

Loading... Interview: Roy Tomas. Part 2. Hello again. I suppose you want me to keep going? Very well. I will take you to the night of March 1, 1981.

I woke up on a cold metal floor. It was like being thrown into a lake in the middle of the night. I got up, and looked around. I was locked in a cell like room. In the other corner was a person. I went over to look who it was. The man was very small, maybe 5' 6". "Hello?" I said. "Who are you?" I repeated. He didn't answer. Either he was unconscious, or dead. I couldn't tell. I ran to the door. I saw light at the end of a narrow hallway. "HELP!!!!!!!" I screamed. A guard casually walked over.

"What?" He said. "What do you want?"

"I want to know where I am, why I'm here, and where the bathroom is."

"Come with me" He said. I followed. " Go in there, and remove your clothes. After you have done that, walk through the door, and take a shower. Dry off, put on clothes, and exit the last door. I will be waiting there for you, and we will get you food. Then, you will talk to Mr. Blake."

I did all I was told to, and exited through the big gray door. I selected a light grey suit with a red shirt and a blue tie. I was surprised how nice the clothes were, especially since I was a prisoner. I had a big breakfast. I ate so much food, it was like I had been asleep for a week. turns out, I had. I finished eating, and followed the guard who had come to my cell. He now had a gun, which I didn't like. I was worried about what was going to happen. I went into the office, which was about the size of a large house. It was completely surrounded by security guards. There were about 23 in all, and they were all armed. I saw Mr. Blake sitting in a chair on the other side of the room. "Hello Roy. I see you've been taken care of well. Let's get to business, shall we?" He said. I didn't know what 'Business' meant, but I wasn't about to argue with a man who had 30 armed thugs ready to kill.

"Yes sir. I am willing to talk, but only if you make it worth my time." Bad idea messing with him, but I needed him to think I was legit.

“Oh believe me Mr. Tomas, you will be pleased with my offers, and if you aren't, my friends will take you somewhere I'm sure you will enjoy, so please, don't screw around. I don't want you to go to waste.” ‘Wow’ I said to my self. I had no choice but to agree. I had no clue why I had been dragged here to negotiate the ownership of something they already had. Then I realized... “Mr. Tomas please. You know why you are here. Only you and your friend, Mr. Dai was it? Yes that's the one. He won't say a word about the code though, and I was hoping you'd give us that bit of information. In return, you will be released, and well payed. Return to your cell, and think about it. Good day sir.” The world went black after that.

I woke up on the same cold floor as earlier, only it was different this time. I was being yelled at by someone, but I couldn't tell who it was. Then it hit me. ‘Your friend Mr. Dai? He wouldn't say anything.’ The man in the corner was Chung-Ho Dai. He had been taken too. That's how they took everything. They had kidnapped him. “Who is it?” I said. I couldn't tell if it was a guard or not. It wasn't.

“Hi Roy. It's me, Chung-Ho. I have been sleeping since you've gotten here. If there is anything you need to know, just ask. I can tell you the reasons for what has happened.” I told him everything I've told you. He took a while, but after a couple of minutes, was able to soak it in. “I have only this on the situation at hand. You have to find a way to escape, and a way to find the Time Machine. It is a watch. A black diamond band, with a gold and white face. There are two little knobs on the side, like any other watch, but they are a little different. Turn the one on the right side for the time, and turn the one on the left side for place, and NEVER EVER touch the little green button. This is all I can say. Go now.”

I saw a little piece of metal in the corner. It was very hot, so I could bend it with relative ease, but I burned myself in the process. I twisted it into a key-like object, and unlocked the door. A guard was sleeping on the ground, passed out from too much liquor. I took his pistol, and the silencer, and took off down the hall. It was very James Bond-esque. I was wearing a suit on a dangerous

mission. I reached the hallway intersection, and saw my first guard. He was only a grunt though, because he wasn't armed. I waited for him to pass, then I ran towards him, and took him out. It wasn't very pretty, but it got the job done. I smashed his nose with the heel of my palm, kneed him in the groin, and smashed the side of his head on the wall. He was out cold.

It was all very strange. I had never done anything like it before. The building was so big, I thought I would never find it. I was running down the hall, and I saw some stairs. I ducked out through the door, and found myself in a chamber. It was filled with torturous things, like burning pans, and alligators, and piranhas, among many others. "Well you sure took your sweet time Roy. I've been down here for an hour and a half."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting sir. I had a hard time finding it."

"Very well. Doesn't matter. Guards, Close the gates. Welcome to my funhouse, or as the Aztecs call it, *La Avenida de Muerte*" It was a horrid little chamber. I stepped into the first section, and was instantly stung. There were jellyfish everywhere. I walked carefully through. 'This was too easy' I thought. The second chamber was filled with water. I ducked under, and swam for my life. I was fast enough to come out with only an alligator tooth in my heel. I was hurting, but I trudged through. The third was odd. It was filled with trees. I decided to stay off the ground, but as soon as I touched the tree, I was stung by a Bolivian Tree Frog. 'I should be dead. No human should have to go through this.' There were five chambers. The fourth, had a leopard in it. I ran, but he trapped me. I jumped. No reaction. I jumped on the wall, and held on. He jumped at me, and hit the wall. I took off. The final chamber. Spike holes filled the walls, ceiling, and floor. I sprinted as fast as I could. I almost made it, but one got my leg. I started limping, but made it out. 'I did it.' I took the watch, then fainted, just as the building exploded.

I fainted because my bloodstream was completely out of order. I had Alligator blood and Bolivian Tree Frog venom in my body, and the spike in the ground was covered in salt. I should have died, but I didn't. The reason the

building exploded was, when I escaped, the guards all ran to the room to stop me, but they didn't come in time. That gave Chung-Ho an easy escape. Everyone was after me, and nobody noticed Chung-Ho was gone as well.

He ran to the laboratory, and tried to find the Time Machine. It was not there, but what was there, was a bomb. Well, half a bomb. He started working his magic. It was like solving a 5-piece puzzle for him. He had been creating bombs for the North Korean army since he was 7. He made an exploding flash bomb, which acted like a regular bomb, while also disturbing the vision of the guards. It was an invention just as revolutionary as the Time Machine, and took him about 10 minutes. The explosion was incredible. He was able to carry me out and drop me at a hospital. That's where things took a turn for the worse.

I was admitted to the ER, and put in a room. They gave me some medicine, and an IV. I went to surgery and was knocked out on the way. It wasn't by gas, but by a strong pulse I felt in my head. The next thing I knew, I was in a comfortable bed, with pancakes and orange juice on the bedside table. I went into the bathroom, and took a shower. I figured it was a dream, so I tried to do things that would wake me up. I wanted to go back to the hospital, wake up and leave immediately after surgery. I figured I would be right back in the hospital. Then I realized, I was feeling amazing. "*Dream, I know it.*"

Then a man walked in. "Enjoy your breakfast? Made especially for you by Mario Batali. We want you to heal as quickly as possible. You have passed the test, and we want you to be in tip-top shape for the games. Have a nice day," he said. As soon as he said that, he was gone. "*Did he say something about games?*" I thought to myself.

I decided I would try to leave my room, but then I saw a camera in a painting. I walked over, and saw it was a F-67 Viewfile. That was a very expensive, fancy recording device. Luckily, in my training with the RGIW- the Russian German International Workforce- I knew how most cameras worked. I

snuck off to the bathroom, and returned with the shower neck, and planned to use it as a blunt screwdriver. I walked over, inserted the rough Phillips head, and suddenly, it all went black. Again.

I woke up in a grey and blue jumpsuit, next to several other men and women in what looked like an abandoned warehouse turned into a survival practice arena, fit with guns, bows and arrows, swords, and anything else that could be used to kill. Then something rang like a phone in the back of my head. I picked up.

“...You have passed the test, and we want you to be in tip-top shape for the games.” That was when I figured it out. We were all here to be put to the ultimate survival-of-the-fittest test. From what I saw, it wouldn't be pretty.

“WELCOME TO THE 17th ANNUAL, SURVIVAL CLASSIC!!!! OVER THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, YOU ALL WILL BE TRAINING FOR THE TITLE OF THIS YEAR'S CHAMPION!” the voice said over the P.A system. “YOU'LL NOTICE THAT THERE ARE 6 DIFFERENT COLORS” he stopped as people looked around the gathering area. I was paired up with a burly African-American man, and a petite woman who looked like a superhero. The voice continued. “EACH TEAM WILL WORK TOGETHER, UNTIL ALL BUT TWO TEAMS ARE LEFT. THEN, IT WILL BE EVERY-MAN-FOR-HIMSELF ACTION. EVERYBODY UNDERSTAND?” A small number of sober nods came from some competitors. “PLEASE FOLLOW THE EMPLOYEES TO YOUR COMMONS AREAS, AND WE WILL BE HAVING DINNER AT 6:30. REPORT HERE AT THAT TIME. THANK YOU, AND HAVE A NICE DAY,” and just like that, the whole place was dead silent.

In the Blue team commons area, I met my teammates. The superhero-esque woman introduced herself as Lily Salmons. “Marcus Keys,” the big man interjected.

“I’m Roy Tomas. I think now is a good time to identify our strengths and weaknesses so we know what to train for,” I suggested, thinking it would help promote myself as the team’s captain.

“As you can tell, I’m the muscle on our team. I’ll do anything close combat like, but I can’t run,” Marcus stated.

“I’m a very agile and quick woman, and I can do any long range battling. I can be the team’s stealth,” Lily added.

“Then we have a perfect team,” I noted. “I am incredible at aiming anything. Guns, arrows, knives, you name it.”

At dinner, we ate like royalty about to run a marathon. There was every imaginable carbohydrate on a long, narrow table. Mashed potatoes, bananas, eggs, everything. We ate like this every night, but that’s most of what I remember. I would intermittently blackout, and forget everything I saw.

The parts of training I do remember, I wish I hadn’t. The pressure put on my body was enough to crack an anvil. It was an excruciating, hellish two weeks, but I also realized it was vital to my survival. The night before we were entered into the arena is still vivid in my mind.

We went down to dinner, Marcus, Lily, and I, and found ourselves in a small, darkly lit chamber with four other teams crammed inside. Suddenly, as the Green squad entered, the floor started to drop. It didn’t disappear, it just dropped. As we went down, we saw mountains, rivers, plateaus, and every other natural landmark possible. We were now viewing the arena. It looked more majestic than any other slaughtering grounds I had ever seen.

“HELLO AGAIN COMPETITORS. I TRUST THAT YOU ALL HAVE HAD AN ENJOYABLE SEVERAL WEEKS!” Several groans arose from the crowd. The voice exploded again- “THE NATURAL AREA YOU ARE NOW LOOKING OVER IS THE ARENA YOU WILL BE COMPETING ON STARTING TOMORROW.

TONIGHT'S DINNER IS THE AWARDS CEREMONY. OUR EMPLOYEES WILL BE GIVING OUT PRIZES FOR THE WINNERS IN EACH TRAINING CATEGORY, AND THE TEAM WITH THE MOST AWARDS AT THE END OF THE NIGHT WILL GET AN ADVANTAGE IN THE GAMES." At the exact moment it concluded, the floor shot up like a firecracker, and we were again, on ground floor.

The dinner layout was immaculate, and we all ate together like a group, which was ironic because the next morning, we would be trying to kill each other. It was a fun dinner, the best by far, and after, we were all transported to another warehouse for what we thought would be one last training session. Instead, it was a clothing warehouse, full with civilian clothes for each of us. It was an odd occasion, but we all enjoyed dressing up and acting like children in the warehouse. Suddenly, they strapped bracelets on each of us, and told us they were tracking devices. They had a charter van, and shipped us off to the carnival. One last event before our imminent dooms. This doesn't sound so special, I know, but it was the first time we had been with people for months.

Nobody had heard what date it was, but the second the bus left the warehouse, we all knew. It was St. Patrick's Day. The streets were painted green with t-shirts and hats and every possible accessory. The car ride was so much fun, and the people on the streets made the perfect atmosphere. Almost everybody had been drinking, but not so much so they were doing anything illegal. It was the biggest party I had ever seen, given the fact that we were in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day.

We arrived at what looked to be a small little carnival that you would have seen at a primary school. We went in, but we were rather bummed out. We had gotten jazzed up about something, and it disappointed big-time. The workers escorted us to some cable cars, and we got in. It started out slowly, but in a short minute, we were shooting through mountainous forests towards a large glowing

light. "Welcome, to the St. Patrick's Day Carnival!!!!!!!" a man said. The voice was identical to the one that played over the loudspeaker in the warehouse.

The lights grew bigger and bigger, and our speed shrank until we reached a standstill. They hooked us up to cords and belts, and we zip-lined several hundred meters across a valley, and into the real party.

The carnival was spectacular. It was entirely underground, and was in a cavern filled with pools and crystal stalactites. We bought the neon bracelets, and we were off. There were rides, games, there was food, booths, everything. Marcus and I were immediately at the games gambling on what I could make on the ring toss. I had three rings, but if you made two of them, you got another set. I made 17 rings in a row, took five giant stuffed animals, and went to the Ferris wheel, with my other teammate, Lily. She had asked me to hang-out with her on the last night. I knew what she wanted, but I also had a wife at home I needed to return to.

We went up and down, and the whole time, we talked. "Roy, let's leave this god forsaken tournament and live in the Alps!" Lily pleaded.

"I have a wife. I love her more than life, and I need to return to her. She doesn't know where I am. She's probably frightened out of her mind," I replied.

"Exactly. She probably thinks that you're dead. We don't need this. They'll never catch us!" Lily was persistent, but I had to shut her down.

"Lily, we are going in the arena tomorrow, and there is nothing to stop us. We have to." I got off the ride as it was making another turn, and a sharp pain shot up my side. I fell to the ground, and was lying there helplessly, motionless, and bleeding...