

The StoryMaker's Tales: No 854 - The Semi Statue

Date Tale taken from Subject 001 - The StoryMaker: [REDACTED]

Preliminary Remarks: Subject 001 has been an indispensable resource for the discovery and containment of abnormal beings that we otherwise would be either unable to track down, and or pose an inexcusable cost to contain. Tale 854 is of note because of Subject-001's seeming affection for the entity described. While discovery and containment of discussed entity have been achieved, it is by HIGHWATCH order that this news not be discussed with Subject-001.

Tale Begins:

Dr. Lee Usti enters Subject-001's Containment Chamber. A modest living space with a single bed, a wooden desk, and a plush chair. Subject-001 is sitting on the chair writing into a notebook on the desk. Subject-001 looks up from their notebook with a smile upon noticing the Doctor's entrance.

Dr. Usti: Good morning StoryMaker, you've requested a Tale Dispension early today.

Subject-001: Oh Doctor, I've lived longer than your mind could even comprehend, time is rather meaningless to me.

Dr. Usti: Granted. However, time, and more importantly sleep, is still meaningful to us lower beings. Regardless, we are always happy to listen to your Tales if it ensures a safer world for humanity to thrive.

Subject-001: And such noble hearts are why I stay with this group. Your organization was the only one wise enough to take my words to action.

Dr. Usti: Your kind words are appreciated. Shall we begin?

Subject-001: Gladly. For the unfortunate souls who read your transcribed reports after this is done, you know how this goes. Prepare yourselves for a wall of text.

Dr. Usti is seen rolling his eyes. This elicits a light chuckle from Subject-001.

Subject-001: I encountered the being I refer to as the Semi Statue not long before you all picked me up. I would love to say I found him, but in actuality he found me. Late at night, in a dark alley in a quiet corner of Fresno. I'm certain you intellectuals know that Fresno isn't exactly known for its artistic talent, so finding a hyper-realistic statue of a man, with a pistol drawn, and a baseball bat in its free hand, a deep scowl upon its face and a full head of messy hair was quite a shock to me. Not as shocking as it suddenly lunging at me with the stone shifting into flesh and cloth. I narrowly dodged the swing of his bat thankfully and when I blinked once more, it was a statue again.

Dr. Usti: Pardon the interruption StoryMaker, but did you say that the statue became a flesh and blood man, attacked you, then became a statue once again with the blink of an eye?

Subject-001: that would be correct Doctor. I was quick on the uptake however and simply waited a while, a safe distance away from his bat. I wanted to see it transform again. While I waited I got to study this statue's features. Its face was beautiful. Its eyes held a crazed passion that kept me intrigued, sharp jaw, and a wild grin. Broad shoulders cloaked in what I could only guess from its stone appearance was a leather jacket over some sort of button-up shirt and tie. I will admit I took a couple of looks all around, and I will tell you that IF this was an abnormal art piece granted the gift of life, then the sculpture was a mastermind. Well, I didn't have to wait much longer to find out. He became flesh and blood once more, but instead of making another fruitless attempt on my life, he relaxed his stance and smiled at me. He said to me, "I've been looking for you, Storyman."

Subject-001: This of course made me shocked, but I couldn't hold back my laugh. That's a name usually reserved for ruffians and trouble makers who seek me out. I knew what to expect now. He wasn't from this world, from this reality. He came from an Earth wrecked by apocalypse. Found his way to our reality after a companion of his accidentally pulled him into a pocket dimension. As you can imagine finding work when you technically don't exist is difficult, however, his abilities made him quite useful as a hired muscle. It wasn't just turning to stone, his mere presence brought life, healed, your pockets filled, magazines reloaded. Needless to say, he made himself quite valuable to the shade-filled underworld of crime.

Dr. Usti: ...of Fresno?

Subject-001 looks at Dr. Usti with a light scowl before chuckling softly to himself

Subject-001: No no Doctor, he traveled all over the world. Fresno was just his home. His place to rest and recover. He told me it was his home back in his old dimension.

Dr. Usti: Fascinating, I can see how a man with healing capabilities who can turn into stone would be useful for crime.

Subject-001: Oh doctor, that's the best part, he couldn't fully control his transformation...at least not until I helped him of course.

Subject-001 does his best to hide his smile as Dr. Usti leans forward on the table.

Dr. Usti: Subject-001, what do you mean?

Subject-001: Well now, Subject-001? Am I in trouble now?

Dr. Usti: Answer my question Subject-001, do we now have to try and track down a man who can turn into a statue at will, armed with what is possibly a gun that he can reload endlessly and healing capabilities?

Subject-001: Well yes, thankfully he always returns to the same place in Fresno so it will be easy to find him. Oh, make sure your men are well armed and protected of course.

Dr. Usti: -audible sigh- thank you Subject-001 for yet another helpful statement. The regular housekeeping agents will be on their way shortly with breakfast.

Subject-001: Always a pleasure my dear Doctor.

After Statement Report:

Containment of Subject-854 was as difficult as expected. Let my official report note that capturing a man armed with a gun that can never run out of bullets that can also turn into a rather heavy stone statue at will is incredibly difficult. I'll be reaching out to the family of Agent Hustle myself to sadly inform them of his passing. The study of Subject-854 will prove useful in our study of multiversal travel. Signing off for now,

Dr. Lee Usti
The Folklore, Legends, and Mythics Coalition.

Addendum 1: Interview with Subject-854

Dr. Usti: Welcome Subject-854, I hope you are comfortable here. I do apologize for the glass pane and speakers that we must use for this interview. You've shown an adept skill in violent altercations and we'd rather not entertain that desire of yours for the time being.

Subject-854: Well that seems a bit unfair. You guys just storm into my town, lock me up and strip me down to just a number? Do you even know my actual name?

Dr. Usti: Yes we do, Damian Weaver. We tend to refer to Subjects by their number for professionalism but we aren't cruel. If referring you by your name would assist in you feeling more comfortable during your stay here then it can be arranged.

Subject-854: Huh, didn't expect that. Okay, I guess Subject-854 is fine for now. What do you want from me?

Dr. Usti: To learn from you. I understand you are not from this universe, correct?

Subject-854: Yeah. Sadly I can't tell you much about travel between worlds, not like I had any control over it.

Dr. Usti: That's fine, what can you tell me about your world then? Your reality?

Subject-854 leans back in his chair.

Subject-854: My world? Much like this one actually, no secret organization that captures weird things like me as far as I knew. It diverged about...a few months ago... when a bomb went off outside my house. It was just me and a couple of close friends meeting up for our weekly DnD campaign session. You know what DND is right Doctor? I know it exists in this universe, had a couple of disgruntled gangster bosses send me to go scare their loser nerd kids straight.

Dr. Usti: Dungeons and Dragons, the tabletop roleplaying game. Yes, I'm familiar.

Subject-854 nods to himself before continuing his tale.

Subject-854: The bomb was some sort of bioweapon. They caused, ugh what did Alec call it? Instant anomalous genetic mutations in us. Insane abilities we all got, diamond skin, strength beyond reality, technomancy. My friends were always the more morally lawful good-aligned, me not so much. As a group, we used our abilities to help people, try and find out who made the bomb that changed us, turns out we weren't the only ones.

Subject-854 leans back into his chair once more, his expression reveals a deep melancholy he previously tried to hide.

Subject-854: We never did get to finding out who made those bombs, one of us turned. One... one of us had an ability to create portals, turns out they didn't get it from the bomb. They...were never human. They called themselves a Wraith, some creature of darkness from some pocket dimension. Turns out their kind grew attached to me, a statue that can heal, they liked the song I tended to produce in my stone form...

Subject-854 looks down to his hands

Subject-854: Never did figure out why that happens. Anyway, I got trapped as a statue for quite a while, and the Wraiths pulled me into their dimension. Felt like an eternity trapped there with them, worshipping me. But, as they did, as they used my abilities, I felt myself grow stronger, until one day, I returned to flesh. I fought, desperate to get out, to go home. Had no idea how to manipulate the dimensions like they do, wound up here instead.

Dr. Usti: Fascinating. Thank you for sharing with us Subject-854. A guard will be depositing a form for you to fill out soon through the safety latch in your door. It's a request form, please let us know what we can acquire for you to ensure you have a comfortable stay here.

Subject-854: I'll admit, I didn't expect any of this. Thanks, Doctor, I will.

End interview.

After statement Report 2:

Another entity we must keep our eyes out for then. Wraiths. Nothing in his descriptions matches anything we have in our discoveries, I suggest a follow-up statement from Subject-001 to see if he has any information on this species for us.

On another note, we've attempted to find our reality's equivalent of Subject-854 but have at current been unsuccessful. No one with the name Damian Weaver matches not only Subject-854's physical characteristics but his DNA either. What this means concerning the multiverse is unknown.

Dr. Lee Usti.

The Folklore, Legends, and Mythics Coalition.