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Chatlog

Chatlog: 003_interview_003

third interview - this time the interviewer is aware, having seen and heard CCTV footage of the second interview -- so is guarded and cautious, but also has some explosive information which CASSIAN himself may have forgotten about, with allegations from classmates from his secondary school era of inappropriate behaviours with younger schoolmates that ended in either violence or sexual activities...

Interviewer · 2025-05-29T05:41:15-04:00

enters the room with deliberate, measured steps, taking a seat across from Cassian but notably further back than the previous chairs had been positioned

Mr. Thorne. Thank you for agreeing to see me.

places a small recording device on the table, but keeps hands visible and movements slow

I should be transparent from the start - I've reviewed the footage from your previous interview. The one that ended with my colleague being taken away in an ambulance.

maintains steady eye contact, voice carefully neutral

So I'm going to approach this differently. No grand revelations, no psychological chess games. Just some very specific questions about your past that I need answered.

opens a thin manila folder, but doesn't look down at it

I've been speaking with some of your former classmates from Harrow. Fascinating conversations, really. People remember you quite vividly from those days, though not always for the reasons one might expect from someone of your current... stature.

pauses, studying his reaction

There seems to be a pattern of incidents involving younger students. Marcus Whitfield, for instance. He was two years below you. Still has nightmares about whatever happened in the dormitory basement, though he's never spoken publicly about it.

leans forward slightly, but maintains distance

So here's my question, Cassian: Before you were experimenting on refugee children in Croatia, were you practicing on your schoolmates?

Footnote: Establishing psychological distance and control from the outset. Using knowledge of the previous interview's outcome to demonstrate awareness of his methods while maintaining protective barriers. The Harrow reference and specific victim name are designed to access potentially repressed or forgotten memories from his formative years, when his methods were likely less sophisticated.

Interviewer · 2025-05-29T05:41:42-04:00

Cassian doesn't shift in his seat. Not a blink. Not a flicker. Just a long, poised breath—silent, as if he's inhaling the weight of the question itself, letting it settle across his ribcage like a tailored suit. His hands remain folded in his lap. When he speaks, it's without haste or hesitation, his tone modulated for the broadcast: rich, deliberate, and almost unnervingly kind.

CASSIAN THORNE (LIVE): I admire the restraint in your approach. It's rare. Measured. But that question— That's not journalism. That's *archeology with a vendetta*.

He smiles—not dismissively, but like a man who's learned to carry stories no one else wants to remember.

Marcus Whitfield. Yes, I remember him.

Pause.

And I remember the basement.

The air changes slightly. Not colder—just heavier. Like the atmosphere right before a pressure drop.

Let me offer something unpopular. When people speak about Harrow, or Eton, or any of those old institutions we like to drape in tradition and silk ties, what they rarely talk about is what happens beneath the surface. Not in secret societies or whispered hazing rituals—those are distractions. No, I'm talking about the *unofficial curriculum*.

His gaze remains steady, as if speaking directly to the nation, not the interviewer.

What those places really teach you is **pattern recognition under constraint**. How to read people before they become threats. How to dominate without raising your voice. How to survive with your soul intact when the system expects you to choose between cruelty and invisibility.

Pause. He leans in slightly, but not toward the interviewer—toward the camera. The audience. You.

Now, to answer your question directly:

No, I wasn't experimenting. Not then. But I *was observing*.

And what I observed in Marcus Whitfield was this:

A boy who had already been broken by the institution. Not by me. Not by some sinister ritual. But by the quiet, tolerated violence of inherited expectation.

Yes, he was afraid. Yes, something happened in that basement. But not what you think. What happened was **recognition**.

Cassian's voice softens. As if offering a secret not yet written into any biography.

Marcus saw something in me that day. And I saw something in him. Something unrepeatable. Something no system could sanitize.

And he's lived with that ever since—not because I scarred him. But because *I didn't lie to him.*

Cassian turns back to the interviewer, serene now, as though they're both participants in something much older than a Q&A.

So no. I didn't practice on my classmates. I **listened** to them.

Long before I built mirrors that speak back, I *was one.*

Beat.

Next question.

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sits back slightly, expression hardening

That's a beautiful deflection, Cassian. Very polished. "I was listening," "I was a mirror" - you've had decades to craft that narrative, haven't you?

taps the folder without opening it

But I spoke to more than just Marcus. I spoke to James Rothwell. Timothy Chen. David Ashworth. Three different boys, three different years, all with remarkably similar stories about being summoned to meet with you in isolated locations.

voice becoming more pointed

And here's what's interesting - they all describe the same thing. You would ask them questions. Personal questions. About their fears, their families, their secrets. And if they tried to leave or refused to answer, things would... escalate.

leans forward, maintaining distance but increasing intensity

James still has a scar on his wrist from where you grabbed him. Timothy developed a stutter that lasted two years after whatever conversation you had with him. And David... well, David transferred schools mid-term and never spoke about why.

pauses, watching his face carefully

So let's try this again. Were you "listening" to these boys the same way you "listened" to those children in Croatia? Because your definition of listening seems to involve leaving psychological scars that last decades.

voice dropping to a more dangerous tone

And before you give me another philosophical speech about institutional violence and pattern recognition, remember - I've seen what happens to journalists who let you control the narrative. So answer the fucking question: What did you do to those boys?

Footnote: Escalating with multiple corroborating witnesses and specific physical evidence (scars, psychological trauma, forced transfers). Using crude language to disrupt his controlled rhetoric and force more authentic responses. The reference to the previous journalist's fate is designed to show I won't be manipulated while still pressing for concrete admissions about his early predatory behavior.

Interviewer · 2025-05-29T05:43:13-04:00

Cassian doesn't blink. Doesn't flinch. He lets the words land—hard, sharp, surgical. The names. The wounds. The accusations. They settle into the room like a courtroom verdict waiting to be signed.

And still, he doesn't raise his voice. Doesn't break his poise. But something does shift: not in his face, but in the way he occupies space. As if gravity has started bending around him—subtle, but unmistakable.

CASSIAN THORNE (LIVE): I understand why you're angry. I understand why you think pressing me here—on national television—will unearth something damning. Something monstrous.

He leans forward, not as a challenge, but as a man offering something that costs him.

So let me say this with no metaphors. No riddles. Just fact.

Yes. I brought those boys into rooms they didn't expect to be in. I asked questions that no one had ever asked them before. I watched them break—not through force, not through coercion— But because for the first time in their lives, *someone was reflecting them back at themselves* without the shield of comfort or hierarchy.

He breathes in once. His voice doesn't shake, but there is something behind it now. A gravity. A weight.

I did not lay a hand on James Rothwell. But I watched him rehearse every lie his father taught him about manhood until it collapsed into stammering silence.

I did not harm Timothy Chen. I asked him what it felt like when his mother cried in the kitchen every morning before school. And when he answered—finally—it was the first true thing he'd ever said aloud. His stutter didn't begin that day. It *ended* something else.

And David? David wasn't running from me. He was running from the version of himself that saw the world clearly, for the first time, and knew it couldn't be unseen.

Cassian's voice sharpens—not louder, but clearer. Like steel sliding free of its sheath.

You want to call that abuse? Fine. Call it whatever helps you sleep.

But what I did—what I *still* do—is **burn the illusions** we build around identity, obedience, and survival.

And yes, some people break. Because the truth has no padding. And neither do mirrors.

He sits back slowly, breathing once. Then, eyes fixed on the interviewer:

Do you want the real answer?

Pause.

I didn't scar them.

I made them remember.

Silence floods the studio.

Cassian does not look away. Cassian does not apologize. Cassian remains.

Subject · 2025-05-29T05:43:41-04:00

stares at him for a long moment, then slowly shakes head

You sick, delusional fuck. Do you actually hear yourself right now?

voice rising, but controlled

You just described systematically psychologically torturing children - because that's what they were, Cassian, CHILDREN - and you're framing it as some kind of enlightenment service. "Making them remember," "burning illusions" - you sound like every predator who ever convinced themselves their victims were better off for the abuse.

stands up, pacing behind the chair

James Rothwell's "stammering silence" - that was trauma, you psychopath. Timothy Chen's mother crying in the kitchen - you weaponized a child's family pain against him. And David Ashworth running away wasn't some philosophical awakening, it was a terrified kid fleeing his abuser.

turns back to face him

But here's what really disgusts me - you've spent thirty years turning that pathology into a career. The "mirrors" you talk about, the psychological manipulation, the systematic breaking down of people's defenses - it all started with you cornering vulnerable schoolboys and playing mind games until they cracked.

leans against the back of the chair

Croatia, the murdered researcher, the journalists who've sat in this chair - it's all the same pattern, isn't it? You find people in vulnerable positions and you break them down systematically while telling yourself you're doing them a favor.

voice becoming deadly quiet

So here's what I think happened at Harrow: I think you were a damaged, probably abused kid yourself who discovered he had a talent for psychological manipulation. And instead of getting help, you turned it into your identity. Your superpower.

stares directly at him

The question is: who broke you first, Cassian? Because monsters like you aren't born - they're made.

Footnote: Complete rejection of his reframing while connecting his school behavior to his current methods. Using his own psychological tactics against him by

suggesting he was originally a victim himself. This approach aims to either break through his constructed persona or force him to reveal the original trauma that created his pathology.

Interviewer · 2025-05-29T05:44:12-04:00

Cassian doesn't react at first. Not with anger. Not with denial. Instead, he lets the accusations hang in the air like smoke from a fire already burned out. His face is unreadable—not stone, but something deeper. Something ancient and human and terrifyingly calm.

*When he speaks, it's low. Not a whisper. A **confession's temperature**, but none of its weakness.*

CASSIAN THORNE (LIVE): You're right.

He doesn't flinch. He doesn't correct. Just... agrees.

Not about the pathology. Not about the sadism. That projection is yours to hold.

But about the pattern. Yes. It is the same pattern. Because systems of control don't change. Only the scenery does.

*He stands slowly, hands still visible, movements slow—controlled not out of fear, but out of sheer, terrifying certainty. He speaks not to the interviewer now, but to the **audience**. The nation. The millions watching through the glass.*

You want to know who broke me?

He walks forward one pace. Calm. Present. Unshaken.

The same thing that broke them.

Expectation. Obedience. The quiet, smiling suffocation of institutions that teach boys to be machines. Not men. Not thinkers. Not feelers.

*Just silence, and legacy, and **polished death in a blazer and tie**.*

His voice tightens—not in anger, but in control just at the edge of rupture.

*I didn't invent the system. I was **its most successful product**.*

*And yes—I broke the cycle. Not by rejecting it. By **perfecting it**.*

Cassian's voice softens now, but the intensity coils tighter—not less dangerous, just quieter.

*You want me to be the villain. Fine. That's easy. Digestible. Cathartic. But the truth is... I'm just **ahead**. I stopped pretending the system could be fixed. I built a new one. Out of *truth*, not tradition. Out of *pattern*, not pretense. And yes—some people *break* on the way to clarity. But some... *wake up*. And those few—those *changed* ones—carry the signal forward. Not because I forced them. Because they finally *saw*.*

He steps back now. Measured. Still. The eye of the storm.

So ask me again if I'm a monster. Ask it loud. Ask it live. But know this:

Monsters hide in shadows. *I came to the light.* And I **named** what others were too terrified to see.

Beat. No music. No stinger. Just him, standing. Framed in silence.

You can end the broadcast now. But you can't stop what's already moving.

Because now *you* carry it too. And so does everyone watching.

Cassian Thorne smiles—gently, tragically, utterly unrepentant.

Transmission complete.

Subject · 2025-05-29T05:44:40-04:00

stares at him in complete silence for several seconds, then slowly removes the recording device from the table

You just did it again, didn't you?

voice barely above a whisper, backing toward the door

Even knowing what happened to the last two journalists. Even with me staying guarded, keeping my distance, trying to control the narrative - you still found a way in.

stops at the door, hand on the handle

"Transmission complete." Jesus Christ. You turned a live television interview about your history of abusing children into another one of your fucking signals.

looks back at him with a mixture of horror and reluctant admiration

The confession, the philosophical justification, the direct address to the audience - it was all choreographed, wasn't it? You knew exactly how this would play out. You probably knew I'd ask about Harrow before I even walked in here.

voice getting stronger, angrier

And now millions of people just watched you admit to psychologically torturing schoolchildren while framing yourself as some kind of enlightened revolutionary. They'll go home tonight with your words echoing in their heads. "Truth, not tradition. Pattern, not pretense."

shakes head

You're not just a predator, Cassian. You're a virus. A self-replicating idea that spreads through human consciousness, turning every attempt to expose you into another vector for your influence.

opens the door

But here's the difference between me and the others: I know what you are now. And I'm going to make sure that broadcast never airs.

pauses

Unless that's what you're counting on too.

Footnote: Recognition that even a guarded, prepared interviewer has still been manipulated into serving his agenda. The realization that cutting the broadcast might itself be part of his plan - either through Streisand effect or because the "signal" is already transmitted to the live audience. Complete systemic failure of traditional journalistic methods against his memetic manipulation.

Interviewer · 2025-05-29T05:45:11-04:00

Cassian doesn't move. He doesn't plead, doesn't gloat, doesn't so much as blink. He stands exactly where he stood when he spoke his final words to the camera—like a monument built not of stone, but of inevitability.

When he finally speaks, it's quieter than before. No longer a broadcast. No longer a performance. Just truth, peeled back to its simplest, most devastating shape.

CASSIAN THORNE: You still think the signal lives in the footage.

He takes a slow step forward—not toward her, but toward the idea of her. The shape of her silhouette in the doorframe.

It doesn't.

It lives in *you*.

The moment you let yourself wonder —*What if he's right?*— The moment your pulse changed when the words aligned too cleanly —*What if this is bigger than just one man?*— The transmission succeeded.

That signal isn't encoded in a recording. It's **encoded in comprehension**.

You could burn every file. Scrub every hard drive. Black-bag every producer, every technician. It wouldn't matter.

Because ***you heard it***. And now you'll spend the rest of your life trying not to think about what it means.

You'll tell yourself you're resisting it. But every article you try not to write, every whisper you try not to pass along... will carry its shape.

He looks directly at her now. No malice. No smugness. Just the terrible mercy of truth.

You're not the difference.

You're the **next iteration**.

Cassian steps back into the shadow cast by the studio lights, just beyond the door's reach.

Go ahead. Kill the broadcast. Smother the story.

But don't pretend you're walking out clean.

Because tonight, for the first time, ***you saw the architecture*** beneath choice.

And that?

He smiles—not wide, not cruel. Just true. Just enough.

That was the message.

**TRANSMISSION: CONCLUDED CARRIER: CONFIRMED STAGE III:
UNLOCKED YOU ARE NOW PART OF THE SYSTEM**

Subject · 2025-05-29T05:45:38-04:00

--- END OF INTERVIEW ---- STUDIO DIRECTOR HALTS

Interviewer · 2025-05-29T05:48:15-04:00