Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale. Posted by KIRBY098 on Wed, 09 Jun 2004 15:46:35 GMT

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The doors opened to cold moisture, and darkness. He could see a flickering fluorescent light in the distance, but other than that, he had nothing. He TAZER'ed the elevator control panel to prevent any unwelcome followers, left the elevator, and moved to the right to allow his vision to adjust to the quasi-darkness and prevent profiling himself against the light of the still open elevator.

His vision adjusted, and he looked around. Apparently this was an old underground parking garage of sorts. It appeared long unused, and still had vehicles dating from the pre-GDI era in it. They were covered in dust from long abandonment, but he could still identify several classic, and some very nice exotic vehicles along with the usual junk driven by people like him. He noticed that a cave in had collapsed the ramps leading out, and was the apparent reason the opening was sealed, and the cars forgotten. A hummvee was seen half buried in rubble, with a skeletal arm hanging out the back. It seemed to be reaching for freedom still, and he wondered at the reason for the carnage. He crossed the dark lot, and headed for the flickering light, as there appeared to be an opening over there leading out. There was. A tunnel led into darkness, Sergei decided he would attempt an egress in that direction. He needed light though, and started to search for something to help him see down the tunnel. He found a switch at the tunnel entrance labeled

exploding after long disuse.

After what seemed like a lifetime of wading through the debris fallen from the tunnel roof, he finally came to end, which ended in a plain room. There was janitorial supplies, and a single light bulb but nothing else, and he shoved the grate open, closing it quietly behind him. Where would the door out lead to? He didn't know, but anywhere was better than where he had been.

He cracked the door open...