[PERSONAL LOG 742-B // DR. ZHANG KAI // NOT TRANSMITTED]
08:41 Sol 292 / Classified Channel

I don’t know if this will reach anyone. I don’t even know if I’m *still me* enough to be writing it.
This wasn’t supposed to happen. The dissertation was theory—just seismic patterns and speculative modeling. A way to map anomalies, not… *invite* them.
But the models kept pulsing. Beneath the base. All around us. Beneath the crust. Like breath.
Not geological. Not residual. **Rhythmic.**
I remember something my advisor once said—half-joke, half dare: *“What if the planet’s not reacting, Kai? What if it’s remembering?”*
That stayed with me. Long after I dismissed it.
What if memory isn’t bound to biology? What if stone can store consciousness?
What if all these fault lines… aren’t breaks at all?
What if they’re conduits?
Lately, when I dream, it’s not *me*.
I see structures older than erosion. Rooms made of pressure. Equations etched into gravity.
I wake up with red dust in my mouth.
And then there's the silence. Not outside. Inside. Like some part of me has been *muted*.
If this is possession, it's not like the stories. There’s no voice, no command.
Just… *rearrangement*.
I don't feel invaded.
I feel *repurposed*.
If anyone finds this—don’t follow the signal. Don’t trust what echoes.
Some things under the surface were never meant to wake.
Ending log.
Or maybe… it's ending me.

[LOG ENDS // FILE UNSTABLE]

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