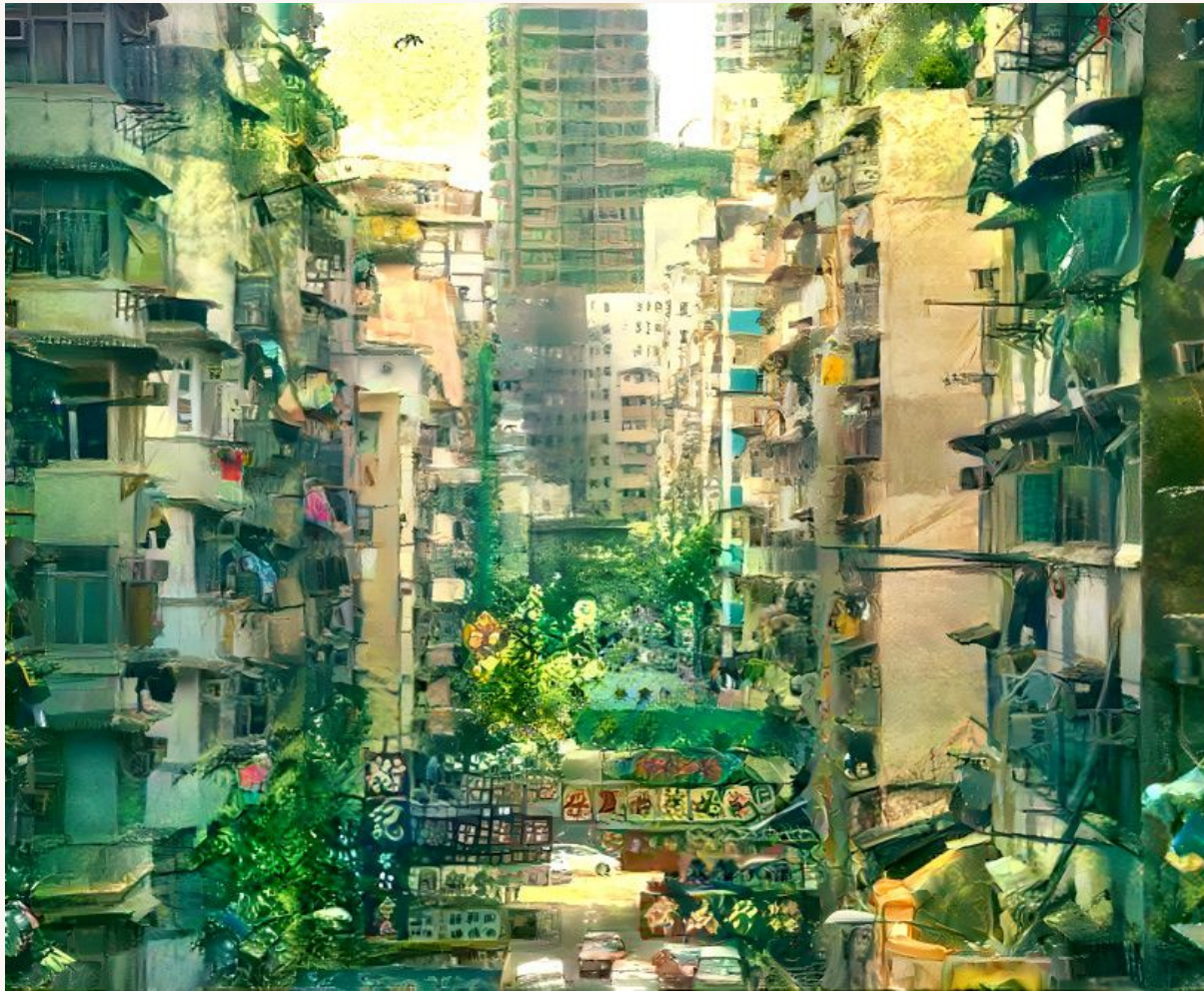


OTV CREATIVE CHALLENGE SUBMISSION | PHASE I

Kye Cavender & Thomas Evans | Groundwater Studio

Ludwig Wants Off



LUDWIG WANTS OFF

The hum of man's machinery; the heat of careful excess. Opportunistic green pushes itself up from every available urban crevice, eagerly devouring balmy air.

From somewhere far away, the ripples of a dull impact come lapping through poro-ceramic, timber, steel, and holopaint.

People stop and listen, for a moment. Two of them – one large, one not so large – are sitting together at a table in a small little café. A small little café, in a small little neighborhood, in a small little corner of town.

“Sounds like today’s boy dropped!”

“Did Mr. Jäger work on this one?”

“I’m sure he did, Fiona. You’re quick to remember names, aren’t you?”

“Only people that I like, Daddy! You know that!!”

A young girl swings her legs off a chair as she takes little bites out of a biscuit. The man across from her struggles to find ways to rest his arms on the table that don’t cause it to flip and throw tea in his daughter’s face. He takes a sip of his own purple-tinged tea and winces, adds another cube of sugar.

Warm light from a smallish sun bursts into a kaleidoscope of colors upon their table, upon the floor, split through stained glass windows. Meandering iconojazz permeates the pleasantly dusted air; a musty-looking Blackriver-brand holograph player in the corner betrays its origin.

“Daddy, look!”



A small little café

Fiona points towards the windows. At their base, a modest square of transparent glass yields a view to the storefront garden outside. A blabofern is “warbling,” signalling that it is about to germinate.

Outside, a man dressed in tired eyes and tired limbs stoops down to look. The blabofern gently uncoils, tenderly spreading its fronds. Its red spores release themselves onto the plant bed below. The little spores bury themselves into the earth as the blabofern withers. Within seconds, small green fuzzy tendrils belonging to new little blaboferns poke up out of the moist, crumbly brown dirt.

The man peeks into the café through the clear window, and meets eyes with Fiona. She waves at him. He stares at her, confused, then looks at the man seated beside her. Without a moment’s hesitation, he bursts in through the café door, pointing at Mr. Father, approaching his table.

“YOU! Are you Gilbert Minonona? The director of Customs and Immigration, right? Listen. FUCK. THIS.”

The father glances at his daughter, then back at the man.



A blabofern in mid-warble

“Yes, that is who I am. I don’t know who you are, but could I ask that you don’t curse in front of my daughter?”

The man seems to not hear this. “This shit is fucking ridiculous! Fuck everything about this place! I-”

Mr. Minonona cuts him off with a firm raise of his hand. “If you have a problem with me or my bureau, there are better ways to lodge a complaint. Can’t you see that you’re intruding here?”

The man looks at Fiona again, who is staring at him wide-eyed and intensely curious. He straightens up, suddenly realizing what sort of first impression he’s made. “I apologize. I’m sorry. That’s not it at all. I came to make a personal request. I heard you come here often, I...didn’t want to wait for processing, and there are...some circumstances.”

Mr. Minonona examines the man more carefully. Despite the man’s efforts to hold himself with some semblance of self-respect, he has the limp posture of an old coat hanging from a nail. His brown, lightly-armored jumpsuit identifies him as a member of VAL-30 Support & Rescue. Whatever his business, he’s not here to cause a scene. It’s more than enough to reveal to Fiona’s father where this is going. He gestures the man towards a nearby chair.

“Alright. Let’s hear it. I’m guessing you want off, yes? What’s your name?”

The man scurries into the offered seat. “Ludwig Piccadilly. Uhhh...” He points at a badge on his shoulder. “VAL-30 Support & Rescue, 3rd unit forensics. Yes. I want off. As soon as possible. The next vessel. Cryo or crew. Any role is fine.”

Mr. Minonona settles back in his chair as the interaction veers back into something nice and civil. He loosens a clenched fist from beneath the table. People behaving irrationally is something that has always been hard on his nerves.

“OK, Ludwig. We can handle special requests, but normally you still need to submit an application and be processed. That said, from the sound of it, there’s a reason you came looking for me to discuss this in person. Given your station, I imagine it has to do with unreleased VAL-30 information that is integral to your request for expedited emigration – is that right?”

Ludwig nods once, slowly.

Mr. Minonona continues. “OK. I understand. Tell me what’s going on. Unless this information is highly confidential, we can talk about it here. There’s enough crazy rumors as it is – one more won’t hurt.”

“It...is rather confidential, but it’ll be released by the Worker’s Collective anyway. I just...don’t want to wait. I can’t wait. I’m guessing you saw this holoreport from a few days ago? About the hyposentience flare?”

Ludwig taps on the table, and moves his fingers through the air a few times, asking, “Can you see it?”

Mr. Minonona blinks a few times. Fiona also does, in the same pattern. Before them, a holographic image appears – a news story released the previous day. He confirms the visual: “Yes, I see it.”

Fiona chimes in: “I do too!”

Ludwig glances at her briefly. “Uhhh...right. Anyway, about 15 days ago, a spelunking team was sent out to explore an interesting new cave system that some surveyors identified in a previous expedition. There seemed to be some novel hyposentience activity there, so it was singled out for investigation. Then four days ago, we had that crazy flare. Just look at this for a second and then I’ll explain in more detail.”

OVERFLOW EVENT TYPE-J #5

PRELIMINARY REPORT:

At 06:42:01 VAL-30 FROG Expedition #1 began the first official descent into a terrestrial cave system. At 11:08:11, the expedition's live data stream was subject to a substantial Hyposentience Transmission Overflow Event. 96.9% of ecological, meteorological, hyposological, botanical, aerological, and supernautical data was lost along with 98.2% of the crew's personal data.

While overflow events are sparse, protocol accounts for their eventuality. That being said, this expedition was the first to delve beneath the crust of VAL-30. The goal has been outstanding since the initial cohort of scientists first made landfall; however, no crew had yet had the audacity to make the expedition.

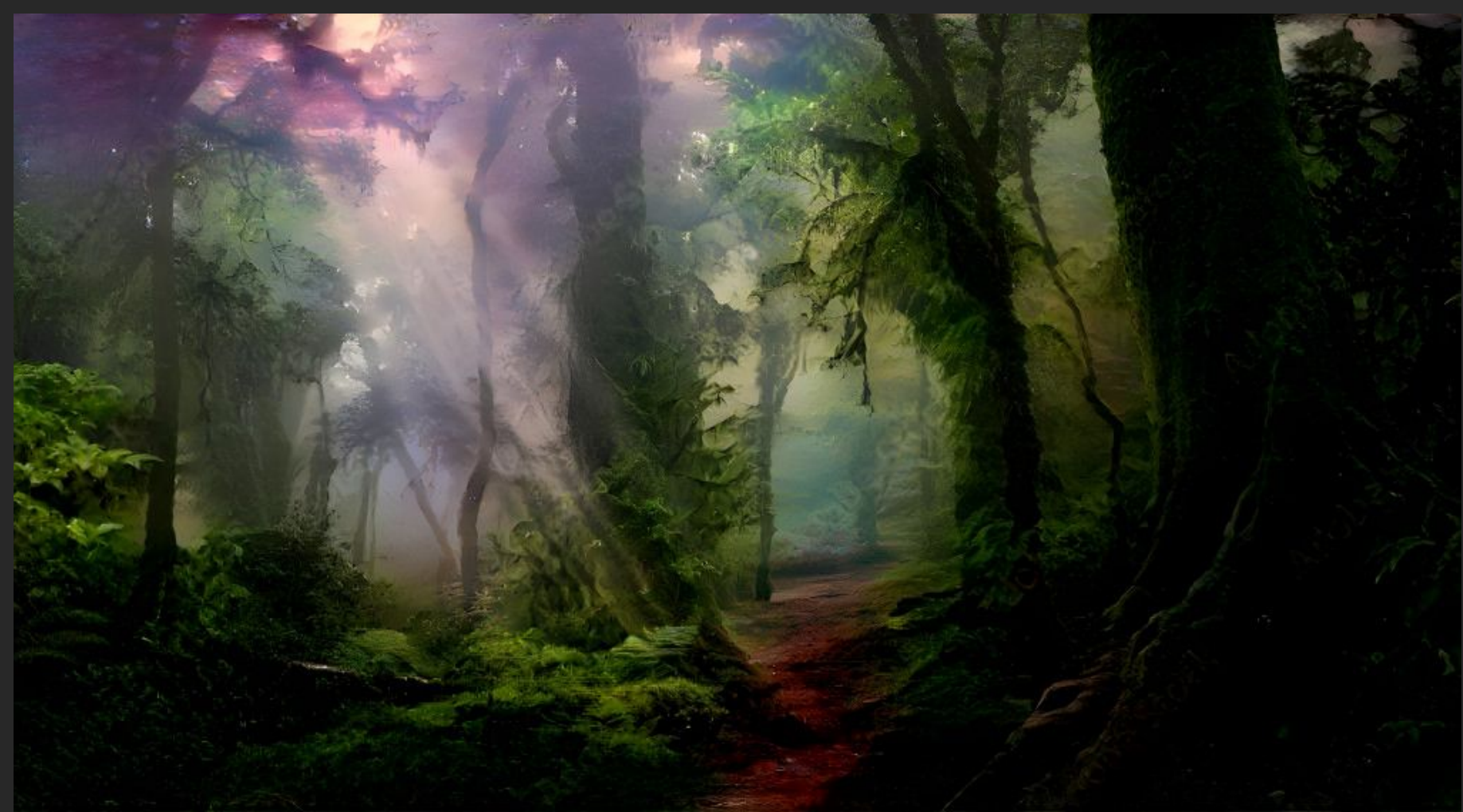
Ultimately, this outcome seems to be the one that might be anticipated given the totality of third party reviews on this crew's approach and methods. Their top priority often appeared to be a campaign against safety protocols and expedition intoxication guidelines. Nevertheless, the loss of the expeditions science team is a severe blow. They were founding members of the VAL-30 scientific community and leading authorities on hyposentience.

VAL-30 Support & Rescue; 3rd Forensics Unit has been authorized to deploy as of 21:55:02 the same day. Full incident report is pending.

	<p>Monitor Station Operator Report on Overflow Event Type-J #5 @ 11:08:55:</p> <p><i>Monitoring station will be temporarily down for repairs and staff wide smoke break.</i></p>
--	--

```

11:08:03 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 2ms SIZE=3.21Gb
11:08:04 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 8ms SIZE=1.08GB
11:08:05 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 12ms SIZE=1.32Gb
Archiving...
Encrypting...
Success!
11:08:06 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 3ms SIZE=8.51GB
11:08:07 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 1ms SIZE=7.28Gb
11:08:08 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 3ms SIZE=2.98GB
Archiving...
Encrypting...
Success!
11:08:09 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 6ms SIZE=4.21Gb
11:08:10 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 5ms SIZE=13.55Gb
11:08:11 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=82.68Tb
Archiving...
Error!
Potential Hypsen Transmission Overflow Event! Potential @96.1%
11:08:12 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=731.33Tb
OVERFLOW ROUTING PROTOCOL ENGAGED
STYMYING FLOW...
ARCHIVE RAM FULL!
11:08:13
ARCHIVE BUFFER FULL!
ARCHIVE VENTS FULL!
11:08:14
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
11:08:15
Advised: SEVER CONNECTION
Air Gap Engaged
Bitwhisper Isolation Failsafe Engaged
Purging Overflow...
8517095320258331 files lost of 31Pb transmitted during 00:00:05 duration event
Assessing Archive Integrity...
11:08:15
Assessing Archive Integrity...
Archive Integrity at 3.1%
Contact Network Administrator...
11:08:16 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
11:08:17 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
11:08:18 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
11:08:19 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
11:08:20 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
11:08:21 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
11:08:22 Packets From B3 88 18 A2 A3: Bytes:128 time 0ms SIZE=0Xx
    
```



Once the report ends, Mr. Minonona takes a sip of tea. It's nice and sweet now. Ludwig speaks up again.

“I was part of the rescue mission to retrieve the spelunkers after we lost contact, and was given access to the spelunker log retrieved from the flare in order to prepare for the mission. We aren't sure when we *actually* lost contact with that team, but...well, we tried to reach out after the flare and got no response.”

Fiona pokes at the holoreport image. “But Mr. Piccadilly, why didn't you just send a robot to explore the cave?”

“Uhhh...?”

Fiona's father puts down his tea cup. “Fiona, drones aren't reliable for this kind of thing. We haven't figured out how to develop sensor systems that give us decent data on hyposentience activity. We need people for that.”

Ludwig tugs at the badge on his shoulder. “Sure. People who ain't me. Not anymore.”

Fiona fiddles with a biscuit. “But robots would be neat...”

“Anyway, Ludwig,” says Mr. Minonona, “can you tell me about what you saw once you arrived at the cave?”

“Sure, ok. They actually weren't at all far from the entrance, maybe 100 meters. We did our forensics; it seems like they were wandering around in a circle over and over again. They weren't really ‘lost’ at all. I don't know exactly what they saw down there – the feeds are only so reliable, after all – but it seems like they were just getting their heads messed with.”

Mr. Minonona responds. “But all of them were dead?”

“Yes. We’re still not sure how that happened.”

“I see...about those logs – is this a personal matter, by any chance? Was that spelunker someone you knew?”

“Not really, no. We came over on the same vessel, but he wasn’t very engaged with anyone, not that I noticed. He was kind of a brooder, I guess. There were a thousand of us on that thing anyway, so, you know.”

Mr. Minonona pauses for a moment, in thought, before responding. “OK. Would you be willing to share the logs with me?”

“Sure, I guess, but they’re not all that relevant. I’d like to just talk about getting me out of here.”

“It just helps me understand your situation better. This *is* quite a favor you’re asking of me, you know.”

Ludwig nods and taps the table again. A directory of audiovisual logs replaces the holoreport hovering between them. He scrolls through them. He settles on one, puts a finger up towards the image, and “presses” a play icon.

Decoded File 1,210,981/8,517,095,320,258,331
Final Audiovisual Sensor Recordings
Hypsen Interference Reversal @97.1% @0.8dBFS




Decoded File 1,210,981/8,517,095,320,258,331
Audio Logs (Transcribed)
Hypsen Interference Reversal @97.1% @0.8dBFS

C: Eric (log owner) | Cartographer
S: Scarra | Captain
T: Toast | First Mate/Navigator

D: Dr. Mane | Science Team Lead
L: Lily | Expedition Hypsen Specialist
M: Michael | CHAD Specialist/Engineer

<Expedition Day 3>
<07.18.2213 | 23:16:07>
(logged conversation)

 M: Wøht FUCK is under my bed right now?










L: SHSHSHSH QUIET NO SHUT U-
C: **muffled screams**

L: Just don't wake the crew okay?? Watch watch. Here
okay she's nice watch this!





soft footsteps




L: Sweetie, shh it's okay...He isn't going to hurt you okay?
small claws skittering on poro-ceramic

C: Oh man...what..is...the hell is that...creature...? Is that
thing local?!

L: Please please please keep this a secret okay? She's just
so sweet and cute and was on the barge after the Geyser.
please don't tell the crew okay? I'll owe you a million
favors, a billion favors         

<Expedition Day 2>
<07.17.2213 | 20:14:57>

    M: əvəsni, they're just straight up braindead,
pureblood idiots. They- **pauses and lowers voice** Today
our supply barge was hit by some...plant geyser. Yeah. The
barge with the water filtration and the cave descent gear.

So... **soft chuckle** our engineer...dangled himself from the
specimen arm using a bootleg mag lock meant for the bay
doors. This...this absolute madman swung himself onto
the side of the barge and...rewired its power supply to
function as a CHAD. It slowed the growth long enough to
tow the barge free. He was still swinging around a good 30
meters below the ship while the Captain steered us away
from the site. I think...I think he was   

C.H.A.D Device:
Charged Herbicide
and Defoliant

After reviewing the logs, Mr. Minonona puts a finger to his lips, pushing gently. Fiona seizes the moment to pursue her own line of questioning: “Mr. Piccadilly, did you and the rescuers go to the cave in a robot??”

“I, uhh, well no...we –”

Mr. Minonona interjects wearily: “There aren’t any ‘robots’ for this kind of thing, Fiona. Anyway, Ludwig, I can see that this must have been a harrowing experience for you. Is this-”

Fiona presses on, insistent: “But what about moborobo??”

“Fiona. Not now.”

Fiona slumps down on the table, resting her head on an elbow. Mr. Minonona continues: “So, Ludwig. Is this the reason you want to get off VAL-30? Because of what you saw in the cave? Or in the logs?”

“Ummm...yes.”

“Hmmm. Well, I don’t doubt that this was traumatic for you, but it doesn’t quite reach the level of a special exception. Why don’t you just stay in the city and do some other kind of work – until you get processed? Or you could join the UBI town, if you need some time to work through this?”

Ludwig scoffs. “What? Work through it? Please. I’m at least something of a professional. The flare was dramatic, but this sort of thing happens all the time. Those idiots weren’t even in any real danger down there, as far as I could tell. If they had followed protocol, they’d have been fi-” As soon as these words exit his mouth, he winces, and looks up at the ceiling.

“It sounds like there’s something you’re not telling me, Ludwig.”

Ludwig shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

“...Ludwig?”

“OK. Alright. It’s not the cave. It’s what happened on our way back.”

“On your way back?”

“Yeah. My *entire team* got...” He doesn’t finish the sentence, trailing off. Mr. Minonona leans in. “Got what? Did you run into a growth geyser? Or something we haven’t seen before? What happened?”

“No....no. Well, we encountered some kind of slime...thing. Everything it touched sped up *the process* even more than you already see on this batshit planet. It seemed like a good specimen, so we got a sample from it. It didn’t seem to care – we just cut a little piece right off.”

“It did something to you?”

Ludwig drags the palm of his hand over the bottom half of his face and takes a deep breath. “No. No. It wasn’t like that at all.”

“Ludwig. Tell me what happened.”

“OK...alright, fine...OK.” Ludwig takes another deep breath. “Some guys with these like, crazy-looking guns...came after us – just – out of nowhere.”

“Wait – you were attacked by *people*?”

“They demanded we hand over the sample – but they wouldn’t identify themselves. We refused. And they...opened fire. Just like that. I saw my team...” Ludwig trails off again – and then explodes. “*FUCK* this!” He pounds on the table, hard – causing a small earthquake of china and tea treats. “Fuck *ALL* of this!”

Fiona quickly puts a jostled biscuit back on her plate. Mr. Minonona presses him further. “Do you have any idea who these people were?”

Ludwig seems to not hear him. “I don’t get it. I don’t fucking get it. I came here to help with research! Of course it’s dangerous work. We’re neck-deep in fucking...magical alien subjectivity? What the fuck does that even mean? We had our stun rifles, our biosuits, all of it! – but, fuck, I...I didn’t come here to get mowed down by some kind of fucking...paramilitary outfit! I thought I was *getting away* from that shit by leaving Earth!”

Fiona pipes in. “Mr. Piccadilly, were the—”

Mr. Minonona shuts her down. “*Fiona*. Ludwig, this sounds like a big problem. You really think this story will be released?”

Ludwig returns to the conversation. “...I don’t see how it won’t be. The Worker’s Collective gets access to all of this stuff, I don’t think they’ll just keep it hidden.”

“Right. And since you’re the one who survived...”

“Yeah. I don’t know who those assholes are, but I don’t want any part of this anymore. I just want off. Off.”

Mr. Minonona and Ludwig look at each other in silence. Then Mr. Minonona nods. “OK, Ludwig. I’ll see what I can do. Give me your contact information. The next vessel making a return trip to Earth leaves with the start of Youv, in about an Earth-month’s time. I think I can get you on board.”

“A month...”

“The vessels only leave twice an Earth-year. The timing is pretty lucky for someone looking to make a quick exit, if you ask me. We can set you up with safe housing if you think you’re under immediate threat.”

Ludwig reacts with some disappointment – for a moment. At the realization that Mr. Minonona has all but guaranteed him a ticket home, he brightens up considerably.

“Thank you, Mr. Minonona! Thank you. I really appreciate it. It was nice to meet you. And you too, Fiona,” he says, nodding to Fiona. “Mr. Minonona, I look forward to hearing from you!”

Ludwig provides his contact information and heads out the door. Mr. Minonona and Fiona watch him exit together. Fiona looks at her father.

“Daddy, I think people should use *robots* to go exploring.”

Mr. Minonona pinches the bridge of his nose in exasperation and sighs. Iconojazz softly fills in the silence that follows. Fiona takes one of her father’s uneaten biscuits and looks out the window at the blabofern.

It’s starting to warble again.

Decoded File 1,210,981/8,517,095,320,258,331
Audio Logs (Transcribed)
Hypsen Interference Reversal @97.1% @0.8dBFS

C: Eric (log owner) | Cartographer
J: Jess | Café Owner

<07.15.2213 | 14:26:37>
(logged conversation)

C: Hey Jess.

J: Here early today, huh? I guess that means you haven't gotten your big break yet...what can I get you, kid?

C: Yep, still just...watching. I'll take my normal strawberry with half ice.

J: Got it. By the way, a friend of mine came by yesterday. He said he finished up some business with the orbital strut yard boss. Commissioning a new mag vessel.

C: Oh, whoa. A mag vessel...like to navigate above the forestline? Who the hell is your friend? Aren't those only for—

J: Heh. You got it, they're only for expeditionary outfits, he's their captain. We go back a ways.

C: Waitwaitwaitwai-

J: Mmhhh. He's looking for crew. I threw your name out there. They're no joke. You best get over to the 88th layer dock yard if you're interested. They leave today so you...
rapid footsteps on ceramic tiling as her voice fades out

<07.15.2213 | 14:26:37 >
Well. **sip** At least this turbine blade bay has a good view...closest thing to actually being out in the VAL-30 backcountry I'll ever taste. **sip** Well...at least I have some peace here, my own little cozy spot. Huh...my first discovery... **sip** this sucks.

<06.03.2213 | 10:15:15 >
Nevermind, everything is fine, the world is at peace, there's a boba café down by the maintenance gardens. Guess I'll become VAL-30's most renowned mapper of the inside of bio-plastic boba straws. I should commission my tombstone now before someone else beats me to the title. **Distraught sipping of boba ice water**

<05.01.2213 | 13:06:19 >
Everyone on this fucking oversized building...city...thing...it's all just ENGINEERS. Nobody even GOES outside the city. I'm stuck here LOOKING. You can't make maps while standing on a shore. You can't discover anything sitting on the bench...fuck.

<06.01.2211 | 00:30:12 >

I miss my mom

<05.13.2209 | 16:05:48 >

Chriiisstttttt I can't do this. Why would giving up everything for a complete gamble ever seem...I must have been sleep deprived or SOMETHING. I'm screwed forward and backwards, I'm glad whoever came up with that conceited ass saying about lemons is dead. They should be thankful too, otherwise I'd like to see if they could make lemonade with THESE lemons.

Asshole.

<04.07.2209 | 12:16:31 >

Hoooooooooooooooo...man I can't even blame life, I gave myself these lemons. I'm the lemon giver. The giver of 4 year long space voyage lemons, of off-world city lemons. There had better be some damn sugar somewhere.

<03.25.2209 | 18:13:54 >

People are so eager to tell you what it'll be like, what anything will be like. I honestly don't even fault them, it's nice to feel like you helped someone, ego or otherwise. Regardless of any kind of actual authority right? ~~always they~~ ~~you...you~~ being well meaning is nice but it doesn't actually prepare you.

After boarding, I watched Earth from my porthole for six and a half hours. Watched it gently shrinking to match the scale of the other dots of light surrounding it. It was barely a sneeze, I sneezed, and in that instant Earth became another speck in the dark. A drop in an endless bucket.

It just goes on.

VAL-30-RAR SENSOR DATA ANOMALY LOG, REPRESENTATIVE SAMPLE

25.02.2165 | 12:05:150554353032 | DATA LINES 3567-3617

```

...1A 12 0C 77 94 B3 68 2F DC    01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01
A4 BA B8 2D 3C F1 11 D2 00 A7    00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00
30 A2 DD AC F9 81 A2 4E 08 72    00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00
F3 1A 12 0C 77 94 B3 68 2F A3    00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00
6B 71 D4 3C AC AB FF 09 0E 82    10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10
E1 6C B2 AA 05 F3 B6 CC 2A 00    10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10
00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00    01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01
10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10    11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11
10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 00 10    00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00
01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01    01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01
11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11    00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00
00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00    00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00
01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01    00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00
00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00    10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10
00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00    10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10
00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00    01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01
10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10    11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11
10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10    00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00
01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01    01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01
11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11    00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00
00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00    00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00
01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01    00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00
00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00    10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10
00 00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00    10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10
00 10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00    01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01
10 10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10    11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11
10 01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10    00 01 00 F3 1A 12 0C 77 94 B3
01 11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01    68 2F DC A4 BA B8 2D 3C F1 11
11 00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11    D2 00 A7 30 A2 DD AC F9 81 A2
00 01 00 00 00 10 10 01 11 00    4A 08 72 F3 1A 12 0C 77 94 ...
    
```

VAL-30 REMOTE-AUTOMATED RECON SENSOR DATA ANOMALY LOG
25.02.2165, 24HR REPORT

TOTAL ANOMALOUS INSTANCES : ~3.13e15
 TOTAL UNIQUE ANOMALOUS INSTANCES : 3892
 TIMESTAMP/UNIQUE CORRELATION : 0.984
 SPONTANEOUS PROBABILITY : 3.22e-5

COMMENTS

Anomalous drone readings continue in VAL-30-RAR transmissions. Distortions in audiovisual recordings are frequent and difficult to parse. Analysis of raw machine-level sensor data shows repeat aberrations grouped in clusters in an apparently quasi-ordered fashion at distortion timestamps. Equipment appears to be otherwise functional and in good working order. Phenomena may imply logistical complications/health hazards for colonial expeditions to VAL-30.

RECOMMEND: Reclassification of Celestial Body VAL-30 as high-clearance research destination for initial manned missions.

EXPLAIN.

THANK YOU

**production/process materials follow*

Image references:

CITY

Base image: From <https://www.newsweek.com/simon-winchester-reflects-hong-kong-65881>

Style image: Concept art for Tekkonkinkreet by 帝国少年 (Teikoku Shōnen), homepage at <http://tksn.sakura.ne.jp/index.html>. Image accessible at <https://www.yesmagazine.org/environment/2021/01/28/climate-change-sustainable-solarpunk>

Modified at www.deepdreamgenerator.com

CAFÉ

Base image: From <https://traveller.fi/tuote/luonnon-valtaama-tsernoby/>

Style image: Concept art for Tekkonkinkreet by 帝国少年 (Teikoku Shōnen), homepage at <http://tksn.sakura.ne.jp/index.html>. Image accessible at <https://www.yesmagazine.org/environment/2021/01/28/climate-change-sustainable-solarpunk>

Modified at www.deepdreamgenerator.com

BLABOFERN

Base image: From <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fern>

Modified at www.photomosh.com

CAVE

Base image: From <https://news.cgtn.com/news/2021-05-01/Karst-cave-A-wonderful-underground-world-ZUhChzszDC/index.html>

Style image 1: From <https://www.domusweb.it/it/arte/2011/11/11/pipilotti-rist-la-dolce-rivoluzionaria.html>

Style image 2: From <https://m.imdb.com/title/tt7814574/mediaviewer/rm4154961921/>

Modified at www.deepdreamgenerator.com

Modified at www.photomosh.com