

# SAVAGED FALLOUT



# Biosphere-08

*The job seemed simple enough: you and your friends took on a job to look for a missing caravan of the Far Go Traders. The caravan was headed for the mountains north of Junktown, to conduct trade with a reclusive community known as the Keepers, rumoured to live at the foot of an ancient pre-War building, but there was more to it than that...*

The Shining Temple is an adventure for three to four players of Novice to Seasoned rank.

### **Biosphere-08: Background**

When Alexis Cranford, former CEO of General Atomics International, eccentric millionaire and impassioned conservationist, learned from his close personal friend, RobCo Industries CEO Robert Edwin House, that nuclear war loomed inevitably on the horizon, he immediately set to work. Using his government contacts he lobbied for an environmental preservation project similar to Project Safehouse, but to his frustration found himself repeatedly rebuffed in Washington. The Environmental Protection Agency on the other hand proved to be entirely invested in its own, secret enterprise. Convinced of the necessity of the project, Cranford ultimately invested his own considerable fortune to fund the construction of nine large, state-of-the-art greenhouses, designed to preserve thousands of the world's rarest species of flora. Built secretly in remote locations spread across the United States, these entirely self-sufficient biospheres were to be Cranford's legacy: his gift to a humbled human race when it emerged from the post-nuclear devastation and had to begin rebuilding its ravaged world.

But humanity never changes. In the years following the nuclear winter, of the seven biospheres that remained unscathed by the Great War, six soon fell prey to raiding gangs of survivors and scavengers looking for food, water and technology. Unbeknownst to the outside world, only Biosphere-08 was left untouched, nestled high in the mountains of California's southern Sierra Nevada.

### **The missing caravan**

The adventure starts in The Hub, where a notice board contains an add from the Far Go Traders:

#### **Far Go Traders**

WANTED: able-bodied mercenaries, adventurers or scouts to search for missing caravan. Contact Butch at Far Go Traders head office, Downtown. Fair compensation.

Butch, a fair looking, middle aged man with a slightly gloomy disposition, is one of the men in charge in the Traders' spacious Downtown headquarters. He will provide the party with the details of the mission. About five weeks ago one of their smaller caravans, a dozen men and women and a few pack Brahmin, set out to conduct trade with a tiny community known as the Keepers, living high up in the

mountains north of Junktown. They were carrying mostly tools and mechanical parts which the Keepers had much need of it and for which they traded other bits of advanced technology as well as large amounts of exotic plants and fruit, not to be found anywhere else in the wasteland. About the Keepers Butch only has limited information: he knows they live in a small village near a large pre-War building. They are known to be reclusive, never dealing with the outside world except for the occasional bit of trade, though they are generally friendly when contact does happen. In Butch's opinion they are most likely some sort of cult.

The caravan's now almost two weeks overdue, and the Traders are concerned something has happened to them and are unwilling to send more of their employees to investigate. If the party retrieves conclusive evidence of what has befallen their caravaneers, the Traders will offer a reward of NCR \$500 for each member of the expedition.

Asking around The Hub for more information about the Keepers, certain knowledgeable traders can point the party toward another caravan company: the Desert Trail Trading Group. Located in The Hub's Downtown merchant district as well, though in a much more modest building, the Trading Group is a small company, working on an on-demand basis to trade with distant or hard to reach places. Hank Tanner, the rugged-looking owner, getting on in years, will indeed confirm they've traded twice with the Keepers. As business is slow, he's more than willing to hire out two of his boys who have made the trip before as guides, for the sum of \$300.

The guides Al and Frank, two easy-going young men of about twenty years old, but with plenty of caravanning experience, can tell a bit more about the Keepers. Last time they traded with them, about a month ago, they acted very differently from the previous time, treating the caravaneers almost with hostility, forbidding them to enter the village itself as they had done previously. The pre-War building, which the Keepers refer to as a temple, seems to be a large construction of glass and steel atop the mountain, but the Keepers don't allow any outsiders near it. The two guides think the Keepers probably scavenge it for the technology they trade. If hired, they can guide the party through the mountains and up to the Keepers village. They travel fully equipped, sporting rifles and have **Stats:** Caravan Guard.

The biosphere is located in the southern Sierra Nevada, which are located about two days' worth of travel north of Junktown. Asking around Junktown for the missing traders will confirm that the caravan passed through there a month ago, but has not been seen afterwards. After reaching the foothills, the party will have to start the arduous task of making their way up the mountains, over seldom travelled trails and narrow mountain paths winding along steep cliffs and dangerous chasms. This takes approximately another two days. Without guides, the party will have to navigate the unfamiliar terrain by themselves (intermittent Survival checks at -2). If the check fails, something bad is said to have happened. A few possibilities:

- Making their way through the mountains with difficulty, they stumble upon a trail that seems to have seen recent travel. It leads them higher up, coiling around the flank of one of the smaller

mountain peaks. It ends at the mouth of a cave, from which suddenly 1d4+1 Yao Guai emerge, leaping at the trespassers.

- In the distance they spot some construction, shining brightly in the sunlight. They start immediately toward it, but after some hours of travel the path suddenly runs into a dead end. Having no choice but to retrace their steps all the way back, they lose most of the day.
- Climbing up a steep slope, the first party member to make the way up (randomly decided) reaches for a small rock jutting out to steady him or herself. Unable to support the PC's weight, it gives way and inadvertently it causes a small avalanche of small to medium-sized pieces of rock to fall down. All the other party members must make an Agility check to dodge out of the way in time or receive 2d6 damage.
- On their way to the distant mountain top, on which stands a building basking in the sunlight, the party comes across a narrow, but deep chasm. On a nearby precipice they find a hollow tree log, which seems long and sturdy enough to function as a makeshift bridge. All party members must make an Agility check. When the PC with the lowest result tries to cross, he or she loses his/her balance and almost drops down, managing to grab hold of the log just in time. The character manages to crawl back on top of it, but one randomly decided item plummets down into the ravine from his/her pockets, backpack, belt, ...
- Navigating a seemingly safe path, a randomly decided character suddenly falls down a small gaping opening which was obscured by a melting patch of brown snow. The character falls down and a large rock tumbles after him or her, trapping the PC's leg. He or she takes 2d6 damage to the leg. The rest of the party has to spend 1d4+1 hours to free their unfortunate comrade.
- Carefully and slowly traversing a set of extremely narrow chasms, razor sharp rocks jutting out from the sides, the party safely manages to make its way through. When they look back, they suddenly notice a randomly decided character is missing! They spend the rest of the day searching the ravines again, shouting for their lost friend, to no avail. Disheartened they make camp come nightfall, near the spot where they last saw the missing PC, when he or she suddenly comes wandering toward them, looking quite dishevelled and a few nasty cuts richer.

If the check succeeds, the party travels in the right direction. With a raise, they make good time and additionally can find indications of the lost caravan. For example an abandoned campsite can be found, a few weeks old, where from the tracks that remain can be gleaned that multiple people and animals stayed there. Nowhere, however, can any material remains of the caravan be found.

Having made their way through the mountainous expanse toward the biosphere visible in the distance, they come to a fairly broad path which coils around the mountain, on one side of the solid rock wall, on the other a sheer drop down. As can be seen from below, it keeps going higher and higher till it reaches the summit. Atop the mountain there is a large, flat plateau on which stands the biosphere.

Roughly half the way up the mountain, the path levels out to form another small, round plateau, where the village of the Keepers is situated. Ascending the path, the party can only see a rather rickety wooden gate, barring the way to the village proper. The settlement itself is little more than a collection of about a score of large tents and small, one room wattle-and-daub hovels, arranged concentrically about a large stone fire pit. In these the men and women of the village work and live. Next to the fire pit is a set of steps leading down to a small store room, where various victuals are preserved. The largest building, the common house, stands on the side of the plateau farthest away from the entrance gate and the gate at the path leading further up the mountain. It's also fashioned out of wattle-and-daub, though reinforced in places with wood. It has six rooms, partitioned off with screens and drapes. A trapdoor in the far corner leads to a small natural cavern under the building. In the common house the children, elderly and infirm of the community stay.

### **The Keepers: Background**

The Keepers are the descendants of a group of nomads, born post-War, who came upon the biosphere in their travels. Taken under the wing of the surviving members of the biosphere's research staff, they were taught a great deal of botanical and engineering knowledge and came to worship the biosphere as a temple and paradise.

Over the centuries, much of the knowledge has been lost and the unavoidable intermarrying in the closed community has taken its toll. Though the Keepers cultivate parts of the biosphere, or Shining Temple as they refer to it, and still possess much knowledge about its different species of flora, much of it has devolved to superstition and none of the villagers have any real scientific or engineering skill. The community is very low-tech. A disproportionately large number of them suffer from minor to mild genetic disorders, physically and mentally. Currently about three dozen of them remain. In the past they've always shown themselves to be friendly to outsiders, though they remain very closed and the intake of new blood is very low.

The Keepers have a strong religious and material connection to nature and in particular the jungle that thrives in the biosphere. They cultivate many different fruits, plants and flowers, used for food, drink, restorative draughts, stimulants, or if need be, poisons and are strict vegetarians. Everywhere around the village and the temple are improvised little altars, with offerings of fruit, decorative wreaths of flowers or tableaux painted in vivid colours. When a new member of the community is born, he or she is given the Latin name of a plant or flower from an old botany and plant science textbook, for example: Coreopsis, Asarum, Oxalis, Iris, Nepeta, Linum, Hosta, Salvia,...

They are led by nine so-called Initiated, the village's equivalent to priests, who tend to the rituals and are the only ones allowed into the Inner Sanctum of the temple. These men always go clad in long brown, hooded robes and are greatly respected by the other villagers. A special place in their worship is reserved for the 'Old Ones', the men living in the biosphere before their ancestors arrived after the

'Long Trek'. The Mr. Handy units or 'Metallic Wardens' that maintain the aging machinery and systems of the biosphere are likewise treated with a mixture of superstitious reverence and fear and generally left alone. Also, for reasons no longer remembered by the Keepers, the great baobab known as the 'Father Tree' in the biosphere is considered sacred.

Very recently a change has come over the Keepers. As the Initiated began to venture deeper into the hitherto unexplored parts of the jungle beyond the river, they one day came back with tales of a being called the Resplendent One, having lain in wait for them in the farthest recesses of the temple. To the villagers the Initiated immediately seemed quite convinced that the Resplendent One was the being they had worshipped all their lives, unknowingly. It gave them their sacred task: to gather more people, and bring them to it, so that they too may receive its blessing. The change was also physical, as from that day on the Initiated suffered from inflamed skin, puffy eyes, swollen noses, while some began to show grey-green streaks on their skin.

## **Journey to the Temple**

A possible scenario for the adventure:

If the players approach the village, they will be greeted curtly outside the gate by one of the Initiated and a couple of villagers carrying spears. The Initiate will claim that the caravan passed by, but left immediately afterwards; what happened to them after their visit he feigns ignorance of. He will refuse entrance to the village or the temple, unless one of the PCs expresses possessing skill in science or engineering. If so, the party will be ushered in, and said PC will be asked to go to the common house to check up on a faulty machine. The others are asked to remain outside and offered a piece of yellow-greenish fruit (if eaten, the character must make Vigor checks vs poison or become paralyzed and fall asleep. The check is repeated every few seconds/round of combat until the player eventually fails.)

If they refuse to separate, the Keepers will eventually become hostile and attack the party, aiming to knock them out rather than kill them. They will be tied up, to be drugged anew the next morning and dragged off to the Temple and shown to the Resplendent One. If the character with Science/Repair skill does go to the common house, he or she will be grabbed immediately after entering and knocked unconscious. He or she will then be locked in the cave under the house, to be taken to the Temple at a later time. The cave is used for storage, and among the bags and baskets a few heavy wooden crates branded with the Far Go Traders logo can be found.

If the party bests the villagers (**Stats:** Raider. With weapons: spears, knives. Some may use confiscated hunting rifles or 10mm pistols. Some among them carry around a waterskin containing a bitter herbal draught which cures Fatigue) or makes a break for the gate, it will take approximately an hour to make their way to the summit.

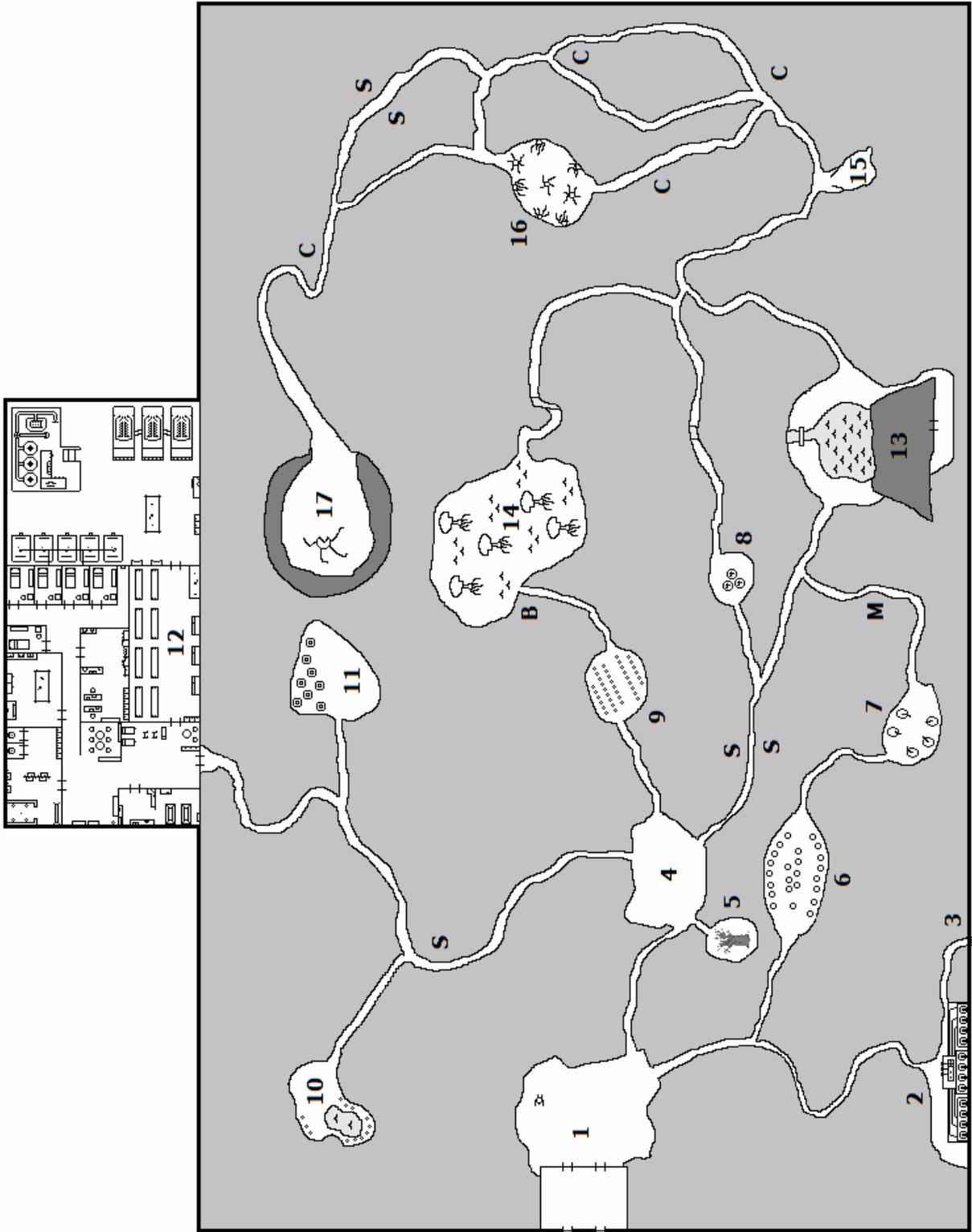
Alternatively the party can opt to bypass the village entirely and try to scale the side of the mountain. This requires standard Climbing checks, if the characters are burdened by heavy bags or equipment a penalty may apply. Climbing all the way up is a dangerous task and takes several hours, though occasional ledges provide the opportunity to rest briefly.

Through one way or another, the party will reach the biosphere on top of the mountain. The enormous greenhouse of glass and steel, about eighty feet high and the length of three football fields, is in remarkably good condition, with some of the glass panes replaced by wooden boards or other improvised repairs. On either side of the biosphere are two rows of about a dozen solar panels each. The two panels closest to the entrance have been turned into large altars. Through the glass the party can now see that a dense jungle occupies the entire interior of the biosphere. To the north a building with solid metal walls connects to the greenhouse proper.

Through two sets of double doors the party emerges in a small clearing. All around is a virtually impossible to navigate tropical forest. The interior is hot, humid and the noise of untold numbers of insects is everywhere. A few small trails lead off, deeper into the jungle. Often the sun is blotted out by the trees obscuring the path. Walking the trails, the PCs get the uneasy feeling something or someone is watching them from the trees, and it seems as if things keep moving around, even the branches and plants themselves. The occasional Mr. Handy can be encountered, clearing the growth of plant life to keep the paths west of the river cleared. Ancient sprinkler systems suddenly come to life and bring welcome refreshment.

Some points of interest:

- 1) Western Clearing: the first place the party reaches when going through the main entrance. A defective Mr. Handy unit can be found, slumped near the edge of the jungle. It's been festively decorated by the Keepers. Closer inspection will reveal that its print plates have melted, which can be corrected by a Repair check with spare parts. To be noted is that the unit's fuel tank is empty, rendering the flamer inoperable. With a Science check, the robot can be programmed however the PCs wish. From this clearing the following landmarks can be spotted: 5, 13 and 17.
- 2) Power Converters: This huge array of machinery has thick electricity cables, disappearing underground and leading out of the biosphere toward the rows of solar panels. A steady hum can be heard as they diligently provide the complex with power. They seem well maintained by the Mr Handy's.
- 3) Drainage Grate: A thorough inspection of the outside of the biosphere will reveal this alternative entrance route. With difficulty the party can squeeze itself through the dense vegetation and find themselves at location 2.
- 4) Central Clearing: A large open space in the otherwise crowding jungle, it has paths leading off in all directions. Some benches, equipment and baskets indicate the place is frequented by the Keepers, which may or may not be present, depending on how the party gained access to the biosphere.



- S: Spore Plant attacks
- C: Spore Carrier attacks
- M: Giant Mantis attacks
- B: Bloatfly attacks

- 5) The Father Tree: This large baobab tree towers over the surrounding area. Large amounts of offerings and decorations indicate this place is of special importance to the Keepers. Observant PCs may detect the remains of two ancient graves.
- 6) The Orchard: This grove has many different kinds of fruit trees and bushes growing in it, exotic edibles the likes of which the wastes rarely see: papaya's, mango's, avocado's as well as some more dangerous ones like Sleepfruit and Lifebane. The grove looks well tended, with tools and baskets lying around unguarded.
- 7) Pitcher Plants: Another small vale, here an especially alluring variation of fruit grows from branches at the edge of the jungle. Those failing a Vigor check feel inexplicably hungry and drawn to them. If a PC touches the fruit, large leaves will suddenly envelop the player and with great force yank him or her into the gaping maw of a pitcher plant. The plant is filled with sweet, intoxicating nectar aimed at suffocating anything that gets stuck in it. The character can be freed or try to free itself by an opposed Strength check vs the pitcher plant (d12+1).
- 8) The Rotting Copse: Amid a small thicket of trees stand three large, pale flowers, giving off a most horrendous stench, reminiscent of piles of bodies decaying. Anyone trying to pass by them must make a Vigor check or get sick from the nausea, giving a temporary -1 Fatigue.
- 9) The Garden: In neat little rows a multitude of colourful flowers, herbs and plants have been planted and cultivated by the Keepers, which may or may not be present, depending on how the party gained access to the biosphere. Many of these are used in restorative and healing draughts.
- 10) The Cave: The jungle path leads to a small dark cave, refreshingly cool. Near a small body of water in the farthest corner, luminescent yellow and purple flowers grow. The remainder of the cave has been given over to various kinds of fungi, all of which seem to be used by the Keepers as well, which may or may not be present, depending on how the party gained access to the biosphere.
- 11) The Grove: This small grove at the foot of the steep hill to the east has large, bulbous plants growing in it, unique to this part of the biosphere. The succulent red leaves of the plants are covered with a film of green moist, and are a key ingredient in many of the Keepers' concoctions because of their rejuvenating quality.
- 12) The Abode of the Old Ones: The former work and living space of the maintenance and research staff is now a deserted and dirty mess, rotting leaves clogging up the floor and layers of dust and grime covering the rest. The party enters the living area, with a small reading and breakfast nook. The door to the west leads to the infirmary, where some healing and radiation chems can still be found. The old kitchen, bathroom and crew's sleeping quarters hold little of interest. The computer room houses most of the technical equipment in varying degrees of decay and neglect. The controls of key systems such as temperature and water regulation are no longer functional. One of the personal terminals still functions, though much of its memory cores have decayed. From the terminal the Administrator's personal log can be read (see **Attachment**). The storage room and machine room are in decent condition, the boilers, pumps and generators obviously have been cared for. In the lockers of the supply room an

observant PC may find a forgotten Solar Scorcher, fallen between some large mechanical parts.

Solar Scorcher: This unique laser pistol uses experimental photo-electric cells as its capacitor. This allows the Scorcher to recharge simply by exposing it to direct sunlight, requiring no conventional types of ammunition. The weapon will however not recharge in dark environments and becomes virtually useless once its limited battery capacity is exhausted. Extremely rare and valuable.

Range: 15/30/60 - Damage: 2d6+1 - RoF: 1 - Weight 4 lbs - Shots: 4 - Min. Str: / - Notes: AP2, Runs on sunlight, can store 4 charges

- 13) Pump House: From the outside this looks like a large cliff, from the top of which a large waterfall starts. Pipes can be seen between the rocks however, and a small path leads around the rock toward the back, in which is set a rusty metal door bearing the sign 'Pump House'. Inside are housed the powerful turbines responsible for pumping up groundwater. The water purifiers seem to have failed centuries ago. The water pooling at the base of the cliff flows off to the north, where it eventually turns into a rushing river until it meets with the Mangrove Swamp. The river is considered the boundary line by the Keepers; east of it is the recently explored Inner Sanctum of the temple, which only the Initiated are allowed into.
- 14) Mangrove Swamp: Great old mangrove trees grow in the calm swamp, stretching out their mighty roots in all directions. Wading east the water becomes deeper until it eventually becomes impossible to stand and the PCs would have to continue by swimming. Through a narrow underwater passage the Swamp leads to the river, where the party can emerge on the other side. In the center of the Swamp a solitary Mirelurk Hunter lives, making surprise attacks by emerging behind the characters in the water.
- 15) Caravaneers' Last Stand: Five human corpses, torn apart, litter the small cul-de-sac. A Medicine check will reveal three of them to have been killed approximately two weeks ago, while the other two look fairly recent. One of the older, decaying corpses has a leather jacket with the Far Go Traders logo on, in one of its pockets a bill of lading. On one of the more recent corpses a .44 Magnum can be found, though judging from the empty casing amid the grass, its unfortunate owner expended every last round. Next to the human corpses lie the strange, desiccated corpses of a few spore carriers.
- 16) The Tangled Vale: As the party continues east, many of the plants and trees in the jungle become stranger and stranger, twisted, unnatural. The gnarled, dead trees as well as the ground in this little vale are covered in thick, rubbery vines. Making their way through it, the vines will suddenly start snatching at the PCs legs, forcing everyone to make opposed Agility checks or become grappled. The vines have Strength and Agility d8.
- 17) The Resplendent One: Atop the lone hill looming over the rest of the jungle awaits the Resplendent One, a giant mutant spore plant, worshipped by the Keepers as their living god. Originator of the other spore plants in the biosphere by spreading spores through human hosts, its spores have a mind altering effect on their unwilling targets, which eventually

become beastlike spore carriers. A fine mist of spores covers the base and the descent up the hill, forcing all party members to make a Vigor check. Wearing Power Armor or a gas mask negates the need for a roll, a wet cloth covering the face adds a +2 bonus.

- Those who fail the check will see the following: a large yet delicate, beautiful white flower, resplendent in the light of the sun, its petals giving of a golden gleam while its magnificent leaves shine with a silver glimmer. Seeing it will cause an immense feeling of tranquillity and happiness, and the idea of harming it becomes most odious. If such a PC sees anyone trying to harm the Resplendent One, he or she will become enraged and resentful, attacking former friends and allies to protect the Resplendent One. Any former thoughts of hostility now seem quite absurd, and the PC desires nothing more than to remain in the temple and serve this unique creature.

- Those who succeed must make a Fear check as they glimpse the Resplendent One's true visage: a grotesque, hideous spore plant, slimy vine-like tentacles flailing about, leaves ending in sharp, twisted needles forming a mockery of a vile gaping maw.

**Stats: The Resplendent One** (Wild Card)

St d8, Ag d6, Vi d8, Sm d6, Sp d6

Fighting d8, Shooting d10, Notice d6

Stationary, Toughness 8, Parry 6

Vine Lash: St+d6: The Resplendent One has 4 large, thorny vines (Toughness 5, Parry 5) which it can use to lash out. The vines are considered extras and separate targets, but cannot act independently.

Spore Cloud: Special: The Resplendent One can shoot concentrated globs of spores. All characters in a Small Burst Template must make a Vigor check and suffer following effects:

- Raise: Unaffected

- Success: The character temporarily enters a mild psychedelic state, all manners of noises and colors distracting him or her. The character suffers a -2 penalty to all actions on his or her next turn

- Failure: The spore cloud has a strong narcotic effect on the character, rendering him or her Shaken

- Critical Failure: The character's metabolism violently reacts to the inhaled spores. He or she falls to the ground completely paralyzed (but conscious) for 3 rounds

Note: Wearing Power Armor or a gas mask negates the need for a roll, a wet cloth covering the face adds a +2 bonus

Imp. Frenzy

Weakness (Fire): The Resplendent One takes an additional 1d6 damage from fire-based attacks

Should all players fail their Vigor checks, they are simply content to sit and bask in the glow of the creature and get suffused with spores. If not all of the Initiates were killed, they will eventually find them and return them to the village, where they are now greeted as honoured guests. Over the coming days they will be taken to the Resplendent One again. The PCs can make a Vigor check at a cumulative -1 penalty for each subsequent time to try and break the illusion. Those who fail three

times eventually begin to display the „mark of the Resplendent One“ and slowly turn into spore carriers. Killing the Resplendent One breaks the illusion, and the Keepers will suddenly see the folly of their actions. Begging the party not to betray what they have witnessed for fear of attracting unwanted outside attention, they promise to find a way to atone for their crimes.

**Attachment: Personal log: Administrator David G. Zephron**

September 7, 2077

After some regrettable delays, the initializing of the remaining secondary systems has finished, and I'm pleased to report that the test run we've performed turned out highly satisfactory. As per Mr. Cranford's instructions the self-sufficiency of the biosphere is a top priority; the gain from the solar panels is even higher than we anticipated and the converters are running at peak efficiency, providing more than enough power for the entire complex. Mr. O'Toole, who will be joining us in the capacity of chief engineer, expressed concerns about the reliability of the water purification station, but I see no cause for alarm. The quality of the nearby glacier runoff and the groundwater we are pumping up is such that I honestly can't see the need for a purification installation in the first place. Once climate control is stable, we will begin moving in the last of the specimen.

September 17, 2077

Biosphere-08 is fully operational, and with the arrival of Dr. Carlin the staff is complete. We sealed the access doors and cut off contact with the outside. Today, September 17<sup>th</sup>, marks the official start of our two year research mission regarding the adaptability of subequatorial flora to high-altitude environments. I would like to state for the record that we all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Cranford, who so generously funded the biosphere project at his personal expense. In this day and age men whose scope goes beyond the immediate here and now are very rare indeed.

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SCANNING ALL KNOWN PARTITIONS...

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RESUME (Y/N)? Y

October 22, 2077

Observed multiple flashes in the surrounding area, spanning a period of approximately two hours. Though we were unharmed, a measure of panic has broken out among the staff. Some believe the flashes to be impact explosions of nuclear weapons. Naturally I tried my best to talk some sense into them, but Dr. Carlin and Mr. Reilly especially remained obstinate. I had to forbid them to contact the outside for news. I had hoped men and women of science to be more reasonable. The whole thing is absurd; if this truly were atomic detonations, then the world as we know it would have ended. On a personal note: suffering from splitting headaches again. At times the pain renders me almost unable to think.

October 24, 2077

I have drafted an official disciplinary complaint against both Dr. Carlin and Mr. Reilly. Surreptitiously and despite my expressly forbidding it, they tried to make contact with the outside after the rest of the

staff had retired for the night. They then proceeded to cause quite an upset after they allegedly were unable to make contact via any means at our disposal. I am at a loss how to proceed; the rest of the staff as well seems increasingly reluctant to adhere to protocol. In my opinion the cause of the communication failure is simply the resulting atmospheric disturbance of the intense electromagnetic anomalies we witnessed two days ago; though my theory was received poorly by the staff.

October 28, 2077

After yet another heated argument Mr. O'Toole was struck down by Mr. Reilly. Mr. O'Toole has been diagnosed with severe trauma to the head, but will recover in time. The staff is openly discussing unsealing the biosphere and going out to investigate what has happened. I won't allow it; under my supervision Biosphere-08 will not fail in its assigned tasks and possibly jeopardize the entire project. I will not become the laughing stock of the scientific community on behalf of some ill-conceived, irrational notions of my subordinates. To my despair my migraines are getting worse, mind-numbingly so. At a certain moment my perception even became temporarily impaired. Fortunately the infirmary is well stocked on Prozac, enough to last us the coming two years.

October 30, 2077

They have left in the night. Only myself, Mr O'Toole, who is still confined to the infirmary, and Dr. Takara remain. As it was ultimately mine to drink the bitter cup of responsibility, I tried to make contact with Berkeley, but was unable to do so. I think it unwise to go after the others; if something truly has happened... then the biosphere is the safest place to be. I expect we will hear from project management soon though.

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January 21, 2101

Yes, the new century has come and fulfilled its promise. A new century, a new chance; ah, to rid ourselves of man's folly. We saw them again outside, staring in through the glass panes. How young they are, barely adult, most likely not, even. Dressed shabbily, look like nomads. Don't seem to be scavengers... luckily luckily. Guess we scared those vultures off for now, but they'll be back... they always are... word spreads around doesn't it. O'Toole and I got them good last time though, sicked the robots on them... burning to a crisp... savages. Destroying and pillaging... while we preserve the bounty of the old world. Selfish selfish selfish. I'll die before they get their greedy hands on this, our home, this immaculate edifice of glass and steel, human ingenuity and nature's astounding ability to adapt... I can hear them tapping on the glass panes, they know we are in here... they seem friendly, innocent... yes, we could use them. I wish Gracie were still alive. She always wanted children.

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RESUME (Y/N)? Y

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DISPLAYING FINAL ENTRY

August 4, 2104

Stupid stupid but clever, mean well but fail, keep trying, trying, they do. I tried to teach them all, everything, but they are slow, they fail to see the science... they accept but don't understand... no reasoning... they know now how to keep the machines going, they do it mechanically... not grasping the how or why... following my instructions on blind faith. It suffices for them. They love this biosphere like I do... but for them it is truly a temple... they worship the flowers and trees, never having seen anything like it before... doesn't matter matter. They will do... I have taught them well... I asked them to bury me next to Gracie, down where the purple *Exantissima Nevadensis* grow, near the baobab... she so liked them... Gracie Gracie. I've eaten two pieces of the fruit, more than enough... I can feel the tingling creeping up my spine, the knives stabbing at my brain get dulled... the last of the old ones to go... they will mourn me, their father... they're pure at heart. They will protect the biosphere against the outsiders... keep it running, keep it alive, keep it safe... they are its keepers now.