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Light Lion

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I ducked behind an outcropping. Though the move was risky, I peered out and realized that these drones were armed with grenades, like the ones I had seen earlier. I pulled my head down as bullets flew by.

Without any kind of weapon, I was trapped. I could hear the drones closing in, their sharp footsteps growing louder. I took a deep breath, and a plan formed in my mind.

My only chance for survival was a wild one. I said with the same flat pitch that the reanimated inspector used before, "Stop, you are firing on a subject of the motor cortex experiments."

Instantly, they stopped firing. I emerged from behind, careful to cover my eyebrows. What should I do? What could I do?

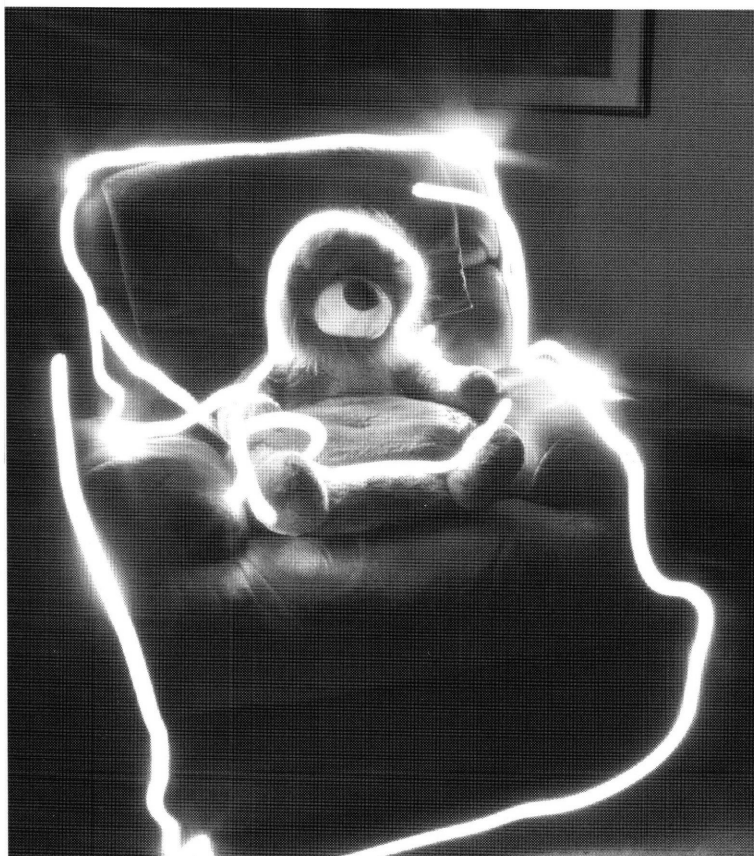
I treaded over to one of the units and took a freeze grenade. They did not know what I would do next. I licked my lips with delight—my ticket to revenge. With a casual flick of the wrist, I tossed the

device toward the still-running generator. As I sprinted out into the corridor, I heard nothing, felt nothing. Perhaps the drones still did not know what was going on, or maybe I am already dead.

I do not know how much damage I had caused, nor whether it will really make any difference. As I lie dying, I feel grim hopelessness in the face of the endless facility. I hope that someone will chance upon this journal and discover the threat that lurks within this place.



End of audio journal.



LIGHT LION MAYA RUTLEDGE