

'This is..uh..Dr. Smith, project TNS, prototype 5, phase III and..uh...day, time and place unknown. Haha.. this is really stupid. Nobody's ever going to listen to this crap but uhhh..I guess I just need to let it all out for one last time.'

'March 26, 2021..05.27 PM..never thought it'd be my last goodbye. I should've listened to my daughter when she asked me to come play with her outside for some time. What I wouldn't give to hear her voice for one last time!..(sighs) In fact I'd give anything to hear any voice at all. A dream so dangerous that it got me hanging by a string on the brink of the universe. I'm not even sure if that's what this is..maybe I've broken through a dimension unknown...uh.. It all started in 2015 when we first managed get a glimpse of the past and the future through the threads of the fabric of space and time. We thought of ourselves as gods! We started working day and night to crack the code of the universe and until...until 26th March we had no solid proof of time travel but..uh.. somehow the machine malfunction that day has got me stuck outside the space time continuum. We tried to let go of the hands of the clock and wandered into the arms of the great unknown. Suspended in this emptiness... I have no sense of time. All there is...is ghostly silence. The silence of this empty space is deafening, the visual silence is testing my sanity and yet...uh..this..this hollowness is scary. There's chaos in this emptiness, there's too much noise in this silence that I can't stand anymore. My only escape is..my escape is too give in. Be content with the silence. Be one with the silence...to be the silence...this is..this is Dr. Smith signing off!'