

# SCP Foundation

## Secure, Contain, Protect

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SCP-3202

NO RUNNING

rating: +89+—x

SCP-3202, before its conversion to an indoor pool.

**Item #:** SCP-3202

**Object Class:** Euclid

**Special Containment Procedures:** The pool containing SCP-3202 has been purchased by a Foundation front company (the SCP Pool Corporation) and converted to an indoor pool. It is to remain closed to the public under the pretense of ongoing renovations. The pool is to be drained when testing is not underway. Any entities that emerge from SCP-3202 are to be captured for study if possible.

**Description:** SCP-3202 is an interdimensional portal located in the public swimming pool at ██████████ Park in ██████████, VA. For an individual to pass through SCP-3202, the following criteria must be met:

- The individual must dive into SCP-3202 from the diving board.
- The individual must be wearing a bathing suit and no other clothes.
- The individual must have showered no more than fifteen (15) minutes before diving.
- The individual must not have eaten within the last hour.

Upon passing completely below the surface of the water, individuals meeting these criteria are transported to an extradimensional space designated SCP-3202-1.

**Addendum 5844-1:** Exploration of SCP-3202-1.

D-48923 was the first test subject sent into SCP-3202. She was equipped with bathing suit, tinted swimming goggles, a waterproof head-mounted camera, and a radio transmitter.

When D-48923 failed to return or make contact within 24 hours of entry, D-54882 was sent to explore SCP-3202 and recover her if possible. He also failed to return or make contact within 24 hours. It is assumed that radio transmissions cannot pass through SCP-3202-1.

Due to his past experience with similar anomalies, exploration specialist D-11424 was chosen to enter SCP-3202-1 next. D-11424 was equipped similarly to the previous test subjects, minus the radio transmitter.

## Access Exploration Log

<begin log>

[D-11424 is standing at the base of the ladder leading to SCP-3202's diving board.]

**Researcher Lee Roy Carlson:** -new kidney treating you?

**D-11424:** Works fine so far. Let's hope I don't lose it again.

[D-11424 climbs the ladder, then looks at Researcher Lee Roy Carlson, who is standing at the edge of the pool a few meters away.]

**D-11424:** You guys ready?

**Carlson:** Whenever you are.

**D-11424:** Alright.

[D-11424 takes a deep breath, then begins running towards the end of the diving board.]

**D-11424:** Cannonball!

[D-11424 leaps into SCP-3202 and resurfaces in SCP-3202-1.]

**D-11424:** Ah!

[D-11424 looks around. He is now floating in a large body of water that stretches to the horizon. The water is extremely clear and, aside from the waves created by D-11424, still. A sun visually similar to Earth's hangs in a blue, cloudless sky overhead. A small, low island with a gray, rectangular structure on it is visible less than a kilometer away.]

**D-11424:** Crap, I lost my trunks.<sup>1</sup> You guys better blur out my junk.

[D-11424 looks down. Despite the clarity of the water, the bottom is not visible. D-11424 looks up at the island.]

**D-11424:** Guess I'm going that way.

[D-11424 begins swimming toward the island, using the breast stroke. He pauses about halfway to the island and floats on his back to rest.]

**D-11424:** [slightly out of breath] Captain's log, stardate...shit, I don't know what day it is. Oh well. Anyway, I'm about halfway to that island. The water tastes like chlorine, and it's kinda cold. [D-11424 turns his head to either side.] Basically, it's a really big pool. Hopefully that building over there is a concession stand. [laughs] I'm working up an appetite.

[D-11424 rests for a few more minutes, then resumes swimming. When he is approximately 100 meters from the island, the bottom of the water becomes visible a considerable depth below. It appears to be blue-painted concrete, like the bottom of SCP-3202.]

[D-11424 continues approaching the island, speeding up slightly. The bottom slopes upward as he approaches, becoming shallow enough for him to stand approximately 25 meters from the island. D-11424 does so.]

**D-11424:** That is not a normal island.

[The island appears rectangular and approximately 25 meters long on the side facing D-11424. In lieu of a beach, the island is ringed by a concrete wall with a curved upper lip, identical to the edges of SCP-3202. The island's only visible features are a rectangular concrete structure at its center, and a series of irregularly spaced pool ladders around its edges. Numerous "NO RUNNING" signs have been placed at seemingly random locations on the sides of the structure.]

[D-11424 begins wading towards the island.]

**D-11424:** What the-

[D-11424 looks down. He raises his right foot and turns it. A large band-aid is stuck to the sole.]

**D-11424:** Ew!

[D-11424 vigorously kicks his foot, unsuccessfully attempting to shake off the band-aid.]

**D-11424:** [sighs] This is why I hate public pools.

[D-11424 attempts to peel the band-aid from the bottom of his foot. When he touches it, the band-aid suddenly twitches, detaching itself in the process.]

**D-11424:** Gah!

[D-11424 swims away from the animate band-aid. He watches as it sinks to the bottom and begins to gradually crawl toward the island, moving its body like an inchworm.]

**D-11424:** Well, that's disgusting.

[D-11424 continues wading toward the island, giving the band-aid a wide berth and keeping his eyes on the bottom. As he approaches the island, more small objects are visible on the bottom.]

**D-11424:** Is that money?

[D-11424 dives below the water, at this point approximately four feet deep. Various coins are scattered across the bottom. He watches as another animate band-aid slowly moves on top of a nearby penny. The band-aid adheres to the coin with one of its adhesive patches, then curls up to envelop the penny. D-11424 surfaces to take a breath, then dives again. He attempts to pick up a coin, but it appears stuck to the bottom. D-11424 tries again with a similar coin, with identical results, then surfaces.]

**D-11424:** Well, that's weird. They're like...oh, I get it! They're like clams or something, and the band-aids are like starfish. I think this pool's trying to be an ocean.

[D-11424 closes the rest of the distance to the island, careful to avoid stepping on any coins or band-aids, which both become more numerous closer to the island. Upon reaching the wall, he looks up at the structure. The

island's surface consists entirely of gray porous concrete identical to the deck surrounding SCP-3202. The structure is made from smooth gray concrete and has no visible features, except for more of the same "NO RUNNING" signs. Two doors are evenly spaced along the wall. D-11424 proceeds to the nearest ladder and uses it to exit the water.]

**D-11424:** Wooh! That wind is cold.

[D-11424 approaches the left door, which is labeled "MEN".]

**D-11424:** Locker rooms? I hope there's some pants in here.

[D-11424 opens the door. The interior is dimly illuminated by a series of clouded glass skylights, revealing a small room containing a bench with lockers on the walls. A hallway opposite the door continues further into the structure. He enters the locker area and begins attempting to open the lockers. Some are locked with combination locks, while others are unlocked but empty. Eventually, D-11424 finds one with an unlocked combination lock and opens it, revealing a lime green gym bag. He opens the bag and finds a dark blue beach towel and a pair of floral-pattern swim trunks.]

**D-11424:** Jackpot!

[D-11424 dries himself and dons the trunks. He then places the towel and lock in the bag, which he puts on over his shoulders like a backpack.]

**D-11424:** Kinda big, but beggars can't be choosers. Now, let's see what's over here.

[He enters the hallway and comes to a restroom. Pieces of wet toilet paper are strewn about the floor, amid small puddles of unknown liquid.]

**D-11424:** And here I thought that band-aid would be the grossest thing I saw today.

[D-11424 enters the bathroom, careful to avoid the puddles and toilet paper in the floor, and checks the stalls. All are uninhabited, but one of the toilets has been defecated in.]

**D-11424:** Seriously? [raises his foot to flush the toilet, but changes his mind and lowers it again] Actually, I bet that goes straight to the pool. No thanks.

[D-11424 continues exploring the bathroom. The soap and toilet paper dispensers are found to be empty. The faucets are functional, and he attempts to drink from one of them, only to spit out the water.]

**D-11424:** Yech. Pool water.

[D-11424 returns to the locker room and exits the building. It is close to midday. He begins whistling "Volcano" by Jimmy Buffett and rounds the structure to the other side of the island. There are no other entrances to the building, but a similar-looking island is visible in the distance, approximately as far away as the first island was from D-11424's arrival point.]

**D-11424:** Guess that's my next stop.

[D-11424 spends a few minutes performing various athletic stretches. He stands up when finished.]

**D-11424:** Alright. Here we go.

[D-11424 jumps back into the water and swims towards the next island. The bottom of the pool slopes downward, but plateaus at an estimated depth of ten to fifteen feet. He stops about a fourth of the way there to rest.]

**D-11424:** [out of breath] Man, I'm out of shape.

[He continues to float until he catches his breath. As D-11424 rights himself to resume swimming, he notices movement in the distance off to the right of the next island and turns to look. At least a kilometer away, several long, brightly-colored shapes are moving slowly across the surface of the water from D-11424's right to his left.]

**D-11424:** Huh.

[He treads water and watches the shapes for about a minute, then resumes swimming. A large, stationary, dark shape becomes visible in the water ahead. As he approaches, it becomes clear that the shape is a dense, roughly circular clump of lane dividers approximately twenty meters in diameter. The lines float vertically with one end just beneath the surface and the other near the bottom.]

**D-11424:** Lane lines?

[Diving underwater, D-11424 inspects the dividers. They are anchored by metal rings embedded in the bottom of the pool, and sway slowly back and forth in the current. D-11424 resurfaces to breathe.]

**D-11424:** Like a kelp forest. Too bad there's no otters.

[D-11424 swims around the line lines and continues toward the island. The bottom gradually slopes upwards again until, about 25 meters away, D-11424 is able to stand again.]

**D-11424:** [very out of breath] Hah...tired...

[He wades closer to the island, looking at his feet. There are band-aids and coins on the bottom here as well, which D-11424 is still careful not to step on. He uses another ladder to climb onto the island. The structure is similar to the one containing the locker rooms, but has no features on the side facing D-11424. He circles around to the other side of the structure. A large rectangular window with a countertop extends along most of its length, and there is a door beside it at the other end. A faded sign above the window reads "CONCESSIONS". A sign on either side says "NO RUNNING".]

**D-11424:** Thank God.

[D-11424 looks inside the window. Shelves and unpowered glass-doored refrigerators line the back wall of the structure, containing a variety of drinks and snacks.]

**D-11424:** Anybody home?

[D-11424 leans over the counter and peers inside the structure. A few empty food and drink containers litter the floor, but there is no one inside. Seeing this, he moves over to the door, opens it, and enters. He selects a bottle of water and a bag of potato chips, then seats himself on the counter.]

**D-11424:** Alright, I've got all the room-temperature Coke and stale chips I can eat. [D-11424 swings his legs over the counter, to the outside. A third island is visible, the same distance away.] Looks like I'm on the trail of the last guy you sent in. Probably went that way, so I guess that's where I'm going next.

[D-11424 spends a few minutes consuming his chips and water.]

**D-11424:** Think I'm gonna stay here for the night, though. [removes the camera and points it at his face] D-11424, signing off. Ha!

[D-11424 deactivates the camera. When it reactivates, D-11424 is facing toward the third island. It is early morning; based on the sun's position, D-11424 is facing north. The sky is still cloudless.]

**D-11424:** Here we go, dawn of the second day. Nothing happened last night. Slept on the towel, used some honey buns for a pillow. Wasn't comfortable. Oh, and the moon and stars looked just like the ones back home, in case that means anything to you guys. I've stuffed my bag with snacks and drinks, which will hopefully stay watertight. Not looking forward to swimming with that on my back, but it's better than going hungry.

[D-11424 approaches the water and looks down at it. Numerous dead insects of varying species are floating on the surface.]

**D-11424:** Lot of dead bugs in the water today. Haven't seen any live ones, so I don't know how that happened.

[D-11424 reenters the water and continues to the next island, pausing to rest occasionally. He stops about 75 meters from the island, however, because there are large shapes moving about on it.]

**D-11424:** Whoa. Are those...birds?

[The figures on the island are white and approximately human-sized, but their movement and general shape are reminiscent of large wading birds. There are three in all, moving slowly along the edges of the island. D-11424 resumes swimming toward the island, more slowly than before. As he approaches, the shapes become identifiable as large, wading-bird-like creatures. In place of beaks, long structures ending rectangular nets protrude from their faces. They appear to be using the nets to scoop the dead insects out of the water.]

**D-11424:** [laughs] Pool skimmers. Incredible.

[The birds startle at the sound of D-11424's voice and take to the air. They fly away to the west.]

**D-11424:** Oops.



[D-11424 continues to the island. It appears identical to the previously explored ones, but there are no structures on it. Instead, dozens of deck chairs are arranged in neat rows across it. "NO RUNNING" has been painted on the concrete with large blocky letters in several places. Yet another island is visible in the distance, but it appears much larger than the previous two and seems to be covered in trees or similar vegetation. D-11424 lays down on one of the deck chairs and sighs in relief.]

**D-11424:** Now *this* is a place to sleep. Gonna turn off the camera and snooze a bit, if you don't mind. Or if you do.

[D-11424 deactivates the camera. When he reactivates it, it is around noon based on the position of the sun.]

**D-11424:** Hey, still here. Took a quick nap, had a snack, stretched, heading for the next island. This one's bigger and looks like it might have trees or something, so that's exciting.

[D-11424 moves to the northern side of the island. More of the brightly colored shapes are visible moving across the water between there and the fourth island, heading west.]

**D-11424:** I can't really see 'em from this far away, but I have a hunch that those are floats. Don't know how they're moving without any wind, unless they're alive like those band-aids. Wouldn't be surprised. They're probably the ecological equivalent of dolphins or something.

[D-11424 swims to the next island, pausing to rest occasionally. He does not speak until he reaches the island. It is indeed much larger than the previous islands, and the structures that initially appeared to be trees are in fact large, green umbrellas. There are also several "NO RUNNING" signs on posts.]

**D-11424:** Umbrella forest. Okay.

[D-11424 climbs out of the water. The umbrellas are arranged with no discernible pattern. Each umbrella emerges directly from the concrete. The umbrella forest continues as far into the island's interior as can be seen. D-11424 consumes some more of his snacks, then continues into the forest.]

**D-11424:** Ugh. What is that smell?

[D-11424 continues walking. A clearing in the umbrellas is visible ahead.]

**D-11424:** God, this place stinks. Like a fuckin' sewer.

[D-11424 enters the clearing. A small, rectangular pool sits at the center of it, about five meters long and half as wide. The water in the pool is visibly contaminated with copious amounts of blood, urine, and excrement. The mutilated remains of D-54882 lie face-down at the center of the pool.]

**D-11424:** What the-

[Two humanoid creatures stand up, emerging from the filthy waters of the small pool. They resemble naked human children. They have excess skin on their upper arms, which dangles loosely. They stare at D-11424.]

**D-11424:** Uh...

[The humanoids squeal loudly, revealing unnaturally wide mouths full of sharklike teeth.]

**D-11424:** Ahh!

[D-11424 turns and flees. The high-pitched squealing of the humanoids increases in volume as D-11424 continues to run, struggling to avoid colliding with the umbrellas. He reaches the coast and immediately leaps into the water.]

[D-11424 resurfaces and turns back toward land. The humanoids emerge from the umbrellas, but stop at the edge of the water and cease squealing.]

**D-11424:** [gasping] Ha! Can't swim, can ya?

[The humanoids inhale sharply. The loose skin on their upper arms begins to inflate.]

**D-11424:** Shit.

[D-11424 swims rapidly away, now using the freestyle stroke. He continues for as long as possible, but eventually has to stop to catch his breath. He looks over his shoulder while gasping for air. The humanoids are only a short distance behind him, swimming faster than their organic water wings should theoretically allow. D-11424 takes as deep a breath as he can manage and begins swimming again, but is moving more slowly now. He accidentally inhales a mouthful of water and starts to choke.]

[D-11424 sinks below the surface of the water. His movements begin to slow.]

[What appears to be a hot pink inflatable plastic rectangular pool float moves into view beneath D-11424. It rises, lifting him out of the water. D-11424 coughs violently, eventually managing to expel the water from his lungs. He looks back at the humanoids in pursuit, but the float is moving away faster than they can swim. Several other floats of varying shapes and colors surround the one carrying D-11424. D-11424 rolls over to lie on his back.]

[D-11424 does not move or speak for almost an hour. It is likely that he fell unconscious.]

[D-11424 awakens. He sits up and looks around. The floats are still surrounding him, and still moving rapidly, apparently under their own power, to the west. The island of the umbrellas is still visible in the distance. There is no visible landmass in any other direction.]

**D-11424:** Did you...thanks for saving me, guys. [pats the float on which he is sitting]

[The inflatable pool floats do not respond.]

**D-11424:** So, uh, where're we going?

[The inflatable pool floats do not respond.]

[D-11424 sighs and lays back down. He retrieves his towel from the gym bag and covers himself with it.]

**D-11424:** [quietly] Gonna get sunburnt out here.

[D-11424 rides the float for several more hours. He sleeps intermittently during this period and consumes the last of his snacks and water. It is late afternoon when, while sitting up, he notices another island large in the distance. It has several brown structures on it.]

**D-11424:** Picnic shelters? [he peers into his gym bag, now containing only empty plastic wrappers] Hope there's a picnic, too.

[The floats continue west until they are close enough to the island for D-11424 to stand in the shallows. He climbs down from the float.]

**D-11424:** [patting the float] Thanks, buddy.

[The floats begin moving south, and D-11424 begins wading towards the island. He climbs a nearby ladder and finds himself surrounded by picnic shelters and tables. Paper plates are scattered across the tables, bearing partially-eaten hot dogs, hamburgers, and slices of watermelon. All of the food is moldy, rotten, or otherwise spoiled and being consumed by flies and other insects. There are also plastic cups filled with flat, moldy soft drinks]

**D-11424:** [sigh] Guess I missed the pool party.

[D-11424 begins exploring the island. He finds little of note for several minutes, except for a single "NO RUNNING" sign nailed crookedly to a picnic shelter's support column.]

[D-11424 stops.]

**D-11424:** [quietly] What is that smell?

[D-11424 begins moving slowly northward, presumably towards the source of the smell. Ahead, he sees a large object on one of the tables.]

**D-11424:** Uh oh.

[D-11424 cautiously approaches the table. The corpse of D-48923 is splayed upon it. Large, ragged bites have been taken out of her limbs and abdomen, and her head is missing entirely. Bloody child-sized footprints surround the table.]

**D-11424:** God!

[D-11424 staggers backwards, bumping into the table behind him. A plastic cup near the edge topples off it with a loud clatter.]

[He freezes.]

[Several high-pitched squeals split the silence, coming from several directions.]

**D-11424:** Shit shit shit shit shit!

[D-11424 sprints in a seemingly random direction, trying to reach the water.]

[One of the childlike entities suddenly crawls out from under a picnic table and into D-11424's path. He kicks it forcefully in the side, knocking it over. The entity writhes in pain, clutching its ribcage, as D-11424 leaps over it and continues running.]

[D-11424 is almost to the shore when another of the child-entities pulls itself up out of the water, squealing loudly. He looks back and sees another pursuing from behind, webbed hands outstretched toward him. He skids to a halt and takes off to his left, now running parallel to the shore.]

[D-11424 bangs his left shin on one of the picnic tables and stumbles to the ground, skinning his right palm on the concrete. He cries out in pain, and the creatures squeal eagerly. By the time he staggers to his feet, they are upon him.]

[As D-11424 is tackled, his camera is knocked off and falls on the concrete. Video quality degrades sharply. The camera is pointed away from the struggle.]

[Grunts, screams, and squealing are audible.]

[There is a loud crunch. Squealing decreases in volume.]

[Squealing and screaming both cease. Gargling sounds are heard.]

[Gargling ceases.]

[Silence.]

[Footsteps and heavy breathing approach the camera.]

[The camera is picked up. It turns to face D-11424. His face is covered in blood. He is panting with exhaustion.]

[D-11424 puts the camera back on. He begins limping towards the shore.]

[D-11424 reaches the water. He looks down, revealing no visible bottom; the side of the island drops straight down until it is obscured in the depths.]

[He looks to the right. Ladders are spaced unevenly along the shore, interspersed with a few waterslides.]

[He looks to the left and cries out. Perhaps 50 meters away, a diving board protrudes out over the water.]

[D-11424 limps toward the diving board, moving as quickly as he seems able to.]

[When he is almost halfway there, one of the child-like entities - this one much larger than the others, the size of a young teenager - emerges from a picnic shelter and stands in his way, halfway between D-11424 and the diving board. The creature bares its serrated, blood-stained teeth and stares at him.]

[D-11424 stops. He waits a moment to catch his breath before he speaks.]

**D-11424:** Bring it.

[With an ear-piercing scream, the creature lunges toward him.]

[The camera suddenly fails.]

<end log>

**Addendum 5844-2:**

## Access Addendum

Approximately 36 hours after his entry into SCP-3202-1, D-11424 reappeared in SCP-3202, bleeding profusely from several bite wounds. He was still wearing his camera and goggles and carrying a lime green gym bag containing a blue beach towel and the empty wrappers of several snack foods. He was not, however, wearing swimming trunks.

After being treated for his injuries, D-11424 was interviewed about what transpired after the camera's failure.

<begin log>

[D-11424 is lying on an infirmary bed. His wounds are heavily bandaged, but he is conscious and in good spirits.]

[Researcher Carlson enters the room.]

**D-11424:** Sup, Lee.

**Carlson:** Sup, Dee.

[both chuckle]

**Carlson:** Mind if I sit? [Carlson gestures to a nearby chair.]

**D-11424:** 'Course not. Come on.

[Carlson takes a seat.]

**Carlson:** How are you feeling?

**D-11424:** I've been worse. Don't think I'll be going swimming any time soon, though. [chuckles]

**Carlson:** At first I thought we'd lost you, when you showed up bleeding like that.

**D-11424:** Nah, I ain't about to let myself get killed by pool kiddies, of all things. You saw those little freaks, right?

**Carlson:** Yeah, I watched the footage. Well, most of it.

**D-11424:** Most?

**Carlson:** The camera cut out right before you fought the big one. It got damaged when it was knocked off of you.

**D-11424:** [grinning] Wait, so you don't know how I got away?

**Carlson:** That's actually what I'm here to ask you about.

[D-11424 laughs, then winces and clutches one of his abdominal wounds.]

**D-11424:** Well, you know I jumped off the diving board, right? Lost my trunks again and everything.

**Carlson:** Yeah, I figured. But how'd you get past that last, uh, "pool kiddie"?

**D-11424:** Well, you know all those "NO RUNNING" signs that were everywhere in there?

**Carlson:** ...yeah?

**D-11424:** I, uh, guess the little bastard's feet were still wet from the swim over there. So when he ran at me [D-11424 stifles a laugh and clutches his injury again] Ow, ow. So, when he ran at me...

**Carlson:** Oh my God. He slipped, didn't he?

[D-11424 begins laughing loudly, interspersed with painful exclamations.]

**D-11424:** No running!

[Carlson shakes his head. He starts laughing as well.]

<end log>

#### Footnotes

1. The fate of D-11424's swimming trunks is unknown, as they were not found in SCP-3202.

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