
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Tue, 15 Jun 2004 13:22:07 GMT

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He was in the lower lobby of the building. That much was clear by the doors at the end of the long hallway. But there wasn't much else he could recognize because of the growth of some plant like substance all over everything. It looked like plant life, but also seemed sentient. The orange tendrils were actively wrapping around everything, and seemed to be eating the building and everything in it before his very eyes. He watched as one tendril snaked it's way towards the corpse of the soldier, and watched as it aggressively latched on to concrete, steel, bone, and anything else in its' path by the use of tooth-like protuberances on the underside of the tendrils. Amazingly, the material wasn't just crumbling, it was being consumed, and apparently sent back to wherever the tendrils originated. Then to his surprise, more tendrils snaked out the old one, and continued their path of destruction.

Curiosity got the better of Sergei, and picked up a sharp rock. If it was sentient, it would react to his blow. He dropped the rock on the closest tendril. The stump reared back in apparent pain. Then he saw a greenish fluid spurt out of the stump, and land on some concrete by his foot. The concrete immediately reacted, and a green gas was emitted. Some of it wafted up to his nose, and he felt sick immediately as if his nervous system was under attack. He reared back from the gas, and covered his face with his shirt. It took about five minutes before he felt he could move again. When he looked up to asses his situation the tendrils had moved up the stairs, and he was isolated in a pocket under the stairwell. His mind raced, and he started to panic. Being this creatures food was not on his list of ways to die.

He decided he had to try. He ran across the jungle of tendrils as fast as his feet could carry him. The tendrils seemed to sense his weight, but didn't do anything more than instinctively retract a bit. When they did though, they also pulled on the materials they were eating, and it started an avalanche from the roof of half consumed support beams, tiles, pipes and more. The pieces fell onto the tendrils, and damaged them causing more of the greenish acid substance to spurt which in turn caused gas puffs all along his egress route. He covered his mouth, put his head down, and ran for the end of the hall. He brought the shotgun level with the doors locking mechanism, and blew them outward as he burst into the fresh air, and sunlight. It was worse out here....
