

Personnel Information

Name: Baeden Cowen

Date of Birth: 18/03/

Age:

Nationality: Welsh

Rank Given upon joining foundation: GENSEC Cadet

Clearance Give upon joining foundation: L1 Access

Date of Recruitment to foundation: / /



Personnel background

Baeden Cowen was born 18/03/ to Cowen and Cowen an only child in a lower-class family.

School was constantly a struggle for Cowen, being constantly bullied for his family's financial status, this caused Cowen to ignore social life in School and conditioned him to just focus on his education, excelling in P.E, Mathematics and History.

At the age of 18 instead of celebrating his birthday Baeden began looking for jobs so that he could refill the debt he felt he owed to his parents, his first job would be at HMP Parc in Bridgend, Wales, operated by G4S.

On Cowen's 20th birthday his parents and him had organised to meet at a local restaurant for a small dinner to celebrate his birthday, Cowen arrived at the restaurant 5 minutes early and ordered his parent's and his favourite drinks so that they would be ready for when they arrived, when his parents had not arrived after 20 minutes of waiting he tried to phone both of his parents phones, when his father did not answer he called his mother, the phone was answered.

Transcript of the Phone call

Baeden Cowen: Mum? Why are you two running so late?

????: Hello, this is Doctor of Hospital, is this your mother's phone?

Baeden Cowen: Yes, her name is Cowen, is she okay?

Doctor [REDACTED] [REDACTED]: I need you to come to the hospital right away Sir, your parents are both in critical condition after a car accident.

Baeden Cowen: *panicked* I'm on my way.

END OF CALL

After the passing of his parents Cowen became detached and decided to focus on his work, now willing to travel anywhere he had to for work, as if he wanted to get away from the place where his parents had passed.

Cowen ended up working at HMP Parc from the age of 18 through to the age of 24 as a security officer, eventually working his way up to being the head of security at the Prison in the last year of his career.

Personnel Recruitment

On [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] we sent a handful of field agents to review staff at all prisons across the UK and Ireland to scout for possible future staff that could be recruited into the foundation. One of these field agents, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] took a particular interest in Cowen, stating in his report about how "brilliantly professional" Cowen was at his job and about how "well of a fit" he would be into GENSEC at the site that [REDACTED] [REDACTED] started off at in the foundation.

The next day Cowen was met by that same field agent outside of the prison where he worked, Cowen was taken into the agent's vehicle and taken to a nearby SCP foundation site for an interview.

Recruiter Name: [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

Location of interview: Site [REDACTED], North Wales.

Pass/Fail: Pass.

INTERVIEW LOG:

[REDACTED] [REDACTED]: Welcome Baeden, take a seat.

Baeden: Where am I, what is this place?

■■■■■ ■■■■■: You are here for an interview for a job at this facility.

Baeden: Okay, but what exactly is this place? I sure as hell didn't apply for this job.

■■■■■ ■■■■■: This is the SCP foundation, we are a foundation dedicated to the containment of anomalous objects and entities.

Baeden: Okay... I'm not sure I fully understand but I suppose we can continue.

■■■■■ ■■■■■: I can help with that, have you ever seen anything supernatural or strange in any way?

Baeden: I cannot say I have.

■■■■■ ■■■■■: That is because the SCP foundation keeps all of those things locked away in facilities just like this one.

Baeden: Okay, I think I understand.

■■■■■ ■■■■■: Alright, shall we begin then Mr. Cowen?

Baeden: Yes.

■■■■■ ■■■■■: *Looks at sheet of paper in front of him* Okay, so it tells me here that you grew up in a low-class family and have plenty of experience in the Security sector, is that correct?

Baeden: How do you know all of that? I never told anyone about my family's class ever since school because of-

■■■■■ ■■■■■: The bullying? Yes, we know that too.

Baeden: That's unsettling, but yes I did and I do.

■■■■■ ■■■■■: Mister Cowen, from what I know about you I would like to offer you a position working at the SCP foundation as a security captain in one of our sites in Canada. It will hardly differ from your normal job here.

Baeden: Canada? Why not here?

■■■■■ ■■■■■: Our site over in Canada is newer, and in need of more staff.

Baeden: What about everyone here? What will I say to them?

██████: It will be put on official records that you passed away, nobody will even know you are still on Earth.

Baeden: You know what... Sure, I'll take the job. What's the worst that can happen?

END OF INTERVIEW

Life during the foundation.

When Cowen first joined the foundation Riot Officer ██████ was quick to show him the ropes, they ended up developing a deep friendship over the course of his employment at Site 65.

Cowen excelled in his work at the foundation, just like he did in HMP Parc, after a short year as a Security Cadet he quickly found himself being offered the promotion to an Officer, and then another 18 months after that to Sergeant. As a Sergeant Cowen worked towards getting his Riot Control License and Heavy Weapons License, becoming a prominent RRT Sergeant in Site 65.

On a regular day in Site 65 Cowen, now a Riot Sergeant was leading his squad of Riot officers, including his now closest friend Riot Officer ██████, when a Riot broke out in Site 65's D-Block, RRT was deployed to go onto the catwalk and take out any rioting D-Class, when D-█████ raised a firearm to Cowen, D-█████ pulled the trigger, and before Cowen could react Riot Officer ██████, his once mentor and now team member jumped in front of Cowen before the bullet could land. The bullet landed right over Riot Officer ██████'s heart, piercing through his body armour, killing him instantly. Cowen, still not realising what had happened, raised his rifle and terminated D-█████, then he realised what had happened. Cowen dragged the body into the control tower, pulling his RRT squad off of the catwalk and screaming for a medic and crying over Riot Officer ██████'s body, the room falling silent knowing their deep friendship. When a Combat Medic ran into the Control Tower it was too late, an autopsy revealed that Riot Officer ██████ was dead the second the bullet struck.

After 4 years of working as a RRT Sergeant at Site 65, leading his Riot Control team through hundreds of Sweeps of D-Block and assisting in tens of Containment

breaches he was approached by the Security Chief of Site 65, offering him the promotion to GENSEC Captain, after taking the Chief up on the job Cowen was taken to another room for training.

EXTENSION - CHIEF OF SECURITY APPLICATION

Life as a Captain.

Baeden was a model Captain, some would say he was setting the model for what a Captain should be, and there were rumours he was interested in the slot for Chief of Security that would be opening in the coming months.

Baeden was an obsessive Captain, he obsessed over many things, The professionalism of his men and enforcement of the Foundation Legal Codex, but he also had some little rituals and routines that he wouldn't ever open up about;

Every single night he would go on his knees and pray for the wellbeing for his lost parents, and his best friend 'Riot Officer [REDACTED]', He was not a religious man and it was seen as strange how he prayed every night, but whenever he was asked about it he refused to speak upon the matter.

Called to the Director's Office.

One night, after all of his routine of praying for his lost family and friends, he stood up and was walking towards his bunks, when the site's intercom system boomed out "Captain Cowen to the Site Director's office, I repeat, Captain Cowen to the Site Director's office." He stood up and walked towards the door, on his way to the Director's office.

In the Director's Office.

Rewinding a few minutes the Site Director was talking with all of his Site Advisors and Managers about the slot for Chief of Security that had now opened up.

Transcript.

Site Director: Let's move the focus of this meeting to the Chief of Security position that has opened up in the past few days.

Site Advisor [REDACTED]: Ah yes Sir, the list of candidates; Captain Cowen, Captain [REDACTED], and Captain [REDACTED].

Site Director: Okay everyone, we will all discuss amongst each other and then we shall cast our votes.

Site Administration: *Talking amongst eachother*

All of the Administration members place their slips of paper into the middle, face down.

The Site Director pulls the pile towards him and gets them into an even pile.

Site Director: Okay, I will now read the votes that were cast.

Cowen, 1.

[REDACTED], 1

Cowen, 2

Cowen, 3

[REDACTED], 2

[REDACTED], 1

[REDACTED], 2

[REDACTED], 3

[REDACTED], 3.

And like that, it is a 3 way tie with one vote left in the middle.

“Cowen, 4” He reads out.

Site Advisor [REDACTED]: I will call for him over the intercom now Sir. *The advisor goes onto his personnel tablet, as if typing something in, then speaks into the tablet.*

“Captain Cowen to the Site Director’s office, I repeat, Captain Cowen to the Site Director’s office.”

Around 5 minutes pass by.

The Site administration hear a polite knock on the door, “Excuse me, I was called?”

Site Director: Ahh yes, come inside Cowen. *Opening the door*

Cowen: What was it Sirs? Did I do something wrong?

Site Advisor [REDACTED]: Quite the opposite, after our weekly meeting votes were cast for the role of Chief of Security, your name received the most votes. Would you like to accept the role for Chief of Security?

Cowen: Yes! Yes Sir, I would love to. I have wanted this since my promotion to Captain!

Site Advisor [REDACTED]: Okay, go rest up Cowen, you will need it for your induction tomorrow.

Cowen leaves the room.