

April 5th, 2025, 4:52pm

Dear Cody,

Hi! I know it's been a while since we last talked, and I get that you're busy and all that, but I think I'm doing better. At least, I'm pretty sure. My dog doesn't look like he wants to kill me anymore, and that's gotta mean something! Everything has to mean something, right? Right. My life coach says that responding to my own question grounds me! I think he's right! Anyway, old friend, I think my point is clear. I miss you lots.

Sincerely,

Serenity.

April 7th, 2025, 5:33pm

Cody!

Hey! I don't think you got my last letter, but that's okay! Please just check your mailbox, and find one sent by me, and you'll find it! It took me a long time to find too. That's why I'm only messaging you now instead of like weeks ago! Basically, the last letter I sent you was explaining that I'm okay now, and you don't have to worry about not being friends with me. I got the go-ahead from my life coach that I can contact you again!

At least, I think I got the go-ahead. I don't know to be truthful. My mind is foggy again; I don't think I'm allowed to communicate with others when my brain feels like this.

Serenity.

April 8th, 2025, 7:04am

I'm panicking. I don't know what to do. My head is spinning again, but you told me it would stop. You promised me an escape and a need not to worry, and that your advice would get me through it. I don't know if I believe you anymore.

April 8th, 2025, 10:13am

Hey Cody, I am so sorry!

I just wanted to let you know that I might've sent you a letter that wasn't fully meant for you, and wanted to apologize! It was meant for my life coach, but he's been busy lately and said to draft an email and he'll get back to me. Back to the missent letter, I think it was sent maybe five minutes ago? Ten? Not fully sure, but in any event! Just wanted to let you know, buddy. And again, I want to reassure you that I'm doing okay! Don't worry about me. I'm not going crazy.

Sincerely,

Serenity.

April 10th, 2025, 1:18am

Cody, I am so sorry I'm telling you this, but I can't share this with anyone else. I think my life coach is a murderer. I know how it sounds, but I need you to trust me.

It's everything about him: the way he walks, the way he talks, one time I saw him look at me the wrong way. He looked at me for three seconds straight without breaking eye contact. That has *got* to mean something. I assure you, if we were face to face, you'd totally understand my doubt without a second thought.

Of course, to do that, we'd have to actually meet up, but I'm pretty sure you declined like weeks ago. I think. After I sent that second letter, I think you said something like "But you aren't doing well. You're lying to me. And you're lying to yourself." But I could be wrong. Sorry Cody, but I've got to leave. I can't be writing when my thoughts get blurry. – Serenity

April 10th, 2025, 10:45am

I shot him. Cody, I shot the life coach. I don't know what's happening to me, but I don't like it. The dog won't stop barking, and I swear it sounds like the neighbor is mowing his grass

in my living room. I don't even have a neighbor. Cody, I need your help to get out of here.
Please.

– Serenity.

April 10th, 2025, 10:55am

Cody, it's getting louder.

I think my bed moved itself because I can't find it. I can still hear the lawn mower, and I think my life coach is alive?? Even though I shot him, I swear I saw his body move. Don't tell anyone, but I *need* your help here, man. My house is falling apart. And I'm pretty sure my name is Melissa. It was never 'Serenity'?? I'm pretty sure my life coach wiped my mind and took my name away. Please just come here and help me out of this horror house.

April 10th, 2025, 10:59am

Cody please. My laptop is about to die and I don't know how many more emails I can send. Please.

April 10th, 2025, 11:03am

I lied, Cody. I know more than I was letting on and I need to be honest with you. Granted, I don't know everything, but I'll tell you what I *do* know if you just get me out of here. My name *is* Melissa; it was never Serenity. They forced me to change my name. They told me I'd be better. They told me I wasn't sick. I don't know who 'they' is, but I know that they're the reason I have memory gaps, and they're the reason now that reality has decided it hates me.

Also, I don't know how, but I think I was convinced I was sending you 'letters' even though I don't own paper anymore?? They took that away from me?? Please get back to me, Cody. Please.

April 10th, 2025, 11:07am

Are you one of them, Cody? Are you one of the heartless people that changed my name, and broke my sanity; was that your fault? Because why else would you not be responding to me, Cody?? I told you I changed, and I told you you don't need to worry about me anymore, so what's the problem??

The noise of typing is too loud for me to hear my thoughts anymore, and it scares me, Cody. It scares me. How more transparent do I have to be for you to just respond to me. It feels like I'm trying to communicate with a shattered mirror.

April 10th, 2025, 11:11am

My laptop is broken. Don't trust anything they tell you. Anything. Please, Cody.

The prior email drafts were archived and published by the Eye for a Brain foundation, and are the sole representation of their last social experiment, written not by 'Serenity' or 'Melissa,' but Cassandra. Cassandra Brooks was one of fifty volunteers to be placed in a simple house with zero ability to leave, and extremely limited interaction with other people. After legal papers were signed, all fifty of the volunteers were given the option to have one person to communicate with technologically, as well as the option to leave at any time. While most chose to communicate with family, Ms. Brooks was an anomaly, for she chose initially to have no contact with the outside world.

We don't know how, but eventually, Brooks started hallucinating a life coach, a dog, and many other various beings before she started emailing Cody. Now, in any other scenario, the Eye for a Brain foundation would never have let her break the rules of no communication which she set, but this specific situation was unique. Why? Because Cody didn't exist.

While almost every other volunteer grew heartache from being away from their children or their life, something different happened to Cassandra. She didn't miss her past memories. She lost them. Furthermore, she started making up memories. The clearest example documented of

Brooks's memory loss was how she quickly lost her name.

After EFAB made the difficult decision to release evidence of this experiment formally, they decided to perfect and polish up the material. The repercussion they got from making this decision was mainly bad publicity from the general public.

Many people had concerns for the wellbeing of Cassandra after the details of this experiment were released, and the CEO of the EFAB foundation responded accordingly: "She hasn't asked to leave, and honestly we don't think she ever will. How can you ask to leave an experiment if you don't know – or don't remember – you're in it? While it's not at all our issue to resolve, as she signed the documents, we still want to send one of our professionals to guide her out, and talk her through the situation she got herself in. But frankly, we don't think she'd believe a word we say."