

A Diary, of sorts.

A story [continuation](#) created by Cade "Sunbeam" Valentine (serrrt on Discord)

Foundation Site-65

Floor 3, Overseer Meeting Room.

The Chief Overseer had a headache. Now, to act like he didn't have one nearly constantly due to the strains and demands of his occupation would be silly, but this? This was a *special* kind of headache. The type of headache that has you blindly clutching for a bottle, medication or whatever possibly helps you cope in those most infuriating of moments.

No sooner had he opened the door to their Meeting Room by the slightest amount before an *assault* of three frantic voices in his ear began; questions, pleas and outright gibberish assaulting his senses before he felt his teeth grit together in frustration. He took five authoritative steps forward and *slammed* a fist onto the meeting table. The resounding thud spooking his colleagues into silence as he finally found a moment to exhale and dispel his impending migraine.

"Two, what is the point of e-mailing me that you have made such a discovery if you're then going to see me and scream in my face about it regardless?!" There was a quiet mumbled apology, with a bowed head and irritated expression. The enigma of that Vault had been troubling all of them, One would give him that. "Aaah....never mind. Show me."

"Right....I'm still not sure what Four did, but he yelled that he'd finally cracked it and then that timer started. It's starting to make a hiss, too..." Two was of course gesturing to the small, steel vault that stood innocuously on the table. Well, aside from the quiet beeping of a timer that had three minutes on it and a low, pressurised hiss beginning to flow from the hinges, of course.

The Vault had been labelled as such by a former occupier of the Third seat. Found on his desk after he had tendered a resignation out of the blue, he had already been sent back to his standard duties within the Foundation before anyone could interrogate him about what it actually meant. The only thing found with it was a small, handwritten note that the former Three had left behind, which read;

“My Vault of Secrets will open when the time is right.”

So now, here stood the four members of the Council that based themselves at Site-65, ready to bear witness to an answer to a question that had laid dormant in their minds for their tenures. Unfortunately, given the fact it was hissing....

“All of you, out. We’re letting Alpha-1 be there for when it opens to make sure it’s safe. That means NOW, Four.” The Chief let out an annoyed bark at the Overseer who had been adamant on continued work and decrypting of the thing in the first place, watching him wince before scampering to the exit as members of their Task Force began to file in, practiced perfection in their response as they set up a safety perimeter.

One closed the door behind them, sighing and leaning against the stone wall with a slight hunch, the stress enough to slightly weigh down his posture as he took a moment. He eventually flicked his eyes over to Four, who was wringing his hands together in nervous excitement.

“Alright, fine. We have a few minutes before we’ll find out what happens anyway. Explain what happened while we wait.” No sooner had One given his instruction did the wringing, nervousness and shifting stop; Four practically looked like a man possessed with how fast he snapped to attention, moving into an animated explanation.

“It unsealed with a phrase! It’s all to do with that project that the Chief two times over circulated files about. When I said ‘Finality’, it just sparked up to life and began to count down in front of my face!” Four suddenly pulled out a dossier from their long coat pocket, flapping it around in the Chief’s face until he swatted it away.

“His old project, then? How curious...” One concealed a barely hidden grimace from the other Council members standing before him, recalling the private report that he had been given into the machinations of Project Finality. If it was to be believed, Mr Valentine had been on the cusp of shattering the barrier that kept the dimension of death and the departed away from Earth. To do what; he still had no idea.

Either way, that brought his focus onto a more pressing matter. That meant that the contents of that Vault were almost certainly going to have some relation to the matter as well. That was almost certainly a bad omen.

Just as the thought entered his mind, a sharp and coded knock sounded from the interior of the meeting room to attract their attention. Recognising the call as that of the Alpha-1 Commander, One slowly craned the door open by the slightest amount to peer inside.

“Well...what did you find, Commander?” One asked, his tone cold and as ever, expecting dutiful and accurate answers of his most trusted man. The Commander paused for just a moment, contemplating his answer before simply opening his mouth and replying;

“A letter and some entirely foreign anomalous object, Sir. The note seems normal, no humes or other readings coming from it. The object...looks like an Orb? Off the charts on humes but appears to pose no danger to every type of exposure we’d perform as a safety check.” An Orb? Considering the CCTV that he’d just been looking at a moment ago...

“I see. Your men may station outside of the room, but I’d like all of you to leave us in peace. I think I’m certain of what you’ve found. Dismissed, Commander.” As the whole of Alpha-1 kicked back into gear to stand to attention, salute and leave, One turned to the rest of his Council, a slight smile on his face as he gave a jerk of his head towards the room, motioning them to move.

Everyone took the hint with various states of nerves and curiosity but complied regardless. Four snapped the door shut behind them quickly, not wanting to miss a moment as they all collectively walked up to the now open Vault, stopping just in front of it as One let out a quiet but interested hum that caught the others off-guard.

Before One was something that was very much the *opposite* of what the CCTV of Mr Valentine had shown him. Where the Orb that SCP-7722 had taken looked fully snow white and pure, this one appeared shrivelled, blackened and almost cracked to pieces. Frankly, it looked like it was ready to crumble away before their eyes. It drew his attention in fascination.

He quickly caught himself however, coughing to clear his throat before wasting no further time. He leaned in close and picked up the note, standing up straight and turning to face the others as he began to read in a neutral tone;

“Congratulations. I’m not sure to whom I’m speaking right now, because this little Vault was one of my last conscious actions before I headed to the “debriefing” room. I’m sure we all know that’s not what it is, but I suppose “I’ve” been running around as some simple cog in the Site for some time now, if Mr Valentine hasn’t royally screwed up.

I’m almost certain that if you’re reading this, my deal with the Magician and SCP-7722 has been completed. No, I’m not going to tell you who the Magician is. You can work it out for yourself, I’m certain. He deserves some space before being wrangled back to my affairs.

What I *am* going to tell you, is a bit of history, and what you’re seeing alongside this Letter. What you are technically seeing in that Vault right now is...*me*.

Or, rather, you're seeing the Soul that encapsulates me, "The Blackbird." Thaumatology and the Soul are such a bloody confusing thing to explain...Let me elaborate.

I'm not going to be surprised if the Chief I served under left some notes about my past, but if you haven't seen them, stay quiet and listen, because I expect you to only read this part once.

I do not originate from this universe. Or reality. Whichever you want to call it, fine by me. My first existence came to be in a different universe, one where our main operating station was Site-19, located under a fine little town called Ovis. It was a lovely place. Hard to accept even these days that I'll never see it again without shattering the laws of death and time.....

Anyway. My first self was one of the first people to ever meet with the man that went on to become known as the leader of "The Void". I'm certain Mr Whitmee has some unpleasant memories he'd recount to you about the bastard and his little fledglings if you ever want to learn about that.

Back when I knew it, the man was nothing more than a pesky Type Green that had a bit too much of an ego, because his main prowess was his ability to ensure the persistence of his own Soul, no matter how many times we turned him to Swiss cheese. I think we killed his vessel about 15 times before it all went to hell.

But my confidence and my desire to know more were my undoing. I will not put the words to my dealings with certain entities to paper, but I will tell you that even 8 lifetimes later, I am still looking to settle a debt to a trickster God so that I may finally rest. Because let me tell you, I have tried so hard to do so, but my failure has ensured it will **not** happen.

The first time I came back was terrifying. Normally, because the Soul is expected to traverse to the realm beyond when it expires, you simply pass on quickly. It's like....free-falling. You keep on going until you get to the bottom and then, peace. But for me? I was stuck in the realm between.

Time dilated, no body to move in, only my spirit as I screamed for mercy and to be free. It took 20 years of normal time for the first vessel to be found. For me? It took 2000. But it happened. One day, from nothing, I was once again someone. Director of External Affairs, would you believe it.

None of it made sense, but at the time, I couldn't even think about that. My duty to the Foundation persisted, so I had to act, of course. I lived out another lifetime, until of course, the inevitable. Betrayed by an Overseer and shot through the stomach with a shotgun. One of the nastier deaths, let me tell you.

This happened again, and again, and *again*. Seven times did I die in my obligations to the Foundation. Four times did it come from someone within the damned organisation to pull the trigger. Never allowed to grieve, to stop. Death itself became a means to a sick end.

Then...there was the collapse. The Void, as I mentioned above, *started* as a cocky little Type Green. His ascension to being above the mortal plane came too quick for us to react. One minute, we were debating a policy change for the Tribunal system. The next, the entire Site... painted red in blood and viscera. I'm the one who caused it, though.

I've always kept a little token of my debt, as I'm sure the Chief reported. That blasted feather. You couldn't take it off my person if you tried. The effort would probably kill you, so don't. I always heard premonitions...whispers, if you will, of fated outcomes. So I hesitated

before we used our last resort. And just as I moved to trust my gut... My entire Universe collapsed into one singularity, the whole damned thing flatter than a pathetic pancake.

I wish that was the end, you know. I wish that I'd been forgotten about there, but evidently not. Because one day, in Floor 3, "me" and a brave Alpha-1 who's codename I shall hide learned of a certain rule; the **Universal Constant**.

You see, you should know by now that the multiverse, painful as it is, absolutely exists. And every universe in existence all spawned from a single source point. And the things that the Foundation fights to contain, to protect Humanity? They are the results of the slight translation errors as a new reality is birthed.

It should of course be dawning on you what this means. That in every Reality, in *some* capacity, there is a version of you. Where their fated end is, their appearance, who they become? That all can change. But in some form, you're there too. And the second thing you should be realising..." One paused to read over the text before him, his voice trailing off.

The others began to shift and grow impatient. Small tappings of shoes, little "ahems", they all watched and observed the slightly paler complexion the Chief held for a few palpable seconds before he looked up and decided to continue.

"The second thing you should be realising...is that there truly exists a universe where the anomalous does not. That universe is the source of all creation. Many researchers have hypothesised that the anomalous simply exists as the result of random chance; of edge cases to known rules. Technically? They're right.

Either way, one day, Cade Valentine was learning these rules on the Computer that the Void had managed to manifest within this Universe. And when he did...the Computer recognised him as my Constant. Apparently, we hold a 99.8% genetic match. So when that quiet little Assistant dug deeper and deeper, the Void finally got his own back on me.

He used his own powers, this time not on himself, but me. He plunged into the flattened full-stop that was my Universe, dragged my Soul out and exposed it to Mr Valentine. Against his will, that Assistant became my ninth life. And as much as I relished the chance to continue and push towards settling my debts...I grew so tired.

I've told you my history, but now you should know about me and how horribly exhausting it all is. Word of advice; never pursue immortality, ever. The feeling of seeing those who served around you dying and time passing until they can't be remembered...that fury as you try to accept the end but get told by someone else that it isn't.

It's not worth it. It just is NOT worth it.

And so, as I prepare to depart the Council for now, I've set up a contingency. SCP-7722 has been at the forefront of my studies into the Soul alongside the Magician. Its origins are far more complex than we ever gave it credit for. I encourage you to do some digging if you wish to learn some more.

Mr Valentine deserves a shot at life. He deserves to be able to look at his colleagues and not remember fleeting faces that aren't part of his life, because I am there, even under that haze of Class-E, troubling his mind. And so, I've chosen to abdicate.

Inevitably, he is going to find SCP-7722. The Magician has entered into a pact with it. He will fulfil a bargain for it, one that I have no idea of the details of. In return....It will undo the work of the Void for now. My 8 marred imprints of a Soul will split from Mr Valentine's. For the longest time, this Soul is going to sit in this Vault in a way you certainly won't have seen.

White, pure, entirely one body, belonging to one man - marred and darkened by my attachment. When SCP-7722 encounters Mr Valentine...he will draw our presences apart, leaving me behind in this Vault and giving him his life back. Essentially, I'm packing my bags and leaving, for now.

As much as I know I will not perish until my debt is paid, I also need a break. I just can't stand to look at so many familiar faces anymore. I have no idea how the Chief handled his immortality like he did. At least I got some breaks from the insanity with the dying....

A story for another time, maybe. I'm unsure if I'll ever be back to tell it. Either way, that is the moral of this story. Cade Valentine is going to be a free man when SCP-7722 is done with him, because I will no longer be part of him. The memories I provided as Overseer should, I hope, fade out of his mind.

So leave him alone. You have me contained in my special little resting place, which means you don't even have to worry about the Insurgents finding him and forcing truths out of him that you know we are duty bound to keep secret.

Honestly, if you really wanted, you could try to get rid of my Soul, too. I'm really not sure where I'd end up if you did that, since *his* realm doesn't exist anymore. Would be fun to find out, I guess.

I will say one thing though. Because of this, should I come back, the time is going to entirely be yours to decide. Contact between myself and Mr Valentine will certainly undo SCP-7722's work and I will exist once more as a person. Do **NOT** bring me back just because you're curious. Let the next time be the last time. That is my only request to you, who are reading this right now.

I leave the rest to you on the Council. You are the future, after all. Don't fuck it up for those who made sure you could write it to begin with.

And one more thing. Thanks for being an ear. The last time I sat down to even try and tell my story was a lifetime so very long ago, before I became who I was today. I do take comfort knowing there's a few of you out there who finally get it.

Until next time,
The Blackbird.



One finally let out a tired sigh after reading the whole thing in one go. That had taken a good twenty or thirty minutes to get through, and it begged more questions than it gave answers...but either way, a decision still had to be made.

Before Four could ask a question they obviously all were thinking, One held a hand up and pressed a button on the desk. Slowly, silently, the CCTV systems of Site-65 lit up until they located Cade Valentine, on his lunch break as part of Internal Affairs. One supposed it was true; comparing old records to the live feed, the man did look inexplicably brighter in the eyes.

“Contact Kagen. It’s possible that we’re being lied to, but if we are, we simply eviscerate his vessel. Lift the silent hold we placed on Valentine becoming an Ambassador. Nudge him with an Assistant to try and apply for the role. I’d like to see what the man is capable of, on his own terms.” One nodded to the others in an authoritative way, dismissing them. Four continued to frown; so many questions to ask.

But, that would come next time. They all began to file out, complying as radios lit up and phone calls were made. One was left to his own devices. He turned, quietly, staring at the dark, miserable Soul that hovered before him. If he tried hard enough, reallocated the budget...he really could get rid of it, couldn’t he?

The thought passed his mind for a moment at most, before he shook his head and chuckled. With a slow, definitive nudge, he swung the door of the Vault shut, snapping his fingers to have two Alpha-1 enter.

“Get this thing into our private storage. Nobody is to even go near it unless I say so, the penalty immediately being death for daring.” The two soldiers nodded dutifully, quickly hiking back out of the room faster than they entered.

One sat at his designated chair, hands knitted together and a smile on his face as he watched the Vault disappear from view, swivelling

around to watch Valentine stand back up and move out to his duties on the camera system.

“Well, that’s one way to earn your life back, isn’t it? Let’s see what you do with it, Mr Valentine. [Impress me.](#)”