Story of game

The year is 2030, Deep in a laboratory hidden amount forests in Siberia, entombed underground men are subject to horrific experiments in the name of science and war, having their cells altered by scientists, twisting parts of them into unrecognisable shapes. E-01 is one of these men, his name long forgotten. Besides, the man that name belonged to died a long time ago. He was once a peaceful farmer on his field in Vladivostok, now he is a Guinea pig treated as cattle to be toyed with. He remembers little of how came to be captured and locked away in this…. this hell. One minute he was feeling fine, then he started to grow tired, the last thing he had saw was men clad in all black approaching him. Now, trapped for 2 years, he has been subject to non-stop injections and operations to mutate his body and test the effects and results of evil theories and hypothesise. Each test hurt more than the last, taunted by the sweet freedom of death. Each time death comes closer the doctors pump him full of medicines and antidotes to keep him alive, not out of love or pity, simply to keep their toys clean and fresh. Dr Hemlock, a particularly evil scientist in the lab oh so does enjoy his times with E-01. The man’s unnatural sturdiness and power make his eyes sparkle with glee as they react to the ruinous pain he causes to him. One day Hemlock came to E-01, his Cheshire grin a hint at why he was there. No doubt to test a new theory or test a new chemical on the man. E-01 was led to an area deep in the lab, the deeper E-01 went the less he liked it. The calm hospital white replaced by a light engulfing stone black. Screams from down the dark halls echoed from each room, a symphony of pain and hate, conducted by the scientists. The test room itself was different, it was an amalgamation of many testing rooms in one. Looking around E-01 was met with bone chillingly familiar devices. The leg breaking Bleskom, the Gremya injection machine, the walls adorned with assorted tools. Sections dedicated to saws and scalpels to the left, needles and drugs to the right. Viscera coated the walls, giving the air a faint irony smell, as he was led into the room by the guards and strapped to the table in the centre. Hemlock circled him, a shark waiting to consume his prey, laughing as he watched E-01, taking glee out of the fact there was nothing he the man could do to stop him. Hemlock got bored of just watching and donned his safety gear grabbing a nearby needle. “This is going to hurt you my friend, and there is nothing you can do to stop that, you are my canvas and today I shall craft a MASTERPIECE” Taunted Hemlock as he walked over grabbing the nearby scalpel and preparing it on E-01s chest. He lost track of time in this experiment, he watched the clock tick on by. No longer able to tell a tick from the clock from his bones snapping as they react to the torture, Turning his head to Hemlock, body numb from some drug pumped into him he noticed a weird mixture, red as rubies flowing in a large syringe carried by the doctor, eyes wide he looked at the doctor as if looking for reassurances that it would not be used on him. “Be a good boy and stay still for your flu jab” teased Hemlock plunging the needle into the arm of E-01. The pain E-01 felt was something else. He screamed and thrashed, pain so hot it was as if he was baving in magma, his arm felt like it coming apart at the seams as his bones in it shook and groaned as they reacted. Suddenly a loud snap ripped through the room. No one heard it though as E-01s screams drowned it out. the searing pain was forgotten for, as if by mercy he collapsed unconscious from the pain. E-01 woke hours later to the sound of sirens blaring and the sound of panicked yelling. Looking around eh realised he was in a healing tank, a sort of human fish bowl that healed the subjects after tests, recycleing them to be used again. Only E-01 had not been recycled, he looked to his arm that ached only to find it….gone. replaced by a mass of tissue and muscle as red as blood seemingly pulsing in time with his heart. Still confused and shook from this sudden revelation he was startled as a loud exsplosion ripped through the compound, lights shutting off all around. He was not in total darkness for long, the backup generators turned on and low orange emergency lights turned on. But it seems they forgot to hook the tank up to the power as suddenly the doors to the tank opened throwing gallons of healing juice all other the room and throwing E-01 to the ground. Dazed confused he got his footing and touched his new arm with his intact one, it was as hard as rock yet looked as smooth as silk. Suddenly a thought comes into his head, if no sliders have come to contain him then the cameras must be down, and something must be happening. Now E-01 concluded was his chance, we would make it out of this hell and live his life free. His battle was just beginning