

## **‘A Tale of Two’ A Site-65 Story**

***In the long winding dark halls of the Foundation, there are small pockets of light where the backbone of this shadowy organization thrives. In these crevices of light one would find members of the research department, tirelessly working to protect humanity from that which would engulf it. This tale takes place across two planes of reality. Site-65 in our reality sits amongst an ocean of worlds, an ocean that is about to ripple into itself.***

### **Site-65: Our Reality**

The hallways of the Personnel Wing fell quiet as the Site announcement system rang out, “It is with great sadness that Director Broda Kagen of the Research Department was found dead outside of SCP-173’s Chamber. Take a moment and resume your duties, that is all.”

Working in such a dangerous career has moments like this, moments where you say goodbye to a treasured colleague or a professional rival. But what made this instance unique was that Broda Kagen wasn’t dead. The tendrils of the Overseer Council claimed their next member and dubbed him O5-6 ‘The Cortex’. His life was gone but lived on in the dark, overseeing the world at large and what lies beyond. Broda left a legacy behind him that touched many around him and encouraged them to be the best they could, but in the flash of an eye his existence was null and void, erased from the records but not memory. In time as people leave the Foundation their memories are adjusted to a life of normalcy, a career never remembered.

Standing in the cold embrace of the multi-site observation room, O5-6 looked at old colleagues through the cameras, monitoring their activities and searching for untapped talent to promote through the Foundation. A sore desire to reach out and just hold a simple conversation with friends of old, but he knew all too well of the consequences that would occur. Consequences that O5-6 wouldn’t suffer, No, the implicated individual who was unfortunate enough to garner a summon to the hidden realm of the Overseers. Being in this position however wasn’t all bad, the ability to change the world with a sentence came with its perks. Monitoring the Research departments across various sites, O5-6 began to quietly funnel down test requests to counteract the Ethics department’s overzealous reach. One thing Broda Kagen strived for before his ascension was the betterment of humanity, whether it was augmented or evolved

naturally, he would stop at nothing. However, the Ethics Committee was there every step of the way denying true progress. Being a soldier in the field and seeing the very worst of humanity, it warped Broda's mind into this fanatical humanist. Even if it required the condemned D-Class to scream in agony as Researchers pulled them apart and augmented them, so be it. From Broda to Cortex, he stuck by a core value, "Our Enemies aren't ethical and neither should we be. For where is the Committee during our greatest battles? In their offices."

Pondering this again and again as he watches over the Foundation, he notices an unusual occurrence on Site-65. Cameras flickering and panic in the Researchers fleeing from the Research Hall. He beckoned in Alpha-1 to ascertain the issue on site and dispatched a task force with due haste. Informing his fellow council members of this emergency, he maintained a watchful presence in the monitoring room. A short while later a message was sent informing him that there was a reality shift event occurring and Epsilon-11 was on scene providing assistance. His initial reaction was that of little bother, anomalous activities like this happen far more than they should and are resolved without major issue, usually.

Gazing into the camera feed once it settled down, he observed various individuals being forced into existence. With great intrigue he leaned in to observe who these individuals might be and any identifiers they may have to learn of their origin. As the scene calmed down he browsed the camera feed, only to freeze in utter horror at what he just saw. Himself. At least, that's what it looked like. Cortex immediately contacted Alpha-1 to amnesiate everyone on scene and bring the familiar individual to him immediately.

Fear was running through Cortex's mind. What if the details of his death were vulnerable, would it harm his newfound position? Questions for later, for now his eagerness to act and understand took priority. Alternate dimensions, realities and universes are all but common in our world, but traversing it like SCP-507 is something of a dream the Foundation Research teams would like to harness, this Cortex knew and this is what his line of questioning would be.

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Hours pass as Alpha-1 arrives on a blacksite, engulfed in a snowstorm, with the individuals in tow. Awaiting them at the entrance to the facility was Cortex. His red cybernetic eye illuminates his presence in the dark with two Alpha-1 soldiers on each flank. The individuals in question were in bindings and blindfolded to prevent a breach of security. They were escorted into the site as Cortex tailed in behind them, glaring at

them with an eagerness to locate the man he saw on the cameras. Looking back into the white abyss of the snowstorm, he grins and proceeds inside.

The individuals are lined up alongside a wall mixed of crag and steel, as most Foundation sites are formed of. Cortex orders their blindfolds to be removed as he takes a step back to shield his immediate identity to the foreign beings. One by one their faces are revealed. The individual on the far right of the line up immediately caught Cortex's eye, similar in stature and parallel features. It was him, but lacking in scars and augments. Cortex ordered the rest into holding cells for questioning by Alpha-1. As much as their methodology might upset the Committee, he needed results above all else. But for this familiar individual, he was dragged into an interview room with several soldiers. Once seated, Cortex positioned himself behind a pane of tinted glass and observed him.

Alpha-1 positioned themselves around the individual and a Captain of the Task Force sat himself down in front of him. With earpiece to microphone, Cortex began his line of questioning with a simple few words. "What is your name?" Cortex asked eagerly. As the Captain repeated the words to the man, he looked up at the Alpha-1 soldiers as he muttered two words. Broda Kagen. Cortex froze.

Cortex stumbled backwards slightly in disbelief, an abnormal action for a stoic individual who never shows a sign of weakness. The Alpha-1 units in the room even looked surprised at this behavior. "Out." Cortex bellowed to the Alpha-1 units. The pounding of boots faded as they left the room. This will challenge his position, another version of his past self sitting beyond the tinted window will threaten the secrecy of the Overseer Council and in turn raise suspicion to the Ethics Committee. For Cortex however, this can in turn become beneficial to prior research he was attempting to conduct away from the eyes of his peers, for the council is not a round table, but a ladder.

A stern press of the microphone's activation button and Cortex spoke, "Bag him and bring him to deep research back on Site." Almost immediately the two armor clad individuals grabbed the man and dragged him out the room. Little protest was made by the individual. The immediate stress of the situation took a toll upon Cortex's cybernetics as he dropped to his knees in pain. A searing wave of agony overcame his face, a reminder of his failure to resist the Chaos Insurgency's torturous methods. This newcomer to his reality could be the key to enhancing his augmentation even further and unlocking the secrets of traversing reality itself. Cortex stumbled onto his feet and beckoned to the two Alpha-1 stationed outside the room, "We are moving".

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The hustling of multiple men and women moving could be heard and seen at Site-65's Committee chamber. An emergency vote was called by the Chairman, rumors of primary action were muttered between the Committee members as they all sat down at the table. As the members of the Committee sat down at the table, a thunderous sound of boots hitting the ground echoed in the Committee chamber. A large cohort of Mobile Task Force Omega-1, dubbed the 'Laws Left Hand' entered the room. As they encircled the chamber's large oval desk, their formation parted and the Chairman of the Ethics Committee emerged at the head of the table. He stood tall over his seat, gazing at his Committee members. "I hereby call this emergency Ethics meeting to address the actions of a Council member." Muttering was immediately conjured after this sentence.

"Sir, is this the primary action we are undertaking?" Stated one of the Committee members. The Chairman shakes his head at the members of the Committee. "No, this is the action of what we are voting to declare a rogue Overseer. Eight days ago we received actionable intelligence that members of Alpha-1 apprehended a group of researchers that appeared inside Site-65. We later had confirmation these researchers belong to another version of the Foundation in another reality. The Council member in question is O5-6. Evidence suggests these researchers were taken to a blacksite in the Siberian wastes to be interrogated. Operatives within the Omega-1 espionage unit maintained visual contact until they entered the blacksite." The Committee went silent, almost in shock. Whilst it is common practice that the Overseer Council partakes in many attempts to achieve ascension and godhood, this struck out as strange to many.

The Chairman leans forward, "One of the researchers we identified as Broda Kagen, a recently deceased member of the Research Department for Site-65 in our reality. This would warrant a response from the Council and understandably a joint conversation into their existence." A pause was heard. "However, the Overseer Council is unaware of this event ever taking place." The Committee erupted with rage, one member stood up and shouted, "Impossible! They are washing their hands of it!". The Chairman glared at the Committee member who spoke out so brashly. "I would agree under normal circumstances, However after extensive investigation, this is the case." The Committee members sat back down rather quickly. "The reason I've called this session together is to vote on the apprehension of O5-6 and the Alpha-1 members that accompanied him on this unsanctioned bag and tag. To add a final point on the matter, the suspected traitor has been sighted entering the deep research elevator on Site-65 with the researchers in tow. The vote is as follows, Immediate deployment of MTF Omega-1 to Site-65's deep research to apprehend O5-6 and the members of Alpha-1 in his company."

Members of the Committee trail their eyes forward to their section of the table, where a

screen appears with three options available to them. Abstain, No and Yes. The Committee voted quickly with very little debate. Silence flooded the room as every Committee member gazed towards the Chairman. "The vote has concluded with the following results. Five in favor, One abstain and One against. MTF Omega-1 is to be dispatched to deep research to apprehend O5-6 and his detachment of Alpha-1. Meeting adjourned." The members of the Committee hastily gathered up and left, eager to plan this operation against the lone Overseer.

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