

Journal of Dr. Raymond Hatley, Climatologist

Entry 1 – 08/19/2156

This will be the beginning of my personal records of our newly formed Surface Research and Reconnaissance Team (SRR for short). For two weeks we'll be surveying the surface over Sector B for about a week. The powers that be have decided that we need new data of the increased snowfall, wind speeds, any increasing temperature, etc. The team consists of myself, Dr. MacDowell who's leading the team and has been with the department for what feels like an eternity, and Dr. Forrest who is new to our department but supposedly a genius when it comes to evapotranspiration calculating. The brass decided it was prudent to give us four jarheads to carry our equipment. They really should've assigned more scientists to handle the equipment and know how to handle it correctly. Regardless, I'm not sure if we'll find anything up there that we didn't already know about but at least I finally get a chance to see the surface.

Entry 2 – 08/27/2156

Today is the day we venture up to the surface, and this is the first time any of us will leave the Tunnels. It's hard to imagine seeing a blue sky over my head instead of solid ice but I can learn to live without the constant fear of my bedroom collapsing on me. I had the chance to talk to Dr. MacDowell about the last SRR team to go to the surface. He told me it was 20 years ago but didn't know that much about the team per se. Then he started rambling about the history of Sector B and how he was there when the tunnels were first being made. After MacDowell was done with his history lecture I wanted to see how Dr. Forrest was preparing for the journey. She's always been quiet and keeps to herself, but she seemed nervous to go up top. I have to admit I'm a bit nervous too, but she was downright shaken. The soldiers on the other hand sound as if they're going to find buried treasure out there in the tundra. As long as they stay far away from me, they can go treasure hunting to their hearts content.

Entry 3 – 09/04/2156

Day 9 of the SRR Team's surveillance tour. The cold up here is manageable, we spend most of our time in the padded research tent. I've been primarily occupied with attempting to calibrate our equipment for the higher than anticipated wind speeds. Dr. Forrest has been monitoring temperature changes and snowfall. All of her calculations have been spot on which has me impressed. But the thing that I'm most impressed with is that she's surprisingly funny which makes dealing with the cold, and MacDowell, a bit more bearable. She seems to have gotten more comfortable with being on the surface than she was before we left. MacDowell on the other hand has been a pill for the past

week, he's been having us test and retest all of our work even to the point we work through the night. In addition to him being a hard ass, his attitude isn't helping anything. He's been short with the military boys which is understandable, but he snapped at Forrest for translating the temperature readings to Celsius instead of Fahrenheit. Lucky for us we only have to deal with MacDowell and not some hot headed soldier looking to practice his leadership skills on us. Those morons spend most of the day poking around old ruins looking for any kind of souvenir to bring back to the tunnels. I don't know what they think they'll find up here since we're 37 feet above the ground, but at least it keeps them away from the people ACTUALLY doing work.

Entry 4 – 09/27/2156

Day 31 of our surveillance, we've been up here for too long. We've got enough data to go back to the tunnels I don't see why we need to stay up here. MacDowell is pressuring us to keep going and recording. Saying that the more we find the better picture we can paint of the future. I think he's starting to go crazy. He and Forrest have been getting into arguments more and more recently. MacDowell accuses Forrest of stealing, Forrest accuses MacDowell of spying on her, MacDowell accuses Forrest of sabotaging his research, and Forrest accuses MacDowell of overwriting her research. I stopped talking to them all together since their bickering is just unbearable. So much so that I started hanging around with the other soldiers, who I'm surprisingly starting to like. Sgt. Harrison is leading the squad, with Pvt. Patterson, Pvt. Rogers, and Pvt. Morgan. They're actually more interested in our work than I thought they are. They keep asking me questions about how the data we find and how it effects the life in the tunnels. While the questions are a bit repetitive, I find their overall curiosity refreshing from Forrest and MacDowell's constant arrogance. Yesterday I went exploring with them into one of the old ruins. We didn't find that much, snow covered desks and computers with frozen circuitry, but it was interesting to see the places people used to work before the snows started falling. Morgan said that most of the buildings they investigated had been offices for financial trading, but he's been cross referencing the buildings with an old map he found in the archives down in the tunnels, and suggests that if we move more westward we might find a museum. It would be nice to bring some sort of piece back to the tunnels and remind people of what life used to be.

Entry 5 – 10/03/2156

Day 38 of the SRR tour. MacDowell and Forrest are still at it, this time they fly into rages at anything. And their fights last practically all day. I'm imagining they'll have to live on separate ends of the tunnels when we go back. I've been avoiding them by spending

my time with Harrison's squad out in the field and collecting my data there. These men are good company, Harrison doesn't hold the leash too tight and generally lets the squad move about so long as they do so in an area previously checked out by the whole squad. Rogers and Patterson are practically inseparable, they have a running bet to see who can find the most interesting object in the ruins. And Morgan is quickly becoming my favorite. He asks to help me with my research and I've been teaching him how to accurately capture wind speeds. Morgan also continues about his museum idea and brings it up to Harrison once everyday. Harrison says it's a day's march from camp which means two day's going there and back, and if we got caught in a snowstorm we'd be done for. I won't lie, I like the idea of going and finding a piece of our history. And I like the idea of leaving Forrest and MacDowell alone for a time even more.

Entry 6 – 10/05/2156

Day 40. We decided to give Morgan's museum idea a try. Headed west of camp, marched for about a day then set up camp right on top of where Morgan's map said the building would be. It was buried under about 10 feet of snow, but we managed to get in. It wasn't a history museum like I had hoped, but an art museum. I was disappointed to say the least when we first entered but after walking around and seeing some of those paintings of life interpreted by the people back then, I felt hopeful. Harrison said we can each take something back, provided it could fit in our bags. Morgan grabbed some small statue, Harrison cut out a painting from its frame, I forget what Rogers and Patterson ended up grabbing, but they spent most of the day trying to one up each other for their bet so they ended up picking up and dropping about 20 different artifacts. I decided on a small book I found in what looked like a store. The book had pictures of hundreds of different paintings from one artist depicting life in America about a century before the snows fell. I couldn't look at anything else once I picked that up. We're heading back to camp tomorrow, and hopefully Forrest and MacDowell learned to live with each other.

Entry 7 – 10/06/2156

Day 41. We got back to camp about an hour ago. The first thing we see is our equipment all destroyed. Then we see the trail of blood leading to Forrest's tent. She had a broken leg from a tripod sticking out of her chest. A few feet away from the tent we found MacDowell laying face down, frozen solid. Harrison assumes MacDowell killed Forrest then passed out outside. He died of hypothermia. I can't help but feel somewhat responsible for letting this continue. Maybe if I stepped in and wasn't afraid of being sucked in they both would've seen reason. But I avoided it. I ignored it. I was distracted by work and the idea of finding something to bring back. I let it get this way. Harrison and his squad packed up all they could that wasn't broken, I packed up what remaining data I could find. We're going back to the tunnels tomorrow morning. It's ironic, the two things I'm bringing back is cold hard reality, and a small book of distractions.