

*Note to the reader.*

The following text isn't a story, but the actual script to the upcoming *Rheasilvia Outpost* Mental Auditory Simulation (MAS). It is being shared in good faith as an unedited representation of what's to come.

Please keep in mind the auditory simulation will be fully narrated with atmospheric sounds, music, and effects. More information will follow as to the release date, price, and purpose behind this unique and powerful project.

Enjoy the sample.

Adam

### **Rheasilvia Outpost Simulation Script (Intro only)**

It is late at night, and you just received a call from a stranger that repeats to you nothing more than a set of numbers, 10° 07' 08", followed by a single word, *Leo*. You ask who it is and what they want, but they ignore you and continue to recite the information over and over as if in a trance. Finally, you lose your patience and hang up the phone. But it's too late. Not only is the information fresh in your mind, but your curiosity has also gotten the better of you. Quickly, you reach for a pen and paper and write down the information.

In the days that follow you continue to unconsciously scratch at the pocket that contains the torn piece of paper with the information you've been carrying around from that call. Occasionally you tell the story of the gibberish phone call to family and friends, then show them the details in hopes someone can offer some insight. Most just shrug their shoulders, or tell you to search it on google. Which of course, you've already done.

Then, one day out of the blue, the phone rings again. Unlocking the screen, you see it's the same person who called before but this time they're whispering as if trying not to be heard. Immediately you ask for clarity on the numbers and name that they left you with on the first call. But just like before, you feel as though you are listening to a recording. Ignoring your request, they offer you the same name, *Leo*. But now, the numbers have changed to; 10° 09' 30", which puts your mind into a frenzy.

Once again you grab a pen and write down the new numbers on the piece of paper that harbors the ones from before. But as soon as you write them down, the person speaks up, altering them again. This time only offering only two numbers, 9 and 56. You feel your anger rise and demand they tell you what they want. You even threaten to call the police in a final display of desperation.

With this final demand the caller goes silent. You just stand there for what seems like an eternity listening, barely breathing, as you wait for them to speak.

"Hello? Are you still there? Say something, dammit." you shout almost losing your breath.

After a moment of deafening silence they give you one last piece of the puzzle before leaving your life forever; A single riddle that requires every ounce of your strength in keeping yourself together.

“Her sons were the founders of Rome.” the voice says. “Find her and you will see between worlds.”

Just as you hear the line go dead, a text message appears on your phone. With shaky hands you tap on the messenger app and open it up.

“Name the location and we will take you there.” it reads.

Part of you doesn’t even want to respond. But even before you inevitably do, a second text appears just beneath the first.

“You have 72 hours. Then you will never hear from us again.”

That night you find yourself pacing wondering what it all means. You get on the computer and search *the founders of Rome*. What you find is a lesson on Greek mythology discussing two brothers, Romulus and Remus, both born by someone — a vestal priestess — named *Rheasilvia*.

Although the story offers interesting information, it doesn’t seem to connect what the caller said last; “*Find her and you will see between words.*”, or what the text message read; “*Name the location and we’ll take you there.*”

Continuing your investigation, you put your focus on the two brothers’s mother, Rheasilvia.

You learn what Vestal means, and that Rheasilvia was a *vestal virgin priestess* of Vesta, the Roman goddess of the hearth. Clicking on the name *Vesta*, a chill runs straight through you when you see the words “For the asteroid, see number four, Vesta.

After reading about the asteroid Vesta, a thought crosses your mind like a flash of lightning. You place your fingers upon the keyboard, and type the words: Vesta Asteroid, Current Location.

While reading the text on the screen your heart begins to pound heavy in your chest as you fixate on a set of three numbers that pops up, all of which are similar to what the caller initially gave to you. Clicking the first link, your jaw tenses as you witness the numbers change right before your eyes. Lastly, just below the numbers, you see the one word that brings everything together. *Leo*.

“It’s an asteroid.” You say to yourself out loud, while your body falls deep into your chair. But how could this be? How could someone “take you to an *asteroid*?”

Your thoughts race as you spend the next two hours searching everything about the asteroid Vesta, which is located about a hundred million miles away and that it circles the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. You learn about something called the *Rheasilvia crater*, and how it's the highest mountainous range in the solar system.

You feel your mind losing its grip on reality as you continue reading, connecting the information between the calls and messages. Worse, you begin to feel how ridiculous this entire situation is turning out to be and how foolish you must look for even playing along.

"There's no way this is it." You think to yourself. "You can't take someone to an asteroid. *This is madness.*"

For the better part of the evening you fight with the thought of even responding to what is obviously a practical joke. You even imagine your friends laughing as you waste your time on such an audacious set of tasks, watching you fall head-first into their trap.

With this last thought, you decide to go to bed and forget about the whole thing.

"If someone is going to be a sucker", you say to yourself outloud, "it's not going to be me."

Two days pass and you find yourself engaged in the nightly news, when the sound of a text comes through your phone. As you open it, you are shocked to see it's from the same person two nights ago.

"Have you solved the location?" it reads.

You can feel your teeth begin to grind in anger as you slam your fingers down upon the phone's keypad.

"I don't know who you are, but I'm not stupid. And if this is someone I *don't* know, then take me off your list. I don't have time for these games." you add before slamming your thumb down on send.

You wait a full minute, but there's no response, the phone remains silent. After a full five minutes, you set your phone down and go back to watching the news, all while trying to ignore your curiosity.

Then, a desperate part of you begins tapping on your shoulder like a child in need of an urgent visit to the bathroom, or like an itch that must be scratched. No matter how ridiculous this whole thing is, at the very least, you want to know if you've solved the riddle.

You pick up your phone, swipe the screen, then type in a single word before nearly tossing it across the room.

*Vesta.*

Not ten seconds pass when you hear your phone ding once more. At first you hesitate, then after a few moments you take a deep, frustrated breath, grab your phone and swipe open the message.

You can feel your forehead tighten in absolute confusion as you read the next sentence. Not only does the message refer to you by name, but what follows, *shakes you to your core.*

*“A car will meet you out front in 30 minutes. Please use the bathroom first, it’s a long drive.*

*No need to bring anything, all will be provided.”*

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