

SCP Archives Crossover:  
The Case of the Phantom Bicycle

*[the most sinister piano music, flavored with an ominous music box]*

**Introducer:** Warning: The Foundation database is classified. Unauthorized access will result in detainment. Within this archive you'll find the procedures, descriptions, and accounts of the most notorious anomalies we've encountered to date. Secure. Contain. Protect.

*[light, if not bittersweet, piano music, as one would expect to accompany a creepy X-File-style official document]*

**Host Narrator:** Item Number: SCP [REDACTED]. Object Class: Willfully Ignored, Like Your Grandmother's Questions About What You Are Going To Do After Art School.

The following are field notes from Doctor Ted Kithe. We are supposed to keep the names of our agents classified, but we recently got in a fight about carpooling, so you can deal with it, Ted. The Foundation received an anonymous tip to investigate a house in the town of Crestfall, Idaho. Crestfall cannot be found on any map, nor has it been documented in any database. Through word of mouth, however, we are to understand Crestfall is best known for their rhubarb pie and an infamous story of a woman who was eaten by birds in the 70s. The townsfolk seem particularly proud of this.

We both know it was your turn to drive, Ted. Ted's field notes read as follows.

*[music fades]*

*[scribbling in notebook]*

**Ted Narration:** 8PM - I have finally arrived in Crestfall. The driving instructions were unclear. The anonymous tip stated "Start driving nowhere in particular and hope for the best." I was skeptical, as I was in fact terrible at hoping for the best, but sure enough, 6 hours and one crying spell later, I was riding down a nameless dirt road leading to the town square. To the east is the Crestfall Graveyard, where the crumbling tombstones in the furthest corners date back to the late 16th century. To the south there is a vast, dark forest comprised of coniferous pines, slouching willows, and twisted oaks. The outskirts of the town are surrounded by a series of interconnected perfectly-maintained neighborhoods. The grass is cut short, the porches are swept, the bushes are pruned, the windows are clean. A few people are quietly pushing shopping carts up and down the uneven sidewalks.

*Death by Dying Podcast*

8:21PM - I am hiding behind a shrub. Across the street is the house in question: 1533 Grumbling Grove. The curtains are drawn, but the lights are on inside. No time like the present. After I get myself out of the shrubbery.

8:32PM - A woman named [REDACTED] answered the door with a wild look in her eyes.

**Ted:** Are you the woman of the house?

**[REDACTED]:** I'm the only person of the house. I live alone.

**Ted Narration:** Assuming I was going to be invited in, I stepped forward, but she blocked my path. She instead exited the house and lead me to the garage. The paint on the garage door was flaking to reveal the metallic sheen that lay underneath.

What could possibly be inside? I've seen my fair share of unnerving anomalies. Never-ending staircases. Deranged plague doctors. Soul-sucking vampires. My father when he tries to cook. What dreadful aberration could be awaiting me on the other side of that door? [REDACTED] pulled the garage door open. I held my breath...

It was a garage. Nothing out of the ordinary. A lawn mower, a rake, a shovel, a collection of tools untouched. And at the dead center of the garage: A bicycle. I looked around to see if there was anything else hiding in the dark corners of the dimly lit room. Nope. Just a bicycle. It was a worn, navy blue beach cruiser. Its tires were mostly deflated, with an upright seating posture, a single-speed drivetrain, and straightforward steel construction with expressive styling. It stood perfectly upright, despite not having a kickstand. All was quiet.

**Ted:** Where is the anomaly?

**[REDACTED]:** It's right there!

**Ted:** Where?

**[REDACTED]:** There!

[*ding ding!*]

**Ted Narration:** Suddenly, the brass bell on the bicycle's handlebars rang on its own accord. The front half of the bicycle turned to face me directly.

[REDACTED] explained that she has a bicycle infestation and she can't seem to get rid of this one. It has been wreaking havoc in her garage for a week now, and has shown no intention of leaving.

**[REDACTED]:** It has been ruining all of my late husband's wooden duck collection.

**Ted Narration:** Further investigation of the living bicycle is required.

**Host Narrator:** Ted woke up before dawn and walked down to the Crestfall Reservoir. He smoked the final cigarette in a pack of Lucky's. He frowned. They didn't sell Lucky's there. He waited for everyone to wake up. He spoke with locals and compiled everything they knew about the bicycles. At night, packs of bicycles roam the streets of Crestfall. When the town grows quiet and the sun has long since set, they wander down alleyways and boulevards, through the town square and perfectly-maintained neighborhoods, with no clear destination in mind. No one in town was forthcoming with a definitive answer as to their exact purpose. Some believe bicycles have acquired sentience and intend on becoming the new dominant species of this planet. Others are of the opinion that this is all just an elaborate prank conducted by local teens, but this seems exceptionally unlikely. Murmurs on the streets indicated Ted might be able to find the answers he was looking for from someone known only as: The Wild Man.

*[scribbling in notebook]*

**Ted Narration:** 11:07PM - There are 14 shops in the town square of Crestfall. Of the 14, 6 sell products for oral consumption. Of the 6, 2 sell pies that meet contemporary health code standards. Of the 2, I was told I could find the Wild Man at the Carlson and Carlson's Delicious Pastry Shop. It is 4,235 square feet, with rusty-orange terracotta roofing weathered by the frequent rain of the region. *(sigh)* I just feel like describing things in exacting detail. I sat at the counter of Carlson and Carlson's Delicious Pastry Shop with a slice of rhubarb pie. Are you ever so alone you can hear yourself chew? It's disturbing. Outside I paced beneath the awning, fantasizing about retirement and smoking some off-brand garbage cigarette with a picture of a mandolin on the box.

*[CRASH]*

**Wild Man** *(in the distance):* He he he, I got you now, little yum yums.

**Ted Narration:** A noise came from around back. I rounded the corner to discover the bottom half of a man sticking out of an alleyway dumpster. I cleared my throat.

**Ted:** Excuse me, sir. I am Agent D-0389. I am looking for the Wild Man, do you know where I can find him?

**Wild Man:** Ah! Eee! I have done nothing wrong! Nothing I say!

**Ted Narration:** The man leapt from the dumpster with surprising agility. He was clutching a crumpled pie to his bare chest.

*Death by Dying Podcast*

**Wild Man:** I have every right to eat this pie. It is old pie, it is trash box pie. Thrown-away pie is FREE pie. Public pie. Which makes it MY pie. Kapeesh??? No one wants to share a pie with a Wild Man. I have to find it on my own.

**Ted:** Are you the Wild Man?

**Wild Man:** Does Wild Man get the pie?

**Ted:** Yes.

**Wild Man:** Then I am the Wild Man, yes. Sorry I pretended I wasn't.

**Ted:** I'm investigating an anomaly. People say you're the one who can help me with my case.

**Wild Man:** Whole town is an anomaly. You must be more specific.

**Ted:** The bicycles. Can you tell me more about them?

*[the Wild Man erratically chows down on the pie]*

**Ted Narration:** The Wild Man looked pensive, shoving a handful of pie in his mouth.

**Wild Man:** I have a date with Destiny at midnight, can Wild Man be done by then?

**Ted:** I have no idea.

**Wild Man:** Okay. Destiny can wait. It's only the second date.

*[the Wild Man continues to gobble up that pie]*

**Ted Narration:** The Wild Man and I made our way back to 1533 Grumbling Grove. He smeared his face in his pie as we walked.

**Wild Man:** Wonderful pie. Beautiful pie.

**Ted:** So what can you tell me about the bicycles?

**Wild Man:** Yes yes yes. The bikey-cycles. Can you keep a secret?

**Ted:** Secrets are my business.

*[eerie ethereal music]*

**Wild Man:** ... They are lost souls. Some people die and don't cross over to the Other Side. Those people become bikey-cycles here.

**Ted:** So they are phantom bicycles? They are possessed?

**Wild Man:** Exact-a-mondo. Bikeys are the dead.

**Ted:** How can one... communicate with a phantom bicycle?

**Wild Man:** Oooh! Wild Man can do that! Fun fun fun!

*[music fades]*

**Ted Narration:** The Wild Man started running at full speed down the street. He had no idea where he was going, but the enthusiasm was appreciated. When we arrived at 1533 Grumbling Grove, [REDACTED] was swatting at the bicycle with a broom.

**Wild Man:** Oh oh oh, miss, do not frighten the bikey-cycle. Wild Man is here.

**Ted Narration:** [REDACTED] looked skeptical but stepped away from the bicycle, clutching her broom. The Wild Man began approaching the bike, and it recoiled like a timid creature.

**Wild Man:** It's okay, bikey. You's gonna be okay.

**Ted Narration:** The Wild Man crept closer and closer. He pulled a tire pump from his pocket and offered it like a toy. The bicycle perked up and came forward curiously.

**Wild Man:** NOW!

*[thumbtacks jingle]*

**Ted Narration:** Without warning, the Wild Man whipped out a soup can full of thumb tacks and spread them around the bicycle in a circle. Alarmed, the bicycle stood frozen.

**Wild Man:** There, whew, that should do it. No bikey-cycle would dare leave a Ring of Tacks. 'Twould pop their tires.

**Ted Narration:** And the Wild Man was right. The bicycle remained stock still. For now, the phantom bicycle was contained.

**Wild Man:** Now, the bikey-cycles can't talk, but they can send thoughts straight into your brain.

**Ted:** So they communicate telepathically?

**Wild Man:** Ooo, good word, Mr. Word-Man. I like that. Use later. But also now. Yes, the bike-cycles are telepaths. You must have a blank mind to hear them, which is very easy for the Wild Man. That's me, I'm the Wild Man.

**Ted Narration:** [REDACTED] stood anxiously between the bike and her late husband's ducks. The Wild Man squatted and closed his eyes. He began to mutter incoherently. His entire body shook violently. His neck contorted into impossible angles, back and forth, side to side. He bent over backwards with his belly button to the sky and arched his back so far it looked like it would snap.

*[garage begins to vibrate]*

His mouth flew open, a random cropping of teeth, and he let out a moan like a broken wood chipper.

**Wild Man:** *(unearthly screech)*

**Ted Narration:** The sound was loud, supernaturally so. It shook the garage, caused the rakes to shudder and sent dust fluttering from the ceiling beams. Then, just like kindergarten, the Wild Man sat up criss cross applesauce, grinned vacantly and opened his eyes. They glowed a bright shining yellow, like two headlights. His voice was no longer his own. The bicycle began to speak through him.

**Bicycle:** Hello?

**Ted:** Hello, sir. I am Doctor Kithe, I'm here to ask you some questions.

**Bicycle:** I see.

**Ted:** What are you doing here?

**Bicycle:** I have nowhere else to go.

**Ted:** Surely you have somewhere else to roam instead of tormenting this poor women.

**Bicycle:** Poor women? Is that [REDACTED]?

**[REDACTED]:** How do you know my name?

**Ted:** What is your purpose, bicycle phantom?

*[emotional piano music, hitting us right in the feels]*

*Death by Dying Podcast*

**Bicycle:** What do you do when you are lost? When your life as you know it is gone forever? When you have nowhere left to go?

**Ted:** What?

**Bicycle:** You go home.

**[REDACTED]:** Oh... Marcus.

**Bicycle:** Hello sweetheart.

**Ted Narration:** [REDACTED] stepped forward, her face softening. The bicycle pedaled towards [REDACTED], in spite of the ring of thumb tacks. Its tires popped and began to deflate. The air hissed away and the bicycle toppled over. [REDACTED] dove to catch him by the handlebars.

**Bicycle:** I had to say goodbye to you. I didn't get to say goodbye and that didn't feel right. Even if I had to be a bicycle.

**[REDACTED]:** Thank you, Marcus. It's a very nice bicycle... It's-it's been so lonely without you.

**Bicycle:** I know, darling. I love you.

**[REDACTED]:** I love you too... Do you think maybe... you could stay a while longer?

**Bicycle:** No... I can't. I need to move on.

**[REDACTED]:** Please, Marcus. I finally have you again.

**Bicycle:** It will be okay. It was my time. And I went the way I wanted to go. Eaten alive by ducks just like that woman in the 70s.

**[REDACTED]:** Marcus. I can't lose you again. I don't care that you're a bicycle now. I'll oil your gears every day. We could go on the loveliest evening bike rides in the long summer months. We could get you new handlebars – the one with the streamers.

**Bicycle:** It isn't right for me to stay. The dead don't get second chances. It's time for us to let go.

**[REDACTED]:** I will always miss you, Marcus.

**Bicycle:** We will see each other again one day. See you on the flip side.

*Death by Dying Podcast*

*[whoosh! Marcus passes over to the Other Side]*

**Ted Narration:** The bicycle went limp. The Wild Man's eyes stopped glowing and he collapsed to the floor.

**Wild Man:** Oof, ah, eef! Did I do it? Did I do the thing? How'd I do?

**Ted Narration:** [REDACTED] gave a sad smile, still holding the bicycle in her arms.

**[REDACTED]:** You did just fine.

**Ted Narration:** I left shortly thereafter, bracing myself for another six hour drive and crying spell. [REDACTED] decided to hold on to the no-longer-possessed bicycle. She said she was going to ride it sometimes on the loveliest summer evenings. The Wild Man gathered his bike pump and soup can of tacks and wrapped them in a red-and-white checkered picnic blanket. He then saluted me and backflipped into a passing fog. When the fog cleared... he was gone. On my way out of town, I picked up a pack of those mandolin cigarettes. They're not so bad. Eventually, Crestfall disappeared from sight in my rearview mirror. Let it be known that the phantom bicycle requires no further containment.

*[return of the light bittersweet piano music]*

**Host Narrator:** This is the end of Ted's records. The ethics committee is currently investigating the possibility of an afterlife, and the implications that may have on deceased SCPs and D-class subjects. Furthermore, the town of Crestfall has been noted as an anomalous location, and instructions to find the town have been saved in our databanks. Though it would appear that some anomalies don't need to be secured or contained or protected. Some anomalies are best left alone, especially when the anomaly comes to death and love... You can hitch a ride with me next week, Ted. I'll drive.

**Credits:** "The Phantom Bicycle" was written by Evan Gulock. This episode featured guest star Niko Gerentes as the Wild Man. Our host narrator was Jon Grilz. Agent Ted Kithe was played by Atticus Jackson. [REDACTED] was played by Nichole Goodnight. And the Phantom Bicycle was played by Pacific S. Obadiah. Our composer is Tom Rory Parsons. I'm your showrunner and sound designer, Pacific S. Obadiah. And our producer is Tom Owen. This is a Bloody Disgusting Show. For more information, visit [bloody-disgusting.com](http://bloody-disgusting.com).