

You turn and run as fast as you can. You can hear his boots pounding behind you. He is taller and faster and is going to get you – you know it.

You hit the exit door and run through. Before you is the border of sand that encircles the building. It goes out about a hundred yards and then disappears into thick tropical jungle. The air is alive with gunfire, screams, and inhuman roars. You pause, surprised to see two soldiers standing directly in front of you. They are dressed all in black and are loaded down with weaponry. They instinctually raise their rifles but relax when they see no patches, spikes, or multi-colored hair.

Before you can gush over how happy you are to see them, the door behind you opens.

“Get back,” shouts one of the soldiers.

You run past the soldiers and spin around to see the punk rushing through the door. The soldiers open fire and the bullets tear him apart. The soldiers move slowly forward with their weapons raised toward the corpse.

You can hear a chorus of angry cries from the other side of the door and you cautiously back away, watching the scene unfold.

There is a piercing pain in the small of your back and your body goes limp. You are raised several feet in the air. You try to move or yell at the soldiers, but you cannot do anything.

The soldiers turn around and you can see them yelling, but your hearing seems to be gone as well. They raise their weapons as the door behind them opens and two black-clad cretins rush out. One has a chain and begins to strangle a soldier from behind. The other has a hand gun and fires off two quick shots at the other soldier, one behind each knee, followed by a third shot to the back of the head.

You are spun away from the grisly display and find yourself face to face with a scorpion the size of a tank. You are dangling from the end of its stinger.

It darts one claw forward and *SNIP* cuts off your right