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//Interview Log O-18-1//

The following log was transcribed from audio and video feeds placed within the cell of Orphan Number 18, codenamed "Barricade".

[At roughly ████████ on ████████ ████████ of 20███, Doctor Michael Mordecai is seen entering Barricade's holding cell. Barricade immediately raises her head and shouts at Doctor Mordecai as he approaches.]

Barricade: Hey, hey! Get the fuck away from me!

Note:

- *Two other Class-Three personnel were sent in prior to Doctor Mordecai's arrival. Barricade lashed out after they attempted to approach her, resulting in both men suffering numerous broken bones and sending them to the infirmary within minutes of making contact. Details about their injuries can be found in **Incident Report O-18-1**.*
 - *Doctor Mordecai was warned of Barricade's hostility, but still insisted he meet her without armed personnel present.*

Dr. Mordecai: D-don't worry! I just want to talk, I know you're anxious-

Barricade: I don't care what you want!

Dr. Mordecai: Look, look- *[He raises his hands, showing he's brought nothing in with him.]*

Dr. Mordecai: I'm just here to talk. No needles, no equipment, nothing- *[He cautiously reaches for a chair that is slid up against the wall.]*

Dr. Mordecai: May I sit?

[Barricade eyes the Doctor in silence for approximately five seconds before nodding, to which Doctor Mordecai lowers himself in.]

Dr. Mordecai: I'd like to apologize for the actions of Doctors ██████ and ██████, they shouldn't have tried to approach you so suddenly.

Barricade: Tch... If you want me to trust you, start by answering my questions. It'd be a nice change of pace.

Dr. Mordecai: *[He appears almost puzzled for a moment.]* Has no one spoken with you?

Barricade: The last two guys... kinda did- Second I saw a needle though I broke both their fucking wrists.

Dr. Mordecai: So I heard...

Barricade: Keep your distance and I... *probably* won't break yours.

Dr. Mordecai: *[He smiles at her and nods.]* I'll do my best.

Barricade: *[She appears significantly more at ease and lowers herself onto her provided bed.]* Where am I? Let's start there.

Dr. Mordecai: I can't tell you exactly where, but... I can tell you this— You're currently in one of the Orphanage Foundation's research sites.

Barricade: The what and who?

Dr. Mordecai: To be honest, I hardly know. I was hired not that long ago and was waiting for an assignment... I guess you're it.

Barricade: And you do... what, exactly?

Dr. Mordecai: I'm a licensed physician.

Barricade: What, like a 'let's check your pulse' kinda guy? Never thought somebody like you would work somewhere where they swipe teens off the street for shits and giggles.

[Dr. Mordecai shifts in his seat.]

Dr. Mordecai: I read your— *[He clears his throat.]* acquisition report.

Barricade: That's a funny way to say '*abducted*' but go off I guess... So, what am I in for? Sending me off to Jamaica or some shit?

Dr. Mordecai: Does this *look* like a trafficking facility?

Barricade: How should I know??

Dr. Mordecai: Fair enough... [*He laces his fingers together and his elbows against his knees.*] I know you had a... *violent* reaction to the sight of needles, and I understand if you're afraid of them—

Barricade: Afraid? Who said I'm afraid!?

Dr. Mordecai: [*He sighs and leans back.*] But, all I've been tasked to do is speak with you and carry out a physical examination. I promise that I *won't* harm you.

Barricade: What's in it for me, huh?

Dr. Mordecai: Not trying the administrator's patience and forcing him to take... *drastic* measures to get the results he wants.

Barricade: [*She looks up at the camera monitoring the room briefly, before looking back towards Dr. Mordecai.*] And it's *just* a physical?

Dr. Mordecai: That's all I'm here to do.

Barricade: ...fine.

Dr. Mordecai: I'll fetch the materials and return as soon as I can. Is there anything I can get for you?

[Barricade does not respond to Dr. Mordecai beyond this point, and after roughly ten seconds of waiting, he exits the cell.]

End log.