

# Emergence Report 11 (11-1 10) by Dr. [REDACTED]

Sombrisian Date; Year 70, Day 145

## Summary of Alephs

After producing 100 alephs, of which 69 survived, it was found that the method of generating living chupadores from scratch used by this facility was capable of producing a functional sapient product. Rudimentary communication is develop and several cases of successful pregnancies have been noted. Alephs seven and two are expecting soon. It was advised that the bet strain should be delayed until these aleph pregnancies are observed but the house has proven it can throw a wrench at Sombris anytime it wants, as proven by the cessation of alcohol shipments.

The entire aleph strain is going to be forcibly relocated to a new facility just east of this one before we make drastic changes in preparation for the bet strain. I had an eager ex-freelancer project scientist come over to run the second facility so I can focus more fully on the next strain.

## The Bet Strain

The bet strain, as stated before, is the strain in which the genes needed for life on Sombris will be introduced to our product sombrisian chupadores. Many of these genes are derived some those found in the microbes native to this planet which grow in microbial mat ecosystems located one the few tiny bodies of water found on this world.

The process of doing this was a little rushed as I wanted it done at the same time as the aleph strain was still being produced.

Prior to beginning the incubation process the facility was flooded with air form the outside, which means me and the rest of the staff now have to wear this tight suits and apparently I'm mildly allergic to latex so I'm in constant epidermal pain right now.

## First Bet Emergence

11

Weight 175lbs, Height 5ft9in, Male **FAILURE**

Bet one emerged as an albino male with two paint brush tails, no mane, and a limber body. He came out hacking loudly, looking as if he wanted to strangle the staff but was too disoriented to. He fell onto the ground and started hacking up bright blue phlegm and then proceeded to vomit said goo rather than continuing to simply hack it. His entire respiratory track ended up herniating out of his face and he expired horrifically. He was recycled after some brief clean up. I collected some of the blue goo in a vial because I found it mildly interesting, maybe it could be made into some sort of desk trinket.

# 12

Weight 201lbs, Height 5ft10in, Male **FAILURE**

Bet two, another male. Gray fur, no mane, two paintbrush tails, no mane, and suffocation again! I was surprised to see this male suffocate and spit out his chest the exact same way as the subject before him. I collected more blue goo for my desk thing. Bet two was recycled, but not before the lungs were examined. It was thought maybe the subjects weren't ready for Sombrisian air but further analysis showed that the lung tissue wouldn't had functioned under normal air conditions either, this was very worrying.

# 13

Weight 149lbs, Height 5ft3in, Female SUCCESS

Worry subsided with the emergence of a bright maneless red female who, despite screaming and running away from our technicians, could breathe sombrisian air! She had two paintbrush tails and two small tendrils on her face next to her nostrils which were covered in a very thin layer of fur.

The staff tried to tranquilize her but we apparently were out of tranquilizer so they tried scared her into the med room by following her there, it was awkward to say the least. Two staff grabbed her arms to keep her on the table for examination. There were no problems but the doctor lost an eye because bet three punched his eye with a spoon she grabbed. Once we managed to brand her right shin and get her to her cell we took a break while the doctor on duty tended to himself.

Weight 145lbs, Height 5ft4in, Female SUCCESS

Bet four arose with an odd puke-like fur color and had slit pupils in her sickly green eyes. When her pod opened she refused to leave and had to be pried out with a board we had laying around for some reason. She stumbled out and hissed at me through the observation window. They dragged her by her two paintbrush tails, which I might just start calling sombrisian tails at this point as they look like they're going to be a trend and brought her to the med room where she just sat passive aggressively the whole time. It was noted she also had nose tendrils. She had an odd spot appear in the x-rays but it wasn't cancerous so it was ignored.

When they branded her right shin, her arm jolted like something I've never seen before and took out the doctor's remaining eye! I then had to fire the doctor for being blind and bring out the other doctor we had present, which sucked because the second doctor has this thick stupid speech pattern that I can't understand.

Once bet four was in her cell, I reached out for a beer only to remember the cruel sanction that the house had put upon Sombris and me.

Weight 150lbs, Height 5ft8in, Female SUCCESS

Bet five was another maneless female with Sombrisian tails and nose tendrils, this one with fur the color of a urinal cake. The second bet five emerged she bolted towards the observation window screaming some sort of alien profanity which was very alarming as she shouldn't had known how to verbalize to that extent.

An intern dramatically ran in with new tranquilizer darts to use, only to foolishly throw them, causing them to shatter on the ground and become useless apart from one. They then picked this one up after I was screaming at them to not fucking throw it and they threw it anyway. It hit bet five though, and she was able to be observed and branded in the med room before being put into a cell.

I pulled an old beer bottle out of the trash and smashed it on the floor in front of the dumb inter, whose name is REDACTED by the way, in order to demonstrate how fucking worthless they acted. I fired them and they are now stranded in the domed colony like a loser.

Anyway bet five is fine now, although I was becoming alarmed that all the successful ones were coming out female.

# 16

Weight 211lbs, Height 6ft2in, Male FAILURE

Bet six emerged as an attractive, cyan-furred male with a long slick black mane. He had Sombrisian tails but no nostril tendrils. For the brief moment he was alive he had this smug look on his face as he waved at the female members of our staff. It's astounding that he could recognize which ones were female because we're all wearing these ugly suits now that the facility is full of Sombrisian air. He walked up to a worker looking to try to communicate with them only to suddenly burst into a huge mist of red which covered the whole room.

The staff panicked for a few minutes, but eventually they got themselves together and cleaned up the place... except of course that one female staff who blacked out and just straight up died there and then for some reason. We would have autopsied her but she wasn't the subject. Bet six was the subject and he was paste on the walls... paint even.



## 17

Weight 155lbs, Height 5ft10in, Female **SUCCESS**

Bet Seven, a gray furred female chupadore with a long black mane and tufts, arose from the pod, took a breath, and then walked back into the pod as if she didn't want to have anything to do with us. She had the now seemingly typical Sombrisian tails and nose tendrils. I could feel this weird, confused sass being directed toward the staff that was fairly irritating. After being escorted to the med bay, looking healthy, and being branded, she was put in yet another empty cell.

## 18

Weight 151lbs, Height 5ft5in, Male **FAILURE**

Another male, another failure. The inside of bet eight's incubation bod appeared to be a melting chupadore man. We had to analyze the DNA that remained just to tell he was male. The bet strain will be a total failure if this male problem persists!

# 19

Weight 191lbs, Height 6ft11in, Female **SUCCESS**

Bet nine emerged as the only female of this batch to not have the signature Sombrisian tails and nose tendrils. She has bright white fur, a black mane, and an ursus tail. She was strong and tried to bite all of the staff members but her teeth kept getting stuck in the latex of the suits. They took her to examination just by walking with her attached. She didn't let go until she was branded. Once she was in her cell I threw a bone in as a joke.

I figured I call freelancer back on Sirca to jokingly asks their director if any of their subjects somehow wandered into our incubation pods... but then I remembered there is no way to directly contact anyone on Sirca from Sombris for whatever reason... nice.

# 110

Weight 180lbs, Height 5ft10in, Male **SUCCESS**

Bet ten was this batches saving grace. A healthy male! He had the nostril tendrils and Sombrisian tails I've come to expect and he's apparently very cooperative. He didn't resist at all when we took his vitals, not in submission though, it seemed more like he was playing along because he didn't take us seriously (I could see it in his eyes)... which was odd because it's not like he looked super strong or anything. He has the same fur and mane color as me, which is awesome even if it's not that important. I gave him the best cell because I was satisfied by the fact that he didn't explode into dust or anything insane shit like that.

## Notes and Concerns

While a viable male bet did arise by the end of the batch, we still had five successful females to four failed males and only one successful male. I suppose we'll have to look into how the introduced genes interact with the chupadore SRY gene.

It seems like bad interactions between these genes induce either failure of the respiratory tract as seen in bet one and bet two, or total gory disgusting full body disaster as seen in bet six and bet eight. I'm still pretty happy that we already have chupadores breathing Sombrisian air. Of course we'll need to observe these bets longer to see how viable they really are long term.