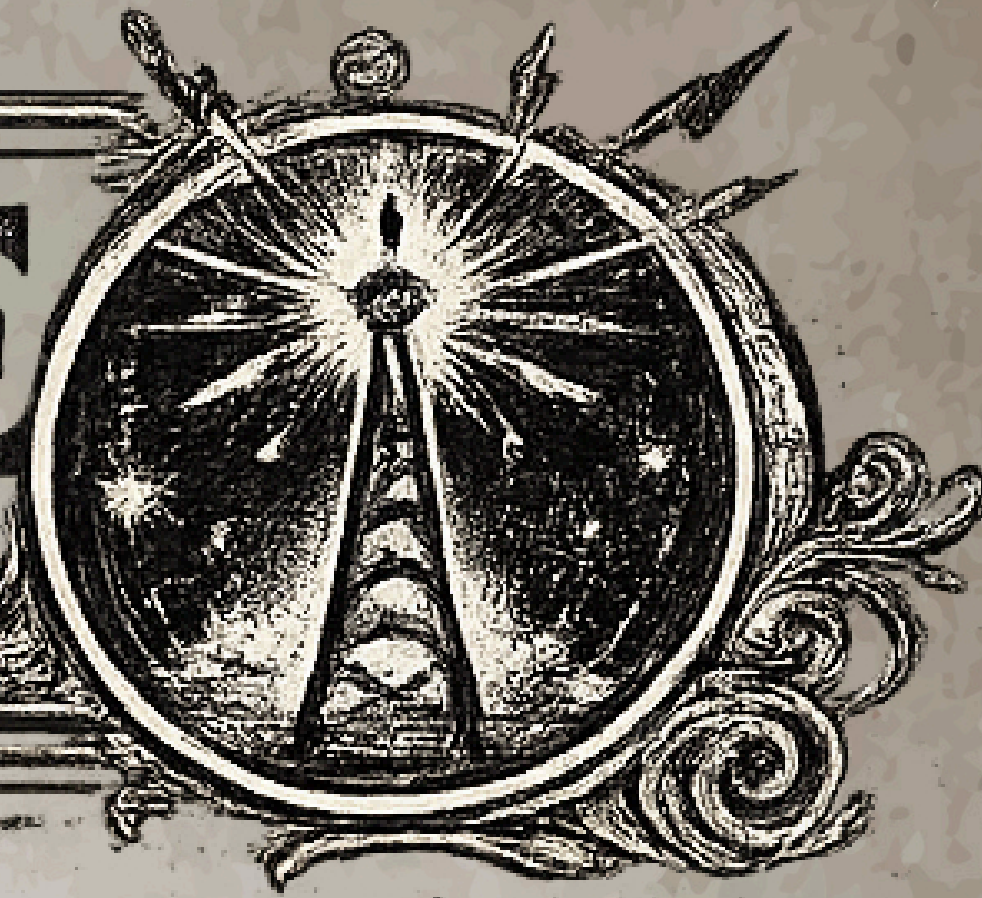




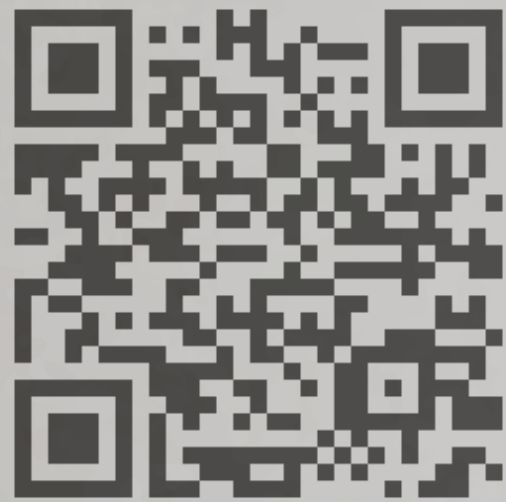
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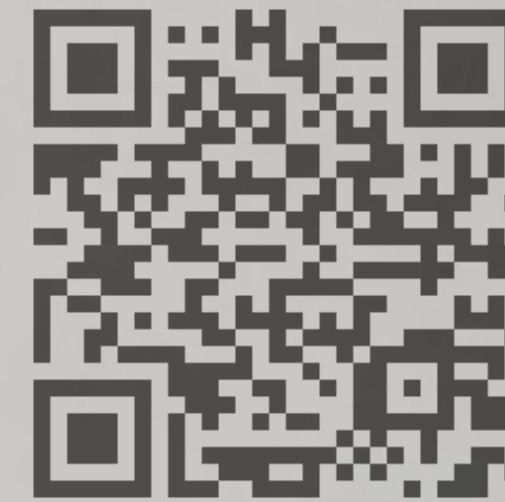
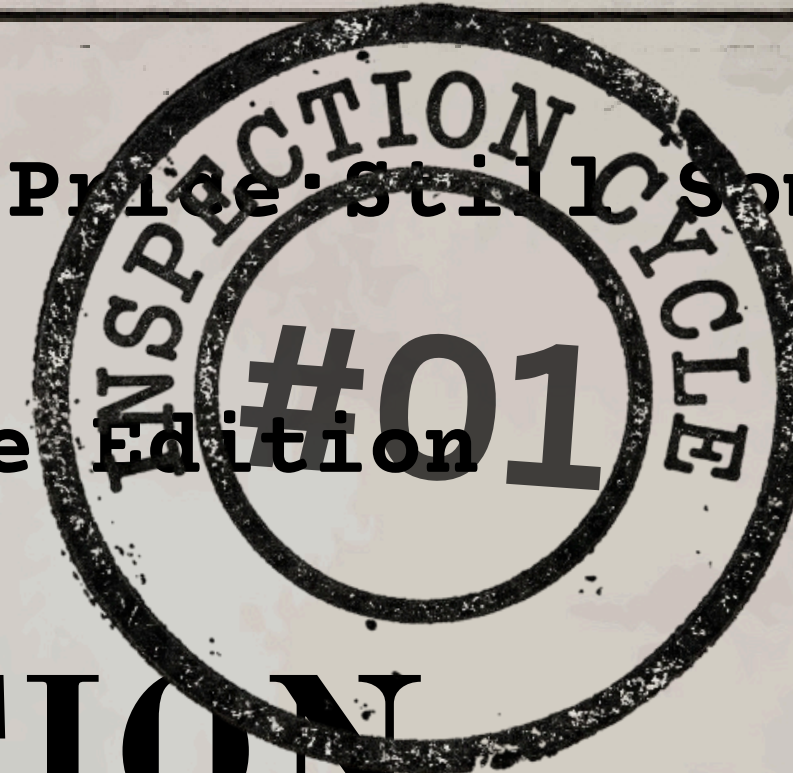


Houston Sector / Earth-Prime Edition

Volume 1, Number 3

SUNDAY EDITION

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GREEN FOG SPREADS TO 17 REALITIES PAD ISSUES FIRST MULTI-DIMENSIONAL ADVISORY



ABOVE: Green fog formation over Sector-7G, Reality Grid 4. Witnesses report faces and voices emerging from mist.

By Elias J. Mercer, Senior Science Correspondent

EARTH PRIME — What began as a handful of unexplained weather reports has evolved into what Paranormal Acoustics Division officials now describe as "the largest synchronized interdimensional anomaly ever documented."

According to newly declassified PAD records obtained by The Signal Gazette, confirmed sightings of the so-called Green Manilishi Phenomenon have now been reported in seventeen known realities, each sharing the same impossible characteristics despite having no measurable physical connection.

The reports are remarkably consistent. An emerald-colored fog appears without warning. Local weather instruments fail to detect conventional moisture. Broadcast receivers produce bursts of static moments before the mist arrives.

Then, witnesses begin reporting the face.

Although descriptions vary slightly between realities, nearly every eyewitness mentions glowing eyes emerging from the fog, followed by the outline of an ornate crown suspended above a figure that never seems completely visible. Cameras rarely capture the entire manifestation. Instead, investigators recover distorted images where facial features appear only after photographs are enlarged or digitally enhanced.

PAD researchers have become increasingly concerned by another disturbing pattern

The phenomenon appears to favor locations associated with communication.

Old radio towers. Television transmitters. Abandoned theaters. Concert venues. Recording studios.

Even pirate radio stations have reported unexplained interference shortly before green fog events.

"Whatever this is, it behaves less like weather and more like a broadcast searching for a receiver," one senior analyst told The Signal Gazette under the condition that their identity remain classified.

Internal PAD memoranda suggest the entity may not be physically traveling between realities at all.

Instead, investigators now believe each manifestation could represent the same intelligence projecting itself simultaneously through multiple worlds, adapting its appearance according to local expectations while maintaining one unmistakable feature:

The crown.

"No matter the culture, language, or technological level of the observing civilization, witnesses always remember the crown," the report concludes.

The discovery has forced researchers to reopen centuries-old historical records once dismissed as folklore.

A monastery in the Alps described "the king inside the green cloud" in a manuscript dated 1438.

An explorer's journal recovered from an alternate American frontier tells of settlers abandoning an entire valley after hearing singing inside unnatural fog.

Perhaps most unsettling are recently recovered police records from a neighboring Whitechapel timeline.

Filed only weeks before the first canonical Jack the Ripper murder, officers documented "a green vapor possessing the outline of a gentleman wearing a radiant crown." The original reports were later removed from official archives during what PAD historians now refer to only as an Archive Stabilization Event.

Why the records were altered remains unknown.

Field investigators emphasize there is still no evidence that simply seeing the fog causes direct physical harm.

The danger appears to begin when witnesses interact with it.

Across multiple realities, survivors consistently describe hearing voices that seem to know their names despite no visible source.

Others report radios activating without power.

Several claim songs continued playing long after every speaker had been disconnected.

One engineer from Reality KTX-12 submitted perhaps the most chilling testimony.

"I turned off the transmitter."

"It thanked me."



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EDITORIALS & REVIEWS

WHO IS REEB?

By M. Holloway Senior Features Correspondent

Ask ten people who Jeff "ReeB" Cleary is and you'll likely receive ten different answers. To some, he is the voice behind That ReeB Show, broadcasting from the infamous Cardboard Studios at a bitrate that seems permanently engaged in a fight with reality itself. Others know him as the creator of That ReeB Team, a sprawling collection of stories where radio waves, impossible technology, strange creatures, and time travel collide into something that refuses to fit neatly into any one genre.

More recently, readers have discovered him as the publisher of The Signal Gazette, a newspaper that has developed an unusual habit of changing after publication. Spend enough time following his broadcasts, however, and another picture begins to emerge. The shows... The books... The music... The newspaper...

They're all pieces of the same transmission. Like many creators, ReeB's story begins long before microphones and radio towers entered the picture. As a child, he describes himself as a loner. Not unhappy. Not angry. Simply someone who was perfectly content disappearing into his own imagination. While other kids found excitement on ball fields or at crowded gatherings, ReeB gravitated toward books, music, old movies, science fiction, and the endless question of "what if?"

It became a habit that never left. The worlds he imagined simply grew more detailed with age. Looking back, it seems less surprising that he would eventually create an entire multiverse. He had been quietly building one for most of his life. During his teenage years another influence entered the picture. Late-night radio. For many Houstonians, KPFT has always been a place where voices could exist outside commercial expectations, but one program in particular left a lasting impression.

Chuck Roast's "The Funhouse."

It wasn't polished. It wasn't trying to sound like everyone else. It had personality. Humor. Music you weren't likely to hear anywhere else. Most importantly, it felt human. Years later, traces of that philosophy remain easy to find in ReeB's own work. He has never sounded interested in becoming a conventional radio host. He seems far more interested in making listeners feel like they've accidentally tuned into something they weren't supposed to hear. That same philosophy extends into nearly everything he creates. Where many producers chase perfection, ReeB appears strangely comfortable allowing imperfections to remain. Static isn't edited away. It becomes atmosphere. Broadcast glitches become dimensional interference. Continuity changes become temporal drift. An updated newspaper isn't a correction. It's an archive synchronization. Even the show's low bitrate—originally a simple consequence of limited internet bandwidth—has become part of the mythology. Listeners don't complain that the signal sounds rough. They wonder what reality they're receiving. In a strange way, every technical limitation has become another storytelling tool. Friends have occasionally suggested upgrading everything. A better studio. More expensive equipment. Cleaner production. Higher fidelity. His response has rarely changed. "If the signal gets through..." "...that's enough."

That attitude may explain why so much of his work feels unusually personal. Very little is hidden behind corporate polish. The audience hears mistakes. Improvisation. Unexpected interruptions. The occasional disaster. Rather than pretending those moments never happened, ReeB often writes them directly into the story.

Instead of fighting reality... He recruits it. Perhaps that's why his projects feel connected rather than manufactured. The music references the books. The books reference the radio show. The comic strip quietly explains details no one else notices. The newspaper investigates events that haven't happened yet. Readers discover hidden inspection stamps. Listeners hear names before they understand their significance. Nothing exists in isolation. Every project strengthens another. There is also a surprising generosity in the way these worlds are constructed. Most creators ask audiences simply to watch. ReeB asks them to participate. Hidden messages. Changing archives. Background clues. Recurring symbols. Nothing is required. Everything is rewarded. Those willing to pay attention slowly become part of the investigation. Within the pages of The Signal Gazette, they even earn a title. PAD Cadets. It is, perhaps, the only newspaper whose readership doubles as an unofficial paranormal investigation unit. As strange as all of this may seem, one thing becomes obvious after spending enough time around the broadcasts. Jeff "ReeB" Cleary rarely presents himself as the hero. He is far more interested in opening the door... ...and seeing who decides to walk through it. Whether that door leads to a forgotten radio frequency, a comic strip hiding classified clues, an alternate reality, or the fog-covered streets of Victorian Whitechapel, the invitation is always the same. Tune in. Pay attention. Question everything. The signal may not always be clear. But it is always there. PAD PERSONNEL SUMMARY Subject: Jeff "ReeB" Cleary Occupation: Broadcaster • Author • Signal Investigator Primary Operating Location: The Cardboard Studios Known Associates: Spike, Funkenstein, Agent Mesa, Sparky Operational Assessment: Highly persistent. Demonstrates unusual ability to transform equipment failures, production limitations, and temporal inconsistencies into functioning broadcast infrastructure. Threat Level: Negligible. Curiosity Level: Potentially hazardous. Recommendation: Continue passive observation. Subject shows no indication that transmissions will cease voluntarily.

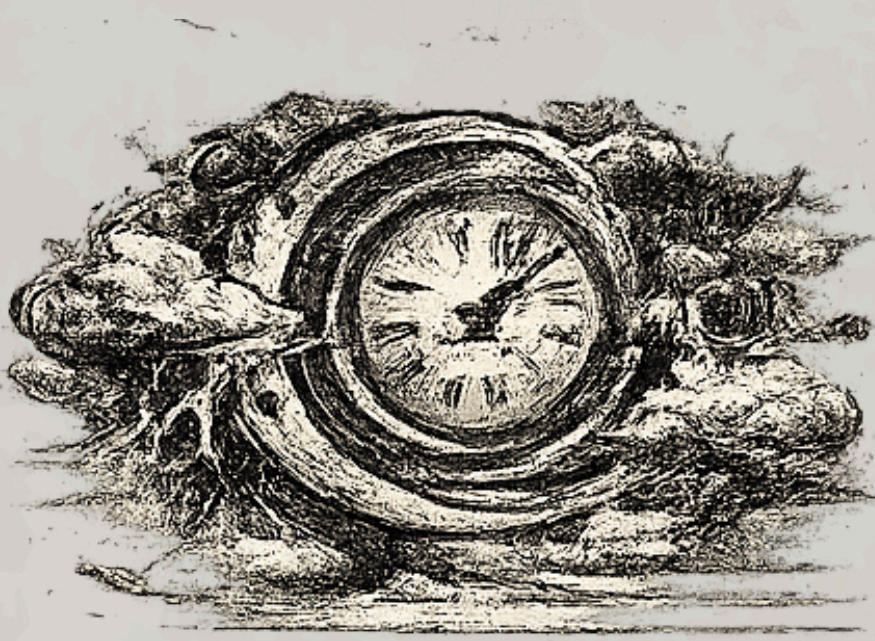
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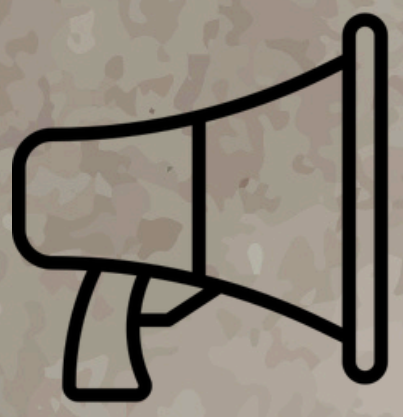
That ReeB Team Comic Strip ©2026 KTX RETRO



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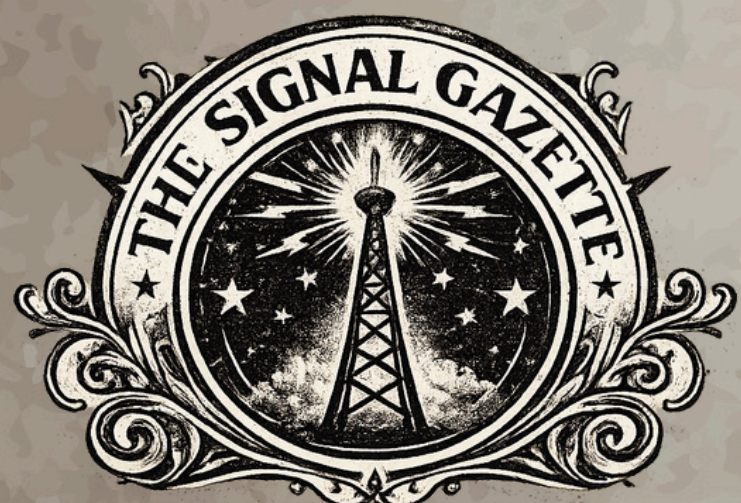
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