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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Tue, 08 Jun 2004 16:46:07 GMT

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He was expecting a fancy room with all kinds of psychologists. What he got was a five by ten cell. It was dark, and cold down here, and smelled horribly. There was a single window high above at the top of the 11 foot wall which let in some light, but not enough to see anything. Dinner came hours later in the form of a gruel which was more water than anything else. He slept on the floor that night, and he was cold. Cold that crept into you, and wouldn't leave. The kind of cold that made you shiver so much that your body was exhausted from the effort it took to shiver that hard. He couldn't sleep, and tried to make himself smaller by curling into a ball, but nothing helped. Then there was a loud klaxon blaring which brought him to full awareness instantly. His cell shook, and dust fell from the overhead as something apparently impacted the building. The alarm klaxon kept going off, and at the end of the cell block he saw a red light flashing.

Another blast shook him, and the door to his cell creaked slightly open. Whatever was going on, he took no chances in staying here, and moved towards the door as fire shot into the upper window. Smoke billowed into the cell, and debris fell from the window. He went through the door, and looked at his options. To his left was a heavy barred door, obviously locked by mechanical means that he didn't have time to figure out. And to his right: another door, but a digital keypad illuminated it. He guessed this was his best option, and headed for it.

Another blast shook the facility, and a pipe overhead broke open, dumping a torrent of water into the hall. He waded through the ankle deep water towards the door, and noticed that it wasn't passing under these doors. The hall was filling up with water swiftly. He ran for the keypad with purpose, and looked at it's symbols. They made no sense to him, but he tapped the Cyrillic keys at random, and noticed that one of them stayed red when hit. After some playing he managed to get two of them to stay on, and he sensed victory as the water rose from the broken pipe.

He got the keys to all illuminate red, and thought he was through the door, but a second set of keys now illuminated, and presented him with trouble. This time symbols.

The water was now waist deep, and climbing as he attempted to figure this second set. This time it went slower for him, as he had to fight to keep footing as the water rose to his neck. He dove under the water in each attempt, and was able to finally get the lock open as the hall filled to capacity.

The door slid open, and the rushing water pulled him through, and it sped through the opening. He came to rest halfway down the hall, and saw the door re-close automatically despite the torrent rushing through. It pinched off the water, and silence met his ears for the first time since the klaxon went off. He gasped for air, and looked around as he tried to asses his situation.

What was going on?

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