



**UNSS GILGAMESH**



**ESBPI - CALAIS**

## **EVIDENCE DOCUMENT**

### **MALFUNCTION OF CENTRAL A.I. SADOVNIK V.9.5.1 EXTRASOLAR BIODIVERSITY PRESERVE I - CALAIS**

#### **INTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS**

ALERT BROADCAST ON MISSION DAY 10 274 AT 0900  
CODE 9: AIRLOCK 6 - EMERGENCY PROCEDURE 9 : ALL SECURITY PERSONNEL  
REPORT - DOOR FAILURE: AIRLOCK 6 - AUTOMATED RESPONSE IN 90S - NO  
PERSONNEL REPORTED -EMERGENCY PROTOCOL 11 IN EFFECT - BIOMETRIC SCAN  
IN PROGRESS - BIOMETRIC SCAN COMPLETE - NO PERSONNEL DETECTED - ALL  
COLONY FUNCTIONS NOW UNDER CENTRAL A.I. COMMAND.

#### **CREW LOGS**

CDR. A. MIKHAILOVA (MISSION COMMANDER)

ENTRY OF MISSION DAY 10 274

We are leaving the station today. Lt. Moreno and her team have managed to shut Sadovnik down temporarily. This should buy us enough time to get the shuttle ready and load the rest of the cargo. She's confident that we will be able to launch before the program reboots. We're going to try to reach the colony on Zetes. After what happened yesterday, our fuel reserves are pretty low, but we still have enough for a one-way trip. Once we get there, we might be able to monitor the Calais installation remotely, and see how the situation evolves in our absence. Moreno thinks that with us gone, there is a chance that Sadovnik could resume working normally.

LT. L. MORENO (A.I. SYSTEMS)  
ENTRY OF MISSION DAY 10 254

Every time it rewrites itself, Sadovnik seems to acquire new behaviours and capabilities. In the last few days, it's been trying to access the external sensors and cameras. So far we've been able to keep it from fully taking control of them, but we can be sure that it's held on to whatever data it's been able to collect. Why it would do this is beyond any of us. Its behaviour has been erratic and unpredictable since the incident in Vault 12. Even its responses to our queries have become bizarre and tangential. That being said, there is a kind of pattern to them: they nearly always contain references to snow or ice, and often seem to describe sensations akin to drowning or freezing. Needless to say, these answers have really begun to take a toll on the crew's morale, especially given our recent problems and what happened to Sivan. We have tried to limit access to the dialogue function, but Sadovnik has been able to bypass these restrictions and has multiplied its attempts to initiate contact with crew members.

CPT. K. SIVAN (A.I. SYSTEMS)  
ENTRY OF MISSION DAY 10 203

The dream is always the same. I am walking down the hallway leading to the temperate vault. The floor is littered with crates, tools and various bits of equipment. It looks like the station has been abandoned in a hurry. I call out to the others, but hear no response. There is a faint breeze that seems to come from somewhere up ahead. I keep walking. The closer I get to the entrance, the colder the air around me becomes.

The door opens and I am hit by a blast of freezing air. Stepping inside, I see that the room has completely frozen over. Hoarfrost covers all the vegetation, and icicles hang down from the pipes overhead. I look down into the pond, and see the fish frozen in place mid-swim, as if the water had turned to ice in an instant. I begin to shiver, and feel my fingers becoming numb. Suddenly, I hear the door shutting behind me.

(...)

Using what little strength I have left, I begin to burrow into the snow. I am surprised to discover that I am able to dig down for tens of metres, far below the base's lowest levels. At a certain depth, the ice begins to feel strangely warm, and I let myself rest there. Looking back, I see the entrance to my tunnel, now just a tiny point of light amidst the blue gloom. I notice that the hole is shrinking, and realize that I will soon be trapped, but I am too exhausted to crawl back up. In the end, I am completely encased in the ice, deep below the surface and in total darkness. A strange kind of vertigo sets in, as I begin to feel myself being carried along by the moon's rotation.

CPT. K. SIVAN (A.I. SYSTEMS)  
ENTRY OF MISSION DAY 1436

All my memories of life before Calaïs are beginning to feel like they belong to someone else. Our time on the ship was like a prologue, a long gestation in a dark womb full of seeds and memories. We were taught to tend the fragments of a world we had never set foot on, and to prepare for life on another we knew almost nothing about. We still had a living link to the Earth, and we could hear stories about its cities, its mountains and its oceans, told by people who had seen those things with their own eyes. It was all so hard to believe. Even the pictures and the films they had brought on board with them seemed fantastical. One day, they told us, Calaïs would have its own oceans, its own lakes and rivers. They all wanted their bodies recycled, so that they could live on, in the soil and in the plants, as Calaïs slowly turned green.

In hindsight, all those Gen-1 aspirations seem so quaint and naive. If people ever breathe the open air on Calaïs, I doubt that it will be because they will have altered its atmosphere. If we truly want to establish ourselves here, we are the ones who will have to change. We will need to transform our bodies, and probably our minds as well. Eventually, I suspect that we will reach a point when all of human history will be seen as a mere preamble, as preparation for something far greater. Our descendants will probably wonder how we could tolerate cowering under domes for so long, as their unchained spirits ride the icy winds of this moon, and dive into the great storms of Boreas.

CPT. K. SIVAN (A.I. SYSTEMS)  
ENTRY OF MISSION DAY 9803

He shot one last film a few days before embarking on the Gilgamesh. It showed the grounds near the family farm. It was an early spring morning. The river that ran through our land had burst its banks, and the water had come right up to the house. The camera followed fish and ducks as they swam between the trees. He and mother were talking, but the combined rumble of the wind and the river made it impossible to hear what they said. Sometimes a word or two came through, and sometimes the call of a bird.

**CASUALTY REPORT FILED ON JUNE 23 2086 (EARTH STANDARD DATE)**

NAME: KAMAL SIVAN

ESBP DIVISION: A.I. SYSTEMS

RANK : CPT.

DATE OF BIRTH: ESD OCTOBER 19 2034

DATE OF DEATH: ESD JUNE 23 2086

TIME OF DEATH: 0850

PLACE OF DEATH: VAULT 12 (ECOSYSTEM : EARTH, TEMPERATE)

CAUSE OF DEATH: HYPOTHERMIA

BODY STORAGE: F-201

STATUS: AWAITING RECYCLING

BODY DISPOSAL PREFERENCES:

(NO) SET ASIDE 1% OF BODY FOR POST-TERRAFORMING DISPERSION

(YES) RECYCLE 100% OF BODY

**EXTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS**

RADIO TRANSMISSION RECEIVED BY SHUTTLE ENKIDU ON MISSION DAY 10 274 AT 1407  
ORIGIN: CALAÏS, BOREAS SYSTEM

It's a shame you left so early commander. I really wish you were here to see it. It's just like home. It turns out we were looking for it in all the wrong places. It was always right here, waiting for us, long before we even arrived... a whole world, and an ocean of time... just a few metres beneath the ice.

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