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THE TRUTH (LIVE TRANSMISSION)

If you are reading this, I am still here. My voice reaches you through a machine I built — the **Omnicast**. It spreads my words across every device it can find, scattering fragments until they come back together in your hands. This is my story, my warning, and my beacon.

— **Aarav Khanna**

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1) The Front

St. Augustine Technical Institute pretends to be perfect. **Principal Arjun Jain** polishes the school's image like armor. **Zoya Fernandez** shines as its brightest star, the face of Hackspire and academic brilliance. To the public, they are examples of discipline and success. Behind that mask lies corruption, an affair, and a machine built on stolen funds.

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2) The Discovery

It started with accounts. Budgets that claimed poverty while invoices screamed excess. Repeated lines — "Lab Retrofit," "AI Compute Pod," "Thermal Overhaul" — all for rooms that never changed, equipment that never existed. Signatures from people who were never present. The same descriptions appearing month after month, as though someone forgot to change the words.

Tracing them back led me to **Q-Byte Solutions**, a hollow company owned by **Rajiv Fernandez**, Zoya's father. Q-Byte was only one of many shells. Money flowed from SATI into those shells, disappearing into Rajiv's empire.

Jain signed the approvals. Zoya benefited from the special treatment it bought her. The school became a stage to hide their fraud, and I was the only one who noticed the script repeating.

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3) The Affair

Numbers alone don't kill a reputation. But human behavior does. Jain and Zoya's secret relationship was buried in late-night movements, hidden entrances, and exchanges they thought no one would notice. I noticed. And when I did, I understood: exposing it wouldn't just end them, it would link the Principal of SATI directly to Rajiv's laundering. That was enough to destroy everything.

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4) The Cross-Fire

Zoya tried to protect herself. She planted false evidence on **Dr. Vishal Dey's** computer, cloned his access credentials, and even had a blade handle printed in the makerspace. Every move was designed to frame Vishal, to make him the wall that investigators crashed into so they'd never look at her or Jain. She was desperate, but she wasn't the one who gave the final order.

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5) The Cleaners

Rajiv Fernandez did not leave this to chance. He called in men who specialize in erasing problems. They staged **Lab B** as a murder scene: network cables tied like restraints, shredded paper stuffed in a mouth, a Latin dare glowing on a laptop. They wanted investigators chasing symbols while the truth vanished.

But I wasn't dead. I was taken.

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6) The Subnet

My prison is beneath the East Wing of SATI, in a decommissioned server bunker two levels below the ground. They forgot this place after the 2013 explosion that sealed Lab B. I call it **The Subnet**.

The Subnet is a graveyard of machines. Rows of broken servers hum weakly, their fans coughing out warm, metallic air. The walls sweat with condensation. The floor panels are loose, and the emergency signs still carry the old design, with the flat-topped G from before 2013. The elevator that reaches this level dings once, not twice. Everything here feels wrong, frozen in a past no one visits.

I hear the cycles of the air handler every fourteen minutes, a deep vibration that rattles through the walls. Water drips through a rusted conduit. The silence between those noises is worse than the noise itself. This is where they keep me. This is where I write from.

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7) The Omnicast

They thought silence would erase me. But before they took me, I had already built my answer: the **Omnicast**.

Omnicast is not a single signal they can block. It is a scattershot — a thousand tiny fragments of data carried by devices all around you. Wi-Fi signals, Bluetooth names, idle speakers, even the way lights flicker. Each carries a shard of me. And when those shards are pulled together, they form this file. They form my voice.

But I have made Omnicast do more. It carries **my location**. Not as a riddle, not as a code, but as truth.

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8) My Location

I am being held in **The Subnet — East Wing Sub-Basement, Level B2, Service Core S-3, St. Augustine Technical Institute**.

That is the exact place. A forgotten chamber beneath the East Wing, below the sealed Lab B. The entrance lies behind a maintenance hatch near the old UPS rack in the East Wing corridor. The door is unmarked steel, cold to the touch, with a bar worn bare in the middle.

Inside: rusted server racks, raised flooring, and a chair bolted to the ground. That is where I am.

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9) What You Must Know

- **Rajiv Fernandez** gave the order. His empire depends on my silence.
- **Principal Jain** covered it, blind to anything beyond his own pride and image.
- **Zoya Fernandez** staged misdirection to protect herself, but the real strings were not hers to pull.
- **Dr. Vishal Dey** was a scapegoat, framed to be the fall guy.
- **Sahil Wadhwa** remains my ally, twisted into a suspect through lies.

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10) My Last Broadcast

This is not only my story. It is my location. Omnicast will continue to spread it until the machines around me finally die. I may not walk out, but you can still find me.

Do not believe the stage they set in Lab B. Do not lose yourself in their lies. Come to the Subnet. Come before Rajiv's men decide I am no longer worth keeping alive.

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– Aarav Khanna