F\*\*\*king Fifty-Five

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“It’s just the same shit” Rene complained as he pulled out the weekly test logs for SCP-055.

“Look on the bright side, you could be on Keter duty but here we are cushy, bored and with our mortality intact” Arthur shot Rene a look “Maybe if you were more grateful you wouldn’t be so miserable all the time.”

Rene snorted his displeasure at that affront, refusing to deign that insult with a reply. He pulled out the first page of the logs.

SCP-055 is not a

“Come on Art, clearly discussing what is it not is not going to be remotely useful, or possible for that fact,” Rene broke the amiable silence, “Look at this, who pulls this hypotheses out of their ass, ‘SCP-055 is not a cow’, no shit sherlock, we'll be smelling it as soon as those doors open”

Arthur scooted over.

“I mean, of all the things it stops us from knowing the first breakthrough we had is discovering that Fifty-five can be understood in what it is not." Arthur admonished. Unless you can think of a better idea.”

“Shouldn’t we have some phillo-types on staff?” Rene leaned back” Doing this for a month is giving me a serious existential crisis.”

“I think you should lay off that Nietzsche,” Arthur commented “And to think philosophy helps to better the human condition” glancing over to Rene’s troubled countenance “Doesn’t seem to be working for you.”

“An examination of the truth doesn’t care about sunshine and rainbows Arthur.” Rene sighed. “We need another approach, one that is feasible and perceptible”

“Hey how bout….” Rene raised his eyebrows. “So get this, ” Arthur continued “So think about the last stand-up where the Morpheus team presented their findings on temporal memory-sucking spiders and hypnic jerks. Could the fact we can’t perceive SCP-055 be a type of biological cognitohazard filter, protecting us for something dangerous, or something more real?”

“You mean like those hosts in Westworld?” Rene added

“Clearly we are confabulating worlds here, but yes in a way,” Arthur fished out a pack of Reds “In that Fifty-five is a type of ‘truth’ we can’t or are not allowed to perceive, if that’s so than who’s deciding that?”

Rene flipped to the next page of the logs.

\*logs\*

He tabbed back to the main file and highlighted a part of the containment procedures:

‘All of these facts are periodically rediscovered, usually by chance readers of this file, causing a great deal of alarm. This state of concern lasts minutes at most, before the matter is simply forgotten about.’

“It’s terrifying how we so easily forget that Fifty-five is actually Keter,” Rene looked up “We are, on Keter duty we just keep forgetting what its Keter for.” He continued “It may be picking us off or restructuring reality and we don’t even have the words for it.”

Arthur lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply “Like pigs blindfolded before the slaughterhouse.” Exhaling he added, “I think your Schopenhauer is spreading mate.”

Rene looks to the logs once more. The smell of burning tobacco filled the room.

\*logs\*

Ten minutes passed as the researcher verified and cross-verified the logs. Rene quipped, “Have you heard? They have plans to ask 343 about Fifty-five.” Stubbing out his light, Arthur replied “You mean ask God about the unknowable? Well, good luck with that, if he even tells you anyway”

Rene protested “I don’t think he’s the God, or even a god–”

Arthur interrupted “I’m just glad he’s like a cool-uncle type than blood-and-brimstone one yeah?” ending that conversation. “I’m really more concerned about the rumors that leadership is getting skittish over some anonymous letter”

“You mean…” Rene questioned

“I only know bits and piece but it’s something about Fifty-five being a type of art” Arthur answered. “I’d be glad if that were true at least it’s not some K-class bullshit.”

Rene glanced at the clock, its hour hand inching to midnight. "Art can be anything, Arthur."

“Hey time for the evening dose” He reminded Arthur. They fished out their combat-grade mnestics and each downed them.

Swallowing Rene commented “These ones are new right? Synthesized from the blood of some D-class that was overdosed with class X. I've heard these ones are meant to counter a memetic kill agent known as 'Grey'.”

“Yeah” Arthur agreed “The team isolated the emergent reagents from his catanionic body, poor sucker. But they can't seem to fix that fact it's probably gonna give you pancreatic cancer in 10 years.”

"Legasov will be proud." Rene joked

“And to think they force us to take this stuff” Arthur grimaced “Hey, we’re almost done here. I’ll take a quick piss and let's finish up and get out of here.”

“Sure,” Rene responded, “I’ll press on.”

“Good lad.” Arthur clapped Rene on his shoulder and left the lab. Rene opened the logs once more.

\*logs, but different\*

Rene frowned something was clearly wrong here, had the numbers been changing? Why hasn’t he noticed it before? He flipped to the first page of the logs. Why is everything 42/100?

“Hey, I thought on another one.” Arthur said as he pushed open the lab’s door. “Could Fifty-five be an antithesis to reality?” Arthur continued “Since we can’t perceive it, could Fifty-five be an absence of reality or space? Or could it be a form of a higher reality, a sort of thing-in-itself in a way its own meme complex? God knows the last time we had a run-in with one, it's been theorized there could be more. Borro–“ Rene whirled around. “Woah, easy there you look like you’ve seen a ghost, what’s going on?”

“Arthur come… come see this” Rene was visibly shaking as he pulled open the log. Both felt a growing dread as their mnestics being to shred away their comforting ignorance.

“Have the numbers…”

“Yes… they have”

"The objects?"

"Yes... them too"

Every iota of their instincts were screaming red flags. they arrived at the last page of the logs.

\*logs, but different SCP-055 is–\*