





SN#20[REDACTED]011300[REDACTED]-01, Status: Created. User: JHumphry (IP: 100.43.127.[REDACTED]) Timestamp: 5/07/20[REDACTED] 03:31

I'm seeing weird visual bugs on this personnel file, any chance you can take a look at? No idea what could be causing this. JH

SN#20[REDACTED]011300[REDACTED]-02, Status: Replied. User: SConnors (IP: 100.43.156.[REDACTED]) Timestamp: 5/07/20[REDACTED] 04:45

I'll take a look at it but it doesn't look like a visual bug, did someone fuck around with the files, are you pulling a prank? Sean

SN#20[REDACTED]011300[REDACTED]-03, Status: Reply from submitter. User: JHumphry (IP: 100.43.127.[REDACTED]) Timestamp: 5/07/20[REDACTED] 05:07

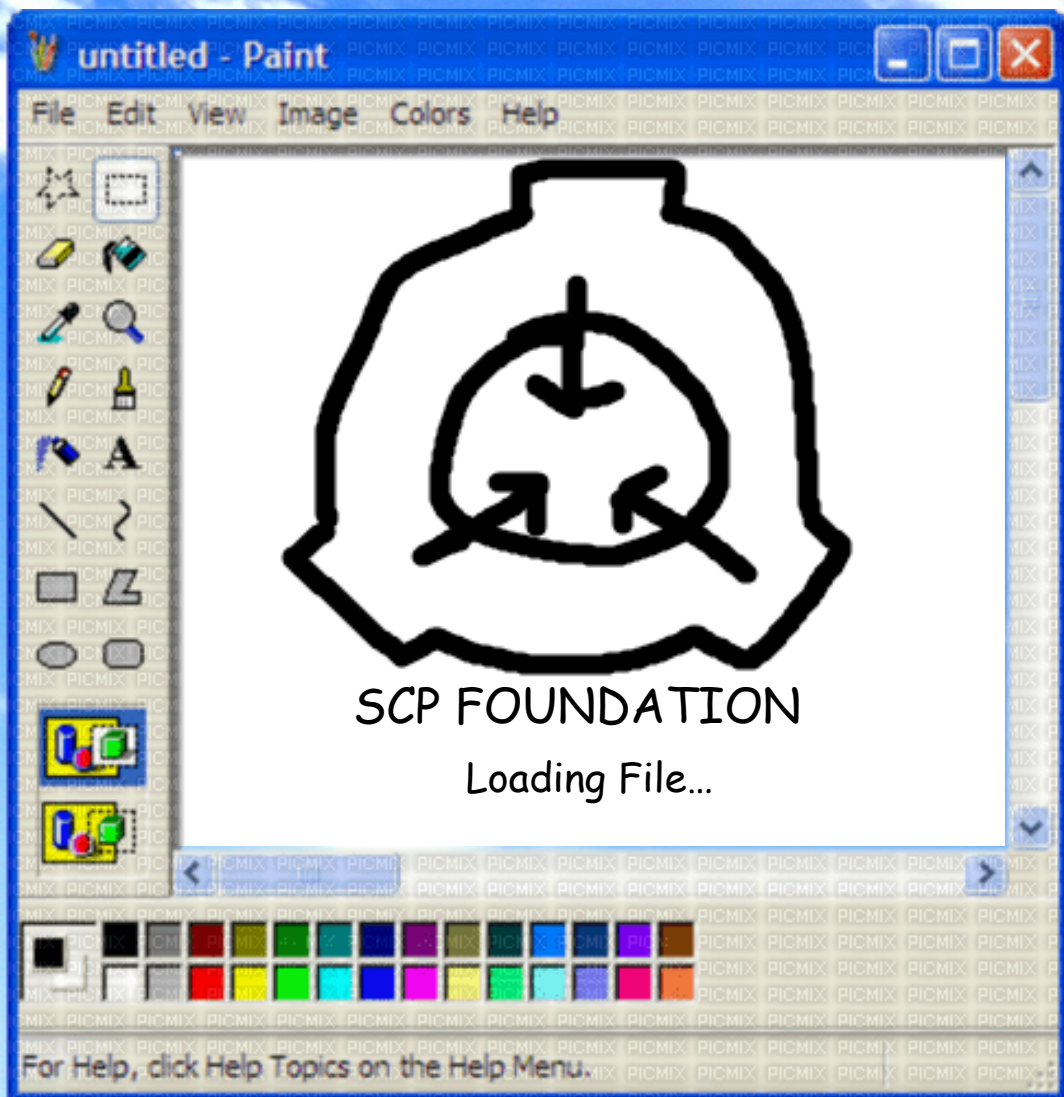
Why would I do that? just get it fixed. JH

SN#20[REDACTED]011300[REDACTED]-04, Status: Replied. User: SConnors (IP: 100.43.156.[REDACTED]) Timestamp: 5/07/20[REDACTED] 05:28

I'll read through it and from the look of this I'm gonna escalate. Sean

User SConnors has set severity to Medium.







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Mia Mheeb

Medical Consultant

Security Class: Class C

Clearance Level: Level 4

Duties: Medical Field Assessment, and Disciplinary Actions

Age: 27

: Height: 5,10ft (1.778m)

DOB: 21/12/1998

: Weight: 64.4KG

Gender: Male

: Hair Colour: Brown

POB: Cork, Ireland

: Eye Colour: Brown

Family: Irrelevant

: Allergies: Certain sulfates

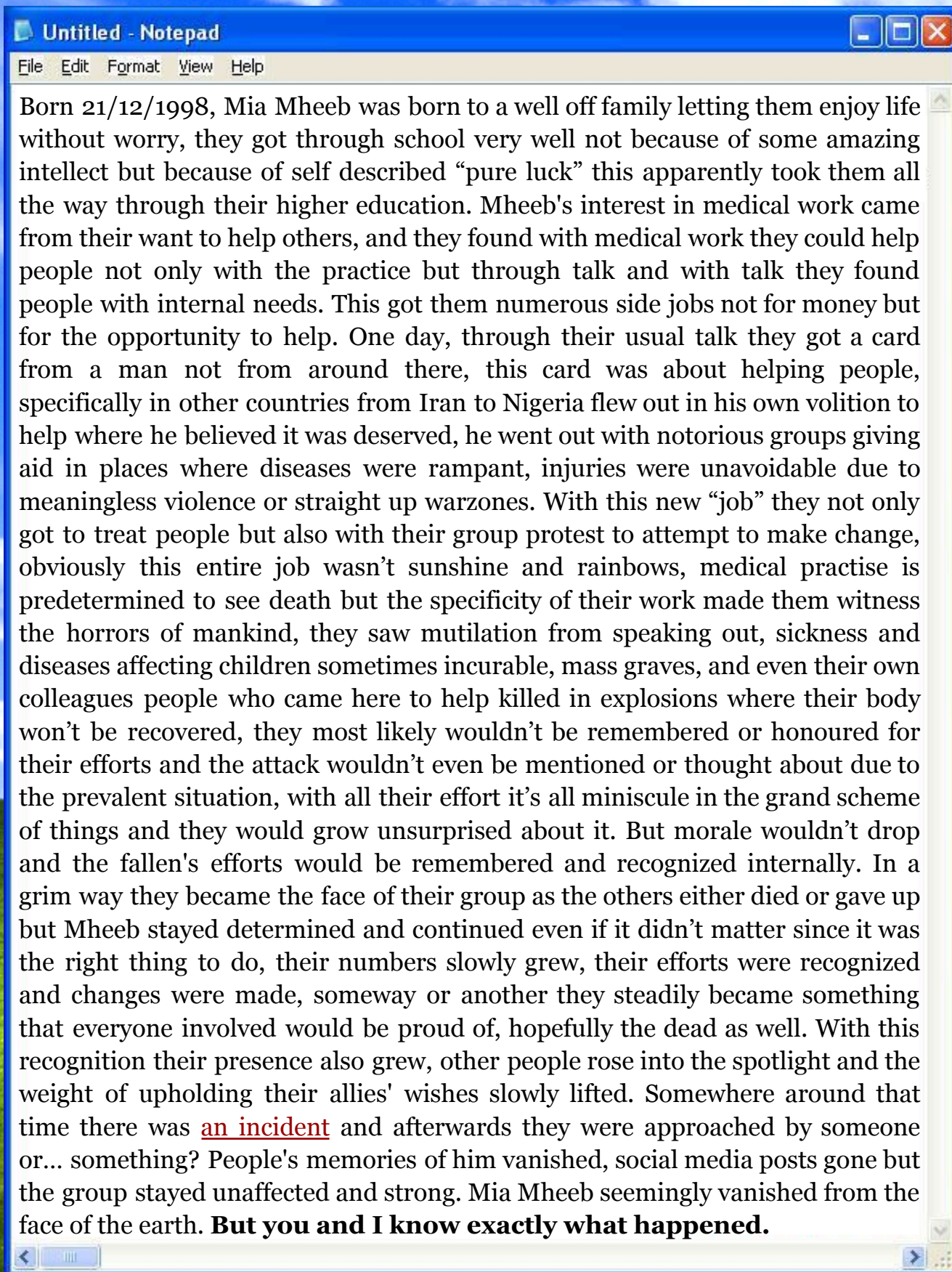
Education: UCSF, Cornell, OR

: Ethnicity: White Irish

Former Employment: Field Medic

: Traits: None





Born 21/12/1998, Mia Mheeb was born to a well off family letting them enjoy life without worry, they got through school very well not because of some amazing intellect but because of self described “pure luck” this apparently took them all the way through their higher education. Mheeb's interest in medical work came from their want to help others, and they found with medical work they could help people not only with the practice but through talk and with talk they found people with internal needs. This got them numerous side jobs not for money but for the opportunity to help. One day, through their usual talk they got a card from a man not from around there, this card was about helping people, specifically in other countries from Iran to Nigeria flew out in his own volition to help where he believed it was deserved, he went out with notorious groups giving aid in places where diseases were rampant, injuries were unavoidable due to meaningless violence or straight up warzones. With this new “job” they not only got to treat people but also with their group protest to attempt to make change, obviously this entire job wasn’t sunshine and rainbows, medical practise is predetermined to see death but the specificity of their work made them witness the horrors of mankind, they saw mutilation from speaking out, sickness and diseases affecting children sometimes incurable, mass graves, and even their own colleagues people who came here to help killed in explosions where their body won’t be recovered, they most likely wouldn’t be remembered or honoured for their efforts and the attack wouldn’t even be mentioned or thought about due to the prevalent situation, with all their effort it’s all miniscule in the grand scheme of things and they would grow unsurprised about it. But morale wouldn’t drop and the fallen's efforts would be remembered and recognized internally. In a grim way they became the face of their group as the others either died or gave up but Mheeb stayed determined and continued even if it didn’t matter since it was the right thing to do, their numbers slowly grew, their efforts were recognized and changes were made, someday or another they steadily became something that everyone involved would be proud of, hopefully the dead as well. With this recognition their presence also grew, other people rose into the spotlight and the weight of upholding their allies' wishes slowly lifted. Somewhere around that time there was an incident and afterwards they were approached by someone or... something? People's memories of him vanished, social media posts gone but the group stayed unaffected and strong. Mia Mheeb seemingly vanished from the face of the earth. **But you and I know exactly what happened.**







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[Tale 1](#)



[Tale 2](#)



[Tale 3](#)

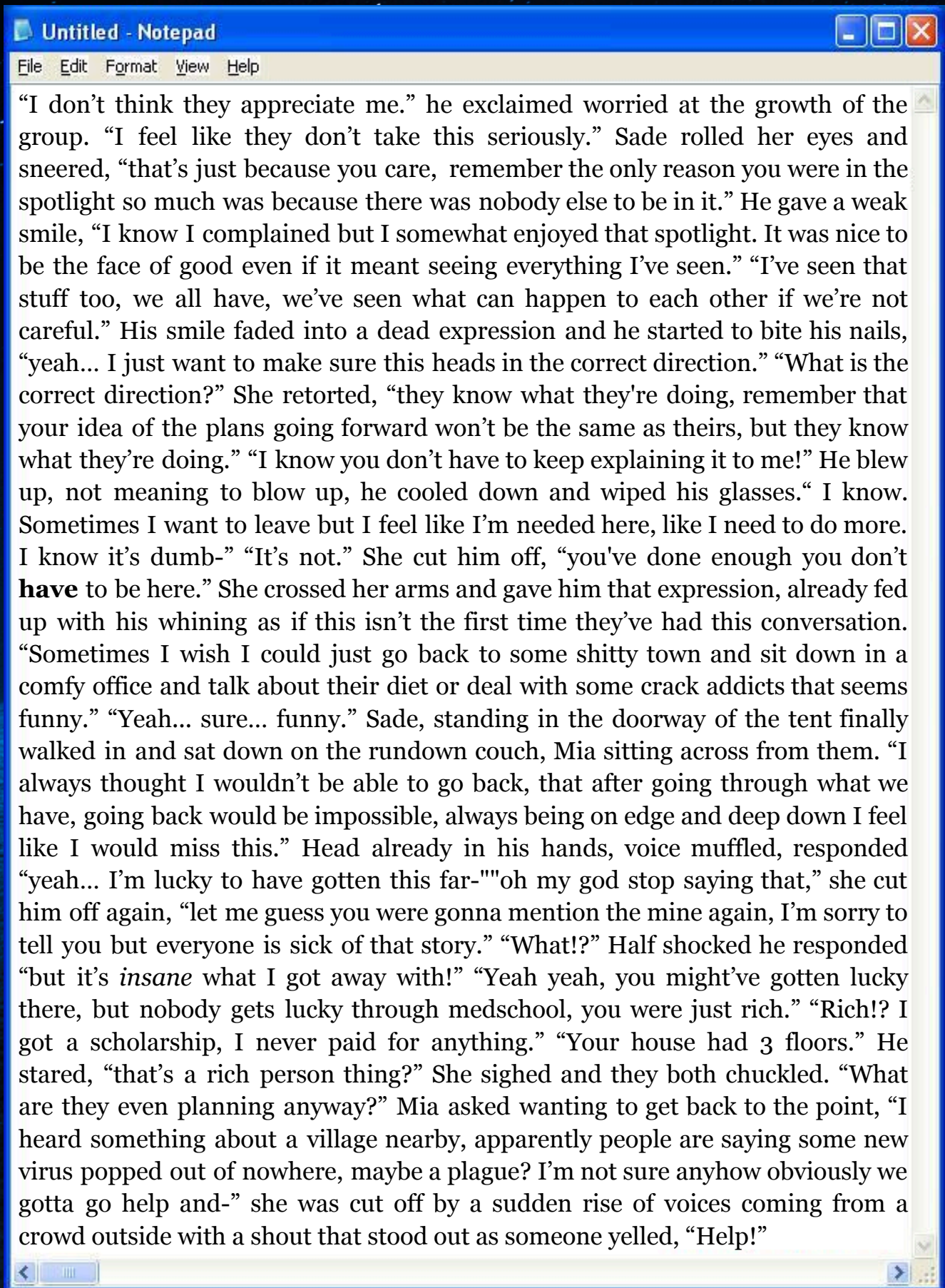




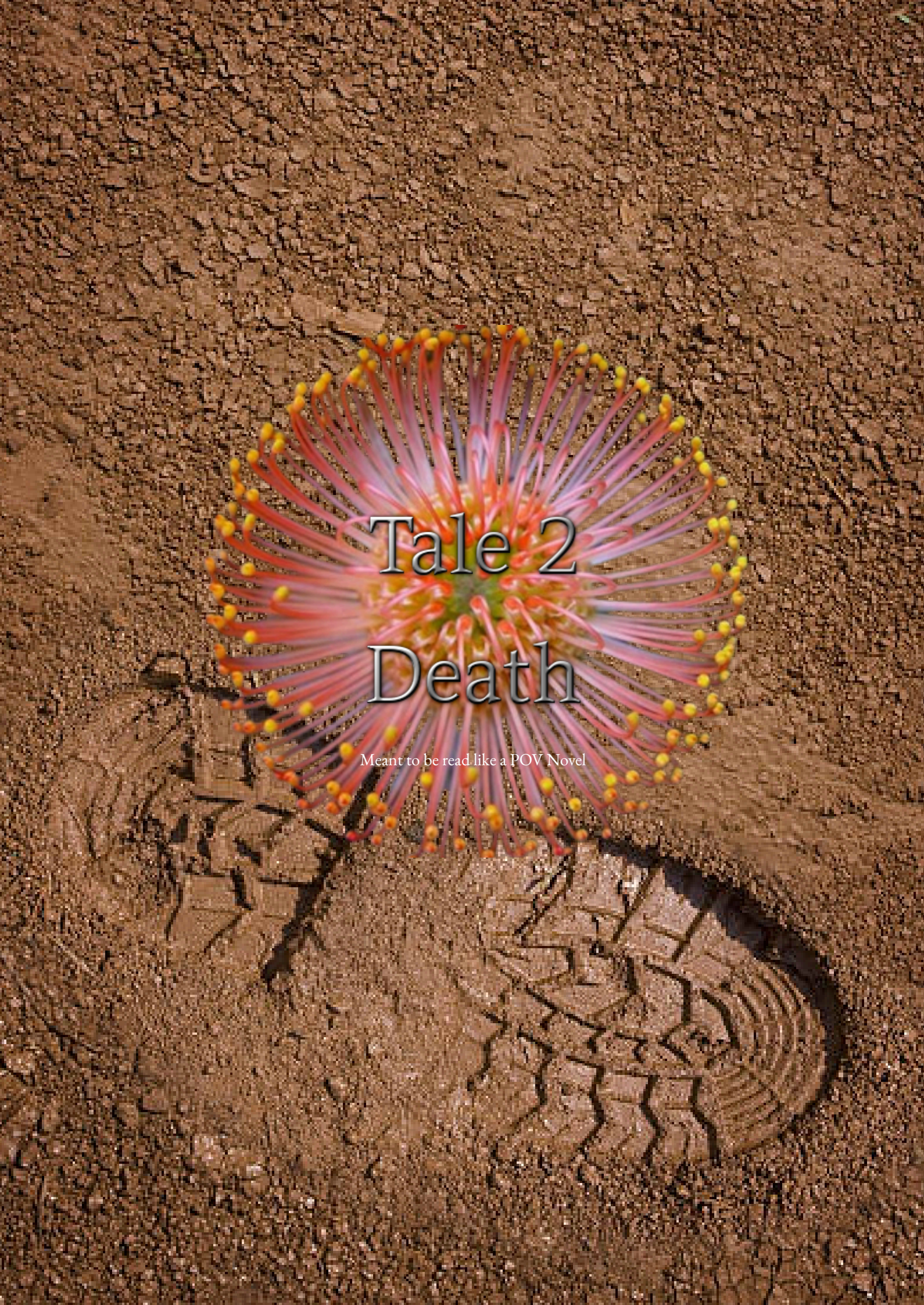
Tale 1

Famine

Meant to be read like a POV Novel





A close-up photograph of a pink and yellow flower, possibly a species of Echinacea, growing out of a patch of dry, cracked brown soil. The flower has numerous long, thin, pinkish-purple petals radiating from a central yellow-green core. The soil is dark brown and heavily fissured with deep cracks. The flower is positioned in the center of the frame, and its shadow is cast onto the soil to the right.

Tale 2

Death

Meant to be read like a POV Novel

"What's that about?" Mia peered out the tent Sade following afterwards both seeing a stampede of people running, he tried to gather his thoughts but the words stuck out to him, "it's here!" "what's here?" His mind raced and he saw as his colleagues ran past, his co-workers, his friends, and people he didn't recognize, "patients?" He thought until he saw it, it's here. He saw as the people he didn't recognize were clearly sick, too sick. Black spots covered them and they were vomiting, looking at them made him feel sick, all of them had been scratching at themselves, covered in blood but they still seemed coherent begging for help, acting sane. The sight made him giggle he felt like he was in a movie it all felt unreal he even felt like pinching himself, as if it was a dream but suddenly like a jolt realized he should get moving he looked to his right to find Sade, but she was gone probably jumping into action rather than standing shocked, he felt like an idiot. He looked around seeing so many corpses all of them looked like they had decomposed already, mold everywhere, bone somehow already visible, the smell got worse and worse but he grabbed the biohazard equipment but only managed to put on the mask before having to make a move again when moving through the raging crowd he saw bodies of faces he recognized he felt even more sick in his stomach an amount he didn't believe was possible but he thought, he hoped, Sade was alright. The "infected" were something he'd never seen; they'd beg and beg for help; their shrieks made his spine tingle. It felt like a primal urge to help them but he knew it was a trick, "surely Sade wouldn't fall for that right?" He thought knowing exactly what the answer to that question is, knowing just how much she wanted to help. As those thoughts spiralled he noticed... he smelled... burning? He never thought the smell of burning flesh would make him feel relieved but the situation didn't have time to dig into the implications of that. He scurried towards the smell in between all the tents, the gaps, the alleys making sure to avoid anyone asking for help, anyone bleeding having to stop feeling the inner remorse he wanted to express, his empathy. He made his way towards a group of people, soldiers? They were burning anyone who begged, anyone who cried for help and bled, and then he looked at **me**. Pointing it at me he lowered it realizing I didn't say anything. I didn't cry or whimper though I was covered in blood, a lot of it. He said something on his radio, something I couldn't make out, the only thing I could make out was a sigil on his shoulder, a mouth breathing fire. He gestured to walk alongside him as we walked towards a group of people surrounded by them. Sade inside the group was bleeding, hurt, begging for help and my heart stopped everyone looked towards me some begging for help, mercy, crying and the soldiers did nothing but look towards me expecting me to say something, I looked towards Sade and apologized "We should've just went to that stupid town, we should've just... left." Now crying, I stood and said, commanded, "Do it."

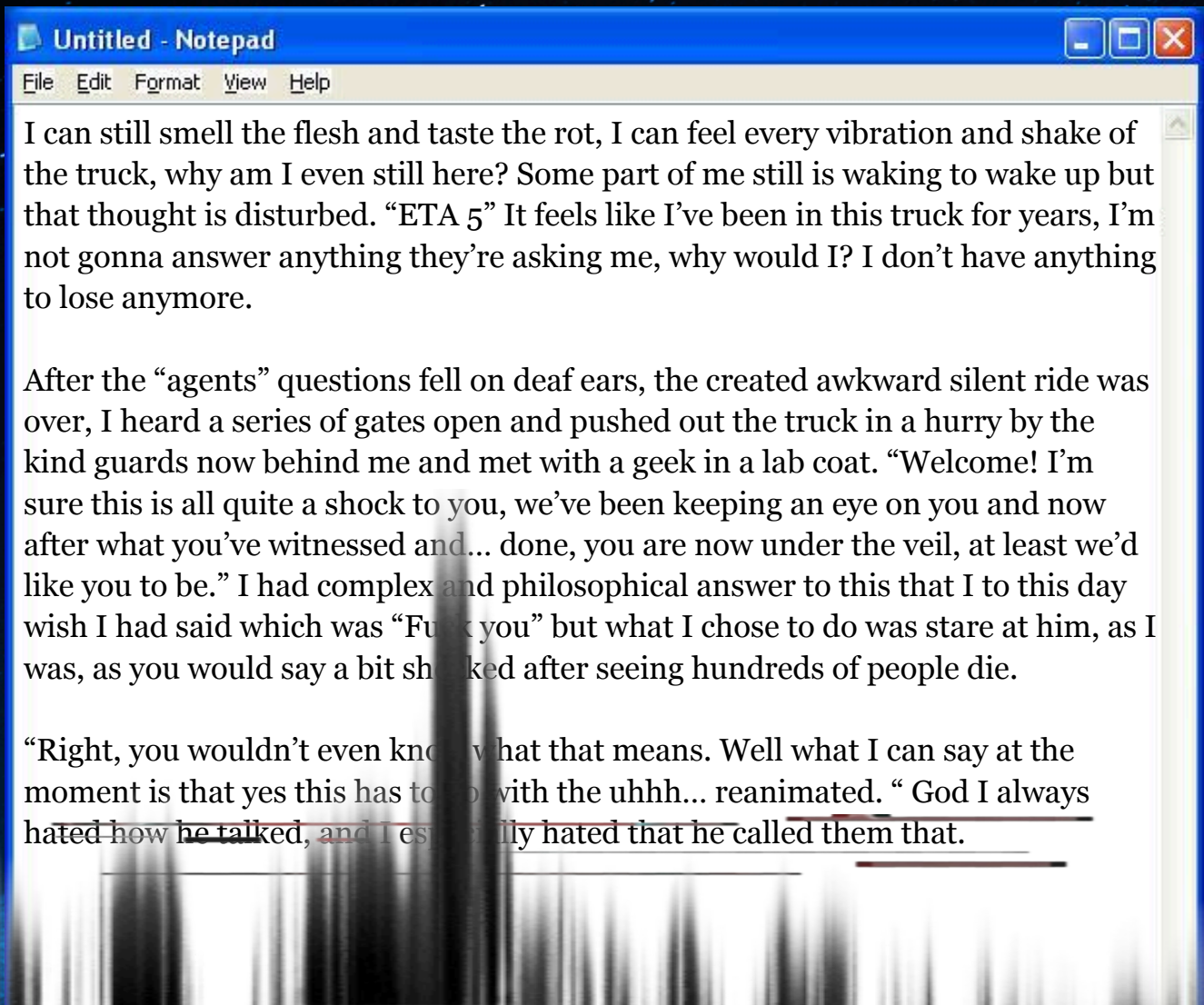




Tale 3

War

Meant to be read like a POV Novel



[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. ██████: Welcome! I'm sure this is all quite a shock to you, we've been keeping an eye on you and now after what you've witnessed and... done, you are now under the veil, at least we'd like you to be.

████ ██████ *Did not respond and continued to stare.*

Dr. ██████: "Right, you wouldn't even know what that means. Well what I can say at the moment is that yes this has to do with the uhhh... reanimated

At the time Dr. ██████ was not unaware of the true nature of SCP-████.

████ ██████:

Dr. ██████:

████ ██████:

Dr. ██████:

████ ██████:

Dr. ██████:

Dr. ██████:

████ ██████:

[END LOG]