

cold ocean, cold bodies

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/48342328) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/48342328>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Mapicc & Roshambo Games (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Branzy (Video Blogging RPF) , Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF) , Leow0ok (Video Blogging RPF) , Roshambo Games (Video Blogging RPF) , ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , MrCube6 (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - SCP Foundation , References to Ancient Greek Religion & Lore , mapicc fights a fish , written and posted in school , i put violence just in case haha
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of from a different reality(SCP AU)
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-04 Words: 1,767 Chapters: 1/1

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by [starsforevren](#)

Summary

Mapicc has a job to do. Which has him in the sea, fighting a fucking fish in the middle of the night.

Notes

i wrote this in school and posted it in school please be nice :(i had classmates all around me asking who tf is mapicc

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Sirens, in Greek mythology, are beasts that sit by the rocky edges against the shore and crashing waves with sea foam slithering down it's hardy edges. They sit there, waiting for sailors to fall for their alluring voice as the winds pass through their hair. Only then when it is too late, the sailors become one with the many bones and skulls they use to decorate their abode.

“SCP-8997, The Siren, is a new threat to the foundation.” Branzy says to the agents that will be deployed to deal with the task. Mapicc, the commander and leading fist of the mobile task force sits in the front, the light of the projector reflecting on his face fixed on the photos and videos

captured of this new and enigmatic threat.

Mapicc quickly shifts in his seat, shoulder resting into the curved stature of the cushioned chair as the site director continues with the information they need to know. What *his* team needs to know.

“SCP-8997 is described by the former people who have dealt with it to be sickly pale, thin and slender, and incredibly tall. We estimate it to be around thirty feet tall if stood up right.”

Mapicc raises his hand, Leo next to him sighing in annoyance.

“Agent Drew?” Branzy calls him up.

“Why is this exactly *our* problem?” Mapicc asks. “We are here to like- deal with multi-dimensional anomalies. *Why exactly* are we dealing with a marine anomaly!”

“Well that brings me to my next point, you impatient scoundrel-“ Everyone in the dim room laughs at the remark made towards Mapicc from Branzy. “so, this siren does not belong here. In fact, it may be another one of those void instances that we keep getting. And what’s stranger is it’s built to withstand the Abyssal zone of the ocean but has no problem being on the surface as seen by recent photos of it given to us by Site-19.”

The photos displayed on the projection are something they are all familiar with. An anomaly of sorts, causing chaos and being blurred within the frames of each picture that they view. It’s what Branzy had described; a tall and thin mermaid of sorts, as pale as the clouds above ready to pour rain with it’s arrival by the shore of Vancouver, just near where they’re site is located and built.

“As of now, we’ve made the decision to classify SCP-8997 as keter.” Branzy says. “The entity has intense hearing, and can mimic voices to lure you near the shore. Site-184, the subdivision in which deals with aquatic anomalies such as this, has given us the necessary equipment to restrain and secure this new threat.”

Just before he dismisses them, he makes one thing clear.

“Sacrifice your friends if you have to. One life dead is better than the countless others that will happen in the next couple of years following.”

They set up a temporary base by the coast, a dreadful storm approaching just in a short distance away from them. It's night time and they've chose to do it at that specific hour as the Foundation closes the area due to "construction". It's a bullshit lie and Mapicc can say that because it's the go-to lie that the Foundation can shit out into the mouth of the public.

The camp blends well with the surroundings and all they've got is the gear they were given by that other site... or whatever. Mapicc just wants the job done even if it risks the life of some unfortunate fuck under his leadership.

They've got a *fucking net*, as if they're gonna catch some fish. What were they in the Foundation's eyes? Some fucking fishermen?

Okay, maybe Mapicc is a little pissed off at this job. Yesterday, he was helping a psychiatrist named Parker try to reason with some silly, sad blue slime glooping around everywhere and now he's attempting to capture something from Greek mythology. Wow. What a week, huh?

Mapicc really doesn't give jack shit on wether or not his little buddies die in the crossfire, their guts slashed out and eaten, or they're being dragged through the waves by some giant webbed hand clinched around their torso. What he cares about, is that it's not him that'll die in the field.

The storm approaches and the waves grow more violent by each passing minute as they prepare and search. Although bullets and knives can do a number on SCP-8997, it can hit harder and sustain even longer.

And so, Mapicc can hear the solemn voice of someone— something in the distance as the tide grows and the waves crash harder against the shore. The night is dark, utterly frigid. He can smell the salt from the ocean and despite all those memories and wishes of being on the beach as the sun sets with that salty aroma filling his nose, he can't shake off the feeling of dread.

"Ro." Mapicc says to his private channel with the lead researcher of the mission. "Ro, are you there?"

"Yeah." Ro's microphone is grainy as shit, but god is he fucking grateful that Ro is responding to him. "Are you lost?"

“No- no.” Mapicc answers as he looks back to one of the groups he’s formed with the mobile task force. “Although- uh, I think the voice is getting closer but we don’t know where it’s coming from. Just wanted to know if you can spot anything in the radar.”

“Northwest.” Ro answers. “There’s some sort of dist-“ His voice crackles and there’s a sharp ringing following afterwards.

“Ro?” Mapicc calls out, pressing harder on his earpiece. “Ro are you there? What happened? Ro?” He makes his voice as quiet as he can and yet the sliver of worry comes and the voice is echoing. Now nearer.

The waves begin crash, no longer in it’s melodic dance and sway but in chaos as it pushes further onto land. The tide increases and god, fuck, they’re all fucked.

Without warning, he sees as his other teammate gets grabbed by webbed and sharp hands by the leg, tearing through the thick fabric and technical gear and into the flesh where the light shined upon it by the flashlights on their rifles display a scarlet spewing out. That teammate, they scream.

Mapicc freezes.

The teammate gets dragged into the water, their screams beginning to gargle before—

Silence.

It’s like the scream never existed. It’s like the siren’s voice never came. It’s like that webbed hand never came to grab that teammate.

“Sacrifice when necessary.”

He’s got a fucked up reputation as a commander. One more shitty decision or another mission he fucked up because he was a scared little bitch— he’s demoted. Maybe not demoted, but removed of his status. Maybe going back as a little security guard.

“Mapicc, we lost connection.” Ro says. “Mapicc?” He says again after a moment of silence.

“Can I win a fight with it underwater?” Mapicc asks as he draws out his switchblade from his belt.

“Mapicc, you stupid bitch- don’t.”

“Well...” Mapicc looks at the shore, still hungry for more flesh and more dead bodies to come to it with it’s allure. “Sacrifices should be made, right?”

Before Ro gets a chance to respond back to the utterly idiotic thing that Mapicc just fucking said to him over the damn channel, Mapicc rushes into the water with the sea foam splashing onto his helmet.

He dives, straight in with nothing but the flashlight on his rifle resting on his back and the night vision on his goggles. Mapicc hopes he doesn’t fuck up swimming aswell.

Mapicc’s hair gets into his eyes as he begins to see it. A shadow slithering all around him, creating what could be a whirlpool around him.

Don’t play with your fucking meal, jackass. God, he wishes he can say that. He can feel the siren grab him by the head and he can still see with the just the bare amount of light.

A face. Sharp teeth and black eyes. Hair suspended in water.

Mapicc, with all his strength, punches the blade into the collarbone of the anomaly, twisting it as it writhes in pain and loses grip in it. His ears can hear it, a sharp voice gargling as blood runs around and mixes with ocean water.

The siren is heavy and Mapicc can still hear Ro in his left ear, shouting at him all sorts of things. Get out, stupid bitch, idiot, where are you!?

Mapicc can drag this bitch onto the shore, he fucking knows it. He’s not gonna die fighting some damn fish just because he was weak and pathetic.

The siren fights back, of course it does, but the blade pulling out and dragging in back into it's ribs makes it weaker.

“You fucking-“ Mapicc's head bobs up to the surface for a short moment. “-bitch!” He takes gulps of air as he can see he's getting closer to land.

He gets pushed against the rocks, shoulder hitting the hard edge. Mapicc is angry, a really pissed fella. He doesn't know what shitty decision making skill he has to grab the siren by it's ear and hair and slam it against the rock as hard as he can, but he manages.

“Stupid bi- fucking fish-“ Mapicc is grabbing the anomaly by it's hair as the waves move forward. The sea fills his nose and his eyes and it's just a little more pushing and he's gone.

The siren speaks to him.

“Mortal- curse you-“

“Fuck you too! Somebody get the fucking net!”

Mapicc is in the medical wing. His entire body is probably fucked up but he's eating a sweet fruit bowl that's as cold as the sea he fought a fish in approximately three hours ago.

“Well, good thing is that he's alive.” Cube says.

“Yeah, as if we can't see that.” Ro replies.

Mapicc doesn't care, he's sat down on a comfortable bed and out of that heavy amount of armor, fabric, and gear.

“Any news on that thing that I just dragged out of it's home?” Mapicc asks.

“It’s displaying a capability of accelerated physical regeneration.” Ro answers. “And it’s still telling us to fuck off each time we try to interview it since it’s capture.”

“Oh sweet, I traumatized an anomaly.” Mapicc munches on a piece of mango.

“It’s name is Clown, and it’s having a bi-weekly therapy session with Rek because of it.”

“Oh damn.... do I get to be laid off?”

“Branzy says no, but he’s allowing you to stay commander.”

“Man, I expected to go home.”

End Notes

average SCP foundation agent things lolz

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