

**For viewing by Sgt Melmet of the Epsilon Thorium Department.**

This communication comes to you from the Helia Facility stationed in Warden, England. The title of Head Researcher here belongs to one Ellis O'Connor, a specialist in Biological Sciences. The Communications Officer position was previously held by Lionel Greenwood but has since been passed on to me, Vincent Glass. The details of such succession will be covered later in this correspondence. Our facility is staffed with 8 researchers in total. Direct travel to this village was not possible without an extended horse-drawn journey after stopping at the nearest rail station a few days over. As such, we were allowed passage by way of a juno-class corvette manned by the Royal Navy. We were deposited a ways off from the village proper, so as to not frighten the locals with a substantial and armed vessel coming to dock in their humble home.

The fishing village of Warden is quaint and sparsely populated. Hardly a notable location, save for its new and very notable new feature: an anomaly with thus far unexplored effects and an unknown point of origin. Said anomaly appears as something of a gap in the world, never still and never larger than a few inches. It is located by a staithe near the surface of the water and is fully submerged during high tide. With its wavering size and sometimes difficult to see position, one could almost be mistaken and believe it to have winked out of existence. Its effect upon the dockside creatures remains constant even if sight on the anomaly is obscured. Without fail, when something wanders near the small void, it is compelled to locomote around said void in a tight circle. Some creatures make several trips around before swimming or scuttling away. Thus far, the behavior has remained consistent, but it is unknown for how long this has been the effect of the anomaly since information given by the people of the village has been scant.

The locals are guarded and suspicious of our team. It seems such a large group of strange scholars and researchers coming into town, taking residence in an abandoned seaside lodging, and cordoning off a section of their docks is both unprecedented and unwelcome. While setting up the barricades, some people of the village approached our team and were confused, upset, and mildly inebriated. The excuse of being the Queen's scientists studying the fish in this part of Her country did nothing to assuage their concerns. O'Connor spoke to the locals and I saw their faces drain of colour and a bizarre expression creep up before they shuffled off without another word. The Head Researcher refused to elaborate on what was said and simply ordered the rest of us to continue our work. Other efforts to communicate

with the village folk have garnered little information, even with the offer of coin sufficient to make most go turncoat.

Rather than blather on about the somewhat unsettling nature of our Head Researcher, I feel explaining the situation of how I came into my title will better illuminate the situation. During our journey to Warden aboard the HMS Juno, an incident occurred.

In the evening, myself, former Communications Officer Lionel Greenwood, and Ellis O'Connor were on the deck of the ship enjoying the view of the heavens and the vast expanses of sea. I could hear some commotion and shouting of a few sailors behind me but I paid it no mind as I had come to learn sailors love to get a touch loud once the Captain has gone. A devastating scream from the group cut through my lazy thoughts and I sprung up to find the source and noticed that Greenwood was nowhere in sight. There was a splash off the side of the ship and the sailors were peering over the railing. When I rushed over, I could only just see the horrified face of Greenwood as he was wrenched into the depths. No sailor would speak as to what happened or who caused the young scholar's end, even when the Captain was summoned to resolve the situation. Her fervour for finding the culprit quickly subsided after a few hushed phrases passed from sailor to Captain. O'Connor had bore witness to the whole exchange and made no statement and showed not even a hint of displeasure, fear, anger, or much of any emotion.

Greenwood was a bright young man, a scholar, and a budding artist. He had come from Warden and brought to his university, rumor of something mysterious in his little hometown. The genesis of our entire expedition here was him. No one has mentioned him since the incident and most struggle to meet my gaze when I've brought him up.

I took his journal, which was all that remained of his personal effects. I've not the heart to yet thumb through it but a drawing of his fell out when I collected the book. The back labelled it as a drawing of the fishing village. Some moisture seems to have damaged it.



At approximately 14:14, on the 27th of October, the behavior of the anomaly changed dramatically for a bit over an hour. What had previously been a small void, gently wavering, now became a thin column of light stretching up through the clouds and seemingly burrowing into the earth as well, as if to pierce right through the world. This light hissed and shrieked at a pitch that caused headaches and village dogs to bark and howl. The water seemed to be pushed back from the beam and twisted and bubbled. The small fish and crabs continued their circular treks in a radius around the anomaly and seemed to stay caught in that round, perpetually accelerating before appearing to be pulled into the light. We could do nothing but stand in shock around it and bear witness to what was to occur.

It is hard to say what happened when the creatures impacted the column of light. Some of the team were unable to put into words what they saw, and the ones that could gave such disparate accounts that you would suspect each witnessed something entirely different. One said the beam shook and howled, the flesh of the creatures fell away, and charred bones fell and crumbled upon impact with the seafloor.

Another said it was as though their vision smudged and smeared when they looked upon the light and that they couldn't quite remember what happened at all that day before witnessing the active anomaly. I saw the fish fall to the ground slowly, as though they were travelling through a thick substance where none was visible. When they hit the ground, they flopped until they hit the water surrounding them and then simply swam off. I found the account of our Head Researcher to be the most concerning.

From an expert in Biological Sciences, I suppose I expected some sort of scientific analysis I could only hope to accurately note down for someone more qualified to later parse. Instead, O'Connor described to me something I would say seemed more mystical and spiritual in nature. The sea creatures floated gently through the light and seemed to become illuminated from within until they were pure white. They then drifted skyward momentarily before returning to an orbit around the beam. They moved deliberately and slowly in the air, merely silhouettes of animals, and then the light pulled itself out of each creature. The lightless fell, dead, and the essence that remained was described as their souls, soon to coalesce into something more. The spirits then dissipated over the surface of the water.

Following the conclusion of the anomaly's activity, O'Connor suggested that next time someone should touch the light. The statement could have almost come across as a joke were it not for the cold stare of the speaker.

We know not when the anomaly will return to violent activity but we are monitoring it and preparing tests for the next time.

I hope this report is of use.

From the hand of Communications Officer,  
Vincent Glass