

# X

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*Samsus new history is here!:*

*Sad memories madden in Samsus' life as he grows a new history in the X Base.*

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# 1 - X

*The City of X. A wasteland of machinery and lost souls. Many people inhabit the city. And one man controls it. A man only known by the name "the Creator" and he has lived so long in a horrible place called the X Base. Little known is what goes on in the X Base. Many people have feared to find out.*

*A machine known as an A.R. or Arms Robot travels the city frequently. It is known for it's million of long robotic claws that build it's entire outer casing. Small arachnid-like mobile video and sound recorders move swiftly as they scale walls and crawl throughout the city watching the people's every move. Other frightful creations exist. One known as the S.S. or Skeleton Soldier. These machines have never been seen by most of the people, but there are very few and rare encounters. Out of 10, only one survives. The Creator is also one feared. He was the master of these monstrositys and he controlled their every move. One person said he controlled them with his thoughts.*

*One person spoke to the Creator.*

*One person had an encounter with all of the machines. He has even destroyed one.*

*One person's name was never forgotten.*

*Samsus. . .*

*As usual he sat leaning against the wall, staring at the ground but not seeing anything and not thinking anything. The Creator had picked him for a reason. He never asked him why. Soft scratching noises could be heard outside the chamber door, and it opened, revealing an A.R. 5 or 6 large mechanical hands crawled out of the metal plates and grabbed him around his waist and shoulders. He did not struggle, knowing there was no way of escape anyhow. When the A.R. crawled along the long, cold, desolate hallways, it's claws made a soft scratching-metal sound. He was used to this by now. In through a couple metal automatic sliding doors, and into a bright room. There were no lights to be seen, but the room was white, and as long as one looked, they could not see the hidden doorways or walls that shaped the room. The A.R. stopped walking abruptly. In front of his face was the Creator. His eyes were hidden behind small glasses, and his long white hair that was often up in a ponytail gave the Creator a threatening look, along with the way he smiled at what he called his creation, knowing that his*

creation was being ever more phased by his "training".

"Getting tough, are we?" the Creator reached out and pulled on the skin under Samsus' eyes, examining the dark bags. "Not sleeping anymore. Why do you think this is, ModelX1?" Samsus stared his black, cold eyes into the Creator's, giving the expression that he didn't care. The Creator smiled. "It's only going to get worse for you." He reached his hand up to Samsus' head, and on impulse, he shut his eyes tight expecting something much worse than the pat on the head that the Creator really gave him. "Do you know why you're here at this time?" the Creator asked Samsus. He looked down, his face shaded by sadness and anger. The Creator ruffled Samsus' hair and said, "I know you hate it, but it's the only way." The A.R. threw Samsus onto a white unseen table. It kept its hands clamped tight to his body, for fear that he would try and destroy it like he did the last A.R. He shut his eyes tight, waiting. He's making me wait. He's going slow. He knows I'm afraid. And what he expected, came.

The A.R. lifted Samsus off the table. The Creator put his hand on Samsus' shoulder and said, "You're the first one that has survived all of the tests. I'm proud of you, ModelX1." The A.R. left the room quickly. The thick metal doors slid open, and violently threw Samsus against the white metal wall on the other side of the room. He landed with a thud, grasping his left shoulder in pain. He got onto his knees and looked up at the A.R., his face parted by the darkness of the room. The door shut, surrounding the entire room with darkness. A small round robot came out of the ceiling, and lifted its fan shaped wings up and down, filling the room with white light again. It flew up back into the ceiling silently. Samsus almost got to his feet when he fell down again, weakened by his stress. He could see a normal view through his eyes, but then the view flashed, as if being shocked by lightning. The view swerved this way and that, until Samsus closed his eyes tight. This happens everytime. What does it do to my eyes? I don't understand. He got to his knees again and shivered, feeling an unexisting cold that covered his body. He was already used to this.

The day changed to night, then day again. Samsus did not know the time, but it was Winter, in the month of December at exactly 5:58 A.M. An A.R. crawled into the room to find Samsus laying on the ground, staring at the wall in front of his nose. The A.R. clumsily scitted over to Samsus and grabbed him in the usual way it did. He looked down, not fearing what would happen next. The Creator walked into the room, his figure covered by the darkness that once again surrounded the room. He smiled up at Samsus. "Are we having some issues, dear Samsus?" Samsus was still looking down when he whispered in a dark voice, "Don't call me that."

"I will call my own creation whatever I please. I like your name anyway, Samsus." The Creator shifted his glasses around. "I don't see why you hate your very own name."

"You know exactly why."

"Your very own MOTHER gave that name to you. She used to call you Sweet Sammy."

Samsus looked up at the Creator with fierce eyes. He bared his teeth and growled, "You killed my mother." The Creator put his hand on his chest and whispered with a hiss. "I didn't, the soldiers did. Don't blame me for others' mistakes."

"It wasn't a mistake and you know it well." he looked as if he was piercing holes through the Creator's eyes with such a fierce and angry expression. An S.S. walked into the room and with a metallic voice, said, "Sir. The new chamber is ready." The Creator nodded at the S.S. and then looked back at Samsus. "Do you sometimes get that eery feeling that you're being watched?" Samsus said nothing. The Creator continued, "Then you're about to."

The A.R. crawled out of the room, holding Samsus tight in its claws. The Creator led the A.R., bringing it to the new destination. There must be cameras. He wants to watch me. But what do I do to make him want to watch me constantly? Once there, the A.R. quickly walked up to the wall and slammed Samsus' head on it. It rubbed his face in the wall until the Creator held his hand up to it, telling it to cease its action. He looked at Samsus with a dignified look. Samsus looked at him with his left eye,

the right side of his face having been slammed into the wall. One of the square blocks on the wall opened up, rising sideways. Under the square of metal was a small camera with spider claws. It scanned Samsus' face with a laser-like fan and went back in, as quickly as it came out. The A.R. shoved his head much harder into the wall and made a beeping sound. The Creator frowned at the A.R., and it lifted Samsus' head off of the wall. "And you look like that didn't even hurt." the Creator had a smug smile spread across his face, almost like he always did. Samsus glared evilly at him and struggled to free his arms from the A.R.'s grasp.

I know there's no escape. But there was. There was the first time. I just hadn't made it. The machine stopped me. Samsus squeezed his left hand out of the machine. He reached out towards the Creator, but a mechanical claw came out of the wall and grabbed his hand. The Creator furrowed his eyebrows. "You're really desperate to try and hurt me, aren't you?"

"I'm not going to try, I WILL."

"Tsk, tsk. I thought you were less of a brute than you really are."

The Creator walked away as the A.R. dropped Samsus to the ground. The door shut again. Light was restored to the room, but not to Samsus' soul.

In his mind he saw his father walking away through the desert that surrounded X City. He ran up to his father and yelled, "Dad! Don't leave me!" His father stopped walking, looked back and said, "Go home, you worthless rat!" Samsus shook his head to keep back the tears and ran for his father again. He held onto his leg tight, but instead of pushing Samsus off, his father kicked him in his stomach. Samsus fell to his knees and held his stomach. He dug his head into the sand as his father walked away forever. Even though it happened 7 years ago, the memory seemed fresh and new.

But for awhile, Samsus had forgotten until he was reminded from the Creator. He looked in Samsus' face and whispered, "Do you remember, Sammy? Do you remember why he left?" Samsus shook his head and yelled, "NO!" The Creator looked harder into Samsus' eyes. "Cry, Samsus. Do it." Samsus shut his eyes tight, he tried to cover his face by looking down. A single tear dropped onto the metal floor. Even with his eyes closed, he could not contain his tears. The Creator smiled. "I knew you could do it..." and he left. Samsus cried himself to sleep, still being held by an A.R.'s claws.

It was snowing outside. Usually, Samsus, his mother, and his father would watch the snow while huddling in close by each other. The snow was beautiful, but it made life for the people of X hard. It was hard to keep warm when most of the buildings were falling apart, with no windows and there were also very few of them, most of them had been struck to the ground by missiles and such. The streets often swarmed with people, everyone bumping into each other, trying to find food or a new spot to live in. It wasn't any different than the conditions of inside the X Base. The metal floors were cold, the walls were, too. There was no where to sit but the ground and there was nowhere to sleep on but the wall. Samsus often fell asleep leaning on the walls, but for some time he did not sleep, for fear that an A.R. would stomp in, ready to take him away.