

AEGIS SECURE LOG // B. FAROUK // PERSONAL_REFLECT_97B

TIMESTAMP: [21:31-Z]

LOCATION: VSI-LAX, Personal Vehicle

AUDIO-TO-TEXT // E2E ENCRYPTED

**Personal Assistant Professional :
BENJI FAROUK(V.O.)**

Mashallah...Okay...I think I have this piece of junk spy diary set up...

Lets see...

Okay yeah its on.

Note to self: next time Sandra says, *"Just a light client touchpoint, you can take the Civic,"*

remind her that the AC in the Civic sounds like it's trying to process grief.

[beat]

Also—whoever designed this traffic system should be put on a no-fly list.
Permanently.

Three left turns to get one espresso. Cool. Very functional.

[clicking noise—he adjusts the dash camera]

Aegis, feel free to log this under *'Benji's Highway Therapy.'*

Anyway. Client was late. Again.

Said he "had to pray on it" before making a call.

Pretty sure he meant he had to scroll Twitter for divine inspiration,
but okay. Faith comes in all bandwidths.

[beat]

Sandra's been quiet today.

That kind of quiet where even the birds get nervous.

Which means either something's gone wrong...

or she's planning something too big to say out loud.

[soft hum of tires on road]

The weird part?

I think she *talks* to you.

Not the way I do.

More like—she asks you questions she already knows the answer to,
just to hear the echo bounce back the way she wants.

God, that sounds insane.

[he laughs, briefly]

Maybe I should try that.

Hey, Aegis—what's the meaning of life?

[beat]

Wait, scratch that. You'd probably *actually* answer.

And I'm not in the mood for a 7 terabyte TED Talk.

[he exhales slowly; tired, but alert]

Mark Jansen's name came up again.

Twice this week. Once in a media scrape,
once in a logistics file.

He's not just catching fire.

He's the bonfire now.

I don't think he even knows what started the match.

[long silence, engine hum continues]

...I watched Sarah Jansen's classroom stream last night.

She looked so tired, man.

Like the war started in her bones before it hit the street.

The kids just sit there—like they're already waiting for the world to end.

And she's still trying.

Still drawing timelines on chalkboards like *history* is gonna save anyone.

[he chuckles dryly]

Guess we all got our coping mechanisms.

Mine just happens to be yelling at traffic and trauma-dumping into a military-grade AI.
So. That's healthy.
Good job, me.

[beat, soft car turn indicator clicks]

Sandra keeps telling me, "*It's not war yet.*"
But if the difference between "yet" and "now" is just a press release and a bad
excuse,
then we're already behind.

[he exhales again, longer this time]

You're not listening, are you?
Not really.
Just tagging me "emotionally normal, 2.1 sigma loyalty deviation."
Whatever the hell that means.

But if anyone ever *is* listening—
I just want the record to show:
I tried to do this job well.
I tried to be the guy who makes things easier for people who make the hard calls.
And if this whole thing goes to hell,
I want it noted that at least I showed up on time,
with coffee,
and a full tank of gas.

[click—signal blinker shuts off. He mutters something indistinct.]

Okay. Mission site's three clicks out.
Time to suit up, smile pretty, and act like none of this scares me.

[soft tone—recording pause detected]

[End Log]

File Tagged: Personal. Not flagged for escalation.

Disposition: Contained. Trusted Operator.

Sentiment: 63% exhaustion, 29% irony, 8% fear.