
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Mon, 12 Jul 2004 18:13:30 GMT

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He remained in position despite having won. He was enjoying the moment, and needed to come down from the tension. He watched the rain come down, and enjoyed the sound of it hitting the sheetmetal. His wrist unit spoke in the voice of Cabal:
"INCOMING TRANSMISSION."

It was the voice of training officer Valdez.

"Ok hotshot, let's see how you do against some real soldiers. All you have to do is get to the command bunker."

"Affirmative" he said, and hit the "off" button. He didn't need distractions like Valdez if he was going to pull this off. He rose, and sprinted to the stairwell, and down the stairs. They would have him pegged by now, and he needed to get below ASAP. He wondered what kinds of BH members he was going to use against him, and tried to anticipate the attacks. Once he was on the lower level, he took stock in the surroundings. He didn't dare use the light at the end of the rifle, until he was away from windows or anything that would allow light to transit it.

The bunker was north of his position. He knew the most intelligent thing to do would be to take a roundabout route, but they were professionals who would anticipate that. He decided on trying the most direct, and unpredictable method. He also figured that with the rain outside, visibility would be bad for all parties unless they had Infrared. In that case, he was in trouble anyways.

The sewers were his best bet. He looked for anything marked maintenance or basement. He found an indiscrete door marked "Facilities area. Authorized personnel only." . This was it he figured, and crept past the rusty door, careful to not leave any traces of his passing behind. He closed the door, locked it, and turned the light on. The stairs had rusted through long ago due to a leak from in the overhead. The lower section lay at the bottom of the well. He took the stored firehose in the wall unit and flaked it out over the edge of the precipice. He quasi-rappelled down, and landed on the remnant of stairwell with a soft clang.

The entrance to the boiler room lay ahead, and he entered. Long unused machinery hulked over his head. Compressors, boilers, piping of all sorts lay ahead. As did the skeletal remains of some poor soul with a nametag stating his name was "Bubba". Bubba, while dead had some very useful tools, and Sergei thanked him for his generous offer. The crowbar, micro-torch and key ring would come in handy he was sure. Beyond Bubba lay the sewer access, a non-descript little manhole long rusted closed. He moved toward it.
