

Transmutations: part 1, Notes

An horror mystery series

By

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This package contains everything that we were able to recover from your predecessor's office.. We have not touched it since it was recovered, and I am afraid we must leave it to you to sort out the timeline for yourself, as the department is rather swamped with new cases at the moment. Get yourself familiar with the materials, and leave me a report at the end of the month, see it as a last training exercise before you start investigating for real. As you will find out that this particular individual is not the greatest in keeping notes, instead pertaining to keeping most of his research in his own head, we hope you will not make the same mistake!

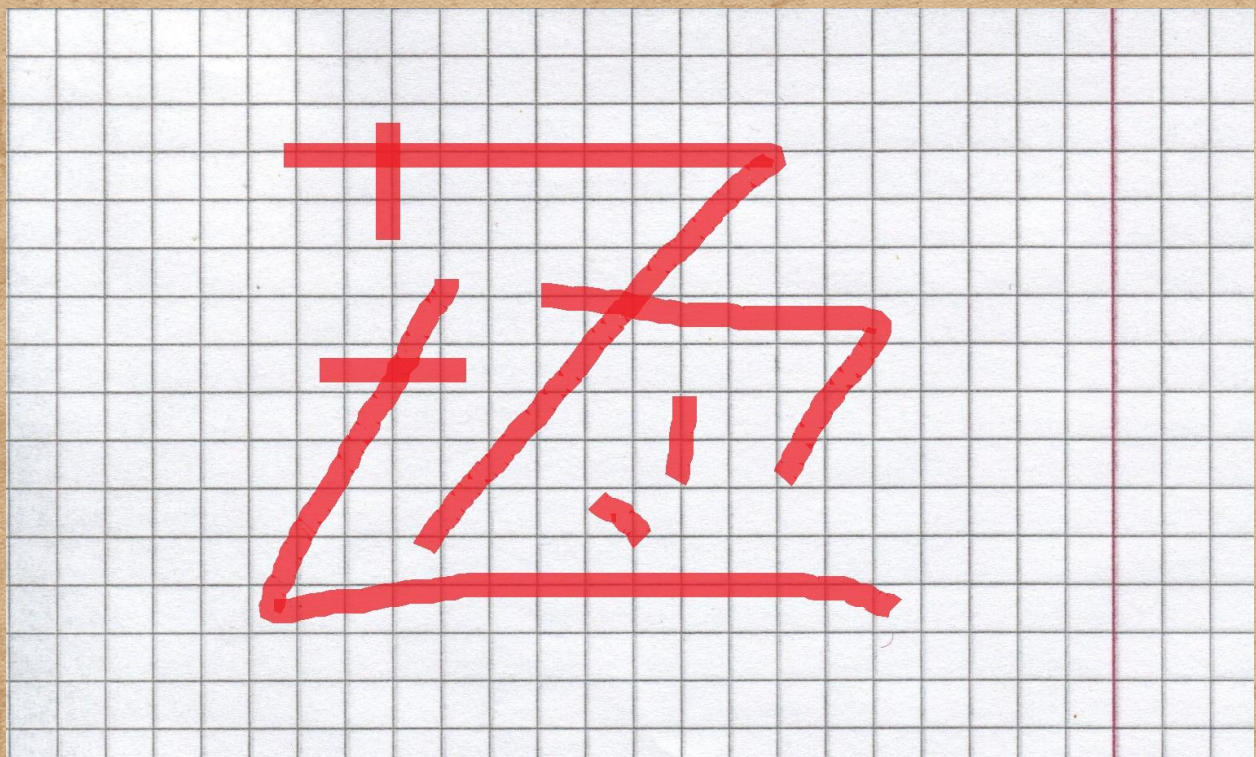
Best Regards

Robert Peterson

Entry 73 January 7, 1991

I found it! I found the last key! I will be leaving soon, if all goes well. I am so sorry I could not take you all with me, but you must find your own way. To whoever replaces me, I leave you my notes, follow them, find your own way, escape. You are in grave danger!

I leave for you the schematic of the last key needed to escape, but you will have to recreate the rest of them for yourself. I am sorry but this is for my safety, and your own. I also had to burn most of my entries in this journal, I am sorry! I hope I was able to leave enough clues for you to continue your investigation.



Entry 1, December 5, 1985

Day one of the new project, my first day as a solo researcher. I am excited to finally be able to work on what I started at the agency to research! My mentor told me that it was a good idea to put down my notes in one place, to make it easier to find later. She is such a wise woman. I do miss her.

Today has been spent going through the list of research materials that my mentor left me. A lot of books on John Dee and spirit summoning, nothing I haven't read in college. I spent quite some time cross referenced with the notes of my mentor. The office still smells strangely of her, as if she never left. I was able to find a number of interesting connections between early Theospacy and certain less known tantric traditions, but this is nothing that will win me any anthropological awards.

I wonder why she collected all these seemingly unrelated texts on religion, anthropology and physics. There must be a pattern here, once that I can not yet see. I must delve deeper into her notes if I wish to ever solve this puzzle.

Entry 70, December 6, 1990

The machine is nearing its completion, I could never dare to think it would be this simple! The entire device is made out of nothing but stone, wood and a few copper rods, no moving parts, and no electricity. Truly fascinating. I only lack a single key, before the machine can be made fully operational.

All preliminary tests have proven positive, I have been able to transport smaller objects into the Beyond, and back. I will soon try to make a larger tear in the fabric of the Here. I must be careful with drawing too much attention to my laboratory, as even though the machine does not need energy, it produces a frightinly large amount of electricity and heat when it is fully engaged.

Entry 2, December 8, 1985

I can not make heads or tails of these strange scribblings! I sometimes wonder if my teacher truly did go mad near the end, as my colleagues keep whispering. She keeps mentioning relations between a Here and a Beyond, a strange sort of portal between our world, and a world that should not be. She tends to go back to certain gnostics texts again and again. She seems to fixate more and more on the image of Sofia, and her great mistake. I fear I am not nearly enough of a scholar of religion to understand what this means. But if I ever am to truly understand what happened to my mentor, this is clearly where my research must begin.

The other researchers at the agency still avoid me, it is almost as if the scent of her, and her alleged madness has rubbed off on me. I thought it would not bother me, but their estranged looks are starting to make me uneasy. Hopefully I will be able to get my own laboratory once my research starts to show some promise.

My own research into the language of early Maya has landed me some recognition in the agency, enough to make sure that the suits will keep me employed at last. How an institution like this is able to acquire such large amounts of funding for such varied topics as applied physics, and ancient anthropology is still beyond me, I am not even sure that we publish most of our findings, at least not in any conventional ways.

Entry 71, December 15, 1990

I was able to discover another pattern in the code today, something that I somehow missed before. I should be able to recreate the last key from the keys I already have. It will take some time to brute force the design, without having an as clear outline as I have had with the earlier keys. It will take time, but I am so close, to tantalizingly, painfully close!

As soon as this is done will I finally be able to visit her, to visit my mentor in her, There. I must be careful, I can not risk any mistakes, not that I am this close to seeing her again. It feels like it has been decades, even if it has only been a few years. I will soon be able to see everything that she has been able to accomplish in the freedom, the calm of the There.

I have not thought about this much until now, but it is almost done. I will soon leave this dying world behind, I am still not able to save anything but myself, there isn't enough time to save everyone else. Perhaps I can leave some traces behind, like the mentor did for me. Perhaps this predecessor can succeed where I could not, perhaps!

Entry 5, December 25, 1985

A breakthrough at last! After several fruitless searches and scouring university libraries, I finally started to puzzle some of the pieces together. It seems that my mentor was working on some sort of astronomical measuring devices, bringing together the techniques of several disparate nations and civilisation's way of measuring and naming the stars.

I am afraid that I have not studied this astrology or astronomy nearly enough to come to any definitive conclusions on my own. I will try and reach out to some of my mentors' old colleagues. With their help, I should be able to retrace her steps, and finally shine some light on just exactly what she was researching!

Entry 50, February 12, 1987

I was finally able to acquire my own lab, away from the prying eyes of the agency! Normal work flow can finally commence, and I can start to take notes without risking anyone reading over my shoulder. It will be impossible to keep the agency at bay forever, so I will have to move faster now.

The laboratory is located a fair bit into the countryside, so privacy will not be a problem. I got electricity and running water as well, so that will not be a problem. The Internet is available, so I will continue to be in contact with my colleagues at the agency, as well as some of the mentors' old acquaintances via electronic mail. I think I should have a clear enough picture of what she was trying to make to start physical testing. Having material shipped here will be a problem, but as long as I am careful, I should be able to use the agency's channels to get most materials I need, at least the least eye raising once.

Entry 6, February 12, 1986

It makes sense now, it all is starting to fall into shape. My mentor, my beloved guiding light, has left clues to me to find, like breadcrumbs through the forest, or a string of yarn through a labyrinth. What she has discovered is hard to put into words. It is a language, a mathematical formula, a new way to understand physics, and so much much more.

The implications of her research is beyond anything that has come before her, though others have come close in the past. This discovery could change how we understand space, time and our place in it. I have to admit that some of the implications of these new models of the universe are highly troubling. This new wisdom would very much spit in the face of everything the agency has set out to achieve, no, everything Humanity has set out to achieve. For my own safety, and the safety of my collaborators, I will no longer produce any official notes on this matter, and officially lay this line of inquiry to rest. I will from this day dedicate myself fully to the research authorized only by the agency itself.