

Item #: SCP-5000

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-5000 is to be kept in a deactivated state within a standard storage unit located at Site-22. All files and intelligence retrieved from SCP-5000 are to be stored on a secure server, with backups available upon request from the Archival Department.

Description: SCP-5000 is a non-functional mechanical suit identified within its internal schematics as an 'Absolute Exclusion Harness' designed by the SCP Foundation. Although SCP-5000 is believed to have once possessed a number of anomalous functions intended to protect and benefit its occupant, damage inflicted to it in the past means that it is currently only capable of basic file storage. For a record of files contained within SCP-5000 upon recovery, see Archive 5000-1.

SCP-5000 first appeared in a flash of light within [SCP-579](#)'s containment chamber at Site-62C on 12/04/2020, containing a corpse ¹genetically identical to Foundation employee Pietro Wilson. Pietro Wilson is currently employed at [Exclusionary Site-06](#) ², and mnestic therapy has confirmed he has no knowledge of SCP-5000 or memories concerning the events detailed within its archives.

Archive 5000-1:

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-1

My name is Pietro Wilson. I don't know what's happening. I think I might be the only one left.

The date is um oh two oh one twenty twenty (sorry thought transcription is tricky (sorry im not used to this yet um)). The date is 02/01/2020. I've just. I have just escaped from Exclusionary Site-06. I think â€¦ I'm not certain, but I think everyone else is dead. Those guys, they were thorough. If I hadn't got to the suit, I'd be â€¦ oh god.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-2

I need to get myself together or this thing isn't going to be legible at all. Most likely they're going to want some kind of record of this whole incident for posterity.

I'm currently on my way to the nearest Foundation installation - a small safe-house for Agents making their way through this part of the country. Most likely there won't be anyone there, but I should be able to get into contact with my superiors and find out what exactly is going on.

Things started around six, maybe seven hours ago. A group identifying themselves as Mobile Task Force Zeta-19 ("Lonely Only") - Insurgent infiltrators, maybe? - entered the Site, they had proper identification and everything, and gathered everyone into the canteen. Then they started the shooting.

Jesus, I â€¦ I can still taste the blood. I can't get that awful metal taste off my tongue. It's a miracle I didn't get hit or trampled on, the way people were climbing over each other to get out of there. If I hadn't gotten to the Exclusion Harness, I'd be dead. No doubt about it - like I said, they were thorough.

I'm a technician for the power grid on ES-06, so I don't fully get how this thing works, but I understand the basics. This perception filter thing doesn't mean people can't see me, but it *does* mean they can't recognize the fact that they can see me. Which I guess is the same thing when you get down to it.

But those infiltrators â€¦ they didn't even take anything, didn't even try to. I watched after I got into this thing - I was too scared (fucking coward) to make a run for it. They just checked the bodies and left. An extra bullet for every head.

They were just there to kill us.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-3

Finally made it to the safe-house after hours and hours of trudging through this goddamn desert. Heard a few explosions in the distance - maybe the Foundation sent an MTF to engage those infiltrators before they got away? Hope so.

Never been happier to see bottled water in my life. The Harness sustains your body while you're wearing it, apparently, but my mind still thinks I should be drinking. Human nature, I guess.

Anyway, once I get these legs of mine rested, I'm going to try to get these systems online. I need to get in touch with the Foundation and find out what exactly is going on.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-4

Holy shit.

DOWNLOADED FILE 0001-1

Context: They sent this to every government, news organization and anomalous agency on the planet. Fuck me.



The following is a message composed via consensus of the O5 Council.

For those who are not currently aware of our existence, we represent the organization known as the SCP Foundation. Our previous mission centered around the containment and study of anomalous objects, entities and other assorted phenomena. This mission was the focus of our organization for more than one-hundred years.

Due to circumstances outside of our control, this directive has now changed. Our new mission will be the extermination of the human race.

There will be no further communication.

COMPOSED FILE 0001-1

Immediately following the release of their worldwide announcement, the Foundation began their assault on mankind.

The response to the anomalies the Foundation let loose was as quick as it could have been, but the damage is being done. It's hard to tell what exactly is going on, but from my position here - accessing the Foundation network and keeping track of the news - I've managed to grasp a little. I'm going to get everything I know down - so that when this is over, if anyone's still alive, they'll know what happened to us.

Relevant Anomaly

Action taken by the Foundation

SCP-096 Images of SCP-096's face circulated on social media platforms. Death toll had already reached the hundreds before the images were taken down. For all I know, that thing is still going.

SCP-169 A series of nuclear charges are detonated within and along SCP-169's back, causing it to stir in its sleep slightly. The resultant earthquakes and tsunamis devastate a significant number of coastal settlements around the world.

SCP-662 Over the course of twenty-four hours, an individual whose appearance matches that of 'Mr. Deeds' appears in the vicinity of several major heads of state and assassinates them using whatever tools are immediately

available, disappearing just as quickly. I don't know why this stopped after the first day.

SCP-610 Samples of SCP-610 are dispersed by embedded Foundation agents within many major cities, including New York and Delhi. All civilians in the area, along with the agents themselves, are quickly infected and succumb to SCP-610. Further spread of SCP-610 is halted by the combined efforts of the Global Occult Coalition and the Church of the Broken God.

SCP-682 Released.

I don't understand why this is happening.

DOWNLOADED FILE 0001-2

Context: News footage I managed to download between drinking sessions.

<Begin Log>

(Reporter Maria Henderson is speaking from inside a GOC evacuation tent. Scrolling header indicates that she is speaking the outskirts of Trosa, Sweden. Behind her, patients can be seen being treated by doctors in full protective gear. Maria herself is wearing a surgical mask, pulled up slightly to allow her to speak into the microphone - which kind of defeats the purpose if you ask me.)

Maria Henderson: - repeating what has previously been put out by the Global Occult Coalition, residents that have not already evacuated are advised to seal themselves inside their homes as quickly as possible using whatever materials are available.

(One of the doctors attending a patient stands up with urgency, looking over to a soldier standing over the beds.)

Doctor: We've got expiration! Get the eraser ready!

(Maria Henderson quickly begins moving out of the tent, out into a field filled with similar installations. A loud buzzing sound can be heard from the tent behind her, and several flashing lights can be seen. Thick smoke pours out a gap in the top of the tent.)

Maria Henderson: Any individuals still, um, still in a compromised area are advised to keep careful watch over those around them. If any friends or family members begin, um, sorry, yes, begin exuding a noticeable, uh, *minty* smell, they are to be quarantined immediately -

(Feed cuts out. I later found out this is when television stopped everywhere. Internet, too. World gone blind in a few seconds.)

<End Log>

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-5

It's funny. With the supplies in this place - not to mention the Exclusion Harness - I could probably survive for years right here. But the idea of being sat here, with no idea what's going on in the outside world - it's unbearable. Still, I'm not sure whether I really want to know what's happening out there either.

When I was a kid - real sick all the time, not able to go out that much - I was really into detective stories, Sherlock Holmes and all that shit. I always wanted to figure things out. Anyway, my dad had this row of plant-pots on the wall outside the house, and they were always getting knocked over, but he could never figure out what was doing it. That was pretty much at my peak of detective obsession, so I was on the case like nothing else. I was a stupid shit, so I couldn't actually *deduce* anything, you understand, so I ended up buying this cheap spy camera and recording the wall overnight.

It was a stray cat. My dad ended up kicking it to death, like I should have known he would. Curiosity - well, you know the saying. Everyone involved would have been better off if I'd minded my own business. Except my dad, but fuck him.

Damned if you do, damned if you don't, but I'd rather be doing something than nothing. Besides, if

I have the Exclusion Harness, nothing that would want to hurt me will ever know I'm there.

I'm a tourist at the end of the world. Destination: Site-19. Closest *real* Foundation installation, only makes sense. I'm getting some answers.

RECORDED FILE 0001-1

Context: Encounter with Foundation elements a few days after leaving my shelter. Watching weird behaviour.

<Begin Log>

(Viewing a group of Foundation soldiers in a clearing from a distance - nine in total, stood in a line. A tenth soldier, the Commander, is silently pacing back and forth in front of them. Uniforms and insignia look like those of MTF Epsilon-6 ("Village Idiots"). After a few seconds, the Commander claps her hands once and steps towards the line.)

Commander: *(to first soldier in line)* Performing the check now.

Soldier #1: Of course.

(The Commander takes out a knife and stabs the soldier in the shoulder. There is no reaction.)

Commander: *(removing knife)* Get that wound treated.

(The soldier nods. The Commander proceeds to stab each soldier in the line in the same way, with no reaction from any of the victims, until the eighth, who noticeably winces.)

Soldier #8: Argh!

Commander: *(shouting)* Got a live one!

(The Commander and all other soldiers quickly aim their guns and fire upon Soldier #8, killing him. He drops to the ground. The Commander then moves to the ninth soldier and stabs him in the shoulder - no visible reaction.)

Commander: Alright, we're clear. Move out.

(MTF Epsilon-6 pack up their supplies and leave the area, leaving the corpse of the dead soldier where it is. Manage to retrieve weaponry and basic medical supplies from the body, bury it as well as I can afterwards.)

<End Log>

Closing Notes: No fucking clue.

RECORDED FILE 0001-2

Context: Weird transmission I caught on an old radio. Don't know if it's important, but trying to get everything down for posterity.

<Begin Log>

(Audio only. Voice is male, around my age, I'd guess.)

Voice: Seven. Five. Can you hear me? There is a hole shining in the holes between your eyelids. I have never been to Versailles before. I want to be loved. Nine. I am standing behind you now. Five. I am two of us, standing behind you now. The goddess eats the city in the sea. Nine. There's a hole in the floor with an answer waiting in it. Seven. Look, you're hatching. *You're hatching!*

(Message continues on loop.)

<End Log>

Closing Notes: Message stopped once I turned the radio over and saw that it was damaged beyond repair. Am I feeling okay?



Oh shit, I can put pictures in these things?

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-6

When I thought of Site-19 as being relatively close by, I never really took into account that was probably with a vehicle in mind. Can't risk cars or anything like that - even if I went unnoticed, the vehicle wouldn't. All it takes is one Foundation soldier or wandering anomaly to spot it and I'm as good as dead.

But still, marching through the woods - even with the Harness' protection - isn't the most pleasant experience. It'd be hard to move out of the way if anything came traipsing through, for one. Just because things can't notice me doesn't mean they can't run me down.

Gives me time to think, though. Like - why the hell am I even going to Site-19? What do I hope to accomplish? If I wanted to stay out of danger, survive as long as possible, I'd be best suited getting as far away from any Foundation personnel as possible, not jumping right into the viper's nest.

Answers, I guess. More than anything, I want answers.

Even if I get kicked to death afterwards.

COMPOSED FILE 0001-2

Reached Site-19. Security's in disrepair, most of the anomalies let loose a while ago, so it was actually pretty easy to get in. Still stressful, moving out of the way of the researchers as they went about their business. They were still talking like colleagues, discussing how to get maximum human casualties like it was something they'd always been doing.

But their eyes â€¦ it was like something was missing from them. Some spark. I couldn't see them as human, looking at their eyes. Maybe not even alive. Hard to describe, but it gave me the creeps.

Accessing the Foundation database with some stolen Senior Staff credentials, I think I've managed to put together a basic timeline of what happened right before their declaration of war. I don't know what it all *means* , but I guess it's a start.

Date

Events

The O5 mark a project called 'PNEUMA' as being of special interest to Senior Staff. Apparently, it was a mass-amnesticization project like KALEIDOSCOPE, except mostly focused on the collective

- 16/12/2019

human unconscious, the psychospace, whatever you want to call it. Apparently there was some kind of breakthrough in mapping out that psychospace - except I can't see what it was because it's fucking redacted. Typical.
- 17/12/2019

A vote is undertaken by the O5 Council, with the result being unanimous. Ethics Committee also concurs. Don't know what the votes were about, because it's *fucking* redacted.
- 19/12/2019

A series of instructions (*redacted* instructions of course) are sent to all Senior Staff members and Site Directors. A wave of suicides and resignations go out across the Foundation, with Doctor Charles Gears being one of the employees resigning.
- 22/12/2019

A number of files are sent out to all remaining Senior Staff members and Site Directors, with instructions to also disseminate those materials among the staff serving under them. The files are accompanied by the message 'harden your hearts'. All suicides and resignations immediately cease following dissemination of the materials.
- 25/12/2019

Full block on all communications in and out of Foundation Sites. Termination of the majority of human and human-sympathetic anomalies is performed by the staff at each Site over the course of the next week. Information suggests an assassination team was sent after Dr. Charles Gears, but it doesn't say whether they were successful or not.
- 02/01/2020

Mobile Task Forces are dispatched to all Exclusionary Sites to execute all personnel. Immediately following the conclusion of these missions, the Foundation declares war on humanity.

Not quite certain what all this means. Did the O5 Council send out some kind of memetic agent to get everyone to go along with them? But that wouldn't explain why the O5 Council would want to wipe out humanity in the first place. I don't get it. I just don't get it.

More information on the anomalies the Foundation are actively using, too. With the news down, it's hard to get much solid info outside of their own records, and even those are still goddamn fucking redacted. I mean, it's the end of the world, what's the *point* of redacting shit anymore? Who cares?! Just tell me what's going on!

Fuck it. I'll put it all in a table. For posterity or whatever.

Relevant Anomaly	Action taken by the Foundation
SCP-1379	Television service temporarily returns. All channels are propaganda speeches from SCP-1370, rambling on and on about how he's going to take over the world or whatever. This one isn't actually that bad.
SCP-1048	I don't know how the Foundation managed to catch the thing in the first place, but helicopter footage shows hordes of bears created by 1048 rushing through the streets of Paris. The footage isn't too clear, so I'm not sure, but it looks like there's a massive red teddy in the distance as well, walking around next to the skyscrapers.
SCP-1299	SCP-1290-1 and SCP-1290-2 are moved from their original position and used as a rudimentary projectile system to launch projectiles at a secure GOC installation called Ganzir ³ . Not 100% sure from the files, but it looks like it's just one of a frankly obscene number of anomalies they're using to try and bust in there. If you ask me, they'd be better off just firing missiles, but nobody is asking me because they've all gone nuts.
SCP-1440	SCP-1440 is transported from refugee camp to refugee camp by Mobile Task Force Nu-22 ("Rocketmen"), where its anomalous effects cause rapid devastation to those fleeing communities. Strangely enough, the way these events are described in the files make it sound like SCP-1440 actually has no effect on the Foundation personnel assigned to it.
SCP-1678	The Foundation intentionally abandons containment of SCP-1678, removing personnel from the immediate area. Once chaos caused by additional anomalies makes evacuation of London impossible, officials from the British Occult Service ⁴ direct citizens to take refuge in SCP-1678 below. Once the city has reached capacity, the Foundation detonates the nuclear device stationed there prior to abandonment.

Going to try investigating some more before getting out of here, see what I can find out.

[FILES DELETED]

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-7

It's been about three months since my last entry. God knows what I've been doing since then. The time between then and now is a complete blank in my memory, and it looks like the files from that period have been deleted as well. As far as I know, I should be the only one able to do that, so take that as you will.

I seem like I've been through a few rough patches. I have a few scars that I don't quite recognize, and I have a bandage wrapped around my temple. The Exclusion Harness doesn't seem to be damaged, though, so I don't know what hurt me. Did I fall off a cliff or something? The sad part is I

can actually see myself doing something like that. Never was the smartest.

Site-19 is long-gone - well, it's still there, I assume, but I'm halfway across the country. Couldn't tell you why. It's weird, though. I feel like I have a purpose now, even though I'm not 100% sure what it is. Just where I need to go.

There's a briefcase in my hand. I'm having trouble recalling what exactly is inside it - all I know is that it isn't round, and I need to get it to SCP-579.

[FILES DELETED]

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-8

I underestimated how long it would take to get to SCP-579. Site-19 was a trek all on its own, but 579 is another story entirely. I wouldn't even know where it was without this documentation - which I have no idea how I obtained, but that's besides the point.

I've stopped counting the corpses I've walked past. It's probably in the quadruple digits now. Jesus, maybe higher.

Came across the dead body of a kid, a little boy, in a house I was grabbing some supplies from a while back. At first, I thought he'd just been shot in the head, but when I went to bury him I could see there were things moving underneath his skin. Little pale worms, hundreds of them, that poured out the second I touched them. They all had his face. They were all laughing. Scurried off into the drain.

I don't try to bury people anymore. Keeping going is a lot more difficult than you'd think.

[FILES DELETED]

COMPOSED FILE 0001-3

This thing in the briefcase is a godsend. Don't know what the hell it is, but if things are getting too much for me, I just need to open it up - and the next thing I know, I'm miles further along from where I just was, feeling all warm inside like something gave me a pep-talk. It's like my own personal skip button for when things are getting rough.

Managed to get temporary access to the Foundation database from the corpse of an Agent I found half-buried in the woods. Wolves were already helping themselves to him, but they obviously didn't mind me taking his laptop. Didn't notice me, anyway.

The Foundation is still throwing everything they've got at everyone else. I'll put it in a table, might as well.

Relevant Anomaly	Action taken by the Foundation
SCP-2000	The Foundation intentionally triggers the eruption of Yellowstone, obliterating SCP-2000. For now, anomalies deployed by the Manna Charitable Foundation have slowed down the environmental effects at an absurd rate, but it's still just a matter of time before we choke on ash.
SCP-2200	Somehow, the Foundation seems to have mass-produced SCP-2200-1, and those swords are making their way into the hands of refugees. With all the victims the SCP-2200-1 are cutting down, SCP-2200-3 is overflowing - with a mountain of living SCP-2200-4 trapped under a mountain of dead SCP-2200-4.
SCP-2241	One of the few human anomalies that weren't terminated. It appears SCP-2241 is being used as a living weapon to destroy the biggest refugee camps that crop up, forcing survivors to remain in smaller groups. Unknown how they're getting it to be <i>that</i> loyal, but I doubt it's pleasant. Last information on SCP-2241 says that it's being deployed to assist with the siege at Ganzir. Apparently they're having some trouble.
SCP-2466	SCP-2466 was constantly being used in order to compel survivors originating from â-^â-^â-^â-^â-^â-^â-, California to perform actions both socially disruptive and physically hostile. This was apparently effective, but after the four-thousand and twentieth use of SCP-2466, it crashed and became unusable. Guess there weren't any residents left.
SCP-2639	SCP-2639 were being dispatched to survivor communities and installations for groups that opposed the Foundation in order to kill everyone present. Apparently, they were told that they were fighting monsters that had escaped from containment and were destroying the world. Clearly, they figured out that wasn't the case, because they've refused to do <i>anything</i> since about the sixth time they were deployed. Good for them.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-9

It's nice having company, even if they don't know you're there. I'm sat around a fire with a group of GOC soldiers who are trying to make their way â€¦ well, I don't think they actually have anywhere to go at this point. Just wandering, maybe. I thought about revealing myself, trying to ask them help me get to 579, but I don't want to risk it. Maybe I've just gotten used to not existing.

Forget being a tourist, I'm a ghost.

This suit really is a wonder. Managed to access their connection to the GOC database with it while they were making coffee. The news isn't good.

DOWNLOADED FILE 0001-3

Context: Interview log from an interrogation facility inside Ganzir. As far as I'm aware, this is the first time a captured member of Foundation personnel has spoken during interrogation. Interviewer is a Commander Morrison, with a scientist called Doctor Rhodes also being there. The guy being interrogated is a member of Mobile Task Force Omega-2 ("Secret Keepers"), Samuel Ross. No video, only audio. Don't know if that's something wrong with the file or just the way it was recorded in the first place.

<Begin Log>

Commander Morrison: Do you know where you are?

Samuel Ross: I'm in Ganzir, right? You guys grabbed us while we were trying to sneak in.

Commander Morrison: That's right. Do you know *why* you're here?

Samuel Ross: *(calmly)* You're going to interrogate me, I assume.

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: Doctor?

Doctor Rhodes: Confirmed. Subject has nothing implanted inside him, no mental agents or cognitohazards either. You're safe to begin.

Commander Morrison: Okay.

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: None of your colleagues we've spoken to have talked. Not a one, not a word. Why are you talking to me now?

Samuel Ross: We've met before. Do you remember?

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: I'm sorry?

Samuel Ross: In that joint operation in Tenerife a few years back. With the seagull prince? Do you remember? I was wearing a gas-mask back then, so you probably don't recognize me, but I recognized you, and it gave me a chuckle. That's why I'm talking.

Commander Morrison: That's the only reason?

Samuel Ross: Yeah.

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: When we caught you, trying to sneak into the city with the refugees, you and your comrades started firing into the crowd at random. Men, women and

children all murdered for no reason. Don't you think that's crazy?

Samuel Ross: *(laughs)*

Doctor Rhodes: *(quietly)* â€¦fucker.

Commander Morrison: That's funny to you?

Samuel Ross: Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude, it's just â€¦ I just thought that was a little hypocritical.

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: *What?*

Samuel Ross: Well, I mean, you're interrogating me like the information you'll get will help you, but there's no time for you to really do anything, the way I see it. No matter how many times you fire Able at her, Professor Crow's Europa will rip this place open before long. But you're still acting like you can do something about it. Don't you think that's crazy?

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: If you've just spoken up to talk nonsense, we can always try enhanced interrogation. I don't want to, but I'll do it.

Samuel Ross: *(laughs)* Do what you want. Once you realize you're not supposed to feel pain, there's nothing to be afraid of anymore.

Commander Morrison: What do you mean by that?

Samuel Ross: Youâ€¦

(Pause.)

Samuel Ross: No, you wouldn't want me to say.

Commander Morrison: I very much do.

Samuel Ross: I'm not talking to *you* .

Commander Morrison: That doesn't make any sense. Tell me, *now* .

Samuel Ross: â€¦you're sure?

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: We're still good on inoculations?

Doctor Rhodes: Cleared on all the Foundation kill agents, yes.

Commander Morrison: Then spit it out, Ross. Stop stalling or we'll have to get unpleasant.

Samuel Ross: Fine. **[INAUDIBLE]**

(Pause.)

Commander Morrison: I â€¦ I didn't catch that.

Doctor Rhodes: You'll have to speak up. That microphone only has so much gain.

Samuel Ross: **[INFORMATION EXCISED]**

(Commander Morrison and Doctor Rhodes can be heard screaming loudly. Wet cracks and sounds of rushing wind are also audible. The screaming, which grows higher pitched over time, continues for the remainder of the recording.)

Samuel Ross: Look what you've done to yourselves. I told you you wouldn't like it, didn't you? That's why you hear your voice. But you wanted to know so badly. I really liked you guys, so I was trying to be nice. We're so kind to you, you know. We fight in the light so you can die in the dark.

(Pause.)

Samuel Ross: *...disgusting...*

<End Log>

Closing Notes: Apparently, right after this, some kind of emergency arose inside Ganzir and the city ended up being destroyed from both the inside and outside. Files don't mention the specifics, but the GOC may be done.

[FILES DELETED]

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-10

It's getting hard to keep going. When the GOC were keeping up the fight, there was this sense that things could still be turned around, but with them on the run now too it's easy to feel there's no point to all this. With Ganzir taken care of, the Foundation has turned their full attention back to everyone else.

I don't eat or drink anymore. The Harness takes care of all that, anyway, and there's too much of a risk that anything I consume will be contaminated by one of the awful viruses the Foundation is trying to spread. I've seen corpses in pretty much every state imaginable by this point. Some of them walking around, even.

Every time I open the briefcase, to skip, I make a little less progress, feel a little worse. Whatever was helping me before, it's like I've grown numb to it. Wouldn't be the only thing.

Why am I even going to 579? Do I actually have a reason?

COMPOSED FILE 0001-4

Foundation's still fucking us. Here's a table about it.

Relevant Anomaly	Action taken by the Foundation
SCP-3078	Apparently, the Church of the Broken God managed to get the internet back up and running in some areas - only, the Foundation fucked that pretty quick by uploading thousands of copies of 3078 through pretty much every medium available. So the internet went back down.
SCP-3179	Thing was freed from containment after the Church of the Broken God started trying to rebuild things. Sparked a civil war inside the Church over whether this thing is Mekhane or not, which really put a damper on their ability to help out. Plus, it's making as many fucking terminator-things as it can, so that's fun.
SCP-3199	SCP-3199 eggs are now being airdropped pretty much wherever. I'm sure you can imagine how that's going.

Might write more later.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-11

Have been making my way towards 579 - maybe a little slower than before, but who can blame me for lack of motivation? Been seeing some strange things lately. Stranger than usual, I mean.

First are the Blinkers. There's been quite a few of those around lately. Now, I'm pretty sure these were created by the Foundation, even if I don't know how. I don't know most things, so just add

this to the list.

They're statues, statues of soldiers - MTF uniforms - with empty sockets for eyes. Their arms are carved into blades, like what you'd see on a praying mantis or something. They're harmless as long as you look at them. But the second you look away, they can move - and they're *fast* . Saw one cut through an entire crowd of people when a gust of smoke blocked it from view for just a second.

I'm wary of them. Me looking at them stops them too - so even if they don't perceive where I *am* , they're going to deduce that I'm there. Might just start slicing everything in sight, and then that's the end of me. Need to do my best to avoid them completely.

The second thing I saw is â€¦ well, it's a lot weirder.

It was on the horizon, like a person stretched out - no, that's not the best way to describe it. It was like the space *around* them was stretched out, and they were being stretched along with it, like some kind of bad photo-shop effect. Their body went from the ground up to the clouds, and their jaw swung at right angles. There were these *gaps* , as well, black gaps in space around its body, like wings. It just floated forwards like that.

There were Foundation guys there, too, but they were *fighting* it, shooting it with guns and rockets. How fucked up is it that I'm thinking the Foundation fighting an anomaly is weird? Maybe they were like me, managed to get out when this all kicked off. Thought about talking to them, but decided not to. Can't risk it.

Got out of there. I need to get to 579. I need to do *something* . Anything.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-12

Saw a kid die today. Could have helped her. Didn't.

I'm a piece of shit.

COMPOSED FILE 0001-4

Relevant Anomaly

Action taken by the Foundation

[SCP-4290](#)

Through use of a sample of SCP-008 enhanced by SCP-914, the Foundation reanimates the corpse of SCP-4290 and lets it loose. Kaijumancers from the Serpent's Hand engage, but the file isn't clear on what the results are. Heard the Library detached from this universe, but it looks like [these guys stayed behind](#) . Idiots.

[SCP-4666](#)

The Foundation use temporal anomalies to make it so it is technically Christmas everywhere - oh, fuck it. Nobody's ever going to read this anyway.

RECORDED FILE 0001-3

Context: NO INPUT

<Begin Log>

(View is of the interior of an abandoned jewelry store from the front door. The night sky can be seen through a broken window. A teenage girl is sitting at a makeshift fire in the middle of the store. A [ruby amulet](#) is hanging around her neck.)

(Perception filter is disabled. The girl jumps back, alert, picking up a rusty pipe as a weapon.)

Girl: Who are you?!

Pietro: I â€¦ I recognized you. The necklace, I mean.

(Pause. The girl groans, dropping the pipe.)

Girl: Ah, shit. They send you to kill me? You're gonna be here a while.

Pietro: No, I â€¦ I'm â€¦ I got away too. Did you get away too?

(The girl leans forward, squinting to see Pietro's face.)

Girl: Jesus . You look like shit, pal. When was the last time you slept?

Pietro: The suit â€¦ um, you don't need to sleep with it on.

Girl: You *do* need to sleep. Your face, it's just â€¦ it's seriously a disaster, man. You hate to see it.

(Pause.)

Pietro: Can I come in?

(The girl steps back, gesturing theatrically at the store with one arm.)

Girl: But of course. There's enough broken glass for everyone!

(Pietro staggers in and sits down on the floor. The sound of crunching glass can be heard.)

(Pause.)

Girl: I was joking, you know. You could have grabbed a chair.

Pietro: It's fine. The suit's sturdy.

Girl: *(shrugs)* Suit yourself.

(She sits down opposite.)

Girl: That's a fancy piece of kit you've got there. *(gestures to necklace)* Wanna trade?

Pietro: *(laughs, coughs)* No way! I've read the file.

Girl: Worth a shot. Been a while since you laughed, huh?

Pietro: Not been much to laugh *at* .

Girl: Not even when Pesterbot showed up on all the TVs?

(Pause.)

Pietro: *(chuckles)* Okay, that *was* kind of funny.

(Pause.)

Girl: So, you got away too. I mean, I'm assuming you were a Foundation guy, not one of the many people I've pissed off in my lifetime here for revenge.

Pietro: Aren't those the same thing?

Girl: *(laughs)* Now you're getting it!

Pietro: Yeah, I'm Foundation. *Was* Foundation, I mean. Got lucky when this all started, got into the suit and escaped. You?

(Pause.)

Girl: Well, I was Senior Staff - we would have been told about the plan before anyone else, but damn if I can't remember what it was. Probably because of the *second* file.

Pietro: The second file? You saw it? *(stands)* What was it?!

Girl: Woah, cool your jets, kid. We've got all the time in the world. They were just a bunch of images - eggs, trees, religious stuff. Didn't mean anything to me by themselves, but I guess they had something encoded in them. Didn't take like they should have - *(taps necklace)* - probably because of this thing.

Pietro: *(sits down)* So it was a memetic agentâ€¦

Girl: *(frowns)* Don't know about that. I've pretty much had everything that can happen to me, well, *happen to me* . I know what a memetic agent feels like. It didn't feel like that - more like I was being released from something than something being forced on me.

Pietro: I â€¦ I see. So, you don't really know what's going on, either?

(Pause.)

Girl: Nope.

Pietro: Fuck â€¦ *fuck* .

(Pause. The girl removes a small bottle of beer from her pocket and takes a swig.)

Girl: *(sighs)* So, you heading somewhere or just wandering around feeling sorry for yourself?

Pietro: I'm heading to 579.

Girl: *(laughs)* If you're suicidal, there are easier ways to go about it, believe me!

Pietro: You know what it is?

Girl: Not a clue - which is concerning, because I'm kind of a big deal.

(Pause.)

Pietro: Doesn't matter. I have to get there.

Girl: Why?

Pietro: I just do. Where are you headed?

Girl: [1437](#) . Gonna see if I can't piss into another universe. Then throw this amulet down there and see where I wake up.

Pietro: *(chuckles)* Sounds like a plan. Good luck to you.

Girl: *(stands up)* I'd wish you good luck, too, but we both know you're not getting it. Day's about to break - I'm heading off.

Pietro: Okay.

(The girl stands up and moves to the front door. She lingers at the entrance of the store for a moment.)

Girl: I hope you find what you're looking for, at least.

(She leaves.)

Pietro: Me too.

<End Log>

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-13

Hi, journal. It's been a while.

Right now, I'm looking at Site-62C, where SCP-579 is supposed to be. There are no guards, as far as I can see, and all the security is down. It looks like the place has been abandoned for a while. I was under the impression that this place was extremely high priority, but it looks like the Foundation doesn't agree with me anymore.

I have the briefcase in my hands. It's difficult to breathe. I feel like everything will end soon, one way or another.

I'm heading in.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-14

Hi again, journal. I know I ended the last entry so dramatically, and it's been about thirty seconds since then, but I have an important update.

The second I got close to Site-62C, I got a feeling like someone was pressing a gun against the back of my head. Like I was standing on the edge of a roof, and someone's hands were on my back, ready to push me. Some fight or flight shit, dialed up as far as it would go.

I don't know what SCP-579 is. But I know it's looking at me.

RECORDED FILE 0001-4

Context: oh shit oh shit oh shit

<Begin Log>

(View is the inside of a hallway within Site-62C. Severe damage is visible on the walls, appearing as if it was done via usage of a large knife. The lights overhead flicker.)

Pietro: Fuck. Fuck.

(The lights flicker again. When they come back on, a statue of a soldier with blades for arms is visible underneath them. It has empty sockets where its eyes should be, and its face is locked in a snarling expression.)

<End Log>

Closing Notes: Was wrong. They're here.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-15

Was *right* . Even if they can't notice me, they've figured out I'm here. Slashing everything in sight.

Gouged one of my legs. Hurts like shit, but need to keep moving. They're not chasing me, but they're headed to the same place. Need to get there first. Need to keep watching them.

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-16

Made it made it (made it (made it)) I made it, made it! Made it I made it.!!

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-17

That's not fair.

But I *made it* . That's not fair. They're stuck behind the door - I can hear them slashing at it, but it's reinforced, will hold for a little while. A couple of minutes, at least.

I'm in an observation chamber, full of instruments for monitoring SCP-579. The actual

containment chamber is right below me. I can just barely see it, if I strain my eyes a little. There's a hole. There's a hole in the floor that leads right down there.

I know where 579 is. Even if the instruments weren't here, I can *feel* it. You can't be near it *without* feeling it, probably. For a second, I thought I could just drop the briefcase into the hole and be done with it, but that would be too easy, wouldn't it? After walking halfway across the world, I guess I haven't earned the right for something to be easy.

From the angle of the hole, and where 579 is, the briefcase wouldn't even come close to touching it. The only way it's making contact is if I were to jump in the hole and throw it on my way down. But that height — throwing the briefcase would be the last thing I'd do.

Of course. Of fucking course.

It's taken me my whole life to realize, but I'm not the kind of person that can be a detective. I'm just the murder victim. I die for someone else's story. And the human race is going with me. I know whodunnit, howdunnit — but those were obvious. Everyone knows those, those were handed to me. I don't know *why*. In the end, I couldn't figure out even a single thing.

Why is this happening? Why is the Foundation killing everybody? Why is this happening? Why did they send out those files? Why is this happening? Why did Ganzir fall? Why is this happening? Why am I taking this briefcase across the world? *Why is this happening?!*

Why am I here? Why am I doing this? Why am I — why am I going to die? Is there a reason?

If anyone is ever reading this, please, please, figure it out. Explain it to me. Someone — *anyone*. I don't get it. I don't get it —

They're about to get in. First foot forward.

SCP-579

JOURNAL ENTRY 0001-18

Oh — so that's how it is.

LIFE SIGNS LOST

Footnotes

1. Cause of death determined to be blunt force trauma, believed to be inflicted by impact with the ground following a long fall.
2. One of a series of installations designed to retain information following reality shifts or other temporal restructuring events.
3. A fortress city standing in the Atlantic Ocean, designed to house humanity's survivors in the event of an end-of-the-world scenario.
4. Colloquially referred to as MI666.

Â« [SCP-4999](#) | [SCP-5000](#) | [SCP-5001](#) Â»

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