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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Wed, 14 Jul 2004 19:45:54 GMT

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The water was building up from the incessant rain, and each footfall brought a splash, and water up to his calf. He could just imagine what that drain was going to look like in an hour. Any later, and a flashflood could have killed him. He ran with best speed towards the Facility using the back alleys to avoid detection. They would be watching the roof tops knowing he had a sniper rifle, and his last tactics versus the other candidates.

He came up upon the back of the building finally after having to maneuver through a maze of tangled steel from an overturned delivery truck.

Of course, the building was without power, and it wouldn't matter that the voice, and key card security devices were there. He was pleased to see the door slightly ajar, but it wasn't open enough to let him through. The top hinge held a steadfast grip and the bottom was rusted into the tangle of metal that used to be one of the girders the truck had dumped. The micro torch was now his friend, and he fired it up. He focused on the hinge only, and it broke free, almost falling to the floor with a bang. He had to grab it to prevent alarming the command post of his presence. Gently he maneuvered it out of the way, making a minor amount of noise in the process.

After entering, he replaced the door as best as he could, and then turned to survey his surroundings. The emergency lights were functioning. That was the only clue he needed to tell him the nest was truly upstairs. He was in the hydraulic room that CABAL had said existed. He stopped to switch weapons to the silenced pistol, making sure it was loaded.

The room was a typical hydraulic room. Greasy, dirty, and full of machinery and pipes bent at awkward angles, seemingly running everywhere. The stairs loomed ahead, tucked into the corner of the room, and beckoning to him in the red glow. He took each stair slowly, and deliberately, his eyes focused on the door at the top of the stairs. Nothing moved, and he heard a soft beeping in the background. At the top of the stairs, he ever so slowly opened the door. A small corridor led straight, and then turned left in the dim light. Bullet holes of the real variety were everywhere up here, as well as blood stains on the wall, and floor. Old and dried, they made a slight crunch noise as he tread on it. He reached the left turning corner, and peeked around the corner. The impromptu control station lay ahead, seemingly abandoned.

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