

THE JOURNAL OF ANNE MAE

Entry One

My name is Anne Mae. The date is 2049, Oct. 29th. In light of recent events found to be caused by the S.o.t.A.a.L.F. (Surveillance of the Abandoned and Less Fortunate), it has come to my attention that many of the Predicate employees kept journals of the Subjects they acquired over the years. Found below is a few examples of such entries.

This journal was recorded by Rails Myer, who acquired the Subject mentioned at age 20, when Subject #75 was first brought into the system, at the maximum age of 18. We salvaged these few pages over the course of 4 years, and were able to accumulate enough evidence to find the S.o.t.A.a.L.F. guilty of inhumane treatment to foster children and orphans across what is left of lower America, among the other continents of the world. The distant tragedy that ripped our world apart was broadcasted across the Surveillance Community on Oct. 12th, the day they supposedly “saved us from the monstrosity our world had become.” I can almost recite their speech verbatim...

“We intend to make a new, pure world, where every person makes their own choice at life without the fear of being judged or isolated. We intend to give them the peace of knowing that we will always have their back. We understand the devastation you all have suffered with the war that struck our homes over a decade ago, and we offer our sincerest apologies. However, today we rejoice! For our lands are once again abundant with life. So long as you obey the commands of the community, you too can live in harmony within the robotic age. We only ask that in return, you allow us access to your hospitality, should the need arise. Together, this will soon become a world of peace and prosperity.”

And with this, they send forward their Predicates to scour their cities for orphans and children left on their own. Anyone below the age of 19 who wishes to join their “ranks” willingly is also taken along to become another subject. I hope that, with the following excerpts, I can convince you too that the plans of S.o.t.A.a.L.F. will not help us in recovering the beauty of our previous world, where every man- and woman- didn’t have to watch over their shoulder for the prying eyes of Predicates and other invasive beings.

Subject: #75, Uniek Barren, Male age 22

Predicate: Rails Myer, Female, age 24

Excerpt 1; Journal Entry 1, Jan. 9th, 2034

Subject #75, barcode number 72759 was last seen on Jan. 8th, 7 days after the subject's massive anxiety attack. "Uniek" was part of our surveillance group for 75700, under the influence of the SVS, or "Subject Viewing Serum." The five micro-bots that were sent to monitor him triggered a very primal reaction. The Subject claimed to have a severe feeling of being watched. For each year after his involvement in the system, S.o.t.A.a.L.F. sent a new bot to watch a different activity in Uniek's day-to-day life in our controlled community. One monitored his employment activity, another his outdoor activities, the third his home life, the fourth monitored his education, and the final and most recent bot added to Uniek's quota monitored his social activities, including his recent attraction to career comrade Alleeta, aka Subject #79. We here at the Surveillance institute presume that this is the cause of his recent disappearance. We will be conducting further investigation within the next 24 hours.

Excerpt 2; Journal Entry 17, Jan 26th, 2034

Uniek was found wandering aimlessly outside of the Community this morning at approximately 0300 hours. Alleeta, however, is still missing at the moment. I have been rather restless these past few days. My worry over my first and only subject left me frantic. His disappearance was very taxing on my attention span, and I am currently on suspension from duty for letting a subject outside of Community walls. They say it's for their safety, but I am beginning to believe otherwise. On Jan. 23rd, I witnessed a tracker being implanted in a subject in group 37900. This man was already well into age, and seemed to be rather senile. He was writhing in agony at the simple touch of the transmitter. Judging from the brand on his forearm, I assume he was part of the Transmit And Release group. They had taken many elderly unwillingly from their homes and given them a mild sedative. However, in their old age, many of the subjects did not survive the sedation. Those who did were implanted with a very invasive and obnoxiously large tracking device, and then sent to live on their own outside the community, never to return. Those who survived their first week were sent provisions,

enough to last them through the month. However cruel this may have seemed to me, they continued on with it, bringing in subject after subject... I am beginning to rethink the intentions of this Institute and the Community as a whole. What if all we've ever known is a lie?

Excerpt 3; Journal Entry 29, Feb. 7th, 2034

I have been back on the field for 7 days now. It appears that the Community has found me innocent of Release of a Subject Under the Influence of Serum. It's ridiculous how easily I could sneak out an actual Subject before they entered their first evaluation. Subjects #329 and #663 are staying in a basic Sanctuary being run by the elders outside of our community. They had not yet been sent in to be grouped by barcode. They still have a chance to get out of this so-called "safe haven." My journal will now be kept under lock and key, so as to avoid the thought of mutiny against the Community. If they were to find these entries...The entire plan would be for naught.

Excerpt 4; Journal Entry 37, Feb. 25th, 2034

Tomorrow is the day that we final escape. Tomorrow, we will get out of this Community. After watching the activities carried out by our Supervisors, I have reason to deem this entire Community unsafe. There have been several accounts of "disappearances" throughout the city as more and more people discover that there is a safe haven outside the very walls that have protected them for generations. However... I have reason to believe I am being watched. At this point, I highly doubt I will be following the rest of our group past the Community walls. I will lead them there, and then return to my dorm. I must make sure that they get out unharmed, and unnoticed.

Excerpt 5; Journal Entry 38, Feb. 26th, 2034

They are finally outside the city walls. They made it out without a single itch of being followed...Even if they were. That night as I returned home, I was followed by 3 Institute Security Majors. They have given 12 hours to gather my possessions and report to the micro-dorms for my suspension trial. I assume that this is my final entry, as they have confiscated my only Subject. I guess it's time to face my consequences...

Although there are no more excerpts from the following Predicate, I myself have been attempting to exploit the true intentions of the Community officials. They aren't here to help us. They want to control us and that is all. Please, whatever you do, do not join their ranks as a Subject.

Conclude Entry One.

Anne Mae set her pen down on the end table and rose from her place on the bed. Although it was nearly dusk, she could still hear someone rummaging around outside the small complex that she and three other Rebellion members shared. Walking quietly towards the door, she swatted what speared to be small flies from her face. Peering through her sheer curtains, she saw the silhouettes of two tall figures standing merely feet away from her door. Cracking open her door, she was roughly pulled forward by two sets of gloved hands. "Anne Mae, Predicate 98329, you have been found guilty of rebellion, and are hereby suspended. Please, come with us to your holding quarters."

Anne proceeded to follow the two men out of the institute, where she then waited in a small cell for her prosecutor. The man finally entered, holding in his hands two bottles of water. Nonchalantly, he rolled one across the table towards her. "Drink up."

Anne cracked open the bottle and downed it in seconds. It tasted bitter, as if it had sat in its plastic container for months. The man smiled at her sweetly, and continued speaking to her in a very low tone. "Now, you may want to get some rest. We need not discuss your case, for I believe beyond reasonable doubt that you will not commit these crimes against the Community again. You're "Rebellion" now understands that we do, in fact watch *everyone*." Anne's eyes shut before she hit the makeshift bed. And with that, he left the room.