



# O.S.I.R.I.S.

Organization of Scientists and Independent pilots for Research, Intelligence and Solve

Source	Private O.S.I.R.I.S. Blockchain
Wallet	0x33314ae844800835445d60ce090be6fe8a71871026d4cbec36c29b3421ec88dc
Block Hash	d2ec8abe699e875f3979d148ff6e9e6023a814b3c900cd05dd62003b98ecab8e
Transaction	d595971bb596087aa4ec1b712561495fdaf0fbd1f3b1c1d5d94772fb1a051913
Validation mode	Proof of Stake, block & transaction validated by 3 723 PoS
Status	Declassified
Timestamp	330310181411

Title	INRA Base #1 Hollis Gateway
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	Hermitage
Planet	4a
Coordinates	-53.75, 157.61
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Alex Ringess

Technology testing 1/4 :

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log : Bexlay Prince, Chief Researcher

We recieved a very exciting delivery today: pieces of recovered Thargoid technology, even framents of spacecraft. Most of the samples are dammaged, but we should still be able to put them to good use.

Thargoid technology is, in many repsects, far more advanced than our own.Undertanding it could open up all kinds of possibilities and rapidly accelerate our own development. Space travel, energy, weapons, even medicine - the applications are potentially limitless.

I suspect there's a key discovery to be made, one that will open up the aliens' technology to us. Who knows?

Perhaps I'll be the one to make it.



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But I'm getting ahead of myself. There's lots of work to be done before we can start popping champagne corks. I've given the research teams their assignments. Let's see what they can find out.

Technology testing 2/4 :

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log : Bexlay Prince, Chief Researcher

Progress is slow and much of what we knew about the Thargoids - or thought we knew - has had to be revised.

But I suppose that's to be expected.

We now have twelve active research projects, focusing on a number of different areas. I find myself growing impatient with some of my colleagues, but that's the problem with being a perfectionist. I set high standards for myself, and I expect others to do the same.

Technology testing 3/4 :

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log : Bexlay Prince, Chief Researcher

Phase three has been a failure. I sincerely believed we were making progress, but just because something works in theory does not mean it will work in practice.

There have also been issues with the junior researchers. Some of them think they're being monitored, and one... one actually believe she's being held against her will. Of course, those who have worked in this sector before, know this is not the case.

Naturally our employers keep an eye on us - the work we're doing is extremely sensitive. We're researching alien technology, after all. It's a question of security.

Some people can find a conspiracy in anything.



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Technology testing 4/4 :

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log : Bexlay Prince, Chief Researcher

Our employers have become preoccupied with one of the research projects, although I've repeatedly told them it's a dead end. It isn't even an official project - it's just something that one of the junior researchers cooked up in his spare time.

He's a specialist in agricultural science, trying to wipe out famine or something. Apparently he's created a biological agent that incapacitates the alien technology. Here we are, devoting millions of credits and countless ours to understanding this technology, and he's trying to destroy it! If it were up to me I'd cut him from the project entirely, but our employers seem to think his work has merit.

Title	INRA Base #2 Stuart Retreat
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	HIP 15329
Planet	A 3 C
Coordinates	-62.61, -44.26
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Jasch

Whistleblower 1/4

I don't have long. Once they realise I'm gone and the data has been copied, they'll send their attack dogs after me, I know they will. But someone needs to show the galaxy what the INRA really is - what it's doing, what it's hiding.



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## Whistleblower 2/4

I'm sorry for the part I've played in this. Truly.

I was a researcher at a facility in the Hermitag 4 A system exploring agricultural applications of Thargoid-derived technology. The lab was owned by the INRA.

Publicly, the INRA likes to emphasise the whole altruistic and cooperative thing, but in recent years it's become much more focused on weapons testing and manufacture. Believe me, it's a military contractor in all but name.

## Whistleblower 3/4

The nature of my field was the study of disease-resistant crops and mycoproteins, that sort of thing. I was getting good results, even if my superiors took no notice. Then everything changed.

I was running a bunch of control experiments, just trying a few things out really. It was an afterthought - it wasn't even related to the main body of my work.

The results were interesting and I didn't think they were particularly significant, but something made me take it directly to one of the INRA guys. I didn't want to go to Dr Prince, she'd always been pretty dismissive of my work.

I would do anything to be able to undo that decision.

Anything.

## Whistleblower 4/4

All my equipment and samples were whisked off to some remote facility. Later, I found out they'd been taken to a weapons-testing site in the Alnath A 2 A A system.

My research was used as the basis of a new super weapon designed to destroy the Thargoids. I heard they experimented on live captives. I doubt any of it was strictly legal. It certainly wasn't ethical.

To the public, the INRA is a symbol of all that is possible when superpowers set aside their differences and work together. Well, it might have started off like that, but it's something very different now. Progress at any cost, might makes right - all our worst impulses channelled into an



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unaccountable organisation focused solely on making bigger and more powerful weapons. Bigger and more

powerful weapons. God.

If you find this... if someone finds this, make sure it gets

out. Please. It's time people knew the truth.

Title	INRA Base #3 Klatt Enterprises
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	Alnath
Planet	A 2 A A
Coordinates	4.0186, 133.5426
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Nodus

History will Decide 1/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Finally, we have a breakthrough. A researcher at the facility in the Hermitage 4A system has found something - stumbled onto something, by all accounts - and it's pushed our research forward dramatically.

Essentially, it's a kind of fungus - one that appears to have a significant effect on Thargoid technology. We knew their tech was partly biological, but until now we couldn't find a way to use that fact to our advantage.

The theory is that if we could somehow get the fungus into their starships - specifically their hyperdrives - we could shut them down. They'd be unable to leave their system.

We could end the war in a single stroke.



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History will Decide 2/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

We have built a dedicated new laboratory so we can properly test the effects of the mycoid. We also have access to an intact Thargoid ship and a living specimen. I plan to test the mycoid on both. Some of my colleagues have expressed reservations about experimenting on a living creature, but I have no such qualms. We must know what the mycoid can do.

History will Decide 3/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Excellent news: we have received a second specimen. We can now accelerate the pace of our testing.

So far, our experiments indicate that the fungus affects not only the Thargoids' technology but also their physiology, as evidenced by the degeneration of our specimen. These results are highly encouraging. If the mycoid can hurt them - truly hurt them - we may have found the means to win this war.

Several of my colleagues have left the project in protest over our treatment of the creature. If it were up to me, I would have them executed as traitors.

History will Decide 4/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...



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Our latest tests were extremely successful. The mycoid can paralyse a Thargoid system - either physically or technological - in a matter of seconds. It is extremely effective.

I confess: the knowledge that the mycoid causes the Thargoids physical pain brings me some measure of satisfaction. But when one has seen, first hand, the effect of their weapons - seen the destruction, the chaos, the bodies - can one be blamed for wanting them to suffer, as we have?

History will Decide 5/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

The haulers have departed for the HIP 59382 1 B system with the samples, ready to start mass production. We know the mycoid works. Now it falls to the other members of the project to determine how it can be effectively deployed.

I know there are some who will condemn me for my part in this project. Let them. I harbour no remorse.

The Thargoids understand only one thing: destruction. They will not stop until every last one of us has been reduced to dust. We have created a weapon that can prevent such a catastrophe. We have a moral obligation to use it.



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Title	INRA Base #4 Mayes Chemical Plant
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	HIP 59382
Planet	1 B
Coordinates	11.41, 177.06
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Jasch

Project Mycoid 1/4

To: Trystan Law, Corporate Liaison

I understand that this is lucrative contract, but I really think we need to take a second look at the production schedule. We have neither the facilities nor the workforce to deliver what's been promised. Furthermore, the facility should be subjected to a complete decontamination before we start. That could take weeks.

Essentially, we can't produce the chemicals in the quantity requested within the given timeframe. It just can't be done.

I'd also like to renew my request for more information on the purpose of the chemical.

Jarah Cook

Site Manager

Project Mycoid 2/4

To: Elgii Sung, Site Manager

Welcome to the position of Site Manager. We are looking forward to working with you on the mycoid project.





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I understand that you have raised questions regarding the reassignment of your predecessor. It was decided that her experience and expertise could be put to better use in another part of our organisation.

As discussed, it is of the utmost importance that the chemical be in production within three weeks.

We have every faith in you.

Trystan Law

Corporate Liaison

Project Mycoid 3/4

To: Elgii Sung, Site Manager

Our analysis has confirmed that the latest batch was contaminated, and is therefore useless. I'm sure we hardly need to remind you how essential it is that this project proceeds without complication.

The cause of the contamination must be determined immediately.

We cannot afford any more mistakes.

Trystan Law

Corporate Liaison

Project Mycoid 4/4

To: Trystan Law, Corporate Liaison

The issue with the previous batch arose because your unrealistic deadlines forced us to take shortcuts. If we were given more time, mistakes of this kind would not occur.

With that said, we have rectified the issue and extended working hours so we can replace the tainted batch without deviating from schedule. The next shipment will arrive in HIP 7158 A 2 D within 72 hours.

Elgii Sung

Site Manager



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Title	INRA Base #5 Hogan Depot
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	HIP 7158
Planet	A 2 B
Coordinates	-44.63, -63.78
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Jasch

Pesticides? 1/3

Every day the haulers come, dropping off more of the stuff. Others come to pick it up. We've been told not to ask questions.

See, there's rumours it's some kind of pesticide, right.

But with the amount we've got in storage, they must be expecting one hell of an outbreak.

Pesticides? 2/3

Some of the top brass from INRA's visiting. The boss said he was here to talk about investment, but this guy had a military smell all over him. I know the public thinks that INRA is this great cooperative enterprise, but I don't buy it.

I think there's more to them than meets the eye.

One thing's for sure - they're running the show here.

Pesticides? 3/3

So, the inbound haulers have stopped coming, but the collection ships are still flying in.

The place finally is being emptied.



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I was talking to one of the hauler pilots down the docks today.

According to her, this is all part of some kind of top-secret anti-Thargoid weapon thing.

Apparently they're flying the stuff to a med-research facility in LP 389-95 7, wherever that is.

She reckons, this has been going on for months, at sites all over the galaxy.

So it's not pesticide then - well, at least not in the conventional sense.

Title	INRA Base #5 Hogan Depot
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	HIP 7158
Planet	A 2 B
Coordinates	-44.63, -63.78
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Jasch

Vaccine 1/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log: Kiona Li, Senior Medical Officer

I don't know who they were, exactly. Some corporate bigwigs. But they definitely convinced the board.

I can't say I'm surprised. They offered a lot of money for access to our labs apparently. The board probably didn't even ask what they wanted them for.



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At least I got the bosses to promise the lab wouldn't be used to make biological weapons. This is a medical facility, after all. I will not be bullied into participating in this so-called war just because some corporate gave us their money.

Vaccine 2/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log: Kiona Li, Senior Medical Officer

It turns out they want us to make some kind of vaccine, an antidote for an unnamed biological weapon.

They've given us samples and data, but whenever we press for more information our requests are met with silence. We're working in the dark. With our hands tied

behind our backs.

In practical terms we've got everything we could need, but I have no idea where half of it comes from. They've given us material the weapon has been tested on, both organic and inorganic, human and nonhuman.

I'm starting to wonder if the weapon is even designed to target humans.

Vaccine 3/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log: Kiona Li, Senior Medical Officer

We've finally been given access to a sample of the weapon, and it's opened up all kinds of avenues.

I still worry about the ease with which our benefactors acquired the samples, but I'm probably just being paranoid. They obviously have deep pockets. Having access to unlimited funds must open all kinds of doors.



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Vaccine 4/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log: Kiona Li, Senior Medical Officer

After months of research the solution ended up being pretty simple. Once you break it down it's a fairly straightforward organic compound - little more than a fungus, really.

We tested the vaccine on some of the older samples, and while it doesn't undo any existing damage, it does prevent the weapon from doing any further harm.

Our sponsors certainly seem happy.

Vaccine 5/5

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personal Log: Kiona Li, Senior Medical Officer

The lab is being dismantled. Seems our sponsors want to move us to a new location. Their representatives appeared a few days ago, demanded that all data be transferred to their servers and all samples be put into storage, ready to be moved.

Why are they doing this? The lab more than meets our needs - they made sure of it. I tried talk to them, but I just got stonewalled. Apparently all information is on a need-to-know basis. And I don't need to know.



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Title	INRA Base #7 Almeida Landing
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	Conn
Planet	A 3 A
Coordinates	73.38, -102.37
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Alex Ringess

Reverse-engineered 1/6

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personnal Log : Effie Ratling Engineer

They told me not to ask where it came from, just to reverse-engineer whatever I can. Weapons, shields, power management - anything I can figure out. It's... It's like giving a rocket to a Neanderthal and expecting them to fix it. I mean, where do I even start?

At least they're paying me well. That's something.

Reverse-engineered 2/6

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personnal Log : Effie Ratling Engineer

I haven't slept for days. I always did find it hard to switch off, you know, even when I wasn't trying to reverse-engineer an alien starship.



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I've made a small amount of progress, but it's always two steps forward, three steps back. The guys in charge are getting impatient, but what did they expect? It's not like this thing came with a manual

Reverse-engineered 3/6

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personnal Log : Effie Ratling Engineer

I've finally made some progress with the drive technology, which is just as well, since I was running out of options.

Thargoid drive tech differs radically from our own. Rather than shift space around the ship, it appears to create this stable wormhole for the ship to travel through. It sounds crazy, but the maths don't lie. And if my calculations are right, I might even be able to replicate it.

I want to get a prototype up and running as soon as possible. Something tells me the bigwigs are about to step in. I've seen this all before - you get hired by a big company, and once you've gone and done the hard work they swoop in and take all the glory. Well, I'm not going to let that happen. I want to be credited with creating the first hybrid drive.

Reverse-engineered 4/6

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personnal Log : Effie Ratling Engineer

I knew it. The minute I handed in my report, the company took over. They've retained me as a 'consultant' - whatever that means - but they're basically ignoring everything I say.



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They're made some modifications to my prototype, but it was a bit of rush job. Must be in a hell of a hurry to get to the test-flight stage. I told them it was too soon, that we needed more tests, but once again, I got stonewalled.

Granted, the wormhole is stable, but we have no idea what will happen when you send a human being through it.

Reverse-engineered 5/6

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personnal Log : Effie Ratling Engineer

So, they decided to push ahead with the test flight, despite my warnings. Some hotshot young pilot, full of spit and vinegar, as my old man would say. And not a single brain cell between his ears.

The wormhole was stable, but that was never a concern.

The question is what will happen to the pilot.

Reverse-engineered 6/6

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

Personnal Log : Effie Ratling Engineer

The ship didn't reappear for almost an hour. When it did, it just drifted lifelessly. The pilot didn't respond to our hails.





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We recovered the vessel and pulled open the cockpit.

What I saw in there will stay with me for the rest of my life.

The pilot looked like he'd been turned inside out. That cocky young kid who thought he ruled the sky.

I have to say, my sympathy didn't last long when I found out they're going to pin it on me. They're cancelled the project and launched an investigation, but that's just window dressing. There's no doubt in my mind they'll carry on testing in secret. Meanwhile, I'm the one who's going to take the fall.

There is a chance I might be able to make it out of this.

Apparently they've developed some kind of Thargoid-killing super weapon, and they don't want so much as whisper in the public domain. So this is the choice I'm going to give them: let me walk, and I say nothing. Set me up, and everyone discovers that the INRA is in the genocide business.

It's a risky move, but what other choice do I have?



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Title	INRA Base #8 Carmichael Point
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	HIP 16824
Planet	A 2
Coordinates	73.87, 61.87
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Alex Ringess

Watching The Sky 1/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...site records found...

Everything is in place.

If the Thargoids take the bait, this facility should come under attack very soon. And when it does, we'll find out if our new weapons are worth a damn.

It's taken a lot of time and effort to make this place look like an important military site. I just hope they fall for it.

It's about time we started fighting back.

Watching The Sky 2/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...site records found...



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Everyone's on edge. It's like seeing an approaching storm and waiting for it to break. The air is heavy with the threat of violence.

Maybe they didn't take the bait? Maybe we hid it too well?

Or maybe we didn't hide it well enough. What if they realised this is a trap?

I suppose it's too late to worry about that now. All we can do is watch the sky, and wait.

Watching The Sky 3/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...site records found...

Contact confirmed! Thargoids 1,000 light seconds from site and closing. Ready all weapon systems and prepare to fire on my order. We've only got one shot at this and I don't want to miss.

Wait... wait. What is that? That's not a regular Thargoid ship. It's huge.

Will somebody scan that thing! And tell command we've got a mothership here. Get them the data as soon as possible.

All right, all right, that's close enough. Fire all batteries!

Watching The Sky 4/4



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...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...site records found...

Test unsuccessful... targets suffered minimal damage... site lost... all operatives... lost...

Title	INRA Base #9 Stack
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	HIP 12099
Planet	1 A
Coordinates	-72.62, -67.52
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Alex Ringess

Living Specimen 1/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Personal log 1/4...

Complex molecular chains detected

Bonds weakened by corrosive agent

Unable to identify agent

Structural analysis complete

Organic material analysed



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Possible contaminant identified

Composition scan complete

Always the same results. I keep telling them: there's only so much we can do with the samples we've been given.

We need a living specimen.

Living Specimen 2/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Personal log 2/4...

Apparently, they listened to me. We've been asked to build some testing apparatus and a secure enclosure. I drew up a preliminary specification but was told the enclosure needed to be more robust.

These creatures must be tremendously strong.

Living Specimen 3/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Personal log 3/4...

The specimen arrived today. The security reports indicate that it made several escape attempts, the most recent of which resulted in a number of deaths. We must take every precaution.



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The specimen appears to be in poor physical health, but it's undoubtedly alive, and it will certainly serve our purposes.

Living Specimen 4/4

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Personal log 4/4...

The specimen is highly resilient and seems to be able to withstand severe physical trauma, even to the point of losing limbs. I was reminded of pulling the legs off spiders as a child. Fortunately, testing on a nonhuman means no legal red tape to slow things down.

Tomorrow we will begin experimenting with chemical and biological weapons. These creatures may be tough, but we will find their weakness.



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An old Cobra wreck was also found on HIP 12099 1B,

Coordinates: -54.36, -50.36.

It seems to be a legendary one. The logs found in place indicated that it was the Cobra of Jameson himself!

This vessel could probably be one of the rare Cowell & McGrath Apocalypse design ever built.

Here are the latest entries of his Commander's log.

Commanders Log: John Jameson 1/4.

Hey there, kiddo. Now I know I said i'd be coming home soon, but they've asked me to do something - something important - and I couldn't say no.

I wanted to be there, believe me but sometimes you have to make sacrifices, well this is one of those times. I don't know if that makes much sens to you, but maybe it will do when you're older.

Anyway, I thought I'd send you this log. I know it's not the same as being there in person, but it's the best I could do. I'm sorry.

I'm not really supposed to talk about my mission, but if I'm going to miss your birthday the least I can do is give you a good story. Consider yourself sworn to secrecy.

I'm sitting in the cockpit, waiting for the all clear. They want to tinker with her for a while first, but they don't seem to have done any harm. All systems online.

Everything's... everything's looking good.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't feeling just a little jittery. You know I've fought bugs before, sure, but never more than one at a time. Flying up to one of their hive ships? Well, that's a whole different story.

Hell, I don't even know what I'm carrying. Classified, they said. All I know is it's designed to target the bugs' hyperdrives so they won't be able to leave the system.



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Of course if it doesn't work, I'm just kicking the hornet's nest. That's why I've set the nav system to jump out as soon as I've deployed the payload. Can't be too careful.

Wish me luck.

Commanders Log: John Jameson 2/4.

That was almost too easy. Threaded my way past their perimeter, masked my heat signature so I could get close to the superstructure.

I tell you... I'd never seen a hive ship up close before. I doubt many people have. It was amazing, kiddo. Beautiful, really. Makes you realise just how smart they are, how advanced.

I admit it: I hesitated for a moment before I hit the button. I had to remind myself that it wasn't them I was attacking, just their technology. That's if this mycoid virus of theirs even works.

Man, I watched the payload rocket into the belly of their ship and stuck around just long enough to make sure it hit home. Then I punched the throttle. Woah!

I'm coming home, kiddo. I'm coming home.

Commanders Log: John Jameson 3/4.

It was supposed to target their hyperdrives. That's what they told me. Just the hyperdrives. So we'd be safe again. So we could live without fear. Well, it did a hell of a lot more than that.





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There were sensors on the payload so I could monitor the reaction and make sure it activated properly. I'm staring at the data now.

The weapon is... lethal.

They knew what it could do. They knew what it could do and they used it anyway. How many have we killed?

Thousands? Millions? God forgive us.

Commanders Log: John Jameson 3/4.

Got myself a bit of a situation here, kiddo.

My guess is that they installed a program in my ship and set it to trigger after I'd deployed the payload. All my systems are dead. The controls are out. Can't even access the escape pod. And the ship is on a collision course. And there is nothing I can do about it.

"We need to inspect your ship, Commander." How did I fall for a ruse like that? Oh god. I'm at least partly to blame. I've gotten old, careless. I should have quit years ago.

I guess I should have known they wouldn't want me coming back. The bugs are dangerous - no doubt about it - but er, well this is mass murder we're talking about.

You can understand why they'd want to keep it secret.

I know some men wouldn't want to admit they'd killed thousands of sentient beings. I guess... I guess the guys back at base think they're doing me a favour by burying me out here in the black. Personally, I'd rather people knew what happened. Even if I didn't come out of it looking too good.

I don't have much time. There's big old planet in my viewport and it's getting bigger by the second.



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People will talk about what I did, after I'm gone. The missions I flew, the things I accomplished. But there's something I want you to remember. No matter what they say, whatever garlands they hang on my name, whatever they write on my tombstone.



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Title	INRA Base #10 Taylor Keep
Category	Logs
Type	Transcription
System	12 Trianguli
Planet	1 A
Coordinates	-51.57, 130.6
Language	EN
Transcribed by	Alex Ringess

All Our Hopes 1/3

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Communications record 1/3...

I'll admit, I had my reservations about this Commander Jameson. I looked into his background and apparently, he climbed the ranks of the Pilots Federation with unprecedented speed. He's revered by other pilots. But that doesn't mean he's suited to the task.

But then it struck me - all we need is someone who can get the payload where it needs to go. The hard work - the developments of the mycoid - has already been done. All Jameson has to do is push a button.

The important thing is to play up the whole 'saving humanity' angle. Make him feel like a hero. That should stop him asking too many questions.

And if everything goes wrong, we can just pin the blame on him.



# OSIRIS.

Organization of Scientists and Independent pilots for Research, Intelligence and Solve

All Our Hopes 2/3

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Communications record 2/3...

Having received the payload from the Alnath system we've prepared a number of medium-range missiles loaded with the weaponized version of the mycoid.

Jameson will be here in three days to prep for the mission, which should give us more than enough time to fit his vessel. Apparently, he insisted on using his own ship. I've also ordered that some special modifications be made on his craft.

He'll have to get close to launch the missiles, so it's unlikely he'll be coming back. But if he does survive, there are contingencies in place.

All Our Hopes 3/3

...Bypassing security protocols...

...Secure connection established...

...Communications record 3/3...

To: Commander Jameson

From: Amaron Hem, Program Coordinator.

Welcome, Commander Jameson. Your reputation precedes you. We are extremely grateful you chose to accept this mission.



# O.S.I.R.I.S.

Organization of Scientists and Independent pilots for Research, Intelligence and Solve

I understand that the purpose of the assignment has been explained to you, but allow me to reiterate: this mission, if executed successfully, could mean the end of our war with the Thargoids. Its importance cannot be overstated.

The consignment has been loaded onto your ship. We have made some minor modifications to your vessel, but it should not affect the performance or functionality in any way.

This is an extremely dangerous mission, Commander. You will be heading deep into enemy territory. If anything goes wrong, you're on your own.

Good luck, Commander. The future of the human race is in your hands. All our hopes and prayers go with you.