

What has this world truly turned into. A place that thrived and depended on technology, only to abandon it for the basic concept of magic, and it sickens me. It's been 250 years since I've lost everything and everyone. Most people call me the Iron Phoenix due to what I've done for at least sixty years, but my true name is Sickle. Sickle stared at the horizon, looking at the large beast that he used to call Mr. Smile, but everyone calls it a klaxosaur due to *its massive size and indestructible armor, while also glowing in many open cracks and areas*, to the point where it could even be seen from at least a mile away.

"..Dad-?" Soviet Pin questioned, covering part of his body with his wings.

"Да..?" Sickle said, turning to face him. He lifted up his fedora, *there was a hammer and sickle pin on it, and it looked like it was glowing in some sort of way*. He turned, still staring at Mr. Smile, it was leaving behind large footprints as it got horribly attacked by the SCP Foundation from time to time, *Why do they even bother trying to kill that thing? Its armor is clearly stronger than diamond, so it's pointless trying to kill it*. His four wings opened up, as a hammer and sickle, and an odd looking anarchy symbol were painted on the two bigger wings, which are considered the original wings before gaining a form similar to his final form. "Let's go сын." Sickle lowered his fedora once more, as SP soon followed him.

* * *

Everything seemed normal at first, flying wasn't really that complicated as the both of them soon landed somewhere near Mt. Coronet, *what used to be just plain grasslands, was*

now a jungle. Vines,trees,and plant life surrounded the area near the mountain and the mountain itself almost. Spear Pillar was in shambles, like any gods will appear any time soon.

“Quiet.” Sickle whispered,grabbing SP by the arm and hiding somewhere with him,the sounds of beeping in a pattern could be heard almost.

“What’s going on...-” SP whispered, kind of confused about the situation. Mechanical sounds could be heard, followed by that strange beeping, it sounded awfully like morse code. A robot could be finally seen in view, it looked like it was on the brink of death, a quarter of its body being broken apart, and a tree was growing in the broken area,followed by it being covered in vines, one of its ‘eyes’ looked to be broken too, but somehow it was still alive.

“How in the hell..” Sickle said, still staying hidden from it.

“I can faintly see some sort of flash drive symbol followed by that SCP symbol too on it..” SP whispered, paying close attention to the robot.

“So it was made by Flashdrive Industries, probably given to that foundation years ago.” Sickle stated, since he obviously was there when it actually was not broken or run down, when tech itself was fully functioning.

“Who is Flashdrive-?” SP asked, curious now.

“Old friend of mine, we used to be somewhat enemies,but the both of us killed a mentally insane cult leader once and in the end we became friends, the full story is kind of complicated in my opinion, so explaining it would take forever.” Sickle explained, seemingly ignoring the obvious fact that the robot was right next to the two of them.

“..Dad...-” SP whispered, looking a bit worried now.

“..What-” Sickle turned around, and blinked. “..Блядь,” Except the robot wasn’t even doing anything, like it was not even ordered to do anything to the environment or to people. “Are you...not gonna hurt us..” He said, squinting at the robot. The robot beeped in a pattern of morse code, in which Sickle fully understood. “So your name is 05-2445, and you’re an ally..?” He stated,as 05-2445 made a somewhat distorted ding noise, which was probably it saying ‘yes’ in some sort of way.

* * *

It was clearly tough existing as one of the only pieces of actual technology remaining, dealing with broken and run down parts of your body, but by now 05-2445 was following both Sickle and SP, after explaining to them what’s more to worry about.

“So let me understand this once again,” Sickle asked. “so what is exactly happening with this ‘Entity-079’ thing..-?”

05-2445 beeped in a pattern of morse code, as it horribly walked, seeing as how one of its four legs were rusted and somewhat broken down, but it kept managing it overall. The three soon reached the desert, which still looked the same even after years, seeing things such as footprints were common considering they were from Mr. Smile.

“Where are we going,” SP questioned, he seemed to be looking around for any kind of danger in the area. They walked past the abandoned and run-down Flashdrive Industries building, parts of it were gone, and it looked like it had been previously crushed by something almost.

“Give me a damn answer now you broken down robot, WHERE are we going-!” Sickle yelled, he looked prepared to rip 05-2445 to shreds, or to simply absorb any and all metal from it.

05-2445 beeped again, before stopping at a run down house, the door looked to be opened and vines swarmed the outside of it along with moss growing a bit on the walls.

“Guess this might lead somewhere, or can be a shelter.” Sickle said, as he slowly walked into the house.

* * *

The house looked somewhat normal from the inside, just the basic rundown look along with missing furniture, occasional puddles of blood as well. The house had a rotting smell to it too, which Sickle didn't completely mind all that much.

“This place needs cleaning it smells horrible..-” SP exclaimed. “wait, where's 05-2245-?” 05-2445 couldn't really fit in the house, let alone the doorway.

“Doesn't matter, it can wait outside,” Sickle said, grabbing a broken photo frame drenched in blood. Suddenly the two of them hear a sound, a sound of something in agonizing pain almost. Sickle grabbed SP and kept him hidden. “So maybe I was right about there being a dying animal in here,” He whispered.

“It's dying so like it will do anything to us-!” SP yelled, except it was a quiet yell, so whatever was there couldn't fully hear him.

“Stay here, I'm gonna check it out.” Sickle whispered, and he formed his arm into some sort of blade, and walked into a doorway leading to the room where the sound came from.

“Who's th-” He stopped, and looked down at the large puddle of blood surrounding the floor.

There seemed to be a Placeholder corpse leaning on the wall, sitting in some way, at least most

of its organs were gone, some scattered around the room, slowly bleeding with bite marks, and their heart had an eye on it, which looked like it was crying, as it looked up to stare at Sickle.

“..*Y-You....-*” The heart weakly said, as Sickle flinched.

“..*Aren't you...Gore-?*” Sickle questioned, trying to not even touch his corpse.

“..*I-I am..*” It said, before something is heard falling.

“*Son of a...-*” Sickle looked around, before something appeared behind him and glitched. It was Lost, he was glitching out in some way. “*Not YOU-*” Sickle yelled, and backed away, as SP noticed what was happening from the yell.

“*WHAT'S GOING ON-*” SP questioned, sounding scared.

“*TRY TO KILL THIS THING WITH ME-*” Sickle yelled, trying to pin down Lost, who was trying to bite Sickle. SP rushed over and tried to help him, which managed to get Lost pinned down.

“*I HOPE YOU BURN IN THAT DISTORTED WORLD-*” Sickle yelled one last time, and then quickly stabbed Lost, who started coughing up blood and then fell to the ground, glitching a lot more. Finally, *Lost let out an ear-splitting screech, glitching out a ton before just simply vanishing.*

“*Thank god..*” SP sighed, and then turned over to stare at Gore and his corpse, but Sickle grabbed SP and rushed out of the house, clearly done with all of this.

“*Alright where should we go n-*” Sickle got cut off, as an explosion was heard followed by the sounds of explosions, the three of them looked up and saw it was raining, the rain was a dark blue color, which didn't look good. It was Mr. Smile, who was floating and was in a more compact and complicated form, more heads were growing out from its body, as it let out another

roar. The three started running, as if Mr. Smile was gonna attack them, but they soon found an abandoned camp.

“Guess..that’s it now-” SP sighed, looking up at the sky and looking back at Sickle.

“Yep, in the end, we do have each other as a family, but we will never survive in this damned tainted world.” Sickle said, and sat down by the camp, looking up at the sky before lowering his fedora.