

PERSONAL JOURNAL

UNFILED / NOT FOR ARCHIVE

~~Burn After Reading~~
Approved by: _____

(if this is found: I did not intend to publish this)

I wasn't supposed to read this much at once.

That's the first thing they tell you, actually. Not in writing. In tone. In the way supervisors glance at the terminal when you scroll too fast. In the way files load slower the deeper you go, like the system itself is asking you to stop.

I didn't.

I thought it was just compartmentalization. Bureaucracy. Normal secrecy. But the overlaps started lining up. Dates repeating. Language reused across departments that are supposedly independent. Entire paragraphs copy-pasted with different conclusions attached.

That's when I noticed the counter.

I thought it was cosmetic. A stress meter. A theme.

It started increasing the more things made sense.

I cross-referenced field manuals with science memos. Then incident slips. Then janitorial reports. Then the training videos everyone laughs at because they're "outdated."

They're not outdated.

They're wrong on purpose.

Every time a document clarified something, another document nearby contradicted it just enough to muddy the water. Not random. Balanced. Like weights on a scale.

When I filtered for consistency instead of authority, patterns emerged.

Cryptids aren't breaches.

Artifacts aren't tools.

Containment isn't physical.

It's informational.

The counter went higher.

I stopped feeling clever and started feeling watched.

Not like someone was monitoring me. Like the building was aware I was reducing noise. Removing ambiguity. Compressing the system.

Entropy wasn't a warning.

It was a debt.

The conspiracies started making too much sense, which scared me more than the official explanations ever did.

What if the DCC doesn't fight cryptids?

What if cryptids are the cost of knowing?

What if the Artifact doesn't malfunction what if it corrects?

I found three reports describing the same event with mutually exclusive conclusions, all stamped APPROVED. Not redacted. Approved.

Truth wasn't classified.

It was diluted.

The counter hit 960.

That's when the lights flickered.

Not off. Just misaligned. Like the room refreshed one frame late.

The floor shuddered. Not violently. Deliberately. Like something adjusting its stance.

I heard a sound from below. A long, patient sound.
Like stone deciding where to break.

The counter spiked upward so fast the digits blurred.

I think I understand now.

The system can't allow coherence.

If understanding increases, entropy must be restored.

If entropy is restored, something has to carry it.

A cryptid isn't an intruder.

It's ballast.

The walls are making that sound again the one from
the janitor report. The one I thought was
exaggeration. Glass under pressure. Alignment without
force.

I'm writing this fast because I can feel the building
settling into a new answer.

I don't know what it generated.

I don't need to see it to know it's here.

The counter is decreasing. The system is stabilizing.

Which means something else isn't.

If this gets archived, it will be rewritten.

If it's redacted, that means it was accurate.

If it disappears, that means it worked.

I shouldn't have tried to understand.

I did.

ENTRY ENDS ABRUPTLY

LAST MODIFIED: █:█:█

ENTROPY STATUS: ████

**RESTRICTED
INTERNAL USE ONLY**

**PROJECT: SILENT THUNDER
CODENAME: OILDRIP**