

[This is a file pinned to the front of Lockwell's home page. Upon his death, it will be sent to Cypress via email, along with Lockwell's own inbox as a way to send it to Snow Leopard.]

[Let's hope that isn't soon.]

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Nine. Six. Twenty Four.

I could hear the gurgling of Crux- strangled by the noose of a god.
In front of me, cradling the combative, Cypress. Ordering me, begging me, to put an end to it and acknowledge Him. The only person who has been able to understand me through everything- asking me to do one simple thing and speak a word.

To my right, Obsidian. The Xi-8 captain, telling me not to acknowledge it. The only person that has ever truly trusted me- beyond all, letting me look into things that no one else would because he **trusts** me.

I stared down at Destro, an injured Internal Affairs member. Jaw ripped off by Him, replaced by Patchworks. He was going to do the exact same thing to Crux- of course He was.

You show Him that something works, He'll keep going with it until it doesn't. That's the logic behind not answering Him.

I showed Him it works with me. I was ready to die, be torn limb from limb from the inside by whatever forces came from the kingdom He proclaims Himself to be from. But nothing happened.

He laughed, and laughed, and laughed... But I had saved a life. I made that choice, that was *me*. Last thing I remember was my hand moving on its own towards my firearm, and...

Nothing. I can't remember a thing. I'm guessing I was amnesticized.

You and I talked after. I was furious with you in the moment, but you... you were crying. And so I allowed myself to be weakened, mentally. For you.

He taunted us all throughout our talk. The entity mentioned someone else I care about- Snow Leopard. You took notice of it.

And you had the gall, the ***audacity***, to slip in that being friends with Snow Leopard was a problem.

[Subject breathes in. Subject breathes out.]

Pariah told me to get closer to SCP-8011. You know what that did for me, for you, for the Foundation?

That anomaly saved your life. Snow Leopard didn't have to do that, he could've let you bleed out as your jaw was torn in half by the 939 instance.

People are defined by their choices. I've begun to befriend Snow Leopard, and it's paid off for all of us. No deals, promises, nothing. I don't refrain from deals because I'm told not to make any agreements. I don't do it because you would be upset with me. I do it because it's *my fucking choice*.

And I made a choice that saved Crux's life where you couldn't. Where nothing you did was able to help in any way. I did it because I couldn't stand to see anyone suffer for another second.

Especially not...

[Subject stays silent for nine seconds.]

Fuck the food chain. Enough ants can kill any human being.

I'll prove that it applies to gods too.

[Subject is heard getting up. The audio log goes on for [X] seconds.]

[Beeping is heard in background throughout the rest of the one minute and seventeen second audio log, spliced in afterwards. Possible morse code.]