

October 9 1965

There are faces in the stone. My father would have loved it here. We aren't supposed to be here, but we are. We arrive nonetheless. There are many sounds around me. There are grunts and snaps of sticks and calls into the night, none of them for us, or if they were we couldn't know. We listen and dissect them anyway. How many howls are about us? The noise of my typewriter is unwelcome.

How many faces are in the stone? Are there more I cannot recognize?

October 11 1965

Camping was incredible this weekend. The initiation was intense but worthwhile. We had some strong conversations and later, we were rolling laughing at the constellations and different shapes and references they might have had if there was no history and we were naming things from scratch today. Ursa Major would be a hammer, probably and there'd be a sickle somewhere else ... maybe Draco.

The weekend away was good for the team. We are the vanguard of a new period of understanding for humanity. We cannot forget this mission. Mack is a good leader. I think I talked too much about my theories on the faces in the stone. Agnes gave me this note for the ride home:

7 DOG S99S MOBH5MG 5M SBOM9. M7R45SS1S S99S H5S 9MB5R9 P7SB,  
PR9S9MB, 7MD A1B1R9.