

*The following is a summarized transcript of the audio recordings released on tape for the first time on June 26th, 1989. This document and all associated files are now property of the MoSA(Museum of the Supernatural and Anomalous), Nepal.*

*Henceforth, superhero#23890 will be referred to as her alias on planet Earth, Pitchfork.*

## **START LOG**

### **ENTRY #1**

Pitchfork: Hi? Look, this isn't necessary—

[REDACTED]: Is the red light blinking?

Pitchfork: *(faint thud)* Yeah. Yes, it is.

[REDACTED]: The recording is in session. Please begin by introducing yourself.

Pitchfork: Right. Uh, I'm Abir, and I'm here because the League has asked me to keep an audio log after the PlanetQ event last week.

[REDACTED]: Please recall this 'PlanetQ' event as accurately as you can.

Pitchfork: I'd actually rather not. *(silence)* Fine, let's see—Seon, a general from the solar system right over—attacked Earth with the intention of uh, well, finding me. And he found me. Look, the reasons are irrelevant, and family history plays a big role here—

[REDACTED]: Please explain exactly what he did to you.

Pitchfork: Right. Okay, yeah I can do that. He tried to get me into his ship, but I knocked him out right on time. Definitely would've fell to death off that cliff, if it weren't for his cronies. The very last second, though, he shone his wrist beams directly into my eyes *(clicks tongue)*. Made the suckers burn like chickens in a rotisserie oven.

[REDACTED]: How do you feel now?

Pitchfork: *(a pause)* Fine? Wait, don't tell me THAT'S what this is about—

[REDACTED]: It is in your best interests that you cooperate and stay within the premises.

Pitchfork: I've told you, I'm not contagious or anything. They've been pestering me saying I've come into contact with extraterrestrial matter; fine. But I *am* extraterrestrial matter to you people. If nothing's gone wrong for the last twenty years, there is absolutely no reason for me to

suddenly be dangerous right after butting heads with one of the most dangerous armies in the galaxy. Saving everyone else in the process, mind you.

*(Silence. [REDACTED] appears contemplative. The dripping of water onto metal echoes faintly in the background.)*

Pitchfork: *(testily)* May I leave the premises now?

[REDACTED]: I'm afraid I cannot let you do that.

Pitchfork: What?

*(An alarm blares in shrill bursts. There's the screeching of metal on cement, followed by three dull thuds.)*

Pitchfork: What is the meaning of this?

[REDACTED]: Abir Akhnae, you are being held in quarantine starting now and extending for the indeterminable future. You will be supplied with sustenance at the discretion of the League. You will maintain the equipment and update weekly logs about any and all disturbances to your condition.

Pitchfork: Oh no I won't—

*(A loud clunk, followed by a shout.)*

[REDACTED]: Your powers are useless here. It is in your best interests that you cooperate. Are you in extreme pain?

Pitchfork: *(breathless)* How- how did you do that? Man, I felt that in my ribs.

[REDACTED]: Thank you for your patience. I wish you the best.

Pitchfork: NO, WAIT—

*(Silence. Pitchfork can be heard breathing heavily. A mumbled curse sounds.)*

Pitchfork: I suppose I have to find the button myself too, huh?

END ENTRY#1

### ENTRY#3

Pitchfork: My family will not let you get away with this. How dare you call yourselves superheroes? From everything I've read about Earth, you're barely even human, the lot of you.

[COMPUTER]: Error. Unsaved data will be deleted if not supported by information about subject's condition. Deleting in 20 seconds.

Pitchfork: Seriously? Good morning to my captors. I spoke to the hazmat suit you sent in earlier, seems like a nice fellow. Just as I predicted, I am functioning perfectly fine. *(screech)* Oh, I walked into a chair today. I hope you have a blast feasting on that information. Do let me know if it warrants extermination.

Computer: Thank you. Is there anything you would like to add? Remember, longer messages are more meaningful.

Pitchfork: Oh my god, just shut up—

### END ENTRY #3

### ENTRY #10

Pitchfork: It has just come to my notice that the League is explaining my absence by branding me a traitor for having turned over to the Qonan government. I have a million people protesting against me on the streets; screaming all those slurs, I-I would like *(chokes)*—you know what, the formalities don't matter anymore. This has gone too far.

What is wrong with you people? Let me come out and fight. If the news is true, Seon is butchering you all. I am the only one who can help you, and now my own family believes I strayed and betrayed them to go to that bloodthirsty demon. For Nion's sake, my brother is only *ten—*

Computer: Error. Unsaved data will be deleted if not supported by information about subject's condition. Deleting in 20 seconds.

Pitchfork: *(breathes deeply)* Okay, okay. I am perfectly fine. Both my heartbeats, nitrogen levels and blood pressure are all normal. The doctor was very encouraging. *(pause)* He said it must be the field stopping me from using my powers that's making me a little disoriented, and turning the

edges of my vision blurry. Sometimes I don't—I don't quite feel like myself. He says it's because of the isolation, but I don't think isolation allows enemy generals to whisper propaganda into your brain throughout the day. Look into that, will you?

Computer: Thank you for your response. Due to repeated disobedience, this entry will automatically terminate in five seconds.

Pitchfork: Wait, I have more to s—

END ENTRY#10

ENTRY #22

Pitchfork: I've finally figured out how to shut down that annoying AI, so you're welcome. I think you people forget that I'm a scientist sometimes. Must have slipped your minds while you were busy stockpiling the blame of your own failures on me.

*(long pause.)*

There's definitely an element of mind control here. I have patches of time with no recollection of where I've been or what I've been doing. I find Seon's name etched on my couch, on my dining table, on the mirror, everywhere, and as nauseous as I am, I recognize my handwriting.

I walked into the same chair three times today. It was only funny the first time. I couldn't tell you the color of the soup I drank this evening if my life depended on it. The lights are much dimmer than they were two days ago, but the AI told me they've been supplied the same power as always. I stopped seeing the sunbeams through the grating two days ago. All my vitals are consistent. I still believe I am not carrying a contagion, but my own health is worrying. And another thing—about the doctor, I'm not quite sure I trust him anymore. Some of the things he said...

Wait, is this recording? Where's the little light? (shuffling, and a hiss) Okay, that is definitely switched on, it's hot enough to burn my hand. But—oh no, no no no—

*(frantic scrambling is heard, followed by a loud thud.)*

END ENTRY #22

ENTRY #40

Pitchfork: I saw the outline of the television for the last time yesterday. Objects and shapes move in a complete blur now. Even the Qonan logo on the back of the doctor's suit and his metal claws; I only saw the neon as the doors were closing and the sun directly hit him. I wonder how long he's been an imposter, getting information about my condition right under all of your noses.

Thankfully, I won't be needing him back here anymore. After all, I know full well that I have the authority to make this diagnosis; my vision is irreparably damaged.

*(deep breaths. There is an uncomfortable sound that sounds like nails scratching on leather, attributable to fidgeting.)*

I know the League's numbers are dropping fast. Seon seems indestructible, doesn't he? I still believe I can help, but you people will never learn to trust me. Very well. I have a proposition.

I know that the Qonans want a submissive population. They will go to any lengths to get it, and if threats and coercion do not work, they will stoop lower. You know just as well as I do now that they've been monitoring my condition just as closely as you have. After all, what better way to test the prowess of a weapon than on the strongest of their own species? Mark my words now; If it has affected me, it will affect every single one of you. And then you will be truly powerless. You do not realize the enormity of the gifts you have right now; sight and will.

This is why I ask you; let me find a cure. Give me the resources, because inevitably, tragically, test subjects will appear, and they will appear soon.

I already let Seon win against me once that day on the cliff. I will not make the same mistake again.

END ENTRY #40

ENTRY #70

Pitchfork: I hear the nation has promoted me as an official enemy of the state and people today. A lovely day to celebrate with canned beans alone. Some part of me is relieved to be blind; at least I will not have to see my mother's face in the cheering crowd.

The two men you sent in are apt as first human test subjects. They seem only too happy to help, even when I warned them repeatedly that the drug is in its early stages of development. The way they spoke of life, I don't think they have anything else to lose.

Henry reverted back today at approximately six in the morning. I only found out when I heard the bumping start; he was walking into the walls of his cage again. The other rats in the eighteenth batch show promise—Susanna is as active as ever, and Suna is regaining his appetite.

I do not know where Grima is. There is stew on the stove that I haven't cooked. I hope my lapses in memory do not cause any more trouble.

END ENTRY #70

ENTRY #82

Pitchfork: Susanna is unresponsive. Suna isn't squeaking any longer. Perhaps, a higher dose for the next batch of animal subjects. The humans are still comatose.

Please tell me my brothers are okay. The nightmares don't stop even in the daytime.

END ENTRY#82

ENTRY #120

Pitchfork: I see the first mass attack has been initiated. I expect the victims in my chambers at dawn.

On a brighter note, I am pleased to report that Henry the Fifth has not reverted for twenty days now. The wonders of modern medicine and faith, truly. Perhaps this monster will celebrate her morbid, glorious day with some of the champagne [REDACTED] left behind so long ago. Is alcohol poisonous to rats?

END ENTRY #120

ENTRY #121

Pitchfork: It is disgustingly on brand for you people to send me a bus of schoolchildren as human test subjects. What, did their mommies not have enough money to buy you off? Pathetic. Even as your resident traitor, I am disappointed.

Just you wait, I will not let a single one of them go untreated. The end is near. I'm not even sure who I'm fighting anymore, but I know that I am winning.

ENTRY #140

Pitchfork: Test subject 58. Nine year old female with no prior health issues. Infected forty days ago.

Nala: *(unintelligible)*

Pitchfork: If you could speak into the mic, please?

Nala: *(brightly)* Hi! I am nine! I am doing an experiment!

Pitchfork: Yes, you are. And you're doing it very well.

Nala: Miss Abir is very nice! She cannot see like me because of the bad alien. She let me touch her special machines!

Pitchfork: Okay, settle down now. Put your arms through that harness, please.

Nala: It feels like the rope I wore when I went bungee jumping with daddy.

Pitchfork : *(clears throat. When she speaks, her voice is choked.)* Okay, this might hurt a little, so you have to be brave for me.

Nala: Okay, Miss Abir.

Pitchfork: Right. On three, okay? One, two—

*(The shouting begins. Nala is heard yelling for two minutes straight. Metal rattles wildly, and all throughout, Pitchfork is heard shouting reassuring, non committal phrases over the din.)*

*(Suddenly, silence.)*

Pitchfork: Nala? Hey, hey, you're okay.

Nala: *(sobbing)* That hurt.

Pitchfork: I know, I'm so sorry. Look, you did so well. We'll continue next time, alright? Now do you want some ice-cream?

Nala: (still sobbing) Miss Abir?

Pitchfork: (choked) I'm sorry, this was a stupid thing to do—

Nala: Your hair is very p-pretty. Brown is my mommy's favorite color.

Pitchfork: What? (*A thud. She has presumably fallen to her knees.*) What did you just say?

Nala: I missed the sky, Miss Abir. Can we go see the sun on the roof?

Pitchfork: Oh Nion, Nala, you can see—you can see (*hysterical laughter, followed by sobbing*).

Nala: Miss Abir, you shouldn't cry. You're like a superhero! Saving the world with your trusty sidekick, Nala by your side!

Pitchfork: Superhero. (*The sobbing continues, louder.*) Yeah, a superhero.

END ENTRY #140

END LOG



