

Item#:SCP-3008

Clearance Level 2:
Restricted

Author:
Mortos

Containment Class:
Euclid
Secondary Class:
None

Disruption Class:
2/Vlam
Risk Class:
3/Warning



Special Containment Procedures: The retail park containing SCP-3008 has been purchased by the Foundation and converted into Site-███. All public roads leading to or passing by Site-███ have been redirected.

The entrance to SCP-3008 is to be monitored at all times, and no one is to enter SCP-3008 outside of testing, as permitted by the Senior Researcher.

Humans exiting SCP-3008 are to be detained and then debriefed prior to the administration of amnestics. Dependent upon the duration of their stay in SCP-3008, a cover story may need to be generated prior to their release.

Any other entities exiting SCP-3008 are to be terminated.

Description: SCP-3008 is a large retail unit previously owned by and branded as IKEA, a popular furniture retail chain. A person entering SCP-3008 through the main entrance and then passing out of sight of the doors will find themselves translocated to SCP-3008-1. This displacement will typically go unnoticed as no change will occur from the perspective of the victim; they will generally not become aware until they try to return to the entrance.

SCP-3008-1 is a space resembling the inside of an IKEA furniture store, extending far beyond the limits of what could physically be contained within the dimensions of the retail unit. Current measurements indicate an area of at least 10km² with no visible external terminators detected in any direction. Inconclusive results from the use of laser rangefinders has led to the speculation that the space may be infinite.

SCP-3008-1 is inhabited by an unknown number of civilians trapped within prior to containment. Gathered data suggests they have formed a rudimentary civilisation within SCP-3008-1, including the construction of settlements and fortifications for the purpose of defending against SCP-3008-2.

SCP-3008-2 are humanoid entities that exist within SCP-3008-1. While superficially resembling humans they possess exaggerated and inconsistent bodily proportions, often described as being too short or too tall. They possess no facial features and in all observed cases wear a yellow shirt and blue trousers consistent with the IKEA employee uniform.

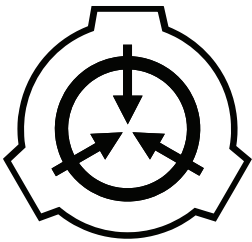
SCP-3008-1 has a rudimentary day-night cycle, determined by the overhead lighting within the space activating and deactivating at times consistent with the opening and closing times of the original retail store. During the "night" instances of SCP-3008-2 will become violent towards all other lifeforms within SCP-3008-1. During these bouts of violence they have been heard to vocalise phrases in English that are typically variations of "The store is now closed, please exit the building". Once "day" begins SCP-3008-2 instances immediately become passive and begin moving throughout SCP-3008-1 seemingly at random. They are unresponsive to questioning or other verbal cues in this state, though will react violently if attacked.

SCP-3008-1 is known to have one or more exits located within, though these exits do not appear to have a fixed position, making it difficult to leave SCP-3008-1 once inside. Using any other door besides the main entrance to enter the structure or breaking through the walls of the retail unit leads into the non-anomalous interior of the original store.

Since containment began 14 individuals have managed to exit SCP-3008. Following extensive debriefing all individuals have been administered amnestics and released.

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At 00:37 on █/█/200█ a human male exited SCP-3008, followed 10 seconds later by an instance of SCP-3008-2. SCP-3008-2 caught and killed the man before itself being terminated by armed response personnel. This incident represents the only time an instance of SCP-3008-2 has been seen exiting SCP-3008. A full autopsy on the corpse was performed; see 3008-2 Autopsy Log for more details.

The man was carrying an IKEA-branded journal seeming to document his time in SCP-3008-1, transcribed below verbatim.

Transcription of journal recovered from Incident 3008-1

So, I'm writing this to document what I can only assume is my sudden descent into insanity. I can't possibly be THAT bad a navigator, and yet as I write this I've been trapped in Ikea for 2 days. I haven't seen another person in the entire time I've been here. I thought it was a prank at first. Turn the place into a maze, get all the people out and see how long it takes me to get lost, then everyone has a good old laugh. Realised that wasn't the case when I tried to backtrack. Everything had changed, so I ended up lost. Instead of the exit, it was just row after row of bookcases.

So, I'm trapped in Ikea. Sounds like the setup for a bad joke. The lights went out at 10pm. Nearly gave me a fucking heart attack, that loud electrical THUNK sound and then pitch blackness. Place is full of beds though and my phone has a torch on it - but no damn signal - so I found a bed and went to sleep. Spent most of the next day trying to find my way out with no luck. Did find a restaurant serving those meatballs though, so at least I won't starve. That's probably the punchline to that joke. Anyway they were still warm and fresh, but I haven't seen anyone around who could have cooked them. Made my way back to the beds before the lights cut out again since it's too dark to search with them off.

It's 9.10am now, the lights came back on a little while ago. I'm sure I've searched the entire area around where I came in now and the exit obviously isn't here, so I'm going to pick a direction and hope for the best.

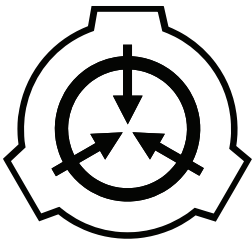
Day 3 of my magical Ikea mystery adventure. If I wasn't sure that there was something seriously weird about this place before, I am now. Walked for 3 hours in a more or less straight line (insert Ikea joke here) before I came across a ladder next to one of those huge stock shelves they have here. Climbed up to get my bearings, and it looks like this place just stretches on forever. Like that scene from the Lion King, except instead of trees and grass it was all shelves and tables and crap. I did see a person moving not too far away though, so I headed over.

Thought it was a staff member at first - it was wearing the uniform. And hell maybe it was, maybe freakish 7ft tall monsters with long arms, short legs and no faces are just the kinds of thing they want working at Super Ikea. Damn thing completely ignored me though, and with no eyes or ears I can't even be sure it knew I was there. Thought about shoving it or something to get its attention, but its hands were big enough to crush a water melon so I decided against it. It just kept moving along and eventually I lost sight of it so I decided to carry on the way I was going.

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Anyway, no comfy bed for me tonight. Looks like I've entered the Improbably Hard and Pointy Table section of the store. Guess I'll have to make do with some bunched up tablecloths. Phone battery died during the day too. Didn't work anyway, but I feel like I've just lost some vital lifeline.

You ever see one of those cartoons where they're going through doors in a hallway and they just pop out of another door in the same hallway? That's how I feel right now. I've seen nothing but the same identical bookshelf for 2 days now. Just row after row after row of them. I mean, come on. I love books as much as the next guy, but this is excessive. I'm obviously still moving forwards though, I can see the signs hanging overhead passing by. Too bad none of them say "Exit".

Not sure who I was addressing that question to. Lets just say it was practice for the autobiography I'm going to write when I get out of here. I'll call it "My perfectly normal trip to a regular old Ikea".

~~If I ever get out o~~

Finally found some other people! Yeah, turns out I'm not the only poor bastard trapped in here. Lucky for me, I guess. My 6th night here, 2 of those staff things came at me in the dark. Different from the first one I saw, but still messed up. Heard them coming, they were saying that the store was closed and I had to leave the building, all nice and polite like. I'm not sure which part of that was weirder, that they don't have mouths or that they were apparently trying to kill me while they were saying it. Came at me like rabid dogs.

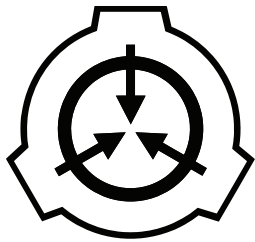
So, I legged it. Sprinting through ikea in the dark like a fucking madman. I saw it when I cleared another stand of those giant stock shelves, all lit up with torches and floodlights. They've built a whole town in here! Got a massive wall built out of shelves and beds and tables and whatever else. I swear to god it was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Anyway I guess they saw me coming (or maybe they heard my girlish manly bellows of fear), because they had a gate open and 2 people were there waving me in. Heard the staff things slam into the gate behind me after it closed, still politely informing us all that the store was now closed. They wandered off eventually though.

They call the town Exchange, because that's whats on the sign hanging from the ceiling directly above it. Exchange and Returns. All lit up against the night using lights they've found and plugged into the power lines. And there are beds and food and people. Over 50 wonderful people with regular sized limbs and a full set of facial features. It's now my 7th night here, and the first one not spent in darkness. A full week living in Ikea. There's probably a TV show in that somewhere.

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Now that I'm around other people, I'm starting to feel more normal. Maybe normal isn't the word. But after a week with only the sound of my own footsteps for company, I was becoming increasingly sure that I'd just gone nuts. That I was tied up in some padded room somewhere, banging my head against the wall. But no, I feel quite sane now, thank you very much!

Apparently there are other towns out there. Some with more people, some with less. I found that fairly mind-boggling - how can that many people go missing with no one noticing. Surely someone would have noticed that everyone who goes to ikea seems to fucking vanish. Or maybe it's not everyone. Maybe we're just the lucky ones.

The people here just call those staff monster things the Staff. Apparently they are fine during the day, minding their own business walking the aisles. As soon as those lights go out though, they go fucking bonkers. So during the day people go out to find food, water and whatever else they need. Apparently there are restaurants and shops around that randomly get restocked. No one knows how. Maybe the staff do it. Apparently they aren't very good at their jobs though because the restocking sometimes takes a while, which means the food needs to be rationed. Maybe if they weren't so busy chasing people around in the dark they'd get more done.

Anyway when night comes the staff go nuts and everyone holds up inside the walls. Apparently it's the same everywhere in this place, whatever this place is. The Ur-Ikea, from whence all other Ikeas sprang. Or maybe we're all still just in the regular ikea and this is all some fever dream brought on by mind-numbing boredom. Who knows.

Been here for 10 days now. Most of the people I asked said they stopped keeping track a long time ago and one guy, Chris, said he'd been in here for years.

Years.

[ILLEGIBLE SCRIBBLES]

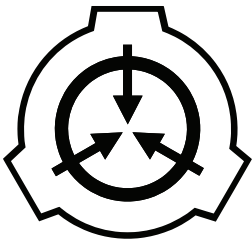
Apparently there are rumours of people who do manage to get out. And of people who see the exit, only to have it vanish before their very eyes. I get the feeling not everyone believes that, but I do. Explains how we got stuck in here in the first place (sort of). And I mean, come on. Staff monsters, row after endless row of high quality Swedish furniture. I don't know why they would find a disappearing door so hard to believe in.

Anyway, I went out scavenging for food at a nearby shop with Sandra and Jerry today. Once you learn the landmarks of this place it's not so hard to navigate. The overhead signs help a lot, but there are others; not too far in the distance a huge section of those giant stock shelves has collapsed against each other and way off in the east (we all assume it's east anyway - apparently Ikea doesn't sell compasses) is some kind of tower that looks like its made of wood, reaches all the way to the ceiling. Maybe they were trying to break out through the roof. Lights up at night so there must be people there, but its apparently a few days walk (which means it must be miles away) so no one here really knows for sure. Apparently I got incredibly lucky sleeping out in the open for a week without getting ripped to bits by the staff. That's me. Lucky lucky lucky.

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We found some food in the shop. Guess the staff restocked it during the night, which was nice of them. There was a telephone on the wall, so I figured I'd try it out. There was a voice on the other end, but they were just talking nonsense. Random words strung together with no real meaning. You ever see a video of someone with aphasia? Kind of sounded like that. Didn't answer me when I spoke to them anyway. Sandra says all the phones in here are the same.

Oops, asking the journal questions again!

I was thinking last night. The ceiling on this place is pretty high and as far as anyone can tell it goes on forever. Shouldn't there be some kind of weather in here? I'm sure I read about some NASA building that was so big it had its own weather patterns, with clouds and stuff. This place is definitely bigger than that, but now that I think about it I'm pretty sure I've never felt so much as a temperature change in here.

I'll add it to the Grand List of Weird Bullshit.

The staff attacked the Exchange last night. Must have been 20 or 30 of them all just asking us to leave the store calm as you like, while trying to smash the walls down with their bare hands. Apparently this happens pretty regularly, so everyone is prepared for it. Knives from the restaurants, lawn mower blades made into hatchets, a fire axe. One guy, Wasim, even made a functional crossbow. Anyway the walls have holes in them, which I hadn't noticed before, specifically so we can stab out at the staff when they attack. Took a couple of them down myself. They don't seem to bleed, which is weird, but they go down as easy as a regular person once you start sticking holes in them.

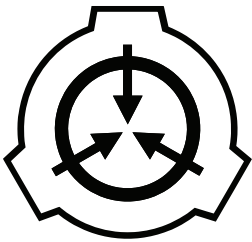
We had to haul the bodies away in the morning. Apparently the dead ones will attract more during the night, so we had to get them away from Exchange. We have a couple of those trolley things they use to move big boxes around, so we loaded them up and took them over to Pickup. Apparently people just name everything in here after whatever sign is hanging overhead.

Pickup was grisly. There were hundreds, maybe thousands of dead staff all piled up. There was no smell, which was a blessing. Apparently in addition to not bleeding, these things don't rot either. My curiosity got the better of me while we were unloading them, so I took a look at one of the more cut-up ones. They're just skin, or something that looks like skin, all the way through. No muscle, no bone, no organs. Are they even really alive in the first place? They certainly seem like they have bones when they are moving around, pounding on the walls. And I'm sure I felt more resistance than just skin when the knife went in during the night. Maybe something happens to them when they die. Just one more thing on the ever-increasing list of Weird Shit that goes on in here, I guess.

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Something occurred to me, after the staff attack the other night. Every time you see a situation like this on TV or in a film, like its the end of the world or everyone is trapped on an island or whatever, once groups like ours start to form people always seem to turn on each other. Fighting for food or dominance or whatever else. That hasn't happened here. Apparently people from other towns come by from time to time, just to check in or occasionally to trade if they are short on something. But everything is always cordial. Friendly, even. Maybe its the threat of the staff, or perhaps the constant restocking of supplies in the shops means there's nothing much to fight over.

Maybe people are just better than they are generally given credit for. That's a nice thought. I think I'll go with that one.

A dozen people showed up at the gates this afternoon from a town called Trolleys. Apparently the staff broke through the walls and tore the town apart during the night. These 12 are the only survivors out of over a hundred. We let them in, obviously. One more point in the human decency column. Later, I asked if anyone knew how many of these towns there were out there. Between us and the new folks, we managed to come up with over 20 names. 20 towns filled with people, and who knows how many beyond that.

The motto for this place should be "How Is That Even Possible". Surely someone, somewhere must be looking for the thousands of people that must be in here.

I've been here for a little over 2 months now. Not that much changes, as it turns out. A couple of new people showed up, same story as the rest of us. Nice little trip to Ikea and suddenly they're trapped in Billy Bookcase's House of Faceless Weirdos. The staff attack the Exchange once or twice a week. We kill them and haul their bodies off, sometimes they hurt some of us first. They killed a guy called Jared a couple of weeks back. It was awful, frankly. Turns out regular humans still bleed in here, even if the staff don't. We tried our best, but none of us are doctors.

Jared was a good guy. He deserved better. We all do.

It occurred to me a couple of days after that, none of us were really looking for a way out of here. I don't even know where we'd start.

One of those quad copter things with a camera attached buzzed passed Exchange today. I thought it meant that someone was finally looking for us, that help was on the way. Apparently it's not the first time this has happened, though. Same thing happened a few months ago, and everyone is still here.

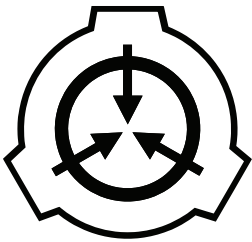
No idea if it saw us, it didn't stop if it did. Just kept flying until we could no longer see it.

Note: Based on recovery time of the journal, this entry appears to line up approximately with our first successful test piloting a drone inside SCP-3008-1. Analysis of footage shows a walled settlement under a sign labelled "Exchange and Returns". Attempts to relocate the settlement failed. Origin of previously sighted drones is unknown.

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I started talking to people about the stuff they miss from home during dinner today. Probably not the best idea I've ever had, everyone seemed pretty down after. A bunch of people here have families. Husbands and wives, kids. Dogs. Franklin apparently has a pet llama, though I'm not sure I buy that.

But apparently some of the people here have some seriously odd gaps in their knowledge. 3 of them had never heard of the International Space Station, 2 of them seemed to think ██████████ was the Prime Minister, and one of them had apparently never heard of the Statue of Liberty. I believe them, too. They seemed just as confused as the rest of us.

The more I thought about it though, the more it started to explain a few things. What if the reason no one is looking for all us missing people is because we haven't all come from the same place. This is going to sound weird (maybe that should be the motto for this place) but what if all the people here have come from different dimensions? Realities? Whatever you call it. I've seen enough TV shows to know the drill. Sarah comes from a place where there is no Statue of Liberty. They didn't launch a space station where Wasim is from. If everyone here came from different places, even from ones that seem identical, there'd be no huge missing persons panic. No mass search. We'd just be a blip, a single missing person in a world of non-stop news.

Well. That was a fun train of thought.

Just realised that yesterday was the six month anniversary of my arrival here. I wonder if Ikea sells party hats. The routine around here has remained more or less the same. More new folk show up, one every couple of weeks or so. Food supplies go up and down, but we've never actually had a major shortage. Occasionally we get a visitor from one of the nearby towns, usually Checkouts or Aisle 630. We check in with each other from time to time, occasionally trade supplies if someone gets particularly low on something. It's comforting, in a way. A reminder that we aren't alone in here, some small glimmer of civilisation. Sometimes they bring medical supplies. Apparently there's a pharmacy a few towns down from Checkouts that gets restocked every now and then, so they share out what they can. I've never heard of an Ikea with a pharmacy before but at this point I wouldn't be surprised if someone stumbled on an Ikea Organ Harvesting Lab. Would certainly explain the staff.

Speaking of our faceless jailers, their attacks have been getting worse lately. 3 or 4 times a week now, with twice as many staff as there used to be. No idea where they all come from, or why the attacks have increased. We tried following one of them during the day a few weeks ago, me and Sarah. Wanted to see if they lead back to a staff room or something. Didn't seem to go anywhere though, just randomly walked through the aisles. We had to turn back before we found anything.

We've been reinforcing the walls, trying to arm ourselves better. Certainly no lack of materials to use. Wasim has been making more crossbows, but it's pretty slow going.

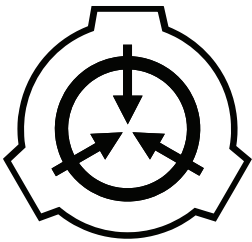
Too bad Ikea doesn't sell guns.

Note: No new personnel have entered SCP-3008 at Site-████ in the time span indicated in this entry.

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The attacks are getting bad now. Almost every night, and with so many staff that the bodies almost pile high enough for others to climb the walls. I think we're in real trouble here.

Exchange is

I think Exchange is done. We got hit pretty bad last night. Not many casualties, but the wall is wrecked. We finally figured out why the attacks had been escalating, too. A box of supplies had a chunk of one of the staff in there. No idea how it happened but apparently a piece of one will draw them as well as a full body. Too late now in any case, there's too many bodies for us to haul away and still have time to fix the wall before night. Candace has called a meeting. I suspect there will be talk of abandoning Exchange, maybe try and get shelter at Checkouts or something.

It's already getting late though. I don't think we'll have time to make it. Maybe some of us will. I was fine for that first week out in the dark, after all. But then, how often can I keep getting lucky.

I'm only writing this for a sense of closure, I guess. For me, or for anyone who finds this. If this is the final entry here, I hope whoever is reading this is doing so from outside of this place.

My biggest fear? If I do die tonight, I'll just wake up here again in the morning.

Note: This is the last entry. It is assumed that while attempting to reach the "Checkouts" settlement he was separated from the rest of his group by a pursuing SCP-3008-2 instance and happened upon the exit.

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