



SCP-835 — EXPUNGED DATA RELEASED

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Content Warnings

- * Foul language
- * Body horror
- * Humans swallowed whole
- * Infectious diseases
- * Mentions of gun violence
- * Alcohol abuse

NOTES:

* The original article lacked vital details about how the creature is contained. Additional details were added by the script writer.

* The original article shied away from the assertion that SCP 835 is made of people. It over-emphasized its mutations and in the script writer's opinion this actually made the monster *less* weird. This episode dials back the talk of mutations in favor of making the monster sound like it's a made of otherwise normal human stuff.

* The After Action Report has been enhanced with additional details and characterization.

SC.1 - INTRODUCTION

NARRATOR

Item Number: SCP 835**Object Class:** Keter**Special Containment Procedures:**

SCP 835 is incapable of locomotion and remains anchored to the sea floor. Control of SCP 835 therefore requires management of its growth and behavior rather than its movement.

To this end, Deep Sea Research and Containment Site 44 has been established nearby at a depth of 125 meters. The site provides facilities to sustain the life and work of Foundation researchers, engineers, and security personnel responsible for monitoring and containment. Due to the anomaly's violent response to attempts at direct confinement, it is contained in an open ocean exclusion area with a diameter of approximately five hundred meters.

Site personnel are to maintain strict control of the creature's ability to feed. Unchecked feeding allows SCP 835 to grow at an accelerated rate. At time of discovery, SCP 835 was adding 50 pounds to its mass every day.

Deterrent systems installed along the exclusion perimeter mitigate the uncontrolled approach of marine wildlife. Supervised feedings are to take place twice daily and should consist of local aquatic species.

In order to control SCP 835's behavior, Foundation researchers have developed Suppression Tactic A dash A6.

Suppression Tactic A dash A6 consists of bombarding the entity with torpedoes bearing a water soluble chemical irritant. These cause the creature to withdraw its tentacles into itself and seal all orifices.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

If necessary, higher level mammals may be provided as an emergency food supply, up to and including D-Class personnel. SCP 835 should become extremely docile after ingesting higher level mammalian life.

For their own safety, staff are to remain at least ten meters from SCP 835 at all times. Remotely operated robots and drones are to be used for all work within ten meters of the anomaly. Furthermore, anyone working in the presence of the anomaly must be secured to a safety line attached to a recall winch.

In the event that a staff member is attacked by SCP 835, all staff are to withdraw to designated assembly areas and Suppression Tactic A dash A6 is to be implemented.

Should an attack result in ingestion of a staff member, no attempts at rescue are to be made. SCP 835 is to be monitored until the release of the subject.

Security personnel have been directed to apply overwhelming lethal force against all instances of SCP 835 dash 1. This directive is essential to ensure that SCP 835 never leaves the exclusion area.

Description: SCP 835 is a mass of coral-like polyps. Individual polyps are larger than any known coral species, and most have grown to more than one meter in diameter. The central mass is roughly ovoid, with a 3 meter diameter polyp at each end.

Long tentacles measuring approximately five and half meters are used to snare pray and direct them into the creature's mouth. These are coated with an adhesive substance. The tentacles are quite strong, and are capable of damaging plate steel.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

The shell of SCP 835 is extremely dense and hard. High-powered diamond drills or lasers are required to collect even small samples.

Analysis has revealed that SCP 835 is an amalgamation of basic human biological components. Each has DNA which closely matches that of Homo sapiens. The shell is formed from super-dense calcium and the "caps" that cover the polyps is coated with a material indistinguishable from human tooth enamel. Likewise, while the shape and length of the tentacles are alien, their cells are indistinguishable from human tongue cells. How SCP 835 produces the adhesive which coats them is unknown, but its presumed to be a form of saliva. Other human biological systems are present, however many show extreme mutation and atrophy.

The digestive and reproductive systems appear both highly developed and linked, with related excretions being collected and ejected from the same chamber.

SCP 835 emits a large mass of semi-liquid material several times a day from the large polyps on each "end". This appears to be made of semi-digested solids, fecal material, and reproductive bio-fluid.

This mass also has several forms of virus, bacteria, and parasites, many of which have been found only within the anomaly.

The bacterium 835 dash I5 is a major containment concern, due to its role in the animal's reproductive cycle. Vertebrates infected with SCP 835 dash I5 become instances of SCP 835 dash 1 and are affected by the following symptoms:

- * Rapid daily weight gain,
 - * Constant hunger,
- (MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

- * urge to consume normally unpleasant or unpalatable items such as raw meat, organs, grass, and wood.
- * calcification of the skin,
- * formation of polyps on the skin,
- * rapid reduction in intelligence and mobility,
- * increased aggression,
- * urge to enter sea water,
- * and atrophy of major biological systems.

It is believed that the end stage of this infection converts victims into a new instance of SCP 835.

835 dash I5 is extremely infectious. Thus far, 68% of all infected subjects have progressed towards the end stage necessitating preemptive termination. The remaining 32% have succumbed to cardiac arrest or asphyxiation while under quarantine.

At this time there is no treatment known to halt or reverse the effects of 835 dash I5.

This, coupled with the extremely hard shell of SCP 835, form a major obstacle to neutralization. Any force capable of "cracking open" SCP 835 would also cause the this bacteria to spread, causing additional infections. For this reason, it is essential that contact between SCP 835 other organisms remain extremely limited.

SC.2 - AFTER ACTION REPORT

The physical and emotional state of Lieutenant Campbell should degrade as this scene progresses. She is infected with bacteria 835-I5 and it is slowly transforming her. In addition, she is drinking heavily and getting more and more inebriated as time goes on. The voice actor and sound designers are encouraged to use their talents to communicate these changes to our listeners as best they can.

NARRATOR

Addendum: Initial Investigation

After Action Report;
Mobile Task Force Zeta-Nine;
Lieutenant Theresa Campbell;
Foundation Vessel Lane-Claypon;
July 28th, 2018

Begin log.

PLAYBACK BEGINS.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL

(despondent; low
energy; formal;
professional)

On July 27th at zero eight thirty hours, Mobile Task Force Zeta-Niner deployed into the Pacific Ocean about a hundred nautical miles from [REDACTED] aboard the Lane-Claypon, a Foundation frigate. We were ordered to perform preliminary investigations into a missing fishing vessel which went down with all hands. All except for one delirious sailor who made it onto a life boat. He claimed something had dragged their boat into the deep by its anchor. A likely story, or so the authorities believed. If only the Foundation were so naive.

(sighs)

At the time, I guess the powers-that-be weren't even sure there was an anomaly involved, but a long-range URV found a small cave system near the wreck and so we got roped in to put eyes on the site.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Since we're cave explorers at heart we assumed— incorrectly— that the source of the danger was in the cave system near the coral reef where the wreck was found. Due to the location, use of expendable D-Class assets was not viable, so my team had the privilege of performing the initial sweep.

As per standard procedure, four team members were chosen and equipped with underwater isolation suits. I was team leader, while Sergeants Laurent [Loh-rah] and Mikhail [mee-KHAIL] served as support. Corporal Hayes also accompanied the team as our Underwater Remote Vehicle operator.

At first, SCP 835 did not act in a hostile manner towards the team. It allowed the URV to approach and make contact without incident. Hayes explored the reef and interior of the cave with the URV and found nothing amiss. Of course that was because we went out there in a hurry and lacked the insight that would have been offered by an actual marine biologist.

Mole Rats are cave explorers. I can tell you the difference between a stalactite and a stalagmite and I can talk about troglobites all day, but none of us knew *anything* about coral.

With the proper expertise available maybe someone would have pointed out that coral polyps should not be wider than a Cadillac Escalade!

(frustrated sigh)

Our problems started when the URV's tether became tangled on one of the reef's protrusions. There had been no sign of anomalous activity of any kind up until that point, so we dropped into the water to get a closer look and recover our machine.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
 (losing control of
 her emotions)
 While Hayes was working on the robot,
 some kind of tentacle lashed out and
 wrapped around his arm.

He started screaming for help as the
 creature dragged him towards it's
 mouth.

(heavy breathing and
 anxious whining for
 several seconds as
 Cambell has a PTSD
 flashback)
Jesus Christ.
 (deep breath; then
 informal; angry;
 frustrated)
 I can't do this. Fucking... *goddamn it!*

CAMBELL SLAMS HER HAND DOWN ON THE TABLE. SEVERAL ITEMS
 RATTLE.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
 (enraged grief)
 He was just a *kid!* It was his first
 fucking mission with us, I should
 have kept a better eye on him!

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL GETS UP AND WALKS TO A NEARBY MINI-
 FRIDGE. CAMPBELL OPENS THE FRIDGE, PULLS OUT A BOTTLE OF
JAMESON IRISH WHISKEY AND POURS A SHOT. LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL
 DRINKS THE SHOT.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
 (swallows strong
 liquor)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL POURS AND TAKES ANOTHER SHOT.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
 (swallows strong
 liquor)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL POURS AND TAKES ANOTHER SHOT.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
 (swallows strong
 liquor
 gasps; sighs)
 That's better.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL POURS ANOTHER DRINK AND WALKS BACK TO
 HER DESK.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
(getting drunk)
Christ... all right, here goes, guess
I'll just let Sarge edit this for me.

Again.

So the thing grabbed the kid. It had me fooled. The cave had nothing to do with any sort of anomaly, it was just a shallow cave with nothing more dangerous in it than sea urchins.

The real "entrance" was the big polyp thing on the north end. It was a damn mouth and it grabbed Hayes and dragged him towards it. The Lane-Clayton tried to haul him out, but all they got was a snapped cable.

God, I still remember him screaming. He was screaming at us, he was crying, like "*Oh God, Lieutenant, it's eating me, oh god, I don't wanna die!*" and I'm shouting at him to calm down, we're gonna get him out of there. Topside ordered us to abort, and they start the winches to haul us back up out of the water.

I screamed at them to wait, I had his hand! I HAD him! I got a carabiner on, we're hooked together, and topside starts winching us up... and we're not getting anywhere. I'm grabbing on, I'm telling him I'm not gonna let go, and then the winch starts to seize up, and I feel this jerk on the tether and it goes slack, and then we're both sliding into that damn thing.

It was like... Jesus, I need another drink... *fuck*.

CAMPBELL FINISHES HER DRINK, POURS ANOTHER SHOT OF WHISKEY AND SLAMS IT BACK.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
(swallows strong
liquor)

CAMPBELL POURS ANOTHER SHOT OF WHISKEY AND SLAMS IT BACK.

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)
(swallows strong
liquor; slow breath;
then slowly)

It was like— the only way I can think
of it was like— you know when doctors
put a surgical camera inside someone
so they can have a look at their
intestines?

I saw that on TV once, it was like
that, except I was going down the
throat of some horrible underwater
hell-monster!

There were these... *muscular
contractions*, I guess, and they were
slowly pushing us down the length of
the tube. If we weren't wearing the
hard suits, we'd have probably been
crushed. As it was, we were held so
tight we could barely move, even with
power-assist. I managed to get my
head up enough to see the kid's face.

His faceplate was covered in *vomit*,
poor bastard had puked in his suit. I
started yelling at him, trying to get
him to say something. He managed to
tell me he was all right, but he was
sobbing like a baby.

I started doing some calculations.
Based on my dead reckoning tracker
and initial sonar scans, we were
moving about a meter a minute. At
that rate it would be at least
seventy two hours until we came out
the other side, assuming that was
possible. We had the air; our
rebreathers could keep going for
days. What we didn't have was the
power to keep the suits warm for that
long. If the heat went out,
hypothermia would kill us. We needed
to conserve power.

I told the kid to turn off his helmet
lights, lock his joints, and turn
down his heater to minimal. He
started crying. He didn't wanna do
it. I didn't blame him, but I told
him we had no choice.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)

We finally agreed to shut down everything but our internal helmet lights, at least.

It seemed to calm him down, and honestly, that extra 0.1 percent power wouldn't make a difference.

I think that was the worst part. We spent at least a day like that, locked in our suits. Couldn't move our arms and legs. No sound but the thing's gurgling and your own breathing and the sound of your rebreather. The puke on the kid's faceplate started to dry up and flake off about an hour or so in so I could see his face. He looked tired and scared.

(drunk)

I think... check the logs, Sarge, I think it was about thirteen hours in when the kid started babbling. He apologized for stealing my underwear-- Said you guys made him sneak into my quarters and take it from me on a dare.

Why the hell did you make him do that? I mean, I don't mind if you haze the new guys, Bill, but that shit gets old. It's hard enough to get them to listen to me as it is.

Anyway, Bill, it's all there in the log. You know what I told him, what I promised. I don't know what I would have done if he'd survived.

Anyway, after that, he calmed down a lot. I told him to take a nap. He slept a bit, thank God.

About twenty four hours in, we reached... I guess they'll call it the *stomach* now. First warning sign was a kind of gurgling, with a crunching noise over it. I told the kid to bring his suit up to full power and get ready.

A little while after, we fell out into this big chamber.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Big enough for the two of us to fit in it comfortably anyway, which was *huge* compared to the tight squeeze of the tube we'd been in.

Kid's suit started hissing and the outer shell started to turn all pitted and stuff, and I noticed my gloves were starting to degrade too, so I yelled at him to move, and we started heading towards this... sphincter, I guess.

I remember... god, I wish I had time to slam a bunch of amnestics. I don't want to remember any of this. The insides of the stomach were lined with *teeth and faces. Human faces*, and they were all wailing at us and screaming, begging us to *kill them*.

I lost it for a second. I drew my sidearm and started shoot them in the head. If I'd stayed, my suit would have melted and I'd be dead, but the kid grabbed me and shoved me headfirst through the sphincter and we fell into... the other place.

It was even worse than the stomach.

I'm not squeamish, Bill— you can't be if you're a Mole Rat—, but this place squicked me out so bad I almost passed out. The kid helped me back up to my feet, though, told me we were almost out.

"Come on, Lieutenant, we're almost out of here, let's go," he said. We moved over to the other sphincter, but the thing was... well, it was puckered up tighter than my Drill Sergeant's *asshole*. So no way we were getting out of there.

We decided to wait for a bit until the thing took a dump. It had to spit it all out eventually, right? Anyway, that's when things started to get really bad. The kid started complaining about this awful smell. I tried to stay calm.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Told him it was probably his suit's waste recyclers, told him to let me take a look at it. Yeah. There was a hole in the back of his leg, probably from the acid. I put a patch on it, and told him not to worry about it. And that's when I noticed that there were these red things growing all over his face.

He started screaming when the first of them burst and splattered blood all over the inside of his face plate. He started begging me to kill him. I put my gun up to his face plate and pulled the trigger but the mag was dry. I'd burned all my ammo trying to put down all the other poor souls trapped in that damned hell.

Tentacles burst out of his face, broke through the front of his helmet and started licking me, Bill. The thing was running a dozen slimy tongues all over my face and body, trying to get through the suit. It tried to push me down and get on top of me, but I managed to wrestle it back through the sphincter into the stomach.

The last thing I heard over the radio before he died was that he loved me.

(several seconds of
intense sobbing)

Finally 835 blew me out into the open ocean.

You know the rest of the story, Bill. Except one thing. My suit didn't make it intact. It was breached. No one noticed. Hell, I didn't even notice until I was in my room and changing clothes and saw the red blotches all over my skin. So... yeah.

I guess I'm fucked. I've got the room on lockdown right now, but you have to get everyone else out before I go terminal.

So yeah, fill out the rest of the reports and the logs for me, will ya?

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Oh, and be sure to edit it so the motherfuckers in command don't put a reprimand in my official file for being unprofessional in my After Action Reports again.

I'm gonna finish off my drink and take a couple Valium and go to bed.

Don't bother trying to decontaminate the vessel. Just abandon the entire ship and scuttle it on top of the original site.

I think the kid would like it that way.

Now we can be together, just like he always wanted.

Thanks.

PLAYBACK ENDS.

NARRATOR

End Log.

A few hours after Lieutenant Campbell sent her after action report to Sergeant Laurent, the Foundation received a distress signal from the Lane-Claypon. Contact was lost soon afterwards.

A recovery ship sent to ascertain the state of the vessel arrived two days later. They found the crew were all infected with bacterium 835 dash I5.

By order of the O5 Council, the Lane-Claypon and its crew were destroyed by live weapons fire on July 30th 2018.

There were no survivors.