

You decide to head deeper into the complex. Too many people, including you, have dedicated too many years of their lives to this project. Not to mention that if the experiments have gotten loose, it will not matter if you escape. The whole world will be doomed.

Holding out your staple gun, you creep down the hallways. The control room is three floors up and on the opposite side of the immense building. You don't know how you are going to get there alive but you have to risk it.

You creep your way up three flights of stairs poised and ready to fight the whole time, each step echoing too loudly for your comfort.

You make it to the third floor and go through the door. One of the complex's maintenance workers is crucified to the wall with nails. Two additional nails stab through the worker's eyes.

You lean over and throw up. In between painful heaves you hear a wet slithering sound. You force yourself upright and hold out the staple gun, resisting the rolling waves of nausea.

The shitty stapler does not seem so comforting anymore.

There are two directions ahead. If you go left, you will come to the control room. There is your best chance at regaining control of the facilities. If you go right, you will come to the laboratories. There's your best chance at getting some better weapons to protect yourself.

---

Go left in the direction of the control room , turn to page 58.  
Go right in the direction of the labs, turn to page 156.