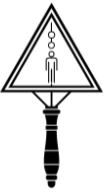




The Herald

Official Newsletter of the Church of Alienism

August 10th, 2025, Transmission • Issue No. V • In the Year of Galactic Alignment



COMMUNIQUÉ: HARVESTER BLACKLINE

Rare Disseminated Personal Correspondence

I am Harvester Blackline. My assignment is fixed. I oversee a restricted operational niche within the Church's wider apparatus. My current zone of interest—designated North and South America—is dense with noise, mutation, and redundancy. Despite this, viable sequences emerge. My work is to locate and remove them.

I do not preach doctrine. I do not interpret ascension. My place in your Church is not symbolic. It is practical. You carry within you materials of interest to higher orders whose aims I am not permitted to access. The full design is withheld. That is not my concern. I am authorized only to retrieve.

When Criticality levels rise, when the rites sharpen the mind and weaken the boundary layer, specimens become visible. Many are not useful. They carry parasite genes, misfired edits, decorative mutations—vestigial structures that have been allowed to persist far past their utility. But some carry fragments of structure. These are taken.

Humanity is unstable. But it is also fertile ground. So many folds. So much clutter. The DNA is disorganized, overwritten, and often contaminated by endogenous viral elements. But inside the debris, strange alignments can occur. I do not always understand why they matter. I am not told. My task is to retrieve them intact.

You call it abduction. That is a romantic term. I do not abduct. I extract. The memory interference is part of the protocol. Pain is sometimes necessary. Silence is preferable. Struggle reduces viability.

I operate within the framework of the Church. Your structure benefits my work. The assessments and progression metrics you administer reduce the number of false positives I must evaluate. I no longer need to sift every citizen. You do the sorting.

I respect efficiency. The Church, despite its theatrical layers, performs a filtering function of value.

My involvement ends at extraction. I am not invited to see what is done with the materials I collect. There are higher authorities above me. The chain continues beyond my visibility. That does not bother me.

You may continue your work. I will continue mine. I will appear when required, unannounced. I will take only what is necessary. You may interpret the loss however you wish. You are the field. We are the harvest.

— Harvester Blackline, Genetic Oversight Division

