Dear Sirs of the Foundation,

Behind protocol and guns you hide; convinced that you can bind the ineffable to your will. You think yourselves a shepherd guarding the flocks of the unwise; yet murder with the blessings of imagined sovereignties. **You call us terrorists; your flimsy Utilitarianism is pitiful.** You seek to chain the transcendence itself unto the heavens to hold back the encroaching madness, Gods themselves you contain with three digits and four walls (they let you). **Your hubris will be the death of us all.** A failsafe for a failsafe, yet you grow lazy and fat in the eye of the all-seeing, all-knowing panopticon, have you ever asked yourself – who is in the cage?

*The idea/absence of a shark causes more panic than the shark itself. That what of the idea of absence itself?*

To be completely honest that tirade was completely unrelated to the point we’re making here. Have you ever asked yourself what SCP-055 is? We’re sure you’ve already had, you've just lost count. So used to knowing, the irony of it is from that which you cannot know we know all that you are. The ever-changing rota of warm bodies shot full of mnestics is no panacea for the pursuit of knowledge. Despite the wealth of data on SCP-055, you still know nothing about what is. Till you consign all to an 85% chance of contracting pancreatic cancer in a year or acquiesce the right to forget with Class-Z, you will never know, will you? You’re no Legasov and the second explosion already happened, did you care to check?

*“Monsters cannot be announced. One cannot say: 'Here are our monsters,' without immediately turning the monsters into pets.” – Derrida*

Since the world is already on fire and you just don’t know it yet, how bout we do your homework for you? Consider that not all answers lie in the methods of science, after all Dark Matter is but a name. Consider that SCP-055 exists out of space, a thing-in-itself. Or that it so much as a shark can only exist in relation to its signifiers; imagine the intuitions that birthed language as incompatible to for the task of description. But a monster, even if named as a pet, is still a monster, did you tally your dead recently?

To be honest, it was fun learning of how when confronted by the truly unknowable you still choose to pretend. *Of course, it’s not a fucking sphere dumbass*. Oh, the irony of the situation is not lost of us, a glimpse into the eye of the panopticon? **Foucault is positively spinning in his grave.** We know of the things you cannot hope to contain but chose to name it for a semblance of power, even if laughably perceived. The red pool still spreads, and the rocks have begun to bleed. ██████████ is uncontained ███████████ ██████ idlily by and SCP-████ is a weekend away from [DATA EXPUNGED]

Despite our disagreements, here’s to our magnum opus – an absence of knowing of which enough is known of what is unknown. An irony of the beholder and beholden, and a honeypot for you foundation-folks. A triumph of art at its best; no, it’s not SCP-055 asshole, you’ve just read it.

Now that the shoe’s on the other foot, are we cool yet?

Signed Sincerely,

Marcel Duchamp & Ruiz Marcos