

Dear Sgt, Melmet of the Epsilon Thorium Department.

My name is Angel Vazquez, assistant to Professor Ira Patel. The two of us- as well as a third individual: Klaus Anderson- are in Innvik, Norway investigating reports of an anomaly. We assumed it to not be much of anything at first. Just rumours. But after what has happened, we can not deny the strange events occurring here. And we are not fit to handle this on our own. We are requesting backup to assist us in both research, and in keeping the local populations from interfering with our work and potentially harming themselves further, or indeed, from hurting us further. Professor Patel has stressed guns may be required to keep the locals at bay and a sizable team may likely be needed. She also had asked me to keep a log of our journey. Though we assumed it would not be sent off for anyone to read at first, so I apologise for the... informality.

Also included is a photo of the anomaly. A location dubbed by the locals as... Yggdrasil.

Regards,
Angel Vazquez

October 17th-

I am not certain what I should be writing here. I've never written anything like this before. I suppose it is something akin to a diary or a journal? Well, nevertheless I'll try my best!

Recently, I have been hired as a research assistant of Professor Ira Patel, my old teacher. It has been... stressful. Not even a week into my new position and she had received a letter from an old friend, a Klaus Anderson, who claims to have heard from a 'credible source' about some strange happenings happening near a small village called 'Innvik'. Ms Patel said it's almost certainly nonsense. Perhaps local kids playing a prank or just someone's mistake... however, she owes Klaus a favour and... has agreed to go. And so here

we are now. Staying the night in a run down inn in some no name port town. Tomorrow we shall be catching a ride on a trawler that has agreed to drop us off near Inuvik. The smell of fish in this town is already overwhelming; I am not looking forward to spending days sailing north surrounded by mackerel. Well... We do what we must...

October 18th-

We departed this morning before the sun had even risen. It is... how I expected, the smell on this ship is putrid. Ms Patel does not seem to mind however. I suppose she is used to traveling via trawler, She knew the captain after all. Perhaps she has travelled on this boat before.

October 19th-

I sat down with Ms Patel today to discuss the expedition. Apparently she does not know much herself, but that we should brace ourselves for very cold weather in Norway as well around a days hike to the actual location. I asked her if she had travelled on this ship and she told me she had- many times. She and the captain go way back and would often travel together to visit places in Europe for her research. Though she wouldn't go into any detail, mysterious as always...

October 22nd-

Sorry for not writing for a few days. Not much happens on this ship so there wasn't much to report. I no longer notice the fish smell at least. One of the fishermen, Angus, asked me if I wanted to play 52 card pickup today. I told him I was not familiar with the rules but would be willing to give it a try... If anyone ever asks you if you would like to play this game, kindly turn them down. Trust me.

October 23rd-

Today we departed the trawler... I must admit, I am beginning to miss the stench of mackerel ever so slightly.... Klaus met us at port. He is a large man, standing perhaps 6 and half feet tall, and of a sturdy, somewhat imposing build. He even has an intimidating

scar going across his cheek and a rifle slung over his back. But I must say looks can be deceiving! I have never met such a warm and friendly person before! He hugged Ms Patel which is something I have never seen anyone do before. He then turned to hug me before I could react. It was the warmest tightest hug I had ever felt, like being hugged by a bear. We got breakfast at a nearby cafe before heading off for our journey.

I enjoyed talking to Klaus quite a bit! He had many tales to tell about many adventures around the world. Including his expedition in Egypt where he met ~~the~~ Ms Patel. They were apparently both researchers partaking in a pan-european expedition researching some recently uncovered Egyptian ruins. They were both the most dedicated researchers of the lot, staying at the ruins and dusting off artifacts long after the other researchers would retire to camp for the night. That was a mistake as it turns out. As one night while they were both quietly examining the site, a man with a gun came out of nowhere and pointed it at Ms Patel, not noticing Klaus who had stepped outside the site briefly to relieve himself. He was yelling about handing over any valuable artifacts, or any money she had on her. Ms Patel, stubborn as always, refused to yield. The gunman seemed to have had enough and was about to shoot Ms Patel, when Klaus had shot the bandit dead from 100 feet away.

Incredible! Klaus must be quite the shot! I asked Ms Patel if perhaps this was what she meant when she said she owed Klaus a favour. She did not answer that question and simply said that Klaus' story was 'greatly embellished.'

We kept on walking for hours but I feel rather embarrassed... We had to keep taking breaks because of me... I am not as used to the great outdoors as these two I must admit. What should have been a one day trip has now been extended to two because of me... Ms Patel seemed quite upset, however Klaus was very understanding and reassuring. We set up camp for the night and tomorrow we shall, god willing, arrive in Innvik.

October 24th-

The trek was hard (for me at least) but finally we arrived in Innvik! 'Tis a quaint town, surrounded by tall trees on all sides. Log cabins dot around a cobbled path. There is a large lake with various row boats docked on the northside of town; seems fish is a popular food here. On the outskirts of town there are a few small farms dotted about all seemingly ready to harvest. We make our way to the tavern, located centrally in the town. As Klaus is the only one among us who can speak Norwegian, we let him do the talking. He introduces himself to the matron of the place, who we later find out is named Linn. We book three of the four rooms that they have in this small tavern, probably the most visitors this place has had in years. The rooms are... unkempt. Spiderwebs coat the corners and a sheet of dust lays on every surface. The place is unpleasant, but I am beat! So as soon as I finish writing this I plan to head to bed. Which should be... right about now!

October 25th-

I met Ms Patel and Klaus down in the tavern's first floor for breakfast at around 8am local time. It seems Ms Patel also opted to head to bed as soon as we arrived, however, Klaus stayed awake for a bit and mingled with the locals. He says he heard stories of Yggdrasil- the world tree- being located in a nearby forest. It sounds utterly ridiculous, Yggdrasil is just a story, a myth. But Klaus says some of the locals seemed utterly convinced. Said the tree is a portal to other worlds...

Perhaps a shared delusion of the locals? But what could be causing this delusion? Hopefully we shall find out soon.

After breakfast, we prepare to head out. The tree, which I shall be calling 'Yggdrasil', given it is the name the locals use, is about a 40 minute walk from the village. We make our way into the forest and before long end up facing the biggest tree I have ever seen. Ms Patel says it is an ash tree, though it is much bigger than any ash tree she has ever seen. At the base of the tree is a hollow entrance; crowded around it, a few locals who seem to be staring at the tree with reverence. This... isn't good. It's going to be hard to work with all

these people crowded around. Klaus talks to the people and, after discussing it for a bit, they begin to disperse and head back in the direction of the village.

Ms Patel sets up a camera she had brought with her to take a picture of Yggdrasil. After that, we deign to take a closer look. I was expecting nothing really... A hollowed out tree... Perhaps a deer curled up sleeping inside if we were lucky. But... what I saw was in conflict with my perception of reality. A small white... thing... I do not even know what to call it... There is nothing I can call it. It was as if there was nothing there at all... Some kind of... void. Klaus says this must be the 'portal' the locals had mentioned. Ms Patel sets up her camera once again but when she takes a photo of the anomaly... a cracking sound is heard and smoke begins to rise from the camera... It is destroyed. So I suppose we shall have only the one photo from earlier for our log. This is most unfortunate.

Klaus and Ms Patel spend a long time discussing the... the anomaly. At one point, Klaus sticks his hand in it, which Ms Patel was very upset about, calling him reckless and an idiot. But Klaus seems fine, his hand passes right through it as though there was nothing there. We sat around for a couple more hours. The anomaly seems to be slowly growing in size. Once it reaches about 6 inches wide something... happens... It begins to grow brighter... and brighter... until what appears to be a crow flies out of it and past our heads... It flies off into the sky before we can even process what just happened... This thing is... creating creatures?

The rest of the day was uneventful. The anomaly seemed to decrease in size after releasing the crow. What was it? How was it doing these things? Nothing seemed to make sense. We didn't talk much the rest of the day. All deep in concentration. When we got back to the tavern, all three of us headed straight to bed. But I have a feeling I won't be the only one who can not sleep tonight...

October 26th

It has dawned on me overnight that... these logs certainly are not going to be read only by me now that this has happened and it shall certainly be sent off to be discussed by experts. And so henceforth I shall keep personal observations and musing to a minimum. Today, after eating dinner once more at the tavern, we head back to the site of the anomaly 'Yggdrasil'. We were hoping to perhaps find the site bereft of people- however it seems the locals have returned en force. Around perhaps 15 people had gathered at the site of 'Yggdrasil' today; more than double that of yesterday. Klaus talks to them for a while, however, informs us that they refuse to budge. They claim they are 'worshiping Yggdrasil' and 'praying to Odin'.

Without much ability to get them to leave, we conduct our investigation and observation for the day surrounded by unfamiliar faces. They seem to get more and more hostile as the day progresses. Some of them shove us around or tell us to leave. Say we are not worthy of witnessing Yggdrasil.

Eventually, the anomaly's size increased to one even bigger than yesterday. Klaus readies a net in an attempt to catch the creature that we assume is about to materialize. The townsfolk start yelling. They say that we must not interfere with Yggdrasil. They push Klaus to the floor and kick him; me and Ms Patel powerless to stop them. Before long, the light emits from the anomaly once more. Instead of a simple crow as last time, a wolf jumps out of the portal and lands on the floor next to Klaus; its fur is all black as are its eyes. Before we can react, the wolf sprints off into the woods. The townsfolk are distracted by this, so we help Klaus to his feet and leave for the tavern early. Today was a bust, but Klaus and Ms Patel have been discussing what we can do tomorrow.

Tomorrow, Klaus is to bring his gun. And we shall be leaving in the early hours to arrive there first. We shall cordon off the area with rope and inform the locals that should they cross the line they will be shot. I raised the concern that this seemed extreme but Ms Patel assured me it was safer than letting the locals have free reign of 'Yggdrasil'. Who knows what they will do, they could hurt themselves.

October 27th

The night did not bring the rest we were hoping for. In the middle of the night, I heard a knock at my door. It was Klaus and Ms Patel. Apparently, Klaus had been attacked during the night. Someone barged into his room and assaulted him with a knife. Luckily, Klaus had not yet fallen asleep and managed to defend himself with only a cut on his arm. The attacker had run off, but the three of us decided it was best to share a room tonight. So the two joined me in my room and we slept in shifts to make sure no one would attack us while we tried to get some rest.

We awoke at 3am local time. Klaus prepared us some snacks to take with us, insisting we do not have time to sit down for a hot meal. The only person we see before leaving the town is Linn, the matron. She gives us a glare, a truly hateful look. We suspect perhaps she gave Klaus' room key to the attacker last night and that was how he was able to gain entry so easily.

We make our way to Yggdrasil and arrive long before dawn breaks. We all work together in tying the ropes around the surrounding tree to create a barrier of which we will not allow the 'Yggdrasil worshippers' to cross. Klaus is to stand guard with his rifle while me and Ms Patel observe the anomaly further. Around 6 am, locals start arriving at 'Yggdrasil'. Klaus is pointing his gun at them, telling them to stay back and it seems to be working. Though their non-stop shouting makes it hard to focus, me and Ms Patel get work on researching the anomaly.

We try various ways of interacting with the anomaly. Shining light on it, we discover that it doesn't even cast a shadow despite being completely opaque to our eyes. Nothing physical in any state of matter seems to be able to interact with it. Not water or fire or us. We decide it best to measure its expansion rate. We discover it appears to be increasing in size exponentially. Over the first hour it only grows $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. The next hour it grows

1/2 an inch. The following hour sees it grow a whole inch, and so on. As the day progresses, more and more of the town's folk arrive and begin yelling at us and swearing us out in Norwegian, and even sometimes in English, so that we can understand it.

The crowds increasing size and anger is becoming of a concern and we discuss if we should leave. As we do, the anomaly starts to glow brighter than ever before. A beam seems to shoot upwards in the sky and through the canopy of the tree the anomaly is housed within. The locals begin yelling about how the portal is open. After hesitating for a moment, begin rushing the barrier. Klaus raises his gun again and yells at them to stay back. This works for a little while, but after a 15 minute stalemate, the crowd finally has had enough. They climb the barrier and begin charging Klaus. Klaus never fires a shot; it had clearly been a bluff this whole time. He is tackled to the floor and restrained. Other locals come and restrain me and Ms Patel as well. We are unable to do anything but watch as they talk amongst themselves. After a while... They begin to step into the light. They say their goodbyes, hug each other, and in the end, about half of the village's population has vanished into Yggdrasil, including the matron of the tavern, Linn... After a bit more than an hour, the light dies down.

Luckily for us, the most zealous of the locals went 'through the portal' and so no one is trying to kill us anymore. We are let loose and are in shock. Had we just witnessed the entrance to another realm? Or had we perhaps just witness the death of half of this village. This could be the biggest tragedy this town has ever witnessed, or its greatest discovery. We couldn't be quite sure. The anomaly remains. We have discovered almost nothing and now 10s of people are missing or possibly dead. What could we do now...

Ms Patel has asked me to pen a letter to the Epsilon Thorium Department and request assistance. I am... Not really sure what that is, but I shall do as she requests. We need all the help we can get out here. We must discover what is happening with this anomaly if we want to have any chance of saving those people. And with that I suppose my journal is

finished for now. I pray we will receive help soon and... I sure hope the mailman wasn't one of the people who walked into the anomaly.