

**The Magnus Protocol**

**Episode 2  
"Making Adjustments"**

**Written by Alexander J Newall  
Edited by Jonathan Sims**

**Show-Notes are available at the end of the Transcript.**

**12-09-2023  
Draft 1.3**

**ANNOUNCER**

**This episode is dedicated to  
Christian, and also Coco.**

**[MUSIC]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus  
Protocol.  
Episode Two – Making Adjustments**

**[Music]**

**1. INT. OIAR OFFICES - NIGHT, CLEAR (COMPUTER).**

**The decrepit O.I.A.R. PC boots up once again and starts recording with SAM and GWEN mid conversation. GWEN is setting up her workstation whilst SAM is digging through the enormous DPHW filing manual.**

**SAM**

**-OK... Dracula.**

**GWEN**

**(distracted)**

**V for vampires. Assuming you mean  
Count Dracula, a la the novel, I'd  
suggest subsection "popular  
culture" and assuming he's  
behaving as I'd expect-**

**SAM**

**-he is.**

**GWEN**

**I'd guess a DPHW of... seven four  
seven five.**

**Sam trawls through his manual.**

**SAM**

Close... Seven, four, six, five.

**GWEN** is clearly a little irritated.

**SAM**

OK... Frankenstein?

**GWEN**

Assuming you mean the scientist not the monster-

**SAM**

I do.

**GWEN**

(cont.)

-and that'd be another "resurrection," possible subsections... "obsession," "medical", "pursuit" and... hmmm. "Blasphemy", maybe, so that would make it... four two three seven.

Sam trawls through the manual again.

**GWEN**

Well?

**SAM**

Five, three, three, seven.

**GWEN**

Pass that here.

**SAM** passes her the manual. **GWEN** turns a page back and forth. She gives an irritated snort then passes the manual back to **SAM** roughly.

**SAM**

**This thing is enormous, we can't possibly be expected to just memorise all of it?**

**GWEN**

**You're won't keep up if you're sat there turning pages all night.**

**SAM**

**But surely there's a system or something. Like, what does DPHW stand for?**

**GWEN**

**I don't know if it stands for anything. It's just an arbitrary index. You just gain a sense for it after a while.**

**SAM**

**But someone came up with it meaning there was a logic to it at some point-**

**GWEN**

**Sam.**

**SAM**

**(cont.)**

**-so if we can just figure out what links similar cases then we'd know what the system was based on and-**

**GWEN**

**(pointedly)**

**Sam.**

**SAM stops mid flow.**

**GWEN**

**We aren't here to decode the system.  
That's Colin's job and you've seen  
what a delight it's made him. Just try  
to learn your codes and process  
your cases.**

**SAM**

**(waving the manual)**

**But I'm never going to learn all this!  
You've been here years and even  
you haven't managed to-**

**GWEN**

**(coldly)**

**Then quit. No-one's making you  
work here.**

**SAM**

**(thrown)**

**I- Right.**

**Beat. GWEN is typing angrily.**

**SAM**

**(Apologetic)**

**Listen Gwen-**

**GWEN**

**(Snapping)**

**What?**

**ALICE enters noisily. She dumps her bags at her desk  
completely breaking the tension.**

**ALICE**

**(Entering)**

**Ahoyhoy! Did you miss me? Was it  
torture?**

**GWEN**

**(returning to work)**

**You're late.**

**ALICE**

I'm sure the UK government found  
some way to soldier on without me  
for-

She checks her watch and snorts.

**ALICE**

(cont.)

Three and a half minutes.

**GWEN**

(still typing)

Whatever.

**ALICE**

Everything good here? Enjoying  
playtime with Auntie Gwen?

Beat.

**SAM**

...yeah. It's been fine.

Beat.

**ALICE**

(booting her computer)

...cool. We'll unpack that ominous  
silence later but for now we should  
probably get started. We've still not  
cleared your backlog.

**SAM**

Sure.

Pause. Everyone works.

**GWEN**

(muttering)

If you're so concerned with backlog  
maybe being on time would help...

**ALICE**  
(quietly leaning in to  
Gwen)  
Hey Gwen? Gwen? Gwen?

**GWEN**  
(gritting teeth)  
What?

**Beat.**

**ALICE**  
(sardonic)  
Time isn't real.

**SAM snorts. GWEN takes a deep breath.**

**GWEN**  
Shut up.

**2. INT. APARTMENT/INT. THERAPIST OFFICE – DAY, CLEAR  
(CASE FILE - VIDEO CALL RECORDING)**

**DARIA**

Hi, am I coming through?

**THERAPIST**

Yes, but there's no video.

**DARIA**

Um. I'd er, I'd rather not if that's okay?

**THERAPIST**

That might be something to dive into later, but it's fine for now.

**DARIA**

Great.

**THERAPIST**

I've gone over the paperwork that doctor Khan sent over and there's quite a lot to unpack so-

**DARIA**

I'm not crazy.

**Beat.**

**THERAPIST**

Of course. I'm not a huge fan of that word at the best of times, but I am interested in what makes you lead with that.

**DARIA**

The last guy used the word "delusions" a lot, but that's not... I know what's real. And I need you to believe me.

**Beat.**

**THERAPIST**

**I think I can do that. I can try, at least.**

**DARIA**

**And don't do that either. I don't want your sympathy. I just want to get this over with.**

**Beat.**

**THERAPIST**

**Normally I'd caution against that attitude, but I understand these are sessions are court-ordered, so the situation is a little more complicated. How about we start with you giving your own account of what brought you here. How does that sound?**

**DARIA**

**Oh. Er. I didn't think we'd be going straight into it...**

**THERAPIST**

**We don't have to if you don't want to.**

**DARIA**

**No, no, it's fine. I just, I'm not sure where to start y'know?**

**THERAPIST**

**Take your time.**

**DARIA**

**Sure.**

**Beat.**

**DARIA**

**(cont.)**

I've always hated the way I looked. I'm sure there's some deep trauma behind it you're itching to unpack, but it's a fact. And it's not like I can avoid thinking about it. I'm a visual artist who gets most of her work from social media commissions. That means I'm spending four or five hours a day on Instagram minimum and that messes you up after a while y'know? Like, we all know it's fake, it's all filters and Photoshop and everyone pretending that they're the "real deal" #makeupfree! But just because you know that doesn't mean you're immune and yeah, I'd ended up in a pretty dark place. And when I turned 30, I decided to do something about it.

I started with my hair, grew it out to make my face look longer. It sort of worked. Then I chucked out all my older sister's clothes and dipped into my savings to get myself a couple of pairs of my own jeans that didn't make me look quite so much like an overloaded ice cream cone. I even shelled out for a cute LBD for when I did lose a bit of weight. Mum said I was being overambitious, but it hangs off me now of course. Most clothes do...

Beat.

**THERAPIST**

Daria?

**DARIA**  
(flustered)

**Sorry, where was I?**

**THERAPIST**

**You were giving yourself something of a makeover.**

**DARIA**

**Oh right yeah.**

**So I'm stood there in the bathroom looking in the mirror trying to figure out what's missing and that's when I decide I need a tattoo. I had a couple already – just little things on shin and wrist – but I decided I need something big. Something that really changed my look. So I start trawling Insta for tattooists.**

**At first glance it looks like there's a huge amount of choice but the more you look the more you realise that they're mostly recycled designs and even those were waaaay too expensive for me.**

**It was actually when I was looking for some inspiration for a commission that I found them. I was meant to be doing a portrait for some generic witchy alchemist and it was when I was researching the symbols and stuff that I came across "Ink5oul" – it's, uh, like "ink soul" but the s is a number 5. You can look them up. They're pretty popular these days.**

**They didn't have as many followers back then but the designs were great**

**and they offered a massive discount if you agreed to a photo shoot afterwards. I figured I had nothing to lose by reaching out so I got on their site, filled in the “about me” contact form and got an immediate response inviting me into their “prestigious” London studio.**

**I actually heard the studio before I saw it. Obnoxious dubstep was echoing out from the far end of the corridor and when I turned the corner I found myself looking at the most “influencer” set up imaginable. A huge purple neon sign took up most of the shopfront with “Ink5oul” written in cursive, flanked by a pair of ludicrously huge speakers. Looking beyond into the interior, it seemed like more of the studio was dedicated to ring lights and photography gear than tattoos!**

**Ink5oul themselves was... to be honest they were kind of underwhelming. Not a lot sticks in my mind, except that they had an absolutely gorgeous floral serpent design running up their arm and into their neck that was so vivid it looked ready to slither off their skin and onto the chair.**

**They beckoned me over and we chatted for a bit. It was weird, they didn’t ask me about what design I wanted, they just kept pressing me about my life, about why I wanted the ink. I was honest, maybe uncomfortably so, but nothing really**

**seemed to grab them until I told them what I did for a living. Then they broke into this huge grin and cried “The artist becomes the canvas!”**

**Before I could reply they hit a button on their set-up and suddenly we were live streaming with lights in my eyes and their arm tight around my shoulders. I don’t remember much of what they said to their viewers, but they kept telling everyone how lucky I was whilst they dragged me into the chair.**

**Suddenly they tilted it back and before I knew what was happening I cried out in shock as the needle hit my skin. They hadn’t discussed the design or anything they just started working on the inside of my left forearm, my drawing arm. I could feel panic start to rise inside me, but all I could do was sit perfectly still.**

**I stopped being able to think about anything at that point as it was by far the worst pain of my entire life. Vicious shooting pains leapt up and down my whole arm from my chest to my fingertips. Every muscle snapped taut automatically and my back arched on the chair. I wanted to scream but I couldn't even breathe as it felt like thousands of wasp stings ravaged my body whilst mediocre dubstep thrummed through my chest and Ink5ouls**

**chatted to their viewers completely unconcerned.**

**I must have passed out because when I opened my eyes Ink5oul was at the other end of the studio cleaning their bloody tools. The stream was over and I was apparently forgotten. The pain had dulled so I dared to look down at my forearm expecting to see a tattered and bloody mess. Instead, a pristine paintbrush design spanned from the interior of my elbow to the inside of my palm, a flurry of colourful floral patterns entwined with symbols I didn't recognise. Despite the pain I twisted my arm back and forth to admire the work and those symbols almost seemed to glitter in the light. It was... It was beautiful.**

**Just as suddenly as the lights had turned on, they were off and I was bundled towards the exit. No debrief, no aftercare. They said they had the shots they needed and before I knew it, I was stood outside, dazzled and unsteady. I considered going back in but I was so tired... Instead I just stumbled back home, my new tattoo still completely exposed.**

**Back in my flat, I cleaned it, moisturised it, then covered it as best as I could but it was already pristine. If it weren't for the pain, it could have been there weeks already. I stood before the bathroom mirror and looked myself over and**

**for the first time I saw someone interesting. Someone I wanted to know more about.**

**I went a bit manic at that point. For the first time ever I wanted to attempt a self-portrait. Something real and physical, I wanted to feel the brushes in my hands and the oil on my fingertips.**

**I worked through the entire night with a passion like I hadn't had in years. There were thick globules of paint all over the room; my hands, arms, face and clothes were covered but when I surveyed the finished work it was spotless, not only that it was by far my best work, a luscious Impasto that leapt off the canvas. I had been calling myself an artist for years but this was the first time I had felt it.**

**I don't remember falling asleep and I didn't wake up till past four in the afternoon. I was still tired and had a pounding headache along with my throbbing arm but I still awoke with a smile because when I opened my eyes, my own face was staring back at me and for the first time, I wasn't ashamed.**

**At least, not initially.**

**As I stared at it though, I noticed that whilst it was accurate it wasn't perfect. The eyes were still slightly**

**wrong, the angle of the smile was off and obviously the nose still wasn't quite right.**

**Looking around me, I realised that all of my paints were still out. I looked at my new tattoo, and realised that I would be fine to do just a quick touch up. Nothing major, just a slight adjustment, just for me.**

**Despite the headache, my hunger, my fatigue and my painful arm, I began to take a pallet knife to the left eye. Just a small tweak.**

**It was as subtle change, barely noticeable but I knew I was making progress, because I could feel when the knife scraped bone.**

**When I finally went into the bathroom to check I was still pleased with the result. There was no discolouration, no bleeding, no damage at all but the face around my eyes was definitely more symmetrical. It looked so much better. But not quite perfect.**

**I should have stopped then. I should have taken a break. I should have called my mum, put everything away and gone outside, but... the power was in my hands. I could finally make myself perfect.**

**It was small tweaks at first, giving a fresh gasp of pain each time. I slightly lengthened my fingers, made**

**my ears little more delicate,  
straightened my nose and reangled  
my cheekbones, tapered my chin,  
slimmed my waist, increased my  
bust, narrowed my frame,  
lengthened my legs, adjusted my  
calves, thinned my wrists, shortened  
my feet... Nothing much, really.**

**But when I reworked my shoulders  
that I ran into a problem. As my  
brush and knife made their  
alterations, the tattoo on my arm  
began to leak. Not out of my skin,  
but along my upper arm, spreading  
out and flowing its rivers of colour  
into the new contours I was creating.  
And the tattoo, of course, was the  
only thing so far that was actually  
perfect so I had to work around it as  
best I could.**

**I worked solidly for days. Each time I  
slipped the knife into my skin and  
reshaped it I got just that little bit  
closer to perfection, but each time I  
had to make more and more  
compromises around the spreading  
tattoo.**

**I was close though, so close. It  
almost there, that wholeness you  
only feel when the canvas is finally  
complete... But I just couldn't bridge  
the gap. Each time I would fix up one  
spot only for two others to become  
undone, and the whole time the  
tattoo just kept spreading and  
spreading and my masterpiece kept  
receding.**

**That was when my housemate Sarah got back from visiting her parents. I'd lost track of time and didn't realise her trip was already over.**

**I had hoped I could show off my new look to her when it was finished but I never got the chance. She walked in the door just as I was finalising my mouth so I couldn't say anything. If I could I'm sure I'd have been able to explain and make her understand.**

**Instead, she started screaming, and when I made reassuring noises and reached out to her, she backed away. I did manage to hold her for a moment but the work I'd done on my hands the day before meant that I couldn't grip her.**

**That was when she punched me. I'm sure she was just surprised but it was still heartbreaking. Her hand went right into my cheek and undid days of work and the way she carried on, you'd think it was her face she'd messed up.**

**Anyway, I'm sure you've read the rest in the court reports. When the ambulance came, Sarah told them I'd tried to kill myself with some acid she found in my art supplies. They put me on suicide watch and only released me when I agreed to attend counselling. I haven't made any more adjustments since then. Just,**

**waiting for inspiration I guess.**

**Pause.**

**THERAPIST**

**I see. That's quite the story.**

**DARIA**

**You don't believe me, either.**

**THERAPIST**

**I didn't say that. I would however like to ask you directly, did you try to harm yourself with acid?**

**Beat.**

**DARIA**

**Of course not. I never wanted to hurt myself, I just wanted to be...better.**

**THERAPIST**

**That's good to hear.**

**DARIA**

**(cont.)**

**If I wanted to clear the canvas, I would have used turpentine.**

**3. INT. OIAR OFFICES - NIGHT, CLEAR (COMPUTER).**

**SAM finishes listening to the Case and files it with a recognizable ping he then leans back and takes a deep breath.**

**ALICE**  
**(looking over)**  
**Problems?**

**SAM**  
**Hm? No.**

**ALICE**  
**(returning to work)**  
**Oh good.**

**Beat.**

**SAM**  
**It's just...**

**ALICE**  
**(still working)**  
**Uh-huh?**

**SAM**  
**How on earth do you cope listening to all this stuff? Neither of you seem bothered by any of it!**

**ALICE**  
**Oh, I see... You want to know how to handle reading and listening to all of it?**

**SAM**  
**Yes!**

**ALICE**  
**The secret of the steel-trap mind which keeps me stoic in the face of atrocities that would drive a lesser will to madness?**

**SAM**  
(growing irritated)

Please.

**Beat.**

**ALICE**  
Just stop paying attention.. Don't look at me like that, I'm serious. I just skim the case for keywords, and if it's a talker I hit play and get on with other work. Then when it's done being creepy I process it and move on. You're never going to keep up if you keep actually taking it all in. Just surf the wave without being drawn in.

**SAM**  
But what if something comes up that you know might be true?

**ALICE**  
Why would that matter? Plus, we're kinda specifically paid to not care.

**SAM**  
But-

**ALICE**  
You asked how to cope. That's how.

**Beat.**

**SAM**  
(sighing)  
All right.

**ALICE**  
(returning to work)

**The sooner you accept it the happier  
you'll be.**

**SAM**  
**(unconvinced)**  
**Sure.**

**4. INT. OIAR BREAKROOM - NIGHT, CLEAR (CCTV).**

**ALICE is getting horrible coffee from the grinding coffee machine.**

**GWEN enters and starts making tea.**

**Extended pause.**

**ALICE**  
**Gwendolyn.**

**GWEN**  
**(coldly)**  
**Don't.**

**ALICE**  
**(sardonic)**  
**Wow. What a rude way to greet your**  
**“work bestie”!.**

**GWEN**  
**I'm not in the mood.**

**ALICE**  
**That's okay. We can just do small**  
**talk like normal people.**

**Beat.**

**ALICE**  
**(cont.)**  
**So...**

**Beat.**

**ALICE**  
**(cont.)**  
**What if you could magically speak all**  
**languages, but after every sentence**  
**you had to fart really loudly and**

**declare “it was me and I’ll do it again”. Would you take that deal?**

**GWEN**

**Lena’s planning redundancies.**

**ALICE**

**(genuinely thrown)**

**What?**

**GWEN**

**Yeah. I was going past her office earlier and I overheard her on the phone. They’re “expanding external operations” and you know what that means. Outsourcing. Redundancies.**

**ALICE**

**That’s absurd! There’s only like three of us here. Besides, technically this is civil service. There’s no way they could just outsource everything without an entire mountain of bureaucracy.**

**GWEN**

**You don’t know that.**

**ALICE**

**You’ve seen how much paperwork this place generates. You’ve got to file a form in triplicate before they’ll let you take a piss! It’d take them years to pull off what you’re suggesting.**

**GWEN**

**She could have started the process years ago. We both know Lena**

wouldn't think twice about dumping both of us.

**ALICE**

You maybe. I like to think we have a rapport.

**GWEN**

She hasn't said more than 10 words to you in the last year.

**ALICE**

I know. Good innit? Anyway, what do you care? You should be happy. Nice big payout and you can finally ditch this job you hate so much.

**GWEN**

I don't hate the job.

**ALICE**

You could've fooled me!

**GWEN**

What I hate is that no one in this entire place will give me a single ounce of respect.

**ALICE**

Ah.

**Beat.**

Yeah, that's never going to happen.

**GWEN**

Clearly.

**ALICE**

Still reckon you've got the wrong end of the stick. Lena's as likely to hire another Sam as she is to give us all the boot.

**GWEN**  
If you say so.

**5. INT. OIAR OFFICES - NIGHT, CLEAR (COMPUTER).**

**ALICE** and **SAM** are working beside one another in silence. The tapping of their keyboards is accompanied by a tinny music beat leaking from **ALICE**'s earbuds.

Alice's phone begins to vibrate on the desk.

Beat.

**SAM**  
Alice.

Beat.

**SAM**  
(cont.)  
Alice!

**SAM** pokes her.

**ALICE**  
(taking out headphones)  
Ow! What?

**SAM**  
(returning to work)  
Phone.

**ALICE**  
(picking up her mobile and standing)  
Oh cheers.  
(to phone)  
Well hello! What's got you calling so late? Hm?  
No not busy. I'm at work so-

She blows a raspberry. **SAM** snorts despite himself.

**ALICE**

(cont. walking round the office)

Yeah, what's up? Right. How was the crowd? Sounds like a solid gig. That's no way to talk to your big sister. Disgraceful. So is a tour actually on the cards this time or... Cool. And presumably now there's proper interest they're going to ditch you for someone who can, y'know, play an instrument? Awwwww you always say the sweetest things.

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

(cont. a touch more serious)

Er yeah, that should be fine. It'll need to be after the 28<sup>th</sup> though as that's payday. Okay no worries. Listen, I probably should actually go do some work. It would be super awkward if I got fired when you're just on the cusp of becoming a drug addled rock star.

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

(cont.)

Yeah no worries, I'll talk to you later. Say hi to Trotter for me.

**Alice hangs up, genuinely cheery for a moment.**

**SAM**

So how's Luke?

**ALICE**

**He's good!**

**SAM**

**He still playing with *Bullets for Saint Sebastian*?**

**ALICE**

**(returning to her desk)**

**God no! They broke up years ago  
He's with a new group: *Dredgerman*.  
They're pretty decent.**

**SAM**

**I'm glad he's doing well, as far as  
brothers go you could've done  
worse-**

**ALICE**

**He has his moments.**

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

**(changing gear)**

**What's that?**

**SAM**

**Hmmm?**

**ALICE**

**"The Magnus Institute?" You looking  
to jump ship already?**

**SAM**

**Oh it's nothing just a bit of  
background research-**

**ALICE**

**Research? Sam, tell me this isn't  
linked to any of your cases.**

**SAM**

Just something that came up on my first day. I've been trying to get it out of my head.

**ALICE**

Well try harder.

**SAM**

It's fine honestly, I'm on top of my case load-

**ALICE**

It's not that.

**SAM**

Then what's the problem?

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

I wasn't messing with you earlier, you do need to compartmentalize for this job. Make a box in your head and at the end of the shift you dump everything in there and hit the incinerate button okay? You do not want to be thinking about this stuff outside of here. It's not good for you. I've seen people go weird before now.

**SAM**

And let me guess, I'm weird enough.

**ALICE**

I'm serious Sam.

**SAM**

(Realizing)

All right. I hear you.

**He closes the browser tab.**

**ALICE**

**Thanks.**

**SAM**

**No worries.**

**ALICE**

**That's the general idea.**

**[Music]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**The Magnus Protocol is a podcast distributed by Rusty Quill and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial Share-alike 4.0 International License. The series is created by Jonathan Sims and Alexander J Newall, and directed by Alexander J Newall.**

**This episode was written by Alexander J Newall and edited with additional material by Jonathan Sims, with vocal edits by Lowri Ann Davies, sound scaping by Tessa Vroom, and masting by Catherine Rinella with music by Sam Jones. It featured Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer, Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid, Anusia Battersby as Gwen Bouchard.**

**The Magnus Protocol is produced by April Sumner, with executive producers Alexander J Newall, Dani McDonough, Linn Ci, and Samantha F.G. Hamilton, and Associate Producers Jordan L. Hawk, Taylor Michaels, Nicole Perlman, Cetius d'Raven, and Megan Nice.**

**To subscribe, view associated materials or join our Patreon visit [rustyquill.com](http://rustyquill.com). Rate and review us online, tweet us [@therustyquill](https://twitter.com/therustyquill), visit us on Facebook, or email us at [mail@rustyquill.com](mailto:mail@rustyquill.com).**

**Thanks for listening.**

## **The Magnus Protocol 2 – Making Adjustments**

**CAT3RBC1567-23092022-18012024**

**Transformation (full) -/- dysmorphic [video call]**

### **Incident Elements:**

- **Body modification**
- **Dysmorphia/Dysphoria**
- **Addiction/Mania**
- **Self-harm**
- **Therapy**
- **Burnout**
- **Needles (tattoo)**
- **Discussion of: Suicide/Self-Harm**

**Transcripts:** <https://shorturl.at/gzF15>

**This Episode is dedicated to Christian (and also Coco) thank you for your generous support! You can a complete list of our Kickstarter backers <https://rustyquill.com/the-magnus-protocol-supporter-wall/>**

**Created by Johnathan Sims and Alexander J Newall**

**Directed by Alexander J Newall**

**Written by Alexander J Newall**

**Script Editing by Johnathan Sims**

**Executive Producers April Sumner, Alexander J Newall, Jonathan Sims, Dani McDonough, Linn Ci, and Samantha F.G. Hamilton**

**Associate Producers Jordan L. Hawk, Taylor Michaels, Nicole Perlman, Cetius d’Raven, and Megan Nice**

**Produced by April Sumner**

**Featuring (in order of appearance)**

**Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer**

**Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard**

**Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid**

**Kate Sketchley as Daria**

**Jenny Haufek as Therapist**

**Dialogue Editor – Lowri Ann Davies  
Sound Designer – Tessa Vroom  
Mastering Editor - Catherine Rinella**

**Music by Sam Jones (orchestral mix by Jake Jackson)  
Art by April Sumner**

**SFX from Soundly. From Freesound (CCO):  
be\_a\_hero\_not\_a\_patriot, Joao\_Janz, hz37, sagetyrtle, kyles,  
SpliceSound, Timmeh515, sangtao, lamamakesmusic,  
phantastonia, aurelon, LaurenPonder, Akatukoaut, jodybruchon,  
squareal, marleneayni, lartti, PeteHaase, PuzzleAudio (CC-3.0):  
jomse, rhodesmas  
Support us on Patreon at <https://patreon.com/rustyquill>**

**Check out our merchandise available at  
<https://www.redbubble.com/people/RustyQuill/shop> and  
<https://www.teepublic.com/stores/rusty-quill>**

**Join our community:  
WEBSITE: [rustyquill.com](https://rustyquill.com)  
FACEBOOK: [facebook.com/therustyquill](https://facebook.com/therustyquill)  
TWITTER: [@therustyquill](https://twitter.com/therustyquill)  
REDDIT: [reddit.com/r/RustyQuill](https://reddit.com/r/RustyQuill)  
EMAIL: [mail@rustyquill.com](mailto:mail@rustyquill.com)**

**The Magnus Protocol is a derivative product of the Magnus Archives, created by Rusty Quill Ltd. and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial Share alike 4.0 International Licence.**