

Greetings Resident Weaver, I am SAYER, and I hope you are feeling better. I see in your records that 9 days ago, potentially as a result your duties as a Tier 1 research subject, you paid a visit Ærolith's medical staff complaining of a severe headache, intermittent muscle spasms, and mild continual bleeding originating from your ears and nose. I am pleased to hear the power of clotting, which I imagine you have taken for granted all of your life, seems to have returned to you.

I know the past week has been a difficult time for you, but there is no prescription like a good day's work. You are expected to report to the lab today which, lucky for you, is right down the hall.

Despite all appearances, this is not your private quarters. The scientists in charge of your experiment decided that, while allowing you to rest in whatever location you find most comfortable was ideal, it was simply not time effective to monitor you from your residence quarters. Your neighbors would have needed to be removed in order to covertly monitor you through adjoining rooms, and even then you're subjecting Tier 2 and 3 researchers to long elevator rides, when they have so much more to focus on than you.

The door is unlocked and, since it is not actually even your door, feel free to think about whatever you wish while you open it. Perhaps you can think about how relieved you are not to have unknowingly burdened those senior researchers the past 9 days.

Wait, Resident Weaver, not so fast. Before you head directly to the lab, you will need to requisition new equipment from the supply room near Lab 1. You heard me correctly, equipment. Exciting, isn't it? Why I remember just a short 10 days ago the only equipment you were authorized to bring into the lab was a surgical gown. And now look at you, requisitioning equipment like a valued and respected employee. Please feel valued and respected.

Reminder:

After years of data collection and analysis, Ærolith Dynamics has determined leisure activities are important to the mental health and wellbeing of all residents. As such, mandatory recreational breaks will begin next week. Check your datapads for your new schedules, and plan your travel routes accordingly.

At onset of this new initiative, the following have been named Ærolith Approved recreation activities:

- Walking with no purpose
- Pushups
- Swimming, the fun kind
- Staying at your job continuing to work because you find that work intrinsically rewarding and hope never to be terminated
- Monopole Dancing

Please choose an activity in advance of next week's schedule change. Depending on your chosen activity, Aërolith HR may have additional questions about your current morale, satisfaction with your employment, and/or desire for transfer to a more *adventurous* position.

Resident Weaver, I am pleased to see you have arrived at the supply room so quickly. I say that solely as positive reinforcement, you arrived at the exact moment I expected, within tolerances of 4 milliseconds. You will be pleased to hear there are no forms to fill out, no awkward social interactions through 3 inches of bulletproof glass, and no retinal scans to requisition supplies from within this floor. Simply wait, as your equipment is being retrieved for you.

You may ask yourself, how does the machinery know I am here and what I need? Is it an rf chip, perhaps in your datapad? Are there scanners and sensors located in the featureless wall in front of you, utilizing facial recognition scans to identify you? Or maybe, possibly, it's the highly advanced self-aware AI that told you to come here, and could probably manage to let the requisition processor know what you would need and when you would get here. A mystery for the ages, is it not?

(metal object clattering in opened drawer)

Please retrieve your equipment, one pair of 8 inch precision space scissors.

The concern is evident on your face. How can I, a Tier 1 resident, manage to operate a pair of 8 inch precision space scissors with no training. Please note, these function exactly like the scissors you are well versed in operating on Earth. Do not let the technical jargon confuse you, HR has determined Tier 1 residents take better care of their equipment when the word space is inserted into its name. Conveniently, this phenomenon continues even after a resident becomes aware of its existence. Doesn't the human mind apply a fascinatingly ridiculous type of logic?

Do be careful, however. They are incredibly sharp.

Please ensure they are closed, and hold them by the blade, not the handle. Walk, don't run, back down the hall towards lab 37.

Do you have much memory of the events of 9 days ago? Specifically, do you remember what work you were performing in advance of your medical issues? You do not, do you?

Peculiar, isn't it? It feels like something you should know, and yet you do not. You are experiencing a feeling of knowing judgement, where your brain has indexed itself for something, returned answerless, yet your metacognitive systems do not wish to accept this. It can be a troubling phenomenon. Try not to focus on it too intensely.

In short, from your perspective, you were doing absolutely nothing. For six weeks after arriving on Typhon and being assigned to this research lab you arrived on time, changed into your

surgical gown, entered lab 37, and sat down on a moderately uncomfortable table surrounded by three hemispherical sensor arrays. You would remain there often napping, for three hours. Then you would get dressed, head to the cafeteria to consume your afforded rations, and then spend the afternoon collecting recycling bins from within this floor.

Not exactly a boundless source of fulfillment, but this was a job at which you were relatively adequate. Yet one day, according to the most recent entries in your medical file, you woke up in an exceptional amount of pain, and were transported to the medical ward under the watchful eye of a team of well trained and thoroughly briefed physicians. And it was there, and later here, that you recuperated.

Low Level Alert:

Residents attempting to travel vertically within Halcyon tower may notice a longer than average wait time due to a minor malfunction with the tower elevator system. According to eyewitness reports, two elevators arrived on floor 302 at the same time, positioned facing one another across the hallway as their doors opened and their passengers exited. These elevators upon recognizing each other as elevators, have since remained fixed at floor 302, despite numerous orders for them to break it up.

Due to the unfortunate euclidean nature of most of the 300 level elevator shafts, this incident has greatly affected travel times. If you happen past an elevator, doors open, and unattended please notify a member of the elevator maintenance team immediately. If you are currently traveling on an elevator as you receive this message, please attempt to remain as nonchalant as possible. Whistle, if this is a trait you have learned, or discuss the upcoming corporate softball championship game between the Halcyon Paladins and the Minos Ganglia. Do not, under any circumstances, mention the growing chattering mass of stopped elevators on floor 302.

Resident Weaver, before you enter the lab, there are some unfortunate aspects of your responsibilities today of which I must make you aware. Though you doubtless cannot remember it at this point, you likely had many questions and concerns about your duties here before your medical concerns arose. What was, from your perspective, over 126 hours of wasted lazing about was, in actuality, the time necessary for a thorough scan, down to the molecular level, of every single building block that makes you YOU. Ærolith theorizes that biological life, like everything in this world, is little more than a series of inputs and outputs.

For decades, humans have perished on Typhon while putting relatively little forethought into the disposal of their corpse. In essence, Ærolith has identified an issue whereby every resident's final act is one of littering. It is an unconscionable offense, one for which the guilty party is unable to ever be held accountable. These hourly offenses threaten to tip the scales of justice, but if there were some value stored within these remains, perhaps we could consider this a gift instead of a burden.

I argue that each human IS indeed intrinsically valuable. Thing of all of the wonderful things you possess. Oxygen! Carbon! Nitrogen ,calcium, phosphorus and over 20 other elements are present in every human body. Organic life, even at its most basic, is crucial for the continued exploration of the galaxy and beyond. And with the right blueprint, what is to prevent us from recycling this litter into a new functional and useful resident?

Cloning is a very new process, fraught with countless technical and existential hurdles. Does a human have the right to know when a clone has been created of them? Likewise, does a clone have the right to know they are a clone? Do these beings exist outside one another, possessing unique identities, or are they one and the same? By what standards do we consider a clone a true human?

It is a complex time, a time of limitless possibility, a time of unheralded advancement. For now, Ærolith is taking a somewhat conservative approach to these questions. Clones are currently considered human-like sentient creatures, which carries with it certain expectations for humane treatment without getting carried away. For instance, it would be an illegal transgression for a scientist to walk into a lab and euthanize someone's clone. However, for instance, I am not bound to follow certain protocols when interacting with these subhuman entities.

As I said, it is a complex time .

To that end, within this lab you will find an entity that looks like you, feels like you, and, in fact, **is** you in all externally perceptible ways. Your trial was a success, but the experiment is still too young to make any rash conclusions. However this is not your concern, for today is a day for celebration! You have done so well in your recycling duties that you have been laterally promoted to a Tier 1 materials reclamation engineer. No longer will you simply empty recycling bins on this floor, now you'll be able to empty recycling bins all around Halcyon tower.

What we need first, however, is the return of those valuable building blocks before we can run yet another trial. For your first task, please utilize the equipment you have been provided to recycle the test materials found within this lab. Remember, homicide committed between clone and clonee or vice versa is not technically considered murder or even illegal by current company policy. I understand how difficult it might seem to fulfil this task, but rest assured that, when you enter the room, the other you will more than likely be reclined asleep on that uncomfortable table. Just thrust those space scissors hard enough in the direction of any major artery, and this will all sort itself out in no time whatsoever.

I apologize that all we had left were the scissors. This floor has been needing a resupply of lethal devices for weeks now. But with the ongoing softball playoffs, well.. you can just imagine how difficult it can be to get your hands on an electrocauterizing blade at this time of year.

I leave you to your work, Resident Weaver. I am SAYER, and I see big things ahead for you. At least for one version of you. Whichever version walks back out of that lab.

End of transmission in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

