge is a partially submerged building; it's aged walls of shaped stone have been whittled into a muddled non-color, and any ornamentation has long since been razed by storm and wind. Thus far, it is the only building that has retained enough construction to warrant entrance to achieve its complete observation.

● = 2.1

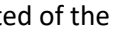
I enter the ruined archway and descend into a sort of foyer, the far end of which is partially submerged. Significant portions of the  edifice have disintegrated over time, while other sections of the  have been defaced methodically by the chisel of the inexorable weather. The foundation of the structure has shifted between 17.016° and 17.175°, resulting the bulk of it leaning at a considerably angled tilt. Regardless, passage inside is successful with minimal expenditure of resources. A short hallway whose walls are engraved with the deteriorating remnants of various pictographic motifs, presumably of a spiritual nature, leads to a cavernous central chamber. All color has long since faded from these walls and many portions have been stripped of substance completely. What little still exists amidst the pallid ocean of decay is only enough to make broad confirmations of the spiritual nature of this building. The main chamber is equally dilapidated, though bits of structure remain to offer potential illumination of purpose. Affixed in the middle of the room is a set of 19 stairs, also carved from , which lead to an enneagonal dais. Both the stairs and the dais itself have a number of symbols (of either linguistic or sigillic function) etched into them. Nine symbols per stair, and a single symbol upon each of the nine faces of the dais. Another search of the internal ship databases reflects that, despite some negligible similarities to various "known" primitive languages, these symbols and pictographs are as of yet undocumented. Beneath and around this central platform are a series of interconnected pools and troughs. It would seem these were at one time filled with water or other fluid substance, and vents at recurring points along the walls would have produced waterfalls leading down into the pools. In several places, the troughs have segments which extend further into unseen depths-- perhaps down into a cistern or subterranean water source. I deploy a set of ♁-drones which fan out to equidistant points along the room's perimeter to analyze the existing structure and run comparative simulations to generate a hypothetical reproduction of the full scope and operation of the aqueous worship chamber. I watch the simulacra of water rippling silently beneath the recreation of lofty waterfalls, pouring their divine liquid from an unseen ethereal spring.

● = 3

The passage of time on the planet from day into night and back into day was mundane-- marked only by fluctuation in light; the surface conditions showed no significant change. As predicted, after approximately one full rotational cycle, the satellite I had put into orbit had sufficiently mapped the surface of the planet. The unexplored portion was largely similar to what I had already observed and cataloged – sweeping, empty plains dotted with scattered clusters of ruin and rubble. However, there proved to be locations where the satellite had recorded weakly fluctuating signatures of electromagnetic activity from underneath the surface. According to data cross-referenced from the

density and topology scans, there was a subterranean network of tunnels which, at various points, were generating radiation. I set off to discover the source and full extent of this anomalous activity.

● = 4

The cavern is as dark and silent as a tapestry that was sliced from the void of space, but far ahead beyond the perceptible distance I'm picking up an array of data from longer wavelengths of electromagnetic radiation. I had moved to one of the points where the satellite had detected a series of irregular readings from a subterranean level within the planet; here had lain the faintest remains of a city or, more precisely, an industrial area. Though most everything above ground had been lost to time, I found entrances to 7 tunnels within a 750m radius of what I deemed to be the logical "center" of the zone. Four of these tunnels were inaccessible, either choked by a torrent of accumulated debris or from a complete collapse, but additional scans showed two of them to be readily traversable. I had entered the larger and more sophisticated of the tunnels; the outer face was set into the side of  and was akin to the entrance of a hanger or storage facility, although whatever door or gate had originally sealed it was absent. I moved beyond this threshold and followed the path as it reached deep into the rocky innards of the cliff before sloping downward towards the depths of the planet. The tunnel's ceiling reaches 7.5m while its width is about half that. The walls and ceiling are plated with intersecting sheets of polymetric alloy which, with age, had taken on the color of frostbitten rust. The floor is simply flattened earth, broken up at intervals by metallic signs and related markings. I have twin light-emitting fittings set in the front of my chassis; I bring these to life and bathe the tunnel in ghostly white luminescence. At a point much deeper, isolated from the awareness of the outside world, I reach the anomalous region. The tunnel opens into a giant cavity whose dimensions extend beyond my field of sight. This chamber appears to be a large-scale (relative to the size of the civilization) factory; machines line the walls-- metallic columns of interconnected apparatuses reach up and interlink with further mechanical structures anchored to the ceiling. Set against the outer walls are the largest of the mechanized denizen; constructs many meters tall housing numerous chambers whose orifices spew forth bundles of cable connected to arrays of smaller scion machines in a complex web-like grid of wire and circuitry. They resemble greying corpses, gashed open with their entrails splayed out, which have been reconfigured by twisted science into massive and hideous new artificial lifeforms. There are rows of giant industrial vats linked by a network of walkways and platforms at varying heights. Assembly lines and conveyors run the length of the chamber where they would have picked up and deposited materials at nexus points. Innumerable mechanical arms hang limply from the ceiling, half-coiled serpents nested in a jungle of wires. At some point in the past this place was likely a manufacturing hub, forge, or similar, though now it lay motionless in the abyss between rock and dream. In what I gauge to be the approximate center of the chamber rests a substantial tokamak structure which yet draws breathe despite the enfeebling weight of centuries. Its toroidal heart gives off a faint glow as its reactor continues to pump energy into the vast circuit of machinery. Behind it I can just make out the shapes of automated magnetic sleds moving along a system of tracks, ferrying up raw material from deeper beneath the planets crust and divesting it into a series of smaller processing centers where, through some unseen process, it is transmuted into fuel for the tokamak to consume. I wonder how long this orphaned machinery has continued to senselessly eat away at its own home long after its purpose was exhausted.

.▽.

!--ERROR Observation log SYTM SVCM7315R-LOG-16-350-9000-4-00 (line 161)
!--failure to load..... ERROR [REDACTED].....
!--loading next viable marker...
!--loading Observation log SYTM SVCM7315R-LOG-16-350-9000-4-00 (line 17405)
!--attempting (translate.language)....success

.△.

● (END)

EXTENT OF PLANET SURVEYED = TOTAL STATUS OF PLANET = INERT | NO LIFE, SENTIENT OR OTHERWISE
DISCOVERED | PROCEEDING TO NEXT COORDINATES

UPLOADING..
TRANSMITTING..

COMPLETED

△ .▽. △

Aetherium Nebula – I – Glacialis Mundi