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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Tue, 13 Jul 2004 14:44:09 GMT

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He moved as rapidly as he could. It wouldn't take them long to search the hospital, and if they were good they would see the traces of his passing. He estimated it would be about five man hole covers before he could even be near where he wanted. The drain was about the diameter of a bus, and the passage on the right side that he was using was about three feet wide, so travel was fairly easy. Occasionally he came across parts of the path that were eroded, or damaged, but they were fairly easy to transit. In the water's path he would sometimes see objects lodged in grates, or pieces of the roof that had fallen. It was an eerie place of darkness, and he was thankful he was alone down here.

He counted the passage of four of the ladders leading up. He was careful to always look up to ensure a BH member wasn't waiting for his passage. So far, nothing. And nothing behind him either. He was concerned by the lack of showing on the part of the BH team. He hoped it didn't mean they weren't pursuing, just waiting near the bunker in hiding. That would make things difficult. He could take one at a time, but not multiples.

Ahead of him was a collapsed section. He wasn't going to be able to go any further, and surveyed his situation. The road above had collapsed as if on a hinge. He found that he was able to climb out of the drains by simply walking up the collapsed section like a ramp. Water swirled around the base of the collapsed section, and he could see a civilian cars' roof in the maelstrom. Above him , the storm raged and the rain pelted him. Lightning flashes illuminated his world of darkness and he could see only dark forms of buildings through the screen of rain. The sodium lights either weren't working or had been shut off. He crept to the top of the ramp, and got on one knee surveying the surroundings he could see.

Where was he?

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