

Mutants and Masterminds: The Mutant Five

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Five men wake up in a cold, dark, metal room. They don't remember who they are or how they got there, but what they do know, is that the building they are in, is crumbling to pieces, and they need to escape with their lives.



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The first thing I remember coming into this world, was sirens. The sound was muffled though, like I was in a box or something. The sound you would hear if you broke into a jewelry store and tripped the alarm. Not like a constant ringing, more like short spaced bursts. Ring. Ring. Ring. Over and over again, the sound filling my head. I felt freezing cold and shivers ran up my spine. Where was I? Slowly, I opened my eyes. My vision was blurry and foggy, wait no, the glass in front of me was. My body ached as I moved my head to look around. I Seemed to be in some sort of dark, metal pod, like where they would keep an alien in area 51, but why was I here in one of these chambers? I looked down to the straps holding my barely clothed body to the back of the pod. There was a soft click, and the straps released and retracted into the wall. Soon after, the door to the pod swung upwards. I sudden smell hit me like a brick in the face. It smelt bitter, like chemicals. Yeah, chemicals, like what a hospital smells like. That's when I noticed I was wearing something that resembled a hospital gown, but it wrapped around me and was poorly pinned at my back as if someone did it in a hurry, like they had more gowns to pin and not enough time to do so.

I slowly raised a knee to my chest. It hurt, bad, like I hadn't stretched in years. I let it hit the freezing metal floor of the pod and started to stretch my other knee. I began to observe what was outside of my pod. It was a small metal room with tiled flooring and a metal desk with a single computer screen in the middle. There were lights at the top that were flickering and sparking, the light wasn't very strong but it kept the room visible, but when they flickered off, you couldn't see anything.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw that the metal walls were outlined with other pods exactly the same as mine, the doors open and everything, but it was too dark to see if anyone was inside them. I stepped out of my pod and into the the room. I was in the pod at about the middle of one of the walls in the room. There was one more pod to my left and to my right was another desk with papers and a computer on it. The computer was interesting though. The monitor was almost transparent and thin as glass, since when did we have the technology for this? The same exact type of computer sat at the desk in the middle of the room.

I jumped in surprise when I hear a loud grunt come from the pod to my left. I stood there in silence as a huge muscular man in the same gown as mine, stepped out of the pod to my left i½and i½into the room. He reached up to his head and popped his neck. He looked to be almost seven feet tall, me quite a bit shorter than him. What really scared me though, was when he looked at me. He seemed just as surprised as me to see someone else, but it was hard to tell because half of his face was extremely scarred and ripped, the muscle was showing where his tan skin should have been. It looked like a giant nasty burn mark. I held my breath and didn't say anything, scared that he would see me staring at his scar and become angry.

One by one, three other men stepped out of their pods, all of them had the same hospital like gown on. One of them was about six foot tall and very skinny. Another was average weight and had blonde hair and a really blank look. One of the men looked like the muscled man to my left but had less muscle and didn't have scars and was just a little shorter. We all sort of stared at each other for a while, not knowing what to do or say. Suddenly the ground violently lurched and trembled. All of us except the large man to my left with the burn mark on his face were thrown to the floor. There was a loud explosion sound that seemed close. Then it was over and we began standing up. One of the men stepped forward, the one with the blank expression , said,

"I - I don't remember anything! Where are we? Who are we?" Everyone exchanged nervous glances with each other as we realized none of us knew who we were or how we got here, we didn't even know our own names. We knew stuff like who the president was, what year it was, and how to walk and talk and all that, but we just didn't know who we were. The funny thing was, the man with the burn mark didn't seem nervous at all...

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Scared as hell, I stepped up to him and softly cleared my throat. He turned to face me and waited for me to say something.

"D-Do you know where we are or how we got here?" I said stupidly, fear trembling in my voice.

"Yeah." Came his simple response. His voice was deep, but surprisingly soft and calm.

"Well, what happened? How did we get here?" I eagerly asked waiting for an answer like we all got in a massive car accident and have been recovering for a few years, but his answer was,

"I don't know you, why should I tell you?" He turned away, ending our short conversation.

Looking around I noticed that everyone was just standing there awkwardly. I stepped forward, closer to the strange computer with the transparent glass-like monitor and began searching the desk for a mouse or something. The desk was made completely of some sort of steel like the rest of the room, and was bolted into the floor. There weren't any wires or anything under it, how did the computer run then? I touched the screen to see if it was maybe touchscreen. The screen suddenly lit up with a blue color. Strange series of numbers began running down it, like a code or something. Then there was a loud crack and the screen shut down.

The siren seemed to get louder and the flickering lights seemed like they were off longer than they were on. One of the men noticed what I was doing, the smaller muscular man. He walked over to the desk to the right of my pod. He saw the papers and began to reach out for them when he stopped dead in his tracks. He just blankly stared at his wrist as if it was about to kill him. I looked down at my own wrist and my heart quickened.

There on my wrist, the writing $\frac{1}{2}$ Echo 1275 was tattooed into my skin with black ink like a barcode or something. The others noticed us staring dumbly into our wrists and they did the same.

"Mine says Delta 8712." The man who was at the desk to the right of my pod said quietly.

"Mine says Echo 1275" I said. The large man with the burn mark said,

"Gamma 9846."

"Omega 5664" Mumbled the lean blonde haired man.

"Alpha 4461" said the really skinny tall man who then stepped forwards and said, "We really need to get out of here."

"Agreed," Omega said quietly.

"How? There's no door." I said, scanning the room for some sign of an opening.

"There is." Omega stepped forwards. "I can feel a small draft. If I'm correct, the air is getting sucked through a crack that's over on that wall." He said as he pointed to the wall that had the corner desk on it. Just then I noticed a small monitor that was clear and glass-like sticking out of the wall. Delta saw me looking at it and moved from the corner desk and to the monitor. He touched it and a small green light started flashing from it.

"It's a keypad, it needs a code or something." Delta observed. He moved aside as Gamma stepped up to the keypad. He kind of stared at it for a second, then ran his hand along the wall beside it. His hand stopped. He turned around and said

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"The door is right here."

"Great, now open it." Alpha snickered as he crossed his arms. Gamma glared at him and turned back to the door. He ran his fingers down the vertical crack and jammed his fingers in. He stepped back and huffed as he tried to wrench the door open. His muscles bulged and you could clearly see his veins popping out from his skin. He released his grip and heaved heavily.

"Well, that's not opening anytime soon." Alpha said as he stepped up to the keypad. He looked at his wrist and started punching in numbers. The light turned red and there was a soft beep signaling an incorrect passcode. He tried a few more things, hitting the keypad every time something didn't work. He did that until he was thrown off of his feet with the rest of us by another earth shaking explosion that sounded even closer than the last one. As we were on the ground, the steel door slid open and two men hustled in. They were in full Quarantine suits, like the ones that people who work at nuclear power plants wear. One of them had a magnum in their hand and they both had on a toolbelt that had syringes in it that glowed bright green. They backed up as we got to our feet like they were afraid of us or something.

"Oh god. They're awake! Get back now! Put your hands up and back it to the wall!" One of them shouted as they moved their hands to the syringes on their belts. Slowly Omega and I raised our hands to our heads and backed to the wall behind us, but Gamma, Alpha, and Delta didn't.

"I'm warning you! Step back now!" Their voice echoing from the intercom on their chests. Gamma stepped even closer to the Quarantine suit man.

The man reached for his syringe but his hand was grabbed by Gamma, and he was picked up and pinned to the door wall. The man yelped and pushed his gun to Gamma's chest. He backed away.

"Now, listen to us! We need-" His sentence was stopped short by Gamma's uppercut to his chin. The other man grabbed a syringe from his belt and was about to jam it into Gamma when Alpha grabbed his wrist and knocked it out of his hand. Delta came forward and shoved his foot into the man's chest. I had no idea what to do. Gamma, Alpha and Delta were all fighting and I was backed up against a wall with my hands in the air. That's when I saw my cue. Gamma had knocked the gun out of one of the Quarantine man's hand and it skittered to the ground somewhere. Omega got the same idea. He got down to his knees and began crawling into the big fight. I did so as well, crawling on the opposite side of the room. The lights were flickering and I couldn't see very well on the ground. All of the sudden, something blew up above our room, sending it into another temporary earthquake, but the worst part was, the lights above us burnt out for good.

I could still hear them fighting, but I could barely see it. The only light was that of the green beeping one from the keypad next to the door. The door was closing as the power went out, but it hadn't closed completely so there was a small crack big enough for an average sized man like me to fit through. I was still on my hands and knees, feeling around for the gun. Something suddenly hit the back of my head. I crumpled to the floor feeling really dizzy. It was Gamma's leg. I slowly got back to my knees.

Thankfully the lights flickered back on. One of the Quarantine men looked seriously injured. The glass in his helmet was broken out and he was standing there limp-like.

"R-retreat!" He mumbled to the other Quarantine man who had taken even more damage than him. They turned to leave and slammed into the door. It was too small for them to squeeze through with their bulky quarantine suits. They whipped around with fear. What were they afraid of? They were the one with the weapons. Gamma stepped forwards. He lunged towards but they sidestepped out of the way, ending up behind him. He realized that they were behind him now, and Gamma fled through the crack in the door. The men realized he escaped and they yelped as they scurried after him. Omega and I stood up again and exchanged

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nervous looks with Delta and Alpha. We then followed Gamma out the door.

Outside the door was a small narrow hallway with two elevator doors at the end, it was just as metallic as the room I woke up in. Gamma was in the middle, fighting the Quarantine men. They had no chance. Alpha rushed past me and joined in the fight, as well as Delta. As i;½soon as Delta got there, one of the Quarantine men greeted him with a sharp uppercut to his jaw. His head spun for a second but he regained focus quickly. His face was now twisted up in rage. He looked like he was about to murder someone, and if he was angry enough, I wouldn't doubt he would kill him. He stepped closer to the Quarantine man who was nervously backing away. I suddenly felt really cold. I could see my breath now, and I could see everyone else's breath but the weird thing was, I couldn't see Delta's breath.

They were busy fighting and Omega and I were standing there watching stupidly again. I needed to help. I cautiously stepped forwards. Alpha had one of the men pinned with his arms up. He shoved the man towards me expecting me to hit him or something, but I didn't. He slammed into me and we both hit the ground hard. He got up quickly and pulled another one of those green syringes out of his belt and stepped towards me. I kicked at his legs and he fell over. It was surprising how clumsy these guys were. We both got back up. His arm came at me with his syringe ready but I grabbed his wrist surprisingly fast and jerked his hand. The syringe dropped to the ground and bounced to my feet. I kicked it behind me as he tried to reach for it. That's when Omega swiped the syringe from the floor and tossed it to me. The Quarantine man tried to turn and run but I shoved the syringe through his suit and into his neck. He cried out as he realized what happened. He tried to run away but his body became slower and slower, sluggish like. His back began to droop forwards until he crashed into the ground. Alpha, Gamma, Delta and the other Quarantine man stopped dead in their tracks and stared at the body of the man on the ground. I couldn't tell if he was dead or just knocked out cold. The remaining Quarantine man started to slowly back away but Gamma grabbed his arm and yanked him back. He grabbed a syringe from the man's belt and plunged it into him. He didn't even fight back because he knew it was over. He was eventually on the ground, just as limp as his friend.

"Well, glad that's over." Alpha said as he leaned over and heaved.

"Not yet, there could be more." Delta said as he glanced around.

"Wait a minute." Omega walked up to one of the unconscious Quarantine men, and plucked something something up from it.

"What's this?" He held out a blank credit card looking object and turned it over a few times in his hand.

"It looks like... a keycard!" Delta swiped it from him and glanced over to the elevators. Omega sighed as Delta went up to one. Gamma and I followed him. Just like the door before, there looked to be no way to open it, except a green flashing light. Delta held the card out in front of the light. It beeped and the green light turned yellow. The elevator suddenly made a dingy noise, and opened.

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