
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:24:45 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

June 2, 2068, 1:45 p.m. local time

The Hood was having difficulty. The hoverbike he had stolen, though seemingly simple to operate, wasn't made for riding at high speeds with a heavy load. He had not had time to secure the stainless steel case to the back of the machine, and was still carrying it in one hand, while trying to hurry down the darkened tunnel. As a result, he found the machine listing to the right until finally, the case bumped and scraped against the wall.

That one bump was his undoing. The hoverbike slewed around, the rear of it smashing into the tunnel wall. The impact threw him from the machine, and he landed painfully on the concrete floor. Cursing in Malay, he shook his head groggily, and got to his feet. He hissed as he took stock of himself, but was relieved to see that he had nothing more than a series of nasty scrapes and bumps that would become bruises in short order.

The hoverbike, however, was wrecked. He could go no further with it.

~Even International Rescue's machinery is cursed against me! he thought angrily. ~Now I must walk the rest of the way to the tunnel entrance where the authorities will be waiting for me, unless... yes! A maintenance access! International Rescue may be set against me, but Dame Fortune is smiling on me! From here I can escape the tunnel and make my way to my waiting helijet!

With renewed energy, the Hood picked up his burdensome case and strode over to the maintenance access. He opened the door and began the long climb to the exit that would put him on the mountain's rocky slope, hopeful that, at least for today, all of International Rescue's machinations against him would be for naught.

From: Tikatu Sent: 12/26/2005
