

SCP Foundation

Secure, Contain, Protect

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SCP-2922
rating: +712+--x

Item #: SCP-2922

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-2922-A is to remain at Area-2922. At least one Project Corbenic staff member must be ready to answer transferred calls from SCP-2922-A 24 hours a day.

SCP-2922-B's research of SCP-2922-C is to continue as a Delta-level priority to the Foundation.

Details of the SCP-2922 memetic implantation procedure are restricted to Project Corbenic internal operations staff only.

Selection for an SCP-2922-implanted candidate to take the place of SCP-2922-B is underway.

Description: SCP-2922 is a method of communication from a human mind to a telephone. Once a human is implanted with SCP-2922, they will be able to make phone calls to a pre-established phone number at any time. The method by which the phone receives these calls is not entirely understood, as it does not involve standard telecommunication signals.

SCP-2922 was developed by the ██████████ Corporation, initially as a novelty smartphone app. The project was then promptly discontinued when it was discovered that actual telepathy, not the natural electricity of the brain, were involved, and the prototype was never released. Despite its nature as an app, a landline can be designated as the destination number as well.

SCP-2922-A is a ██████████ brand telephone of a model commonly seen in office building environments. Its number is [REDACTED], which is the destination number for SCP-2922-B.

SCP-2922-B is a Foundation scientist, Dr. Janet Spiegel, who volunteered to be implanted with SCP-2922.

SCP-2922-C is SCP-2922-B's current location as of 11/25/14, believed to be an extradimensional realm.

Addendum 1 - Project Corbenic: on 11/25/14, two months into the implant, SCP-2922-B was killed in a car accident. Two hours later, a call was received on SCP-2922-A.

Dr. ██████████: Sorry, you have the wrong—

SCP-2922-B: Oh thank god, you picked up. ██████████? It's Janet.

Dr. ██████████: We're not in the mood for prank calls.

SCP-2922-B: Dr. Janet Spiegel, Foundation email jspiegel01, password [REDACTED], Social Security number [REDACTED]-[REDACTED]-[REDACTED]. Not kidding. Am I dead?

Dr. [REDACTED]: Hold on, I'm gonna verify those credentials.

(verified)

Dr. [REDACTED]: ...We just got the call, police said your car got T-boned by a drunk and you were dead on arrival. But if you're reaching this phone, you can't be dead!

SCP-2922-B: Car crash? At least that makes sense. Last thing I remember was trying to drive through some rain, now I'm naked in the middle of a desert with...

(SCP-2922-B hesitates)

Dr. [REDACTED]: Janet? Come in, Janet!

SCP-2922-B: Sorry, just... I'm actually, truly dead, and whatever place this is, I'm not leaving, ever. I need a while to adjust. I'll update you on my condition soon, I promise, but I need a moment to take it in. Mourning myself, if that makes any sense.

Dr. [REDACTED]: Alright, just stay calm, get back to us when you can. Good luck.

SCP-2922-B: Yeah, thanks. I'll need it.

(SCP-2922-B hangs up)

Attempts to trace the call yielded nothing.

Addendum 1 - Project Corbenic:

By the command of the O5-council, Project Corbenic was started to use SCP-2922-B to explore and ascertain the true nature of SCP-2922-C.

Project Corbenic Interview Log:

PC-02

Dr. [REDACTED]: What does the sky look like?

SCP-2922-B: Dark. Very dark. Sea-green sky. Black clouds. No stars. But it doesn't look like it's nighttime. I don't even know if this place *has* daytime and nighttime. There's a couple... moons I guess? Three white ones.

Dr. [REDACTED]: Is there a sun?

SCP-2922-B: No, I think it's just these moons for now.

Dr. [REDACTED]: Temperature?

SCP-2922-B: Cold. I'd say about 10 degrees celsius. But there's no wind, so that's nice I guess.

Dr. ████████: Any other life forms?

SCP-2922-B: Negative. No animals, no people, no wind. No sound. Dead silence. The sound of my breath is kind of loud.

Dr. ████████: You can breathe?

SCP-2922-B: Yeah. Still got my body, or at least a duplicate.

Dr. ████████: How do you feel?

SCP-2922-B: Emotionally or physically? The former, still pretty awful to be honest.

Dr. ████████: The latter?

SCP-2922-B: I'm not in pain... I'm not hungry. I don't feel like I *need* to do anything. I'm - listen. Can I speak to my husband?

Dr. ████████: I'll have to take that up with O5.

SCP-2922-B: Okay, really press for it if you can. I miss him so much already.

Dr. ████████: Noted. I'll bet he does too.

SCP-2922-B: How about this. I'm going to walk, straight line, in one direction, for a very long time. As soon as I see something other than sand, I'll contact you again.

Dr. ████████: Sounds good, we'll be here whenever you've got something.

(SCP-2922-B hangs up)

PC-03

SCP-2922-B: You there?!

Dr. ████████: Janet, what do you have for us?

SCP-2922-B: Some real freaky shit. I was just getting to the base of some mountains. How long's it been since I last called?

Dr. ████████: Five days.

SCP-2922-B: And I'm not tired or hungry either, that's weird. Anyway, I found another life form. I think.

Dr. ████████: Human?

SCP-2922-B: Bipedal, mammalian, that's where the human similarities end. Bigger than the surrounding mountains - wild guess, it's about 2,000 meters high. Slow-moving primate of some kind. It came out of the mountains after I heard some sound like a long, slow drumbeat. Its footsteps. Matted black fur

all over, only different colors were its two glowing white eyes, like searchlights. I don't think it had a mouth. Anyway, I think I've got some kind of confirmation that this is an afterlife, if not *the* afterlife. It stepped on me.

Dr. ████████: It attacked you?

SCP-2922-B: More out of curiosity, I think. It just wanted to see how much force my body could stand from its foot. It wasn't angry. Hell, I'd say it was even polite about smashing me, in its own stupid little way.

Dr. ████████: You were crushed flat, and you're still talking to us?

SCP-2922-B: Every wound regenerates here. Hurt like hell for about two minutes, but my skin and bones put itself back together in just a few seconds.

Dr. ████████: And where is this primate?

SCP-2922-B: Went off into the desert. I think it's just as lost as I am. ...I'm seeing some fire in a small valley. Appears man-made from campfires... *People*. I see people.

Dr. ████████: How many?

SCP-2922-B: Hundreds. Looking in this valley, they're all just sort of huddled up. All of them naked as I am. Some of them are buried waist-up in the ground. Why the hell would they do that?

Dr. ████████: Do they appear to be suffering?

SCP-2922-B: No. I think they buried *themselves*. Like, maybe they're at peace with their condition and just want a place to relax.

(SCP-2922-B hesitates)

SCP-2922-B: That'll be me soon, won't it.

Dr. ████████: Stay calm.

SCP-2922-B: Look - I've given you insights to something you couldn't possibly imagine seeing in your time at the Foundation. I only ask in return that you let me talk to my husband.

Dr. ████████: I checked with O5. The only people you are authorized to speak with are Project Corbenic personnel.

SCP-2922-B: Then *hire* him.

Dr. ████████: He has an art history degree. I doubt he'd be able to last long in a scientific environment for reasons other than to contact you.

SCP-2922-B: Fuck it.

(SCP-2922-B hangs up)

PC-04

SCP-2922-B: Good news.

Dr. ████████: Yes?

SCP-2922-B: A wagon came to the human camp, driven by a guy in a white robe and a skeletal horse. Says we're being taken to the "Elysian Fields." Paradise, basically.

Dr. ████████: Interesting. You don't sound too happy about it.

SCP-2922-B: Yeah, sure.

(SCP-2922-B hangs up)

Addendum 2: After PC-04, no further transmissions had been received from SCP-2922-B for seven months. Multiple attempts were made to contact SCP-2922-B through a phone call. All had failed. Project Corbenic was put on hiatus, until a voicemail was recovered from SCP-2922-A.

PC-05

(Voicemail recording begins)

SCP-2922-B: This is Janet. I've been following your efforts to track me down - it helps when you've won the favor of the seventh [DATA EXPUNGED]. All it took was for me to tell you of a field of reeds where everyone's happy forever, and you wanted more. Why? So that you can all have an excuse to die? So you can skip the training and jump right into the mission blind? Cowards.

Look, everything was true, right up until the grim reaper came in a wagon. Even the giant monkey wasn't a fabrication. After that, the truth is much more complicated, and there's a very easy way for me to tell you what actually happens after you die. *I want to talk to my husband.* If your fear and hatred of civilians trumps your thirst for knowledge and you decide to not follow through, I'll know. And then you'll *never* know.

Dr. Janet Spiegel, advisor to [DATA EXPUNGED] the Impenetrable, signing off.

(recording ends)

+ PC-06 - 5/2922 ACCESS REQUIRED

On 6/14/15, MTF Psi-8 "The Silencers" raided the home of Herman Spiegel, widower to Dr. Janet Spiegel, after detecting a voicemail from an anomalous source similar to the one received by SCP-2922-A. Upon discovery, Mr. Spiegel threw the phone at a wall in an attempt to destroy it, and was shot. The phone was unharmed, and this voicemail was uncovered.

(voicemail recording begins)

SCP-2922-B: Herm, it's me. I know you might have doubts, but you are standing in your silly silk PJs looking at your phone like you've just gone crazy. It's 3:54 AM where you are. This is Janet, and I'm contacting you from beyond the grave. You're not crazy.

Now listen carefully, because it was hard enough to send this to a phone that wasn't 2922-A and [DATA EXPUNGED] the Impenetrable can only work so much magic - he's friendlier than he sounds, trust me, we're on a first-name basis.

That's not important - some guys from a Foundation task force are headed to our house. They'll be there in less than ten minutes. I can see this, I have some help. This is MTF Psi-8 that's after you, really black-ops Foundation stuff, they have a policy of not taking prisoners. You're about to die.

Look, I know you're very scared right now. I wish I could be there. Your dead wife is telling you you're about to die, and I know that scares you, especially since you're an atheist. But I assure you - there is an afterlife. There are *millions* of afterlives. There are as many different ones as there are different types of people. I'm in one of the preferable ones, and you *can* be here with me if you follow my path.

There isn't much I can say about the journey without compromising the whole thing, but you've been preparing for this journey your whole life. You've been given instructions along the way, you just didn't know they were at the time. Look back to your most important memories. This is not hell, or heaven, or purgatory. *This is the final exam.*

There are just a few things to remember - one, *never give up*. I know you can reach me, you're the strongest and bravest guy I know. Two, follow the moon on the left. Get to the Valley of the Striders, and ask the three-faced tree where the "spy" went. It'll make sense when you get there.

Three, do NOT do anything that'll make anyone angry. If a Strider wants to kill you, let it. You'll regenerate, it's harmless. I think that's their way of saying "hello." It happened to me - things can't die here, but there's something worse. Whatever you do, do *not* get "sent back" by the Striders or the Eight [DATA EXPUNGED]. I can't say what that is without making it happen to you, but you don't want it. Four, most importantly—

Shit. They're at your door. Remember what I told you. Delete this voicemail, smash this phone to pieces, *they must never know.*

I've got [DATA EXPUNGED] the Impenetrable on my side and he'll do what he can to help you along the way. For the record, he believes in you too, and that's high praise considering that it comes from a being of his power.

I'll be watching. Win or lose, I love you forever.

(recording ends)

Following PC-06, Operation Galahad is officially in effect.

« SCP-2921 | SCP-2922 | SCP-2923 »

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