

## RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS

### ANCHORWAAISL

01:12:21:13

Flyovers Complete. Another day, another rodeo...

Locals have nixed the reports of some kind of structures on the island. Apparently, the occasional drunk fisherman gets it in his head there are totem poles and fragments of long houses sticking up out of the soil near the tree line... funny how both of the aforementioned items could be said to resemble trees in the fog. Seems the rumors have been around for years... the locals just tend to ignore the random, invariably Anglo, boater that turns up asking. There's nothing there. The island's only a few acres and aside from trees, there's not much to see on the flyover shots.

Still, it's where the disc was found, according to the good doctor... or the good doctor's source, anyway. Yeah...third-hand information...great way to start a dig. Glad I'm not paying for it.

We'll start ground scouting the coast for other signs of another buried settlement. Hasn't been a find like that around here in a century and a half. I'm not getting my hopes up, but it's worth considering.

That disc had to come from somewhere. Ten kilos of quartz in an almost perfect circle... the whole surface covered in tight, precise petro glyphs like no one has ever seen... and dated at over 10,000 years. We find the reason for it and we're part of history.

### ANCHORWAAISL

03:13:37:27

What a fruitful couple of days...

Aside from learning that no one around here knows anything about the disc, where it might have been found or even who the kid is that found it...it's been a great start. I had a talk with Dr. Debari from the clinic. She says the kid wandered in to the clinic and handed it to her. She didn't recognize him, but the clinic is fairly new and she hasn't been here long. She said he was seriously tribal...old school Makah...I had Mary and Castro poke around some of the old townie hangouts, but they didn't twig the kid's description.

Jay and C.C. have hopped another couple runs on the local puddle jumpers and found exactly squat. The level of vegetation in the area makes flyovers almost useless... but as Professor Hildred used to say, "Almost ain't all."

Even so, I think we'll start sticking to the ground. The flyovers cost, and while the company's being generous, I don't want to take advantage.

Squirrel is having a hell of a time, though. She hasn't been able to kick the headache since we got here. She says there's nothing job related and it's not awful, she just can't shake it. I have no idea what to do...she's the first technomancer I've worked with. Dr. Debari gave her a clean bill and some headache meds, but I'd prefer to know what's causing it... even if it's just allergies. I used to work with a guy that had the worst travel allergies...didn't matter where he went or what it was like there...non-stop sneezing.

We'll map another sector tomorrow and keep poking around the town in the evenings. And I do mean poking...fog rolls in thick as wool in the evenings around here.

### ANCHORWAAISL

11:09:35:18

Fanfriggintastic.

The clinic and hospital have been burning the midnight oil the last few days... turns out there's a run of pneumonia. I'm not too surprised with all the fog and the chill at night. I'm more surprised that anyone living here is still susceptible.

Nothing around the whole perimeter to a mile out... O.k., not

nothing... just not what we're here for. The place is actually pretty nice. I'm not used to this much green that can't kill you. Nothing but normal trees and plants...worst thing to worry about here is poison ivy...or is it sumac...I'll have to check with Castro.

Point is...I'm so used to either desert or jungle. If I'm not worrying about thirst, heat stroke and scorpions, I'm worried about malaria, snakes or eating the wrong berry and spending the last few days of my life in the john. The pneumonia thing is the first worry I've had here.

Mary went out alone today with more questionnaires for the locals. Castro has been feeling poorly the last couple days. If he's not up in another day, I'm getting him to the clinic. I'm not playing around with pneumonia. According to some of the older folks, there are stories of when the island was used as a place to commune with the spirit world, but even the Makah say there was never anything built out there. They said it would have offended the spirits.

Squirrel is starting to go stir crazy. She's doing a great job keeping our notes in order, but that's hardly work for someone with her abilities. Who knew the place would be such a wasteland for a techno. And she still has the headache...says it's just background noise now, but still.

Jay and C.C. have been hitting the shovels double hard. I need to remember to commend them in the official report. You'd think they were part badger the way they move earth.

Still feeling like this is a wild goose chase, but I don't make the big decisions.

Keep on keepin' on...or we're out a paycheck. Not really a tough choice.

### ANCHORWAAISL

22:14:31:09

Pneumonia, my ass.

I've seen this before. If I hadn't had my head in holes across the countryside, I could have told them. Or maybe not...I don't know. I've never seen an outbreak like this. It's got to be Hanta. I know the sound of it...the smell. But it can't. It's got to be something else... Hanta can't be an epidemic. Not unless the whole town found the same rat's nest. Something is seriously wrong here.

Thank God whatever Castro had was just a bug... he's back on his feet and itching to hit the work.

The Salish have moved in and set up a quarantine perimeter. I don't blame them; I just wish we weren't in it.

Jay and C.C. haven't come back from digging yet, today. They were heading out along the retaining wall to Waadah.

### ANCHORWAAISL

22:18:22:37

Jay and C.C. have come back. C.C. has a pretty bad bite on his ankle. Apparently the first step onto the island, C.C. put his boot in a rat warren... a big one. This is bad for a couple of reasons: 1) Jay also said he saw obviously manmade shapes in the tree line...figures. 2) Big rat warren equals possible Hanta connection.

I've sent Jay to wake Mary, Castro and Squirrel. I want to check that island. We've got breathers and I know my way around Hanta. As long as we're careful, we'll be fine.

I know it's not what we're here for, but with the added incentive of those manmade shapes Jay mentioned, I don't see how we can not go...or even wait to go. We've been spinning our wheels because I thought the island was a bad call... maybe I could have had us in the right place weeks ago. Maybe I could have twigged the Doc to the Hanta sooner.

Damnit.