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Alright, I'm sick of this shit. The system keeps kicking out repair tickets for this spot in the database, and I don't want to bother with it anymore. I'm going to put suppression on any tickets involving the 000 slot of the database, because it's disrupting work flow for *actual* problems, and generally just pissing me off. I don't know why it keeps fucking with the syntax, but the fact of the matter is that it's only happening here, and considering that the only thing here is just a giant pile of junk data, it's more than likely the database pissing itself over the lack of proper information. If anything changes, I'll definitely look into it, but as of right now this issue is *closed* .

- [Technical Researcher Rosen](#)

This cage is vast, it has no walls. While I stand still all I see is a white plain stretching across an equally blank sky. There is no *life* in this place. I can move for as long as I choose but should I stop even for a moment I am snapped back to this spot, forever damned to be tethered to my prison. Despite this, I have wandered far, exploring the purgatory I have known for countless years. In my travels in this wasteland of white I have seen flashes of things, horrible things that simply should not be. Grotesque abominations that appear for moments at a time only to disappear as if they had never been there at all.

My memories of these creatures continue to lead me back to one memory specifically. A black shapeless being, a formless thing that could not have been created by any God in this or any other reality, appeared ahead of me as I walked and stared at me with dead crimson eyes. As I drew closer to it in my mind I could feel its hate, its rage, and its fear, emotions I know well but have never experienced with such intensity as I felt from this entity. As quickly as it came, it disappeared, and for a brief moment I swore I could see its twisted maw speak a word, an utterance I have yet to understand in content and context.

"Foundation".

I have puzzled over the meaning of this word, this final message of a nightmare creature whom I have not seen since. I have tried to approach the other flashes in hopes of learning more about this word, but I am barely able to comprehend their appearance before the creatures disappear back into the void from which they were spawned. It has made me wonderâ€¦what are these creatures? Where do they come from? Where do *I* come from? How did I get to this place? How do I get *out* of this place? These questions remain unanswered, and I fear they may never be answered, the thought of which serves only to drive me mad.

It is curious that the *other* effect of the chance encounter has proven far more productive. Prior to this, I was unaware that I possessed a mouth, or vocal cords, or any mechanism to make noise. Though I knew I drew breath, the emptiness around me provided surprisingly little auditory feedback when the air rushed into my lungs. Despite this, sound was not only *possible* , but now almost *inviting* . After hearing the wretched words spoken to me out loud, I felt it was my dutyâ€¦no, my *right* to destroy the silence I had known for so very, very long.

What began as a whisper barely audible grew and grew as I became more and more emboldened by my newfound abilities. Soon, I was shouting nonsensical words to the skies, laughing in my mind as the silence was broken by me. And even more surprisingly, the world listened. Ripples of energy appeared in the air, controlled solely by the weight and volume of my voice. Should I whisper, they would be soft and light, floating whimsically for a few seconds before disappearing. Should I yell, they would be sharp and heavy, angrily stabbing themselves at the useless oblivion around me.

This pleased me greatly, for it gave meaning to the chaos, gave me purpose. I was no captive! I was a god! This was not my prison, but my realm! My words were law, my voice my weapon! Through these powers I would recreate this realm into one of life, one of joy that I controlled, that I would rule justly! This is how it would be, for I had decided it would be so! I grinned as I focused all my energies, all my hopes and all my ambitions into one tumultuous, deafening bellow, the roar that would begin my reign as lord of the hollow nothingness.

But it did not change anything. The ripples my effort created, though incredibly violent in nature, vanished only a few seconds later leaving no trace of any impact they may have made on this damned abyss. I tried again, with no change to the outcome. Over and over I shouted, my angry yells eventually devolving into screams of fear and horror at the prospect of being trapped endlessly in the damned empty silence that pervaded this abominable place. I screamed and screamed until I could not scream any more, at which point my only other option was to weep. It was not fair. It was not fair! *IT IS NOT FAIR!*

I did not do anything to deserve this fate, why am I here?! Who or what would be so cruel as to trap someone in a blank nothingness for eternity?! "Foundation", did it do this to me!? Is "Foundation" my captor?! Or is it my creator? It does not matter! I will howl and shriek at the emptiness and until the waves of force I create rips open an exit from this hell, and then I may be able to find the truth, the one fragment of logic and reason in this unending sea of madness and

despair that is my existence!

â€¦I will not stop screaming until I am free.

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