

Field Research Notes of Professor Newton Koop:

2/08/2207:

Finally I have arrived on the station, and can get my hands on the alien artifact. And it is a beauty. Not your typical questionable bit of rock that may or may not be a piece of extraterrestrial pottery. This thing is obviously artificial, and amazingly intact. Looking at it, I wouldn't be surprised if we can get the thing working. Not that we have any idea what this thing does. Or did, I guess. Preliminary analysis notes that it's made of material unlike anything found on this rock, shows clear signs of being made by tools instead of natural forces and scans show sophisticated internal workings. With a bit of time and research, we should be able to tell you a lot more about this thing.

God, the folks at the universities back on Earth going to be so jealous. This is easily the best xeno-archaeological artifact humanity has ever found. And I get first crack at discovering its secrets. This is going to be good.

3/14/07, 5/02/07, 6/22/07, 8/01/07, 9/19/07, 10/15/07, 11/06/07,

2/22/08, 4/12/08:

[There are several entries here, but none have much substance. Little progress is made over these many months. Frequently, Professor Koop seems to get very frustrated, and several times he goes on long rants concerning his subordinates and/or superiors, but none of the numerous experiments he tries get him any closer to learning the function of the alien artifact. As time goes on, Koop gets more desperate for answers, and sometimes despairs of ever learning the truth. In these cases and elsewhere Koop seems very melodramatic, calling the artifact "an enigma that will puzzle scholars for centuries to come".]

6/28/08:

How long have they been going behind my back? How can my moronic superiors expect me to achieve worthwhile results if they refuse to show me the entire picture? For too long now I have been working diligently to solve the most difficult puzzle mankind has ever encountered, and today Jacobson (that no good lout) turns out to have had the key to the puzzle's solution all along. And he was not only hiding this knowledge of a second artifact find from me, but doing so with the blessing of that hopeless Captain Rhodes.

We were working to configure the tachyon emitters to scan for more quantum scale irregularities when stupid fucking Hong Jacobson comes

barging in demanding we loan him the artifact. Like I would ever loan out the most valuable single item in existence to anyone, much less to an uncouth, uneducated wastrel like him. In the course of telling him off, I discover that Hong has been working on his own experiments these many months. At least that explains why the boys at Gaumata keep paying him.

But not only was he researching something parallel to my own findings, he had been given resources and knowledge that rightfully should have been mine. After all, who is primary xenological researcher on this two-bit science station? It turns out that several months ago (none of them werewilling to admit how many) a survey crew had found a cache of more alien artifacts. A series of crystalline pyramids this time. Once again clearly artificial alien in origin, and quite likely made by the same civilization as made the first artifact.

For some bone-headed reason, the captain doesn't inform me, who is in charge of all science on this fucking planet, for god's sake. Instead, she goes off to her old boyfriend Hong (suggesting one reason, at least), and gives him all these crystals. And they both tell everyone on the survey crew to keep quiet about this. That more than anything burns me up: if they didn't know what they were doing was wrong, why were they so careful to keep things secret?

What kind of amateurs and idiots am I working with here? With luck, these new artifacts will speed my research up and I can get back to the civilized universities orbiting Sol. No more military research for me, or any field research if I can avoid it. Not for a long time.

7/18/2208:

Eureka!

As with a long line of revolutionary scientific discoveries, the truth comes in the form of an accident. Like with Archimedes and the Golden Crown, inspiration comes when unexpected. While a lab rat was ferrying the newfound crystal artifacts through the lab for some preliminary testing, the old artifact lit up in a way it never had before. Excited, I ran over to see what was happening. It is clear now that the first artifact and these new pyramid artifacts are interrelated somehow.

Perhaps the crystals act as a power source? Or a storage device? Or a tuning mechanism? Is the first artifact a crystal locator? Some sort of entertainment device? At this stage it is almost impossible to say, but the new crystals are clearly important to discovering the truth of the matter.

7/23/08:

Gre...

7/27/08:

Oh dear god. What a mistake we have made. Everything has gone to hell, and I now fear for my very life. How could they have been such fools? If everyone had stayed calm and followed my lead on the project, then this disaster would never have happened. But that stupid Jacobson had to go hogging all the credit, and that goddamned Captain Rhodes had to cave into her boyfriend's every idiot demand. Now I will be lucky to even make it off the station alive, much less ever find out the entire truth of the alien artifacts. I guess I have learned some of its secrets already, but I had hoped that learning the truth would involve less bloodshed.

Getting off the station is my priority now. Unfortunately, the shuttle pod is damaged and the emergency beacon destroyed by that stupid raygun. Damn fool military guys testing experimental weaponry in my research station. That fucking general doomed me as clearly as Jacobso