Error report:

Error message 55: An illegal operation was performed.

Warning! Multiple volume errors have occurred.

Recovered data from report "Antarctica.dosdoc3"

She leaned on the cold metal wall and screamed unintelligibly. I knew what was wrong, but there was no way to help her. With her final ounce of strength, she grabbed my collar. With one last icy breath she said to me,

"There are things worse than death, Pritchard. But there is nothing worse than what is happening now."

She fell to the floor, writhing into infinity. Only two of us remain.

[volume_error!#volume#40001FIN0100100ME01001010101010100 could not be found]

"Find me, Help Me," the voice of a young woman repeated. This message came through an emergency channel three weeks prior. We traced the signal back to Compound 2, a facility forty miles from us; a building we had not used in over twenty years of being here.

[volume_error!#010110888FA8T28H58E8R68I3895HA9EVES98998IN900NN000098098EDD8 volume corrupted]

"Enemies of Creation, we have come for you."

[volume_error!#0101100151656788087488HELP928374ME88828588688 volume corrupted]

Markson had me pinned, boiling-hot-blood streaming from the gash on his head. The childish look in his eyes when we first met was gone. The knife stuck directly in my shoulder. I did not beg for mercy. I did not pray.

[volume_error!#560886000860000000000000000000unknown error(s)!]

The pile of scrap metal lay upon me while the wind whipped my exposed face. Markson's frozen eyes glared into nothingness. Perhaps there are such things as miracles.

I pulled the knife out of my shoulder.

[volume_error!#101088888888DADAREYOUTHERE88888888888888888888888888 volume unknown]

This will be my final entry.

Like in her visions, there we were, at the tip of the world, the least hospitable location of all creation. Nothing I knew of could prepare me for that moment, not even the reluctant acceptance of the supernatural.

As I type this, the black ooze seeps into the chamber. A moment ago I pounded my fists into porthole, fruitlessly. I knew hadn't the strength to break it, even in this moment of colossal stress. I looked upon the frozen wasteland one more time; the dark mass stretched into the sky and blotched out the sun.

No more daylight, just infinite night.

[volume_error!#000000007000001FI2N2DM42EHE4LP6M6E6 Recovery attempt failed. Volume does not exist yet.]

CEREBDEX

v.2.3

[end_report]