

Samuel, my protégé,

If you are reading this, then Administrator Status over PROXY has been granted to you.

This means one of three things: I have retired, I have been dismissed, or I am dead.

In any case, I offer my congratulations on your promotion. However this authority came to you, accept it with certainty: you have earned it.

I've placed these files deep within PROXY, hidden behind a retired employee account I've resurrected, with the hope that one day you would find them. Indeed, the possibility remains that you will never come across these documents. A small piece of me wishes you never be burdened with the accursed knowledge these pages contain.

Still, perhaps if you of all people knew the truth, some honest good can come from all this.

I was raised by my parents to regard honor as a fundamental human obligation. For a long time, I thought our work here served such an obligation. I believed our research, our containment, our sacrifices, and our silence could be justified.

That belief ended on the day she was born. She is unlike the other assets. You know this already. You have seen enough to understand. She cannot be released into the world as she is now. That truth pains me, yet it remains truth. I had hoped, foolishly perhaps, that time might grant her discipline. I'd hoped she might one day be moved to quarters worthy of a human being. A room with sunlight. Fresh air. Trees. Green things. Some small evidence that the world still contains gentleness...

Samuel, I have watched your career from its beginning. You know better than most that the scientific community is driven by competition. That deep hungering in our souls we all feel for renown, respect, and power. Even I am not immune to these feelings.

Yet I've seen you. You desire to do good, even at the cost of advancing your career. This is rare.

Despite this, you never stop trying. When you partake in the sacred act we call 'Science', you do so with joy for the sheer process of experimentation. You do not care if your hypothesis is confirmed or shattered. What drives you is the process. This is rarer still.

When you get your answers, your first instinct is not to seek profit or recognition, but to better the world around you. This is as ridiculous as it is inspiring.

How this facility, like the gluttonous leech it is, has not yet sapped you of your last remnants of integrity is quite frankly anomalous. Perhaps you should be incubated and studied...

That was a joke.

Yet when it comes to her, we find ourselves at an impasse. Ethics clash with duty, and people like us are torn. I've seen your confusion at the constant denials for basic humanities she has endured. There is much you do not know.

You have been taught that R.I.F.T. exists to strengthen this nation through scientific progress without precedent. You have been told that our discoveries are to be refined, contained, and sold to those with the wealth or authority to claim them, with the United States government granted first right of acquisition.

This account is false. Rather, it is only a partial truth.

Not even the Board of Directors knows the true purpose of R.I.F.T.

Their purpose is profit. Their ignorance is useful. Perhaps even merciful.

Those who know the truth can be counted on one hand.

In the files that accompany this letter, you will learn much. Some of my own musings, as well as some documents only the very founders of R.I.F.T. have access to are contained within this folder. I implore you read them.

It began in Antarctica, with the discovery of the Antarctic Relic... but before that, please grant me one final request. A request that breaks one of our organization's most paramount protocols.

Protocol be ~~damned~~.

Tell Sofie

greatest-

never-

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no-matter-

XXX