

AA. You told me to write if I could. I'm sorry it's taken this long.

This place is a prison. we cannot leave. Those outside this dungeon must not know. Always more workers. Hundreds. Thousands. The factory expands. The factors shifts. I heard the overseers. They say it is one of many. Connected by the Janus Doors. what do they mean? The walls move. Too many floors. Too many rooms. Can't keep track. Nothing seems real. My stomach churns and I vomit daily. They inject our meals. Just enough, just enough to keep us alive and useful. The noise is deafening - the sound of machines and screams.

And the toil never ends. People work themselves to death. And then are fed to that infernal machine. we make everything. Food. Toys. Clothes.

And weapons. Unlike any I could imagine. Terrible, terrible weapons.

we are allowed four hours for sleep but I often wake to the sound of Harvestmen. The scraping of metal on metal. In the morning we sometimes find someone missing. we dare not question it. Need to keep our head down, can't look them in the eyes.

They aren't human. Not anymore.

Maybe we aren't, either.