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Ms. Palmer

Creative Writing

**SCP 096**

Working for the CIA has always had its perks. I’ve always loved doing special missions and having to be undercover all the time. But after a while, it can become really dangerous and my wife and kids mean more to me than living the life of a rebel. I make enough money to go on vacation several times a year and be with my family; therefore I do not need to risk my life any longer.

My name is Aaron Meeker. I’m a very regular man in my early 40’s. What do I mean by regular? Well, I wake up, go to work, leave work, and come home. This is the average life of almost every individual in this world. Of course going on these special missions while capturing and killing people doesn’t make me very regular, I still come home every day to my wife and kids and repeat this the following day. I go through the same aging process as everyone. Though I must keep in shape for my work, I do look fairly young. Or so everyone tells me. I dark brown hair, no a gray hair in sight. My body is on the muscular side, with the slightest bit of “blubber” as my daughter would call it.

“Meeker, you’re working up on the 4th floor. Brown left early so you need you to cover SCP 096”, said Mr. Bullock. He’s my boss. He’s a great man, very understanding yet very commanding most of the time. He’s around his late 50’s I would say. His fit body makes up for his bald head. His anger is probably a huge factor of his hair loss. He dresses very well every day. Of course he has to for work but even when we go to a bar or out to eat he dresses in his suit and tie.

“What’s that? I’ve never heard of that SCP. What’s its object class?”, I asked in complete concern. Why have I never heard of this SCP? We have more than 2000 SCP’s and I have yet to hear about this one.

“Euclid. It’s recently been discovered and contained in room 096. It’s already had its weekly checks for any cracks or unsealed spaces in its containment. There is no video surveillance in the room so all you have to do is make sure you lock the door before you leave today.”

“Are there any documents on it? What is it? Why aren’t there any surveillance?”, I began growing more concerned and very uneasy about this case. But he provided no source of comfort as he pulled his phone out and dialed a number and quickly replied “check the room, I have a date tonight”, and ran out the door. The smell of his cologne mixing with mine assisted with my lash of nausea. Thinking about being with an unknown something that was recently captured and contained is actually scaring both my boss and me is making me want to leave. But of course, my curiosity gets the best of me all the time. So I grab my jacket and make my way to the elevator.

Arriving at the elevator, I saw Brown waiting for the elevator with a look of terror and distress on his face. Once again, this brings me the nausea I experienced a few moments ago and I was even a little skeptical to ask him what the matter was. He takes his glasses off and pinches the lens with his shirt to clean it, meeting his red eyes with mine.

“Brown what’s the issue?”, I asked in the lowest tone I could possibly ask in.

“It got out. It got out. I have no idea how. I was in the office reading up on it since no one wanted to provide me with any information. All of a sudden I heard screaming and scratching and banging.” As he told me this, his voice became shaky and loud. This scared me even more. We got into the elevator and it started going up to the 4th floor.

“Lower your voice. Then what happened? Why did it start screaming? What is it?”

“I thought it was human. It’s not. I looked at a picture of it. It started screaming. I think it got out. I heard a loud bang that sounded like metal or steel falling. Security is checking the entire floor as we speak.”

The elevator began to slow and the door slid open slowly, and the long hallway showed with several security guards walking in every direction. My nerves began to cool down when I saw them and Brown put his glasses back on as I stepped out. He gave a friendly nod and the door slid closed.

I walked to room 096 and I sat down in the chair Brown recently left from. He left several documents spread out all over the white desk. The information he was reading through was still open on the computer with 4 tabs open on the same subject. I gathered all the documents on one pile and felt a waxy paper under the pile. I already knew it was the photo Brown was talking about and laid the pile down in the corner of the desk far away from my reach.

Looking down at my watch, I let out a sigh of relief realizing that I only have about an hour and a half till I leave. I rubbed my face with both my hands and leaned back in my chair, trying to relax before I read through these documents and possibly ponder life and quit my job. I sat backup and began looking through the tabs. I opened the SCP description and procedures. “SCP-096 is to be contained in its cell, a 5 m x 5 m x 5 m airtight steel cube, at all times.” This explains the loud steel noise Brown heard earlier.” There are to be absolutely no video surveillance or optical tools of any kind inside SCP-096's cell. Security personnel will use pre-installed pressure sensors and laser detectors to ensure SCP-096's presence inside the cell.” But why? I don’t comprehend why. I sat on the edge of my chair and loosened my tie. I started to sweat a little.

“SCP-096 is a humanoid creature measuring approximately 2.38 meters in height. Subject shows very little muscle mass, with preliminary analysis of body mass suggesting mild malnutrition. Arms are grossly out of proportion with the rest of the subject's body, with an approximate length of 1.5 meters each. Skin is mostly devoid of pigmentation, with no sign of any body hair.” This brought chills to my spine, interfering with my sweaty back. The silence and largeness of the room made me shake and look around nervously. I began to grow cold and my breathing started to become heavy.

A knock at the door broke the silence and I spun around so fast Ii nearly fell out of the chair. It was only a security guard informing me that he could not find SCP-096. I did not know whether to feel scared or relieved. It could either be hiding, or out of the building. The security guard left.

I was now alone on the 4th floor. Or so I think I am. There is still no confirmation on the location of SCP-096. However, I continued reading.

“SCP-096 is normally extremely docile, with pressure sensors inside its cell indicating it spends most of the day pacing by the eastern wall. However, when someone views SCP-096's face, whether it is directly, via video recording, or even a photograph, it will enter a stage of considerable emotional distress. SCP-096 will cover its face with its hands and begin screaming, crying, and babbling incoherently. Approximately one (1) to two (2) minutes after the first viewing, SCP-096 will begin running to the person who viewed its face (who will from this point on be referred to as SCP-096-1)”.

I was nearly brought to tears after reading this. I grabbed the pile of papers I put at the corner of the desk and pulled the waxy paper out. I quickly flipped it over facing it down to the desk and lifted my head up the ceiling. Should I look? We don’t know if the SCP is in the building. But if it was, they would’ve found it, right? I made my decision consciously and slowly flipped the picture over.

I looked down at the picture. I’ve never been more afraid. It was exactly as described. It was by far the most horrifying thing I’ve ever seen. My eyes did not leave the picture. Was it blind? It looks as if it has no eyeballs. The proportions of its body don’t even make sense. Its arms were about as long as its body with long fingers that curled up almost into a fist the way gorillas do when they walk. You could see the outlining of its bones and the texture of its muscles. Its stomach was sunken in which made his ribs look even larger. It was squatting; making its extremely thin legs looks long and discombobulated. Its mouth hung long and wide, much wider than any human can open its mouth. It almost looked as if its jaw was ripped right off and just hung by the skin on its cheeks.

In my confusion and terror, I almost could hear the shriek of this creature in the distance. I could hear pitter patter of bare feet in an empty hallway echoing. It was growing louder and quicker. At this point I knew it was real. My heart began beating fast and my breathing became heavy. I could hear its gurgling screams almost in my ear.

The screaming suddenly stopped and I felt almost at ease again. I leaned back in my chair and covered my face my hands, listening to the click of the clock. I could hear the heavy breathing in my ears mixed with the click of the seconds’ hand of the clock and I suddenly felt uneasy once again. I quickly began realizing the heavy breathing was not coming from me.