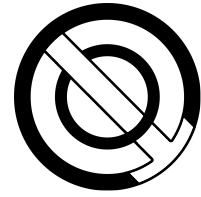


Anomalous Entity Report

"Concrete Jungle"



Subject - 0036¹

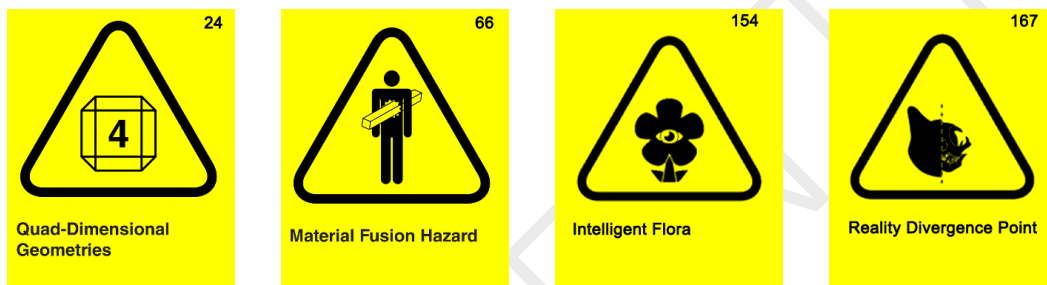
¹Department for Classification of Non-typical Phenomena

2041 Words

Document ID:9711699117

Memorandum: The trees speak, the trees live!

Classification ☐ Omega ☐ Daemon ☐ Stuia ☒ Safe ☐ Recondite ☐ Beneficial



1 Specification

S-0036 is a green desk plant of unknown species and genetic origin. The size of the pocket universe that S-0036 produces has no known limit, but research has shown it to be a IBC0-Class 'Infinite Bounded Zero Curvature' bubble universe.

2 Containment Procedures

S-0036 by its nature can both be contained with relative ease, but its effects may be impossible to contain. S-0036 should be ideally kept in a small room, with a locked door. S-0036's interior cannot be contained, but can be sealed from the the external world, thus providing a satisfactory means of containment.

3 Behaviour

When S-0036 is placed inside an enclosed space, it begins to transform the space within. Within a few days,



Fig. 1. S-0036's current location within Facility-54 (Note severe erosion of the immediate area).

the space inside expands by a couple thousand square feet per second, creating a vast seemingly infinite jungle ecosystem inside in a few days. From outside the room the space seems no larger. Persons who go in and out, reportedly experience a different layout, as if they had entered the jungle at different points, however there seems to be a safe zone of around 40m around the entrance, in which a small base has been set up. Various items have been taken out of the jungle including instances of S-0036-1. Instances of S-0036-1 can only be described as wildlife composed of concrete. These seem to inhabit the jungle and are almost identical to their real life counterparts. One notable observation is that the floor of the jungle looks to be made entirely of concrete, no matter what material the original room's floor was. Attempts to explore below the concrete have proven futile. The concrete appears to be reactive to force; strengthening the harder it is hit; proving it to be impenetrable, but fortunately not unanalysable. Pieces of rubble have been collected and analysed. [RESULTS PENDING]

4 Origination

S-0036's true origination is unknown, but its retrieval was a significant operation. S-0036's pocket universe, henceforth referred to as the 'Concrete Jungle' was found within an abandoned office block in [REDACTED]. The Operation known as *Operation Urban Green* is detailed in the logs below [See addendum 1].



Fig. 2. Only recorded Image of Base Camp taken by Nathan Withers.

5 Postscript

5.1 Addendum 1

[START OF LOGS]

[LOG #1] Hello to all who are reading. Dr. Nathan Withers here. This is the first Log of Operation Urban Green. A group of us, maybe nigh of 20 researchers have all entered S-0036 through the access point. From both sides, the door can only be accessed from 1 direction, when trying to move behind the door frame it seems to disappear, like a 1 dimensional paper thin gateway. Dr. Dosia cut herself on the edge of the doorway, so it seems to be quite hazardous. The floor in the immediate area around gateway is solid concrete, but soon begins to be overtaken by the foliage. The foliage it seems to be non-anomalous, stemming from species similar to those found in the amazon rainforest. Though the plants here seem to mutate much faster than normal. We are already spotting new unseen strains. We attempted to dig in the ground to plant a few instruments; but the seems to react like a non-Newtonian fluid, strengthening the harder we hit it. This seems to be the lowest point of the whole place, from then on the ground rises up to more suitable earth-like soil. We plan to set up a base camp around the gateway, it's the most apparently stable environment here.

[LOG #2] It's been 5 days or so, with help from the external team we have been getting a steady stream of supplies through the gateway. Base camp has expanded quite significantly. We went for a modular setup. There are around 5 modules now around the gateway. One for habitation, one for storage, another for waste; we even have a dedicated lab module. We hope we can get a solid foothold in anomaly and get some good research done.

[LOG #3] The supply stream has slowly dwindled from the gateway. They say we should try and become self sufficient, a lot of us disagree but we can't argue that it will be an interesting venture. We aren't sure if any of the food here is edible but we are heading on a short hike; someone spotted a banana tree south west from here, so we are gonna see whether the fruit is edible or not.

[LOG #4] Hasley and Jones had a dispute over a can of beans this morning and well...it ended with a black eye. Turns out the fruit from the banana tree was far from edible. Solid as a rock. Though it looks so real. In other, slightly worse news, the gateway has unexpectedly closed. We currently have no explanation for why, but perhaps we are lucky since the corporation was adamant that we became self sufficient. Maybe they foresaw this...who knows.

[LOG #5] It's been 10 days since the gateway closed. No sign of it opening soon. It seems we may be stranded here for a while. For how long is uncertain. Isha says she hears tapping sounds outside at night. I haven't told her yet but I hear it too sometimes. My running theory is that the wind must be blowing branches against the modules. Though considering base camp is situated at the furthest point away from any tree in this goddamn place, it's currently not a leading one. Hasley thinks it's those gray creatures she saw yesterday on the supply run. I forgot to mention we found the remains of a previous mission; a proxy camp, with a few useful supplies. We lose a few light bulbs here and there, and maybe a screw in one place, then a fixture in the ceiling almost crushes Adrian; so you can understand why a supply box is a much needed find. Though I can't help but think why the corporation would lie to us. They told us we were the first...how many more were sent in here? Notes we found from the supply box suggest that the gateway may have relocated itself instead of disappeared, a hopeful notion in these grim times.

[LOG #6] -It's been some time since the last log. 40 days I believe, maybe give or take 10 days or so. Keeping track of time in this place became a lot harder since the sun started acting weird. Sometimes days will literally slow to a crawl; whereas one day I saw the sun zip across the sky, as quickly as it had been day, it was night again. Jones thinks the Jungle is slowly affecting our minds, a perceptual hazard maybe. I hear the plants speaking to me, through the night they have been beckoning me; luring me into the sweet dark thicket. I can restrain the urge- for now. Though I am not sure for how long I may hold myself back. Lance already gave himself to the trees and I have no idea where he is. Whether he's dead or worse, I don't know. We lost 5 of us today on a supply run, Adrian as well. We were attacked by a group of, well, what I can only describe as beings made of concrete. They smashed us up pretty good. They seem immune to gunfire, with the most damage we could cause being barely a chip. The chips of concrete continue to live, slowly forming new versions of themselves. Samples are not to be kept. They seem to remain dormant until the right moment strikes. Apparently this moment was whilst Simon was carrying a sample back in his right pocket. Didn't end too well. First contact with animal life we have encountered and it had to be bloody rock monsters didn't it. I don't know what I expected when I signed up to this honestly. I barely got out of there. My leg is still broken. I have set up camp in a small clearing, a rare sight in this place; and oddly enough I found a desk plant in the middle. I had a peculiar urge to keep it, perhaps it's important. I hope to get back to base camp by sunset tomorrow.

[LOG #7] All is lost, the camp has been blown to shreds. Lance came back. I don't know if we can even call him Lance anymore. His flesh looked as if it was fused with plant matter, bark and concrete. His body contorted in all horrible shapes. Whatever he had was contagious. Hasley just touched him briefly with her leg. She's still alive, but the growth on

her leg...it isn't looking good. She's barely holding onto her sanity. God. I didn't get to tell her. I don't think I can bare to see her like this. The others, the 14 remaining, maybe it was 12- no 10. The trees, we used flamethrowers to try and deal with Lance and the other infected, but the trees didn't like fire. The trees speak and the trees are alive! It's just me now, and Hasley. We are hiding in the laboratory module for the time being. Away from those things outside.

[LOG #8] I had to do it. I anesthetized Hasley, the pain was too much. I think I touched her because a growth has started on my arm much like hers. It seems like the infected don't seem to be attracted to other infected. Though it's not looking like I have long left now. The infected area is turning hard, like concrete; numb to the touch. I can barely write this log now. Packing a few things for the long journey, I even pocketed few sticks of dynamite, God knows why. I have decided to try and look for the gateway. I started jotting down the whispers of the trees; helps me keep them out of my head. Some of these jottings I don't remember making but I seem to have constructed a map of sorts. Perhaps its the only chance of getting me and Halsey out of here.

[LOG #9] This may be the last log that I write. My right arm has completely failed me. Carrying Hasley on my back has also strained my left significantly. I think we are close. Though I fear we may not make it. Those concrete beings. I hear them move at night. Our deathroot (that's what I've been calling the infection) may provide us with ample camouflage against those creatures. I must continue, for Hasley's sake, if not mine. If this is my last message, anyone reading this- I love Hasley, she is the love of my life and I am not afraid to admit that. She may not be able to reciprocate but I think she knows. Things have been on and off with us, goddamn my commitment issues, but...this is useless. I just want to say, damn the corporation to hell, and then some!

[LOG #10] I found it! The gateway! I didn't need the damned corporation's help. The concrete creatures have surrounded the area though. They are closing in. Hundreds of them. I don't know whats luring them to me but I can't help but feel its the desk plant I took. Halsey is still with me, but she isn't in the best state. I think I can cut off Hasley's Leg to stop the infection, mines already gone. If those creatures get into the outside world-the infection? Could be the end of all. Even if once piece of rubble makes it out of here- I may only have the time to get one of us through the gate; and I know who it has to be. But if I'm going to go, I'm going to go out in a blaze of glory.

[Hasley and the desk plant were found situated 5 meters from the gateway in the normal universe. The gateway was found to be completely destroyed. Nathan's Logbook were also recovered from Hasley's body. She is currently quarantined in the ICU at Facility 54. A few pieces of concrete were also found

on Hasley's body. [ANALYSIS PENDING] The desk plant (S-0036) was dried and withered. When it was re-bedded in a new pot and sufficiently watered in its new containment cell, it sprouted a new gateway into the "Concrete Jungle" dimension. A request was made by research team R-036 to change threat classification to omega.][REQUEST DENIED][TESTING CONCLUDED]

[END OF LOGS]

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