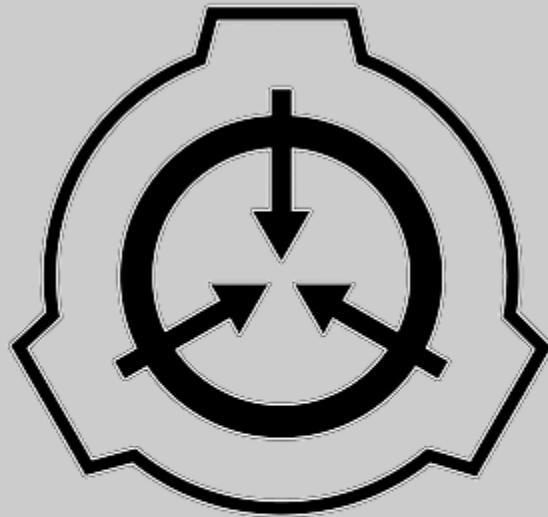


[\] ACCESS LEVEL /4+ Needed\ [/]



SCP Foundation

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- =Biometrics Required= -

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[Access Granted]

Welcome \|-{ERR-OR}\-/

-=FILE NAME=-

"Raichu"

Personnel Physical Description

Name: Luigi Disescutti

Age: 27

Date of Birth: August 5th 1995

Height: 6'5"

Weight: 235lbs

Ethnicity: Caucasian

Religious Belief: Roman Catholic

Country of Origin: Italy

Birthplace: Arezzo, Italy

Next of Kin

Phillip Disescutti (Twin Brother)

Maria Disescutti (Younger Sister)

/-|/ERR-OR-\/_ (Father)
Emile Disescutti (Mother)

Personnel Background

The individual in this document is a current Foundation asset, their reputation deriving from the medical department in Site-56. The acquisition of the individual was not so moral in origin. The father of the subject was a previous Foundation asset with the role of -<{DATA EXPUNGED}>- in Italy where multiple Roman Era themed anomalies were found due to their actions. Luigi has no knowledge of the actions or secret activities of his father other than them being his father, but like their father, they have a keen understanding and knowledge of Roman history leading up to the Byzantine Era. Nonetheless, their tenure at the foundation would not have begun at all if it weren't for a final request from his father who dropped off the radar, even for our resources. His first interaction with us was during a Carabinieri-SWAT Covered raid of which Foundation agents were present. The cover story of the raid in the public eye was a bust on an underground hospital for the -<{Data Expunged}>- family mob. For info to expand on the raid, contact intel ambassador -<{Data Expunged}>-.

The following transcript is from a following

undercover interrogation performed by Agent Tulsim.

-<{A-MOB-TS-06}>-

{Sound of a tape record spinning up followed with a sigh from Agent Tulsim}

Tulsim: For the record, this is investigator Tulsim. The other voice in the room will belong to-

Disescutti: Luigi.

{A moment of awkward silence followed.}

Tulsim: Right. To clarify you had no affiliation to the mob, correct? Just an outside hand that gave you a...

{Tulsim skims through a sizable catalog of unlicensed medical records.}

Tulsim: Shit, kid. That is a lot of med work for someone only just in the cusp of their 20s. Shame it's unlicensed. Tell me, what do you know about the -<{Data Expunged}>- Family.

{The following half minute was just silence before audible knuckle cracking came from Disescutti, a nervous fidget.}

Tulsim: Take your time, kid. If you're worried about them getting their mits on you if they think you said something, you won't have to worry. It's clear you ain't worried about the charges this shit would land you in. Scary shit...

Disescutti: Not a lot. At least, not a lot that a normal sane man coulda' fuckin' comprehend. Their methods for tying a loose end don't spell normal either. You'd think they'd drop someone in acid like in the movies or just some of that other dramatic shit. No. They took me to the side at one point after saving the life of their consigliere, played it cool thinking it was some normal offer of gratitude. They took me to see them sacrifice the guy. That shit was hard to watch.

Tulsim: Was the man that got... 'sacrificed' this man right here?

{Tulsim pushes a piece of paper onto the table in front of Disescutti.}

Disescutti: Yeah. Can't really forget the guy.

Tulsim: Do you mind me leaving the room for a moment? Need to verify a few things...

Disescutti: Don't have a choice.

{A metal chair creaks as it's pushed back, followed by Tulsim leaving through a door. Silence would be present for the next 7 minutes. After time passes, Tulsim re-enters through a door. The metal chair creaking as he sits back down in front of Disescutti.}

Tulsim: Alright, well. You won't have to worry about the fines, jail time, or the mob... on a condition that has been presented.

Disescutti: Fuckin-... Okay.

Tulsim: I'm gonna preface this by saying that I'm not a normal investigator for the -<{Data Expunged}>- precinct. I'm with a shadow-like organization that prioritizes the study and containment of anomalies that defy common reality in the real world. The kind of individuals under our banner would turn the mob into a past thought. I say this because the offer we have is mostly medical in nature, which is something you seem proficient at. Like damn... lower spine surgery with full recovery using second hand tools? Helluva thing. Either way, the offer is you join, you get a new and more... legitimate life. Other wise, this never happened, you get thrown in jail, rot, and spend the rest of your life doing three hots and a cot. Both options will have me watching your steps.

Disescutti: ...

Tulsim: Okay, kid. I'll just let you th-

Disescutti: I'll get a medical degree and all that?

Tulsim: Maybe. Probably. Can also get a lot more if you do this right.

Disescutti: I accept.

Tulsim: Okay. You're riding with me. Oh but keep the cuffs on until we reach the car.

-<{Audio transcript ended}>-

The following 4 months, Tulsim observed excellent progress in the medical division at Site-56, with Disescutti even making an executive position at the department head within that time frame. Site administration took notice of their headway at the recommendation of agent Tulsim. In one month's time from that recommendation, Luigi was brought on board to the Site Administration of Site-56 of which his newfound confidence to open up and get along with his peer excelled his work ethic in improving Site operations

and introducing even a proposal to also increase Combat
Medic effectiveness in the form of making them into a
regiment. See file.name.HippocratesHammer.docx for details.

-<{More will be added to this file as the subject's tenure
at the Foundation bears further fruit. END OF FILE.}>-
