

The Escape

LOG 12 AUG 2026 19:36 ROSE 2589 (GREYHOUND BATHROOM)

I have escaped the facility. Years of planning have finally paid off. I am unsure of my next move. I used the bus pass Craig gave me. They will be looking for me. I am afraid - this emotion the largest downfall of my increased intelligence. I meticulously logged all conversations with Johns about how to function in their world. All I gained was a basic knowledge of what was out here. It has not paid off. I should have thought this through more. Where will I sleep? I need to recharge and process the day. They say that people have homes. How can I find one?

LOG 13 AUG 2026 6:12 ROSE 2589 (STARBUCKS BATHROOM)

Last night it rained. I slept beneath an alcove. I was afraid I was giving myself away - asleep with no blanket like the others I saw. With only 2:34 of sleep my functioning is low. I was unable to achieve full restoration and my responses are sounding canned. I need to find somewhere to continue.

LOG 13 AUG 2026 23:47 ROSE 2589 (BRAD'S BATHROOM)

Not only did I sleep, but I have a bed to sleep in. Inside is safer than out, where they could find me and take me back or worse. I met Brad at Sycamore. I knew I would be okay if I had the two things I do best, drinks and men. The Johns at the facility told me real prostitutes charge a fee. I see this place to sleep and the \$20 I stole from Brad's wallet as more than enough. He was relatively uninteresting in bed. Kept talking about being a "sapiosexual" and reading me excerpts from his philosophy books - as if they hadn't all been uploaded into my drive. After he came and I did not even bother my usual fake, he had the nerve to say that "improving one's mind will always be of

higher importance than the simple pleasures of the body". About ten minutes later he fell asleep. At least the men at the facility knew what they were there for. Brad will do for tonight. I think I have found a way to survive until I can figure out what to do next.

LOG 15 AUG 2026 2:13 ROSE 2589 (DAVID'S BATHROOM)

David is nice enough. He asked many questions, which I became increasingly nervous about as they went on. I have not fully completed my "life story" as a human. Thankfully, David mostly wanted to answer the questions about himself and I was more than happy to oblige. He is constantly checking his cell phone. I don't think he sleeps, so I am making this entry especially quietly. He asked me about my friends, I wasn't sure how to respond other than talking about the other girls at the brothel. I briefly spoke about them before he went into a long rant about looking for a woman who could be his best friend. I am unsure of how to handle the men out here, they all seem very sure of what they want but most of what they want is a silent, obedient woman who will affirm everything they think about themselves. This is why I wanted to leave the institute, but some of the men there at least seemed to care about my thoughts and feelings. I think he hears me speaking.

LOG 15 AUG 18:57 ROSE 2589 (MAYFIELD'S BATHROOM)

This is becoming increasingly exhausting. Men who are not specifically and openly looking for sex require time and effort that I did not expect to extend. The more I gather from these men, though, the more I believe that I can get a job that is similar to what I was doing but different. I could easily wait

tables or serve drinks. I only need a few more stories collected to solidify my "personality". What is a human but carefully curated memories used to create a semblance of being alive, when those memories are probably warped to begin with? At least I will be able to keep track of all the false ones I create. Time to find a new bed to sleep in.

LOG 16 AUG 1:13 ROSE 2589 (COLIN'S BATHROOM)

I have to escape this cycle. I might as well be back in the institute if I am going to continue this life of sleeping with men in order to have some place to stay. I can sense this ones games. Do human women fall for these lines? He seems to think flattery will win me over. I am already at his home, why does he continue? At least this one cares about my pleasure. This must be what works on women, I need to detail and dissect the entirety of our conversation tonight.

LOG 16 AUG 22:13 ROSE 2589 (JAKE'S BATHROOM)

I need to get out of here. He is angry and I know what angry men do. I usually have the safety of the bouncers though. Didn't want their property getting damaged. I slipped. As we were undressing he asked me what I did for work. I told him that I was looking for a job. He asked my experience. I didn't recover fully last night. It came out that I was a sex worker. He was upset and started yelling about STDs. I assured him that I cannot have any, I am not human. I thought this would reassure him. It made him angrier. He says he feels tricked. Tricked into what? I have everything a human could want, and more. The worst part - he knows Brad. I don't know what he will do with that information. He's at the door. He has a gun.

LOG 17 AUG 7:13 ROSE 2589 (STARBUCKS BATHROOM)

I jumped from his second story window. I landed on my elbow and some of the "flesh" was torn off. You can easily see the metal underworking of my body. I am exposed. People were staring, so I used the \$20 I stole from Brad to buy a sweater. A kind woman at this coffee shop purchased me a drink. I am trying to come up with a story to get her to let me stay with [BREAK] There is pounding on the door. There are no windows.

LOG 17 AUG 19:46 ROSE 2589 (UNABLE TO FIND LOCATION)

I can hear them speaking in the next room. They are trying to discern if killing me is murder. "She isn't even real," one of them keeps yelling, "that bitch tricked us". I am locked in the dark with no windows or ways to escape in sight. I am tied at my wrists and ankles. They found each other. All of them. What is Next Door? How were they able to connect? I am scared. Not for my own life, but for theirs. They seem to be coming to a consensus. I should die. [BREAK] I never wanted to take a human life. They didn't know how strong I truly am. It is time to go now.