

🍷 May 22, 2832 🍷

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Dear diary,

Got into another argument with Antigone today. She refused to let me in to the East wing—the gall!—saying it was too dangerous and “sensitive”. I just wanted a look around, for goodness’ sake! Sometimes I think she thinks she is the one running this place. I have given her a lot of leeway over these past few weeks (some of the scientific discoveries she assisted me in discovering really have been quite good), but really, this kind of attitude just won’t do. I told her as much: first, I reminded her that there’s only one chief scientist on this station, and he doesn’t take kindly to insubordination! Second, I reminded her that this whole enterprise wouldn’t be happening if it wasn’t for the generous donations of the Wellingleby family.

Needless to say, that put her in her place. I think she’ll be affording me the respect I deserve much more from now on. Mind you, I never did get to inspect the East wing. No matter: it’s probably full of dreadfully dull nonsense.

🍷 *May 23, 2832* 🍷

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*Dear diary,*

*Big news today—I changed the portrait in the entrance hall to the picture taken of me when I opened that fancy new lab on Prospero's dream. My hair looks much better than in the previous portrait, I think.*

☺ May 24, 2832 ☺

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Dear diary,

That damned security guard removed the sticky note with the code for the lasers again! After I had specifically placed it right next to the keypad, conveniently for my usage. He knows well that I can't remember trivial little details like that: my mind is too occupied by higher things, for goodness' sake! "It's insecure, sir", or "if the code is written next to the keypad, what's the point of having a code at all?". How rude!

Well, he told me I'm not to write down the code at all. Do you know what I'm going to do, dear diary?

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Ha! That'll show him.