



*A sketch depicting SCP-4777, taken from the journal of John Ulysses.*

May 18th, 1936.

I shall ever suffer the memory of what we had done in Wiltshire, England.

We were all members of the Foundation, and, having been summoned to the site of Stonehenge, we had soon ascertained of our colleagues' discovery of a subterranean complex. Oh, how we wished to share this discovery with our archaeological contemporaries! Alas, Stonehenge, that mighty site of stone monoliths, has, since times of yore, been an endless source of supernatural and historical suspicion, even extraterrestrial. The Foundation, ever so vigilant, did not wish to expose whatever may have possibly laid below to the public.

The D-Class worked indefatigably, burrowing straight down the middle of the Henge, wary of one of those ancient posts falling as they constantly stole a glance over their shoulders. We were fortunate that it was a rather brisk day in Southern England. By the afternoon, having burrowed nearly █ meters, the men erupted in excited vociferation, and after the cheering settled, we confirmed that they had struck metal. The D-Class were permitted respite as our archeologists took over, myself joining their ranks. We ourselves were finally able to dirty our hands, shoveling away the earth around this metallic protrusion. The more dirt we cleared away, the more evident it became of what we had discovered, and as I delivered the final dusting, the rest of my colleagues backed to the perimeter of the hole to observe properly what we had exhumed. There laid before us was an impossibly large helmet, which appeared to be the head of a statue, too strange to be that of a Medieval knight, even the more ostentatious Greenwich variety. The

front, where a visor was to be expected, was completely open, and was bisected by a column that connected with the angular frame of the chin and jawline. It possessed a spiked crown, but perhaps its most odd quality was how new it appeared, as if it was forged only the day before, completely unmarred by rust, and gleaming with the luster of silver bullion. Many of us did murmur about this apparent anachronism. There was little time for further discussion, and soon did we order the D-Class to continue the excavation.

With each hour, a new section was revealed, at first, the shoulders—which was armored with metal of similar qualities to that of the helmet—then the torso, and terminating, as expected, with the feet which were clad in boots. The crane was finally utilized—several of them to be precise, to hoist this gargantuan statue. The cables were attached about each shoulder, and another to the chest for good measure. The engines responsible for powering them, were, doubtlessly, given a fair challenge, choking and rattling worryingly before they finally set the statue down. Now, finally level with us, we were able to fully comprehend the colossal might of our finding. It stood an entire head higher than even the tallest of the Sarsen stones, and, if my memory serves me well, equates to a height of over thirty feet. The head and pauldrons shined in the afternoon sun. The torso was shirtless, flaunting an overbearing physique like the Farnese Hercules, riddled with scars. We speedily commenced our work, meticulously measuring its dimensions, noting its description, searching for anything that might betray its origin. I thought I perceived, from the corner of my eye, a slight twitch in one of its fingers, but none had reported witnessing the same, and the statue remained static. Save for the unidentifiable metal and immense proportion, we were unable to discern a single, truly anomalous property.

A colleague of mine, who was indeed Jewish, began to make jests of the statue being the mythical golem. A less religiously inclined colleague mocked him for this, albeit lightheartedly, and offense was not taken. A few others pretended to recoil and cry out in terror, as if the statue became animate. In the midst of their jests, I, for a brief moment, ignored their chatter and paused; I had surely observed a movement from the statue, this time originating from the head. I did not speak of these observations for fear of being perceived as unfit for work; I was an old man, after all. Perhaps the length of which we had tirelessly worked had dulled my senses

And then, beyond any extraordinary coincidence, the statue shuddered, and the dust shimmered off of its broad shoulders. The murmurs roared into feverous commotion. There DID awaken the statue, and no sooner did it stir than it bellowed a deep infernal roar. I panicked and ran, and the statue became animate, grabbing the cranes by their booms and handling them like mere toys, and smashing them into the earth. The ferocity of his strikes shook the ground, and I did stumble, falling onto my face. I was, at that moment, certain of my demise. The statue—the behemoth—took hold of one of the lintel stones, lifted it with ease, and raised it above its head, eclipsing the sun. I anticipated my friends being crushed under the immense weight of that ancient monolith, but instead, the behemoth drove it into the earth, and planted it upright.

I found within myself the will to run once more, and with great toil I managed to distance myself from the behemoth. Others were not as fortunate: the behemoth, increasingly ireful with each assault on itself, swatted away our soldiers that had dared to open fire. I will not describe on these pages the horrific manner the bodies of these good men were defiled with such tremendous impact.

I pray that God forgive us for what we have done, as we cannot deserve to forgive ourselves.