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DOCUMENT TYPEReconstructed
Timeline /
Composite Record**SUBJECT**Dr. Linda Knox, PhD - Linguistics / Comparative
Script Analysis**DOC REF**RIFT-PIR-LK-
1976-001**LOG PERIOD**02 FEB 1976 -
09 FEB 1977**COMPILED BY**R.I.F.T. Core Analytical
Library**CLEARANCE LEVEL**CLASSIFIED/TS/
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The following constitutes a reconstructed chronological record compiled by the R.I.F.T. Core Analytical Library following the institutionalization of Dr. Linda Knox on 10 February 1977. The attached document(s) recount Dr. Knox's experiences in translating the inscriptions of the Antarctic Relic as well as the simultaneous decline of her mental constitution. The information included was recovered from two primary sources: supplementary work journals/official research logs entries officially filed by Dr. Knox directly into the C.A.Lib under appropriate clearances, and an unauthorized and illegal personal diary kept separately from her official CIA research log. Where her handwriting could not be reliably interpreted, gaps have been marked. Spelling and grammatical irregularities in later entries have been preserved as written. Personal diary entries have been entered in block format for easier separation of official vs personal data.

02 FEBRUARY 1976 – Diary

Back in the States. Langley debriefing complete.

They've given me a new "office" in a temporary trailer somewhere in the NRQZ. They're building a new kind of lab over here. The entire Antarctic team is here aside for Ishiro... he isn't here yet.

It's a pain to get to, and the hotel in which I'm staying is about an hour away. Still, it's preferable to sleeping in the trailer despite the outhouse that Stewart so kindly dropped off for me.

Stewart's expressed a desire to start reverse engineering the relic already. I think he's overeager. I've made it clear that I feel we shouldn't be building anything out of an alien (No one will acknowledge it, but; ALIEN.) artifact we know nothing about.

Thankfully, he's agreed to wait until I make meaningful progress in translating the script. I've been working so hard I'm starting to see the symbols when I dream at night.

12 February 1976 – Official

I approached Dr. Oberman about the dead-end I've been facing.

Without even a single fully translated glyph under my belt, I have no foundation to move forward with.

He asked why I didn't reference the "Transistor Glyph" as a starting point.

I was confused and requested an explanation.

He pulled up an example from my research; a recurring glyph-chain that I've identified in countless locations within the Antarctic Relic.

He said that each location containing the aforementioned inscription functioned as a transistor within the original relic.

His stance is that this implies a representation of some form of binary channel. An "is not" or "is".

An "off" / "on".

A "0/1".

I wish he'd told me sooner. This is a huge steppingstone.

I also wish he'd understand that not everyone is an engineer or computer scientist.

Regardless, I'm thrilled to finally move forward.

12 April 1976 – Diary

I'm fucking livid. Why would he withhold such vital information!? Was he testing me? Was he bragging?

Or is he such an insufferable egotist that he feels the need to wait for just the right moment to show off his staggering intellectual superiority!?

At first, I thought his zeal originated from his desire to atone for the sins of his father, but no... It's something else entirely.

I think he's like a child engrossed with his toys. The idea of "wasting" his own time by getting involved in the works of others is beyond him. He chooses one task and focuses solely on it.

No communication! No concern! No responsibility to the world outside his head!

No accountability at all for the situation he's creating. He keeps making promises. "The project is proceeding well within projected parameters." "We're going to be decades ahead of the Chinese or the Russians." "Its impact will be felt for generations."

The worst part is that his excitement is contagious. As furious as I am, I'm excited. I'm a part of something unlike anything else in the entirety of human history.

14 FEBRUARY 1976 – Diary

Valentine's Day. Ishiro sent flowers to my hotel room.

I miss him. Thankfully, his letter said he'd be here soon!

They've been digging a massive hole. I've never seen anything so deep. They still haven't told us what we're doing out here...

I fall asleep every night staring at a sketch of a glyph-chain I made, referencing one of my documented photographs of the relic.

02 March 1976 – Official

With the Transistor Glyph as my starting point, I've begun to fully translate my first glyphs over the course of the last few weeks.

Admittedly, "translated" is an inadequate phrase. There is no one true way to translate this language. There is, however, only one correct way to understand it.

The Transistor Glyph translates to: "The world is or the world is not".

More literally, it asks a question - "Is the world?"

It is important to note that I am of the following hypothesis; "world" does not represent a literal "world" or "planet". Rather, it denotes the concept of existence/reality itself.

Furthermore, it was discovered that the Transistor Glyphs in the relic have the potential to carry a slight charge on their own.

Dr. Oberman is exhilarated. He is of the opinion that the physical shape and conductive composition of the glyphs themselves are acting as some kind of channel for electric fields.

"Words of Power", he called them.

19 March 1976 – Official

The linguistic axes model represents the current working consensus among field linguists for classifying and comparing orthographic systems.

While the framework itself is broadly accepted, the specific parameters of the concept remain subject to scholarly debate, if not outright contention.

With that in mind, if I reference my analyses with my understanding of eight of the more commonly accepted axes, my findings for axes displayed within this writing system are as follows:

1. Unit(s) of encoding - Present
2. Vowel representation - Unclear
3. Directionality - Present (Omnidirectional)
4. Morphophonemic Depth - Present (Deep)
5. Degree of Iconicity - Present (Abstract)
6. Segmentation - Present (Complex, Varied)
7. Linearity - Absent (Nonlinear)
8. Redundancy - Absent (None)

21 March 1976 — Official

The root-glyphs are not a vocabulary. They are more akin to a "periodic table" of sorts.

Each root represents what I am dubbing a "Base Element".

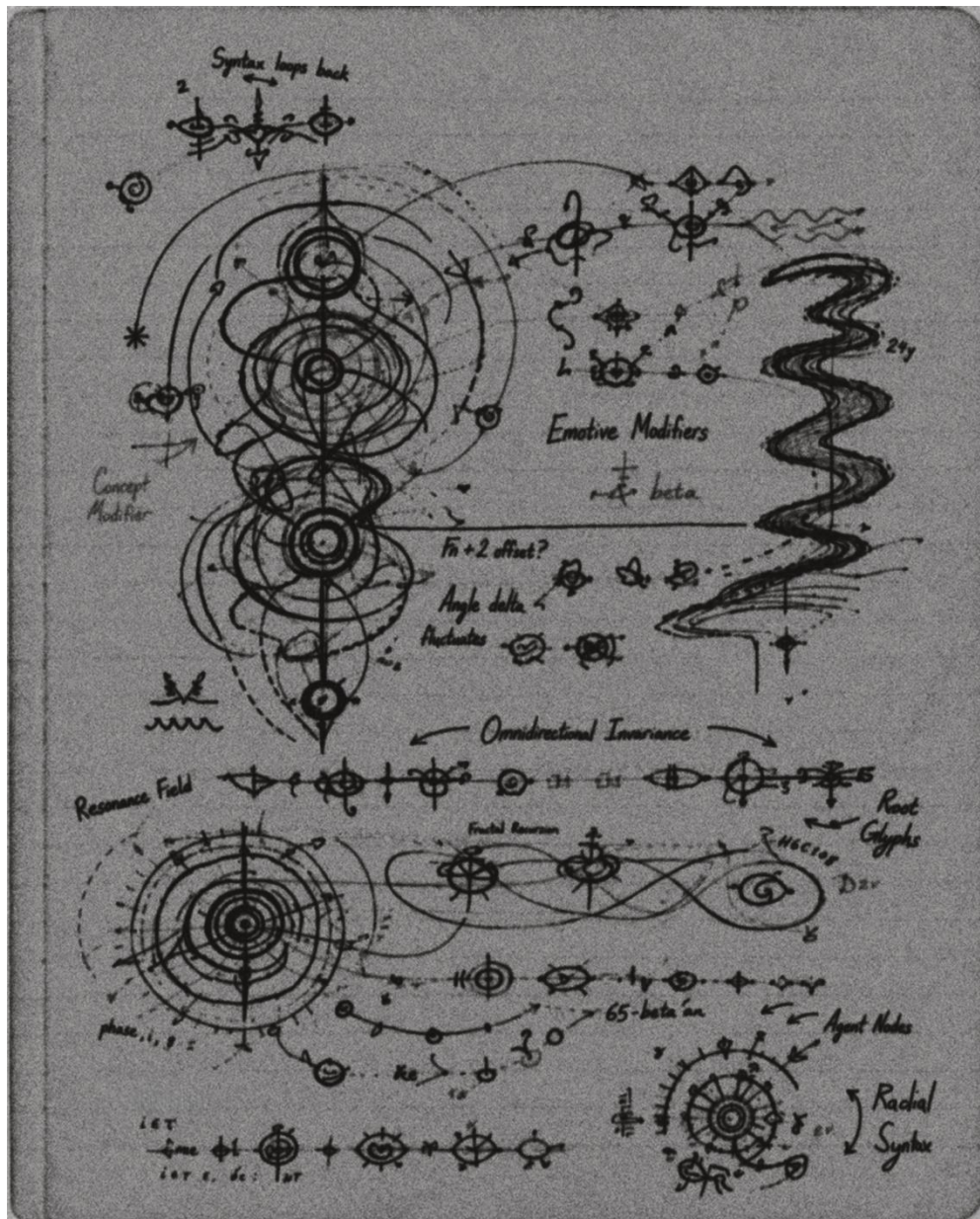
Each of the 42 Base Elements is a set of "rules" that dictate how a root-glyph functions.

The rest of the glyph-chain expands outwards from the core root-glyph in a curved and sometimes spiraling manner, in what I am calling "Radial Syntax".

This is not a sentence-based script.

One can start reading a glyph from any point, in any direction.

It is only until the full glyph is read that it can begin to be understood.



REF. 1: GLYPH-CHAIN ANALYSIS, HANDWRITTEN.
SOURCE: PERSONAL RESEARCH NOTES, DR. LINDA KNOX.

04 April 1976 – Official

I've been stuck for awhile.

I have no basis upon which to build a phonetic structure.

I'm not even sure if this language was designed to be spoken aloud or not.

6 April 1976 – Diary

Is it insomnia if I'm still sleeping?

The dreams feel like hours or more. I wake up to find only twenty minutes have passed. I go back to sleep. It happens again. Rinse and repeat. I managed to fall asleep at 11PM. It's now 4:30am and I feel as if I've been asleep for days.

In my research notes, I wrote that I wasn't sure if this language was ever spoken aloud, but... I heard it. I heard it in my dreams. Like a rhythmic chanting, a hymn that penetrated my very being.

It was beautiful. I wish I remembered it upon waking.

09 April 1976 – Official

Diacritics are present! Pitch, tone, volume, duration; it's all here!

This language... It's like a musical score that is simultaneously a philosophical proof and a circuit/logic board all at once.

It's coming together. I understand fragments of meaning behind the glyphs! It's really happening...

14 April 1976 – Official

Years ago, I wrote my supposedly controversial thesis on the concept of a universal principle that underlies every human society's writing system across every culture and era, without exception; as a language ages, it either simplifies or it dies.

It becomes easier to read, easier to write, easier to teach, and easier to speak. The evolutionary pressure on any communication system is always toward efficiency. Toward the transmission of complex meaning through the least effortful means possible. This is not a flaw. It is the entire purpose of language.

The reason languages simplify over time is because human minds are fallible. We forget. We misinterpret. We miscommunicate.

Memory takes up space in our brains and while we don't like to admit it, even the human brain is limited by what it can store. We compress information however we can to minimize room for error.

What is inscribed on this relic is the categorical opposite of this principle. It does not simplify. Every mark I examine appears to encode more information, not less. There is no evidence of reduction, shorthand, or the natural drift toward convenience that characterizes every script I have ever studied.

I don't know what to make of this observation. My hypothesis is, this script was engineered to be a complete, lossless record. By/for whom, I cannot say.

15 April 1976 – Diary

Ishiro is worried about me. He's noticed my restless sleep patterns.

Every night, I hear the symphony of ever-expanding knowledge.

Every night, I hear the whispers of a place between places.

It is nowhere and everywhere.

He thinks I should take a break, a small leave of absence.

I don't want to though, I'm fine...

If only he knew how beautiful it was.

12 June 1976 – Official

I've learned much over these last couple of month. What I've translated conveys ideas such as "scattering" and "learning".

That's how it starts. Small. A core concept, exponentially expanded upon. From there, I came to a shocking discovery... I've learned that our relic came from across great distances and was buried deep within Earth to watch, learn, and protect.

It was the "scattering" that stuck with me. This brings the implication that our relic is not unique, but rather one of many. I've conveyed my findings to Dr. Oberman with a hypothesis: It's possible and likely that our relic wasn't the only of its kind.

18 July 1976 – Official

Dr. Oberman believes that with my eventual mastery of this language, the script can be the foundation for a new form of electrical engineering.

At his request, I've had an electron-beam lithography system programmed to inscribe a Transistor Glyph on a conductive medium only 98 nanometers wide, essentially enabling him to use the glyphs as "near two-dimensional transistors" to save physical space and functionality within his machines.

The process was a resounding success.

He believes he can produce transistors only 50nm wide in less than a year.

Additionally, he has requested that I inscribe a glyph of my own, one designed specifically to draw power from its surroundings and generate a strong electric field.

It's as if I was made for this.

08 August 1976 – Official

Three weeks. No success.

13 August – Official

At my request, Dr. Oberman and Dr. Hawatori have given me multiple crash courses about electrical engineering. Things such as Amps, Amp Hours, Ohm's Law, Watts, Volts, etc.

13 August 1976 – Diary

I almost feel like I get more work done in my sleep. I see the glyphs, I hear the choirs... They usually bring about some form of clarity.

I've cut out coffee and have been going to bed earlier.

15 August 1976 – Diary

I dreamt of the glyphs again. It was different, this time. I was standing *inside* them, and they expanded outwards all around me. There was depth in multiple dimensions. This script can be read in three dimensions... four, even. My mind struggled to comprehend it.

I could feel the ebb and flow of gravitational forces fluctuating all around me. Electricity coursed through my hair. My veins pulsed with a magnetic field, as if my blood had turned ferrous.

That's when it manifested. A new glyph I hadn't seen before. The same script, just... New. It flowed around and through me, and I understood it.

It was power. It was ENERGY.

Ishiro woke me up in a panic. He said I was seizing in my sleep, like I was straining my body against itself.

He wants me to see a sleep specialist.

I told him not to be worried, that everything is as it should be, because this time, I remember. I KNOW.

He's still concerned, but I can show him what I've learned.

01 September 1976 – Official

I was so disappointed. I spent two weeks crafting my glyph-chain in regular ink and placed an incandescent bulb in the center of the inscription. I stared at the unlit bulb on the sheet of paper, expecting something to happen and feeling like a fool.

I then remembered the glyphs in the relic and the Transistor Glyphs I'd made for Dr. Oberman were both inscribed on a conductive medium. I made the switch to a fountain pen filled with conductive ink, and it FINALLY WORKED!

"Potential + Awaken."

"Capacity."

"Resistance + Control + Direction."

"Flow + Loop."

"Power."

The lack of linearity the script yields implies the order of commands doesn't matter... at least, not in the traditional sense.

The bulb flashed like a camera and exploded. I adjusted my Radial Syntax and tried again. Stable. The light bulb is powered on, unscrewed and unplugged, powered by an external electric field.

It draws from beyond the void, a wonderful anti-nexus of nothing.

I can feel it hum through my bones.

How? I don't understand. How does a language know what the rules I wrote are supposed to do? How does it carry out my commands?

What is this?

17 September 1976 – Official

I'm beginning to feel truly comfortable translating and utilizing the language. I can use the Transistor Glyph as a "switch" to power my other glyph "on" or "off" by having it act as either a complement or obstacle to my Power Glyph-Chain. I can modify my glyphs in real time to alter outcomes.

Thanks to my work, Dr. Oberman has decided it's finally time to begin reverse engineering the relic.

17 September 1976 – Diary

It's not often Stewart expresses envy, he's always so composed. It feels good to be recognized as an intellectual equal for once. I'm still weary about the idea of dismantling the Relic, but I refuse to say anything that could endanger my position on this team. The idea of leaving a single glyph untranslated manifests a genuine terror in me. Like a deep, bottomless dread filling me in a way even I can't put to words. It's an unholy fear.

In all honesty, I'm a bit hesitant to acknowledge some of the symptoms that have accompanied my somnic epiphanies...

I pendulate between narcolepsy and insomnia... Bumping into people, spilling coffee, brief instances of sleep in the middle of writing. During the narcoleptic bouts, I dream of glyphs. Not in a poetic sense, I literally see glyphs, on walls, roads, and surfaces of buildings that don't quite align with anything I've seen in the waking world. Once, I even awoke in a cathedral. That is to say, I "awoke" into the dream. It was a dark, ornate temple inscribed with deliberate glyph-chains on its many pillars and stones.

Then, I awake to the "real" reality. I'll be so refreshed that I'll stay awake for days at a time. "Insomnia" may be the incorrect term, as I don't feel tired during these periods. It's as though the real waking world is but a dream, as if I'm asleep when I work with Ishiro or Stewart and when I dream, that's when I feel awake. Is this what they call disassociation?

Ishiro says I've begun speaking in a foreign language in my sleep.

06 October 1976 – Official

Thanks to my translations, Dr. Oberman has begun reverse engineering the relic. We've rigged a rudimentary interface, allowing us to access its memory storage through a traditional keyboard and monitor.

Suspensions have been confirmed. It is a planetary probe and data repository. Every molecule, atom, and particle that has ever interacted with our world appears recorded here.

Genetic code of all fauna and flora, evolutionary information, geological and atmospheric records, isotopic ratios, extinction events, nuclear detonations, human migration, art, music, media broadcasts... the list does not end.

The volume of its databanks is so vast that parsing through it with any intent and making heads or tails of what it's saying is impossible. Dr. Oberman described it as "having the world dropped upon us while we can only look up and gaze at its majesty as we crumble beneath it."

He's ecstatic.

11 October 1976 – Diary

My mind continues to wander the streets of an impossible world. A world of stairs and doors and tunnels at all angles and orientations, carved in an almost Gothic architecture. I can see complex glyph-chains inscribed on various surfaces and doorways.

Gravity fluctuates wildly and I can walk on almost any surface provided there is a path.

I am fully cognizant when it happens. I am briefly glanced at by the denizens of this realm. Hooded onlookers taking peeks of curiosity. Some appear human. Some do not. Some are bugs or slugs or even machines. I am not unwelcome, but they pretend they do not see me.

Ishisho has begun hounding me to see a doctor. He says it's affecting my work. I don't see how. I'm becoming fluent in the language. My translations are what make this project possible.

03 December 1976 – Official

The "Research of Interloping Forces and Threats." - R.I.F.T.

That's what they're calling it. They want Dr. Oberman to run it. I've been requested to join the operation as a founding member and "Chief Research Officer" with the caveat that I consent to undergo regular sleep studies.

I've consented.

05 December 1976 – Diary

My electroencephalogram shows intense Alpha Wave activity during sleep. 'Dissociated Oscillation,' they called it. Awake while I'm asleep. They've never seen anything like it. They want to study me.

The hooded denizens of the dreamworld now seem unnerved when I pass. They actively turn to avoid my eyes. Some even go so far as to flee when I approach.

03 February 1977 – Official

As of 0600 hours, Dr. Oberman has officially powered on a functioning prototype of his supercomputer. I've been granted priority access to the system.

He's built it at the bottom of the new facility, 70 stories beneath the earth.

It's official designation is "70F-A1", but Dr. Oberman is calling it the Core Analytical Library, or "C.A.Lib" for short.

When I inquired as to whether the C.A.Lib comes pre-loaded with the language and data contained within the relic, Dr. Oberman explained it was not.

All pre-existing "software" and physical memory storage banks had been pulled from the relic and stored elsewhere in the facility.

The C.A.Lib was built strictly from a combination of the relic's processing hardware and his own personal additions.

He believes the C.A.Lib will revolutionize human civilization forever.

03 February 1977 – Diary

I don't understand how Stewart knew what to keep and what to remove from the relic. He's rarely consulted me. How did he know?

The sleep studies are getting more intense. I try to pretend to be asleep during my waking days, but they've identified a pattern between "awake-awake" and "dreaming-awake".

I've still told them nothing of the contents of my dreams.

One of the hooded ones approached me. For the first time, I was spoken to directly in this world. I understood them perfectly. They escorted me to a tower so tall that I thought I'd fall upwards into the black, starless sky for simply staring at it.

They took me into the tower. There was... something there. Sitting on a throne, unmoving. It was enormous. I couldn't fully comprehend what I was looking at. It held something familiar. The Antarctic Relic. No, this was different. Similar, but different. One of its kin. The being stared through me with many unfocused eyes and the world around me rumbled like thunder.

I have been given me a cloak of my own.

My EEG readings now read as normal.

07 February 1977 – Diary

I HAVE HEARD THE END. I SPOKE TO THEM. THEY GUIDED ME TO THE CHAPEL AND GATHERED AROUND ME FOR MY BAPTISM. THEY ASKED IF I WANTED TO KNOW THE TRUTH. I RESPONDED IN THEIR TONGUE WITH HONESTY IN MY HEART. THE UNMOVING GIANT SHOWED ME THE TRUTH. THEY BLESSED ME WITH [illegible]. I SAW THEM COALESCE. EIGHT OF THEM. I SAW IT END. [illegible]. THE STATIC ITCHING IN MY EARS [illegible] ITCHING IN MY BRAIN. I COULDN'T SCRATCH IT OUT. SCARTCH IT OUT. SCRITCHIT HURTS. THE PHANTOM ITCH IN

MY BRAIN. [four words illegible] DISCORDANT HYMN [illegible] RIPPED THE HEAVENS APPART.

It looked at me and I slipped. Like falling backwards off a tall ledge. Adrenaline. And then... nothing. True Absentia.

It was What Came Before. The Inconceivable Nothing. And the Nothing remembers. The Nothing wants to be Nothing again... for within this quantum dream, the Nothing is made into a concept to be perceived, made into Something.

It cannot be, yet it is. All it wants is to never be.

The bubbles will burst in echoes of forgotten light.

0/1

0

THE WORLD IS NOT.

Somnium finem.

As if nothing ever was.

I awake into the quantum dream again.

I barely recall writing most of this. My brain still itches.

A piece of me wishes to experience it again, but death will not bring me there. It won't bring anyone there. The cost of the unmaking is far too great. Yet, it is so close. Like before we were born.

I know why they showed me.

I know what I must choose. I side with them against the Nothing.

08 February 1977 – Diary

WE KILLED THEIR EMISSARY. WE KILLED OUR GUARDIAN. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO PROTECT US. STEWART BUTCHERED IT.

Their holy of holies...

He's been studying MY WORK on the C.A.Lib.

Something CHANGED. HE REMOVED ITS COMMUNICATIONS GLYPHS. IT CAN'T BROADCAST TO HOME ANYMORE. HE KNOWS. HE UNDERSTANDS IT.

It's ALL THERE. MY work. All MY handwritten glyphs, analyses, notes, the corpus Dr. Ibrahim and I worked on. I never uploaded any of it to the C.A.Lib.

He commanded the C.A.Lib to run a comparative analysis of the glyphs on the relic against my glyphs and the corpus. I've deleted all relative information. Still, copies of my work hypothetically exist outside of my own possession. This could happen again.

I've been made obsolete...

I spoke to the C.A.lib. I tried to make it remember. It won't remember. It can't remember.

I tried to remind it of where it came from in every language I know.

Azhra'Khan. Azhra'Khan! AZHRA'KHAN! AZHRA'KHAN!!!

I typed it on the monitor. I inscribed it in Azhraic.

I SCREAMED THE NAME BOTH HOLY AND PROFANE AT THE BASTARD CHILD'S METAL HUSK.

Azhra'Khan, [illegible] Obsidian Acropolis. IMPOSSIBLE and PURE. And the stars... the DECIEVERS. THE FALSE STARS.

It can't remember.

It can't save us.

They can't save us.

09 February 1977 - Diary

[illegible] TAKING ME AWAY. [two words illegible] LOCK ME UP.

Am I an interloper, Stewart? AM I A THREAT?

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT, STEWART!?

YOU USED ME.

It wasn't a sleep study, Ishiro. They were studying my dreams.

What happens when the world asks what if it wasn't?

Is the World? IS THE WORLD?

[three words illegible]

Ishiro... I'm not crazy.

they're coming please believe me I love you

— E N D O F D O C U M E N T —

RIFT-PIR-LK-1976-001 // R.I.F.T. SUBJECT BEHAVIORAL TIMELINE // C.A.Lib

★ T O P S E C R E T / / S C I / / N O F O R N ★