

The Platform

What happened on the Martha 01?

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 17th of December, 2025

'This is captain Taylor. I have relieved captain Smith without further issues. He has left the platform in good order and I do not foresee any problems until his return. The weather has been uneventful, though a bit foggy, and the machinery has done its job admirably.

'Today's production has exceeded the average number of barrels per day. I will only aim to continue that trend. Smith is a fine man, but he runs his platform too loosely for my tastes. With a bit more discipline, it should easily be possible to exceed the average per day every day. If the crew cooperates, this rig could make a lot more profit. I have my work cut out for me. Over and out.'

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 18th of December, 2025.

'This is captain Taylor. As reported by the first mate, overnight one of the drilling engines broke down. As a result of this, procedures have had to be cancelled during most of the morning. However, as of 13:42, the machine has been repaired and everything has continued smoothly. The engineers know what they are doing. No further trouble was encountered.

'Because of the engine failure, we are now significantly behind schedule with our estimated production. Despite this setback, I still aim to increase the productivity of this platform before captain Smith returns from his holiday. The company will thank me for it. Over and out.'

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 19th of December, 2025.

'This is captain Taylor. Overnight, another one of the drilling engines has broken down. The mechanics were stumped. When the first one broke down yesterday, the other engines were inspected pre-emptively. They found them to be working fine. This time it took them longer than expected to get the apparatus operational again, but production has resumed as of 20:36.

'The crew is still in high spirits, but I expect them to become grouchier when they realise that I am not going to give up on the goal of increased production. It may put a bit of extra strain on them, but I am confident that this crew can handle it. Over and out.'

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 20th of December, 2025.

'This is captain Taylor. All drilling engines broke down last night. At this point, I am suspecting foul play, though I have no clue who could be the culprit. I have started questioning the crew and will be acting as a watchman tonight. If someone is deliberately sabotaging our operations, I will find out who.

'The dayworkers have been sent home. With the engines in a seemingly perpetual state of malfunction, there is no work for them here. It would have been an economically

unsound decision to leave them on the platform. For now, this issue must first be resolved. I will have news upon the morrow. Over and out.'

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 22nd of December, 2025.

'This is captain Taylor. Sabotage seems an unlikely cause for the malfunctions at this point. Even though nobody has been near the engines for the past two nights, the engines have continued to fail. In fact, the problems seem to have spread to other appliances on the platform. The communications system on the bridge is now out of order, along with various lights and monitors.

'Rogers suggested the cause might be supernatural, which is preposterous. I have heard of superstition amongst sailors, but I never thought that applied to workers on oil platforms as well.

'The rest of the crew, and I am inclined to agree with them, believe it might be related to the weather. The weather has been incredibly strange lately. I do not remember seeing a single day without mist since my arrival. A thick, milky-white fog has been covering the entire platform almost perpetually. If this is truly the cause of the engine failures, then modifications will obviously have to be designed. However, unless the mists let up, it will be impossible to verify this hypothesis. Over and out.'

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 23rd of December, 2025.

'This is captain Taylor. Last night, Rogers disappeared. None have seen him leave and there is no trace of him on the entire platform. Some believe he might have been the one sabotaging the engines and that he has now fled the platform for fear of getting caught. Others have adopted his opinion on the cause of these failures. They believe that Rogers was right and that he was silenced by whatever supernatural being would be haunting this place.

'I don't know what to think. Either explanation seems faulty to me. According to the records, he has been a loyal employee on this platform for over ten years. It would make no sense for him to start sabotaging the operations now, nor did he seem like a man that could keep a secret. The notion of something supernatural haunting this place is ridiculous and should be discarded immediately. I do not...'

'What was that? Rogers, where are you? Rogers!'

HELP ME

Captain's log for the Martha 01, 24th of December, 2025.

'This is captain Taylor. Yesterday, I heard Rogers scream. We all did. When we searched for him, however, we failed to find anything. Instead, three others have disappeared. Nguyen claims he saw Jenkins being dragged off when he was outside. He now refuses to go outside, along with those that believe his story.

'The belief in something supernatural has been strengthened, though I still reject it. It could not possibly be true, could it? If there truly is something out there, then I fear for us all... No, I must reject it, for science has never positively proven its existence. To accept the hypothesis of something supernatural being out there would be to laugh in the face of science. There must be some other explanation. There must be, and I will find it. Over and out.'

‘I... I’ve seen it happen. Nguyen was speaking the t-truth. White went out for a smoke. It took him and d-disappeared into the mists. White’s gone. Th-they’re all gone, taken by some monster. W-we’re all going to die out here. Oh god help us. We’re all going to die... Our lives will end on this godforsaken platform.

‘I’ve tried to... to convince myself that it must be human, or at least something that is explicable by science, but I’ve failed. It may have looked vaguely humanoid, but the way it moved was too... fluid. It’s not natural. I’ve forbidden everyone from going outside. All that awaits us there is death.’

‘It’s now the 28th of December. The new dayworkers should have arrived yesterday, but there was nothing. No helicopter. No help. The communications system is still broken, so we can’t call for help either.

‘It’s so cold. The heating’s no longer working, so all we’ve got are blankets and vests to keep us warm. We’ve holed up in the bridge. Hopefully we’ll be safe here.’

‘Don’t be ridiculous. That thing’s killed enough of us already. I’m not so eager for my death. All we can do is wait for it to leave, or for help to come. That thing is not natural. For all we know, it might not even be possible to kill it. We stay.’

‘T-they went out to fight it. I... I tried to warn them, but th-they just refused to listen. The entire day has been f-filled with their screams. I can only imagine what it’s been doing to them.

‘The damned fools. Why did they go out and fight it? As much as I hate to admit it, that thing is not natural. The rules of our world appear to have no effect on it at all, and yet they figured that lead pipes and kitchen knives would do the trick. Fools!

‘The mists have been getting thicker and they’ve been coming closer. We can see it lurking there, just beyond the edge, as if it’s stalking us like prey. Never the thing itself, always the swirl of the mists where a limb has been just before, but always there. Always watching. Always hungry.’

‘I’ve been observing the creature as best I can. It’s pretty much the only thing that keeps me sane. That, and talking into this damned recording device. The devil knows why it works when all the other machines have broken down, but I’m glad for it. It comforts me.

‘It seems that the monster, whatever it may be, can’t leave the mists for long. It appears to be bound to the mists in some way. It’s only visible very briefly, during morning hours, before it retreats to the swirling fog. It has a distinctly humanoid shape, though it always appears hunched. Something that looks like long, dark hair comes from its head, but it appears to be featureless otherwise.

‘It appears to be waiting for the mists to reach us. The fog comes closer every day. It’s only a matter of time before it can come up to the bridge, and it looks eager to do so. God help us. All we can do is wait, wait for it to come to us, and when it does it will all be over.’

‘Th-the mists have reached us. It seems almost... almost incorporeal in the way it m-moves about in the f-fog. I-It has pressed itself up against the w-window, staring into the bridge. It has enormous eyes, empty eyes, though w-we couldn’t see that from a distance. Th-they are just as slightly transparent as the rest of its b-body.

'I can feel my... my every heartbeat. We've failed to d-discover a... a way to beat it, so t-today will be our last. It's already started to crack the glass, b-bit by bit. Before t-too long, it... it'll have broken through the w-window. We'll all d-die.

'Th-these will be my... my last words. God give us strength. If s-someone finds this recorder, please... please tell my daughters that I love them. Mary-Ann, Kate, I love you both with all my heart. I'm sorry I couldn't be there for you more often. I'm so very proud of the both of you, of what you've achieved. Please. Take good care of each other. Farewell.'

IT BROKE THROUGH