

**THIS IS A CLEARANCE LEVEL 4 DOCUMENT
IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THE RIGHT CLEARANCE
LEVEL. PLEASE LEAVE THIS DOCUMENT ALONE.**

For the purposes of this document, MTF Feta-8 Commander will be referred to as 'Six' and MTF Feta-8 Lt Commander will be referred to as 'Hammer'

, TIME 0817

Six: So, we've been sent here to take control of a small lake? We have other personnel capable of this; I'm far too busy to deal with this.

Hammer: Seems like it boss, these orders are directly from the site's command. We have builders ready to start the project once we have secured the area.

Six: This will be the last are- Hey, doesn't it look like someone's living here?

Hammer: Guns drawn, could be hostile. Keep your eyes and ears open.

Six: Yes, I know how to do my job, thanks.

Shouting out into the distance.

Six: Hello? Anyone here?

Hammer: Come out with your hands in the air. We will be non-hostile if you are.

Six: This is pointless; no one has been living here for year-

Hammer & Six: HALT!

In the distance, footsteps can be heard alongside leaves rustling. Six and Hammer both pointed their guns towards the source of the noise.

???: Don't shoot, My hands are up; I am walking out now.

Six: Slowly.

A figure stands before them of a young boy, short black hair around 6ft. He is covered head to toe with rags, filthy for not being cleaned. His hands are up.

???: H-H-Hi? Who are you?

Hammer: Why don't you tell us who you are first? Sit down. That's an order.

Six: NOW!

???: Ok ok ok.

The boy sits down onto the bed of leaves that seems to have just been tossed down in a pile.

???: I am... I... I can't seem to remember, it has been a long time since I have had to use a name.

Six: What do you mean you don't have a name? You're only about 20 it seems. I don't like it when people lie.

A gun is heard to have been cocked.

???: It's true, it's true. What is the current year?

Hammer: 1991, why?

???: I have been living out here for over 300 years, so what do you mean that I only look 20? I've been alive for over 300 years. Did time really go by that fast?

Six: What?

Hammer: How?

???: Don't ask me, all I do is drink the water from this lake, and eat any berries I find.

Six: You drank from the lake? We're going to have to talk to our superiors about this. Cuff him Hammer, let's take him back to base.

On return to base, both MTF members where given Class B Amnestics to ensure no memory, the boy was taken in for questioning.

???: Huh? Where am I, who are you?

O5-?: That is none of your concern. I will be blunt here. Do you know what you have done? Do you have ANY idea what that lake could do to you?

???: What lake? Oh... you mean the one I drank from when I was living out there? Isn't it just a normal pool of water?

O5-?: You could say it's a bit more special than that... But since you have no clue, I will tell you, you'll forget this talk anyway.

???: What do you mean by forget?

O5-?: Pay no means to it. Let me explain. What you drank would be classed as SCP-006. What does SCP mean? For you, you don't need to know. Essentially, the liquid you had contains the property of health. You drink it, you have good health. Now, you see, the issue here is that the effect stacks. As you can see here...

O5-? Stabs the man in his hand with a knife. The wound is seen closing up almost instantly as the knife is removed.

???: Hey, that [REDACTED] hur-.

O5-?: Carrying on, we are at a little issue here. Personally, I am more than happy to lock you up here, never letting you see the light of day. However, that could be seen as "unethical". So we have a different plan. You will forget everything you ever knew, and you will be given a fake story. A fake name, and a fake job. You will work for us here, never knowing more. Every 50 years you will start the process anew. You have no choice in the matter. Now please, take this.

O5-? Hands the unknown man a pill.

???: Wait, what; I should have my rights, you can't do this to me. I want to speak to me lawye-.

O5-?: I gave you a chance to accept this with dignity.

O5-? Nods and the door opens up; people with white camo fill the room and restrain the unknown man to his chair. One of them pulls out a syringe filled with an unknown liquid and inserts it into the man's neck.

???: HEY STOP. What is this liquid? My lawyer will here about thi-

??? falls asleep.