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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Mon, 12 Jul 2004 19:40:26 GMT

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He could hear the rushing water down there. No doubt it was fairly clean, as the base hadn't been used in ages, but he hadn't expected rushing water. No doubt it was due to runoff from the torrent falling from the sky. He pried it open using the bubba-matic 4000 crowbar, and slid down into the drain, closing the grate after him.

It was dark, wet, and cold down here. Below him was the rushing water, and he was thankful at least that it was moving in the direction he wanted to go in. On the edge of the concrete drain was a walkway in various states of disrepair, but for the most part useable. He figured he was going to have to drop into the water, then swim to the walkway, and hope he could get to it before the water swept him on a long dangerous journey to the ocean.

No time like the present he mentally shrugged. He dropped into the water, and felt coldness, and darkness seized the area as the rifle submerged.

He bobbed up into air, but he could only see about a foot ahead of him as the rifle was still under water. He struck out for the walkway, and seized a metal railing, pulling himself up onto the platform. The water had only been about three feet deep, and he was thankful. He sat and caught his breath for a minute, listening to the cascading water. He then started down the path, and was careful to keep the light from obstacles. If it broke, he was going to have to work twice as hard to get out. The cool mist flowed almost like a river around him, and felt a chill, while the roar of the rushing water went on.

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