

< NEX QUOTA >

< 100% >

< 55mL | 15mL >

< EXCESS NEX >

< 40mL >

Testing the Corrupted could not be done infinitely in a single sixteen-hour shift. There was a cooldown between each interaction determined only by the Corrupted themselves. It was possible of course but it came with severely diminishing returns. Furthermore, it put Workers in needless danger.

Not that ImpulseWorks cared about their wellbeing in the first place. But lives were as much of a precious resource as was time in the early stages of a Site.

Papilia noted down the findings of 01-00 “Essence of Light” into a scrapbook found in the back corner of her cozy adobe. At the same time, it was mentally recorded into the Black Box implanted into her head and into the Site’s own local Corrupted Codex.

This information was taken by the few hired Employees to be analyzed, categorized, and made eligible to all relevant eyes. The 40 remaining Nex baffled her as she wrote it down onto the book, hearing the Site groan as it prepared to ship off the 15mL of liquid Nex.

“Why won’t ImpulseWorks take the excess?” This question lingered on her mind as her written words trailed off.

What she had written was the description of ‘Identity’ given in the Overseer’s Manual.

Identity



Positive Interaction

Maintaining a sense of self-identity will make the basis of your work. Identity is the culmination of all Attributes. Only the most refined may interact with them for positive yields. Direct contact will mean certain death if you are not careful. There is little else known. We are relying on you to fill out the blanks.

Negative Interaction

Losing yourself. All else is unknown.

“Amalgamation.” She uttered tiredly before reading over her findings which was combined with the last official entry of 01-00 “Essence of Light”.

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M-Id-01-00

“Essence of Light”



“To not be mistaken for an apple.”

Risk Classification

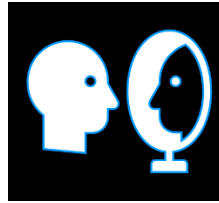
M

Green Trickle

Affinity: Undetermined



Attribute: Identity (Suspected)



Origin: Nil **Status:** Site G-Z0 (Terminated, Unconfirmed)

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/// WARNING /// WARNING /// WARNING /// WARNING ///

State of 01-00 is unknown after the fate of Site G-Z1 following its 'Zeroed Horizon'.

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Description: 01-00 is a particularly bright speck of light attached to the end of a dead, withered branch. From a distance and through the Cognito Filters, the light can be mistaken for an apple.

01-00 frequently shifts its form when viewed through the Cognition Terminal (See in the Reports section). It is speculated to be a quasi-sapient entity with abstract forms. Little is unfortunately known about 01-00's nature, physical make (if it even truly possesses one), or intentions.

01-00 is considered to be amongst the first ever known and studied Corrupted. However, all data pertaining to 01-00 no longer exists after the destruction of G-Z1, becoming OZ-0.

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Site G-Z1 has now been reinstated as G-Z7.

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Interaction Preferences:

Positive Outcomes:

Identity Interactions

- Talking to the entity.
- Imparting wisdom.
- Revealing personal experiences.
- Describing the world.

Negative Outcomes:

Identity Interactions

- Ignoring the entity.
- Imparting false wisdom.
- Offloading trauma and ill experiences.
- Belittling it.
- Telling it that it is now allowed to see the world.

Nihilism Interactions

- Attempting to shade all in a bad light.
- General negativity and bitterness.

Distress level Counter:



Most Positive: 12-15



Positive: 10-11



Neutral: 7-9



Negative: 2-6



Most Negative: 1



Imminent Containment Breach: 0 (Unknown).

Materials: No known materials have been produced or harvested from 01-00.

Managemental Procedures/Protocols: 01-00 is to be kept in an enclosure no larger than 6m3 with very minimal to no maintenance required. Enclosure is to be fitted with a pane of transparent material (20% glass, 40% acrylic, 40% Caldera Industries and CogitO low grade structural blend for reinforcement).

01-00 has no known alternative states as of recording. Corrupted is to be observed by Workers on the allocated Floor simultaneously with the Overseer and Navigator. Administrative Level Employees (Clearance Level 3-2) may be granted temporary access to auxiliary scrying crystals to observe any abnormalities.

Due to its generally safe nature, there are no known suppression or subjugation protocols in place. For smooth operations, it is advised that Workers that enter the enclosure are to ensure that:

- They do not bear hostility to 01-00.
- Do not touch any of 01-00's forms, whether they can see it or not.
- Avoid the urge to 'eat' 01-00.
- All Workers have their eyes checked upon entry and exit for any changes.

Story/Origin: Unknown.

Records/Reports:

Shape Shifting Anomaly

The report will focus on the shapes, entities, and forms 01-00 has been observed to take, dubbed as 'Aberrations of light' through the Cognito Filter.

- Overseer observed 01-00 morph into what appeared to be a wingless bird.
- Passing Employees have reported that 01-00 'never transforms' in spite of what is written in reports by the Navigator.
- 01-00 rarely assumes a humanoid form resembling a child between 7-9 years old.
- Reports have witnessed younger variations.
- 01-00 may assume a form that exceeds its enclosure but will never 'leak' through the materials.
- 01-00 has been seen to cease shedding 'light' in the presence of a distressed Worker or Employee, instead of becoming brighter or assuming a form through the Cognito Filter in what is believed to be an attempt to cheer them up.
- 01-00 is one of the very few Corrupted that can bypass or interact with the Cognito Filters.

Obliteration: Zeroed Horizon [???

It is unknown if the Corrupted perished along with the Site. A reinstatement order has been made. However –

/// REDACTED /// CLEARANCE LEVEL 0 REQUIRED /// REDACTED ///

On behalf of our Abyssal Mother, the situation is rather complicated to include. Apologies to all curious Navigators and Overseers.

To the off chance that this mattered to you... Good luck.

- Enoch, The Artificer of Rupturing (T-4 Artificer, Clearance Level 0)

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Note: CognitO Filters are simply an Atelier Item/device created by the Atelier CogitO which protects its user from all visual and auditorial phenomena that may trigger distress. They are mandatory for all Sites as per our partnership, and as one of our sponsors.

This includes and is not limited to: blood, wounds, death, bodies, massacres, genitals, memetic agents and other Corrupted phenomena.

Remember. There is no shortage of Workers and Employees.

Overseers and Navigators? Not so much.

Do not let your consciousness go to waste.

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To put it into perspective – She was a level 1 type employee of ImpulseWorkers. This granted her access to their vast network of information and privileges, such as the right to not be fed to the Corrupted.

Above her, however, were the four T-4 Artificers and the Abyssal Mother herself. Such information was classified and kept closely to those arbitrators of the Atelier whether she liked it or not.

A long sigh slipped her lips.

On a separate page, Papilia hummed to herself as she wrote down the biases found with the Identity Attribute. The Attribute of a Corrupted tended to allude to their preferred Interaction Type.

The only issue was that Identity Corrupted seemed to be an outlier due to them being an amalgamation of all Attributes. Furthermore, there was little data on them.

“But that’s why I’m here.” Papilia licked the tip of her pen and began scribbling down.

Identity



Positive Biases:

Aspiration



Neutral Biases:

Identity



Negative Biases:

Nihilism



“Hmmngh.” Papilia threw herself back against her chair, staring up at the ceiling with vacant eyes.

She recalled the debrief the Core Team had with the First Floor Unit Manager. There was a mention of a sighting of a little girl shortly after the light was touched. Unfortunately, the only proof came from the sole eyewitness – Abra.

“We need to test it further. But I don’t want to cause a negative reaction. Stay positive. Just positive. No need to go down the same route as the other Sites.” She contemplated briefly before slinking herself onto her feet.

Unsteady legs took her to a standing mirror where she fixed her apparel before leaving into the corridors of the Site. The leftover Nex still plagued her mind, and on the way to the Overseer's Command Room, she unexpectedly ran into the Site Healer.

"Strolling around at this time of..." Sanita raised a hand excitedly, causing the oversized sleeves to drop as she checked her wrist where a scribbled clock was drawn. "Day?"

She looked up expectantly into Papilia's eyes, slowly deflating when she didn't get the response she wanted.

"S-Sorry. Am I not supposed to be here? Hard day? Can I help you in some way?" She asked again, bobbing from side to side as her azure eyes sparkled with the same innocence that all Healers had across the board.

They were like the stars of the night sky.

It was endearing, but also somewhat artificial. Yet Papilia couldn't help but to raise a hand and pat her head, finally smiling after a small, tired sigh.

"No, you're fine. No one likes being cooped up. It must be boring staying inside of the Infirmary all day." Papilia said, causing the girl to rapidly nod, her hair bouncing all over the place.

"It feels like we're birds in a cage, hehehe. I've been walking around for over an hour looking for a way out!" She exclaimed, referencing the anomaly of the Site contorting, and extending the space around it by its own 'will'. "Grrr! This Site's playing with me! I saw a star and went to chase it! Then it turned into a bird before I ran into you!"

"You shouldn't be chasing stars." Another voice suddenly spoke from behind.

Aisyle emerged from a neighboring compartment. It was where her own abode was. Before Papilia could catch a peek into her quarters, her mind was struck by a brief, unbearable pain.

"See! You are sick! I thought so too!" Sanita quickly grabbed a white vial from her utility belt along with a syringe, instantly causing Papilia to recoil in terror.

"Sanita! Use that when someone needs it! It's just..." Papilia clasped her head, feeling the ridges of the Black Box implant. "... a headache. That's all. Aisyle. Were we too loud?"

"Nonsense. Sound could not begin to imagine penetrating these walls of the old." She assured before gazing down at the Healer with intent behind those closed eyelids. "Healer. Little White Dove. May I ask what you are doing outside of your Infirmary at 22:43:06?"

She knew the time like a clock hung in the back of her mind, surprising even Papilia as the Healer replied with a vibrant smile:

"Exploration! Our kind Navigator said it's ok for me to explore!"

Aisyle's eyes then fell onto Papilia inquisitively. Her silence was all the information she needed, and with a small nod –

"Be free. Explore the confines to your heart's desire."

– Aisyle allowed the Healer to roam, causing her to hop with excitement.

“Thank you, kind Overseer~! Big sister Healer! Or are you a Perched? A Mother maybe?”
Sanita thought the Overseer was perhaps a Healer of greater reverence compared to her.

The reason why was because of her hair color. When people aged their hair did not become white. It was a color only achievable by becoming a Healer, which was a gifted blessing that only human women were able to receive at any fated moment in their life.

“Think of me as what you wish.” Aisyle uttered. “As long as you do not chase any stars.”

“I can promise that! No stars! And birds?” Sanita hopped.

“Do as you wish.”

The Healer finally disappeared, running off with her sleeves trailing behind her like ribbons. Silence immediately replaced her presence as Papilia stared up at the overbearing presence of the woman who stared vacantly down the hallway.

“I think she’ll be fine. Healers are tougher than they look.” Papilia assured and was about to mention her intentions to head back to the Command Room until Aisyle cut her off with:

“Birds must realize when they have no feathers to soar with other birds. Let alone a ‘star’. Were you also interested in the residual Liquid Nex? I was waiting for you to finally take notice.”

“R-Right...”

She was waiting for me? Why didn't she say anything right away? Is this a test of hers?

Papilia could not read what went through this woman’s mind. Her abstract, elaborate metaphorical way of talking only served to confuse her.

“ImpulseWorks usually takes all of a Site’s Liquid Nex. So the fact that we’re left with this much isn’t something I was trained for. Unless it’s for you to deal with?”

“For us both. Come, my dear Navigator. Allow me to show you the purpose of residual Liquid Nex.” She turned her back to Papilia, stopping momentarily as she waited for her to follow.

“There’s a purpose for it? I’m aware that Specific Liquid Nex gets sent to the Unit Managers to uncover their stories. I’m curious. Is this related to it?” She asked, now walking side by side with her.

Aisyle simply answered in a cold tone, “The Site. It is food for the Site itself. This is a General Site, but it lacks the facilities and amenities required for our needs. We have no Retrofitter or Artificer to create weapons from the Corrupted. We have no adequate research division to aid in your mental ministrations or to find valuable resources from their cadavers. We have no means to prevail when all Seals are broken.”

She uttered, their roles seemingly flipping as she explained the purpose of the residual Liquid Nex in detail.

“Therefore, accumulated Liquid Nex can be used to evolve the Site itself. To build what we lack. To enhance the redundant. To expand our capacity.

All for the sake of producing more Liquid Nex.”