

# project inferno

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## **1 - project inferno: the fall**

-Have you ever wondered what it's like in hell? Follow the adventures of Sam Mason, a man whose life has washed up on the shores. After his almost completed suicide, Sam is taken to a government operation: project inferno, where Sam will soon learn the truth about hell, and it fires.

It was all ready: the rope was hung, the knot was tied, and the chair was placed. Sam had been depressed almost all of his life, ever since his girlfriend committed suicide. He wanted it to be over, to throw in the towel. He stood on the chair and put the noose around his neck. *On the count of three. One, two... three!*

Sam kicked the chair out from under him. The world became a blur. Finally, it was over. He sank into the blackness, letting it drown him in peaceful silence. For an instant the world sat still, then he woke up in the hospital, his neck bandaged. *Damn! Why did they have to find me? I was so close!* One of the doctors noticed he was awake. The doctor ran out of the room and down the hall, screaming, "He's alive! He's alive!" *wow. How long was I out? I must have broken some kind of record.* Sam sat up and tried to get his bearings. The room he was in was pretty simple: there was his bed, a little end table with a phone and a button to calling a nurse, and a window. He still couldn't think straight, probably because of some medicine that they were giving him. Just then one of the nurses came in to check on him. "How are you doing?" she asked.

"My neck hurts"

"Well, that makes sense" she looked at his chart and walked out of the room. Sam realized that he was very tired. So he put his head on the pillow and let sleep relieve his of his troubles.

Sam woke up at his old house where he and his girlfriend used to live. The bed was too comfortable to get up. He looked at the clock on the nightstand. *Ten o' clock? I'm late for work!* He jumped out of bed, and got dressed in a hurry. As he came down stairs, his girlfriend, and wife to be, Emily was making breakfast in her robe. "Well, well, well. Late again, are we?" she teased. Sam gave a brief nod. He sat down at the table and waited for Emily to sit down. She sat down and brought three pancakes for her, and bacon omelet for him. They ate silently. When Sam was done, he cleared his and Emily's plates, gave her a kiss and went to work.

Sam worked as an architect in the downtown offices. His latest job was a building in the old north end. The one that was there was too old and run down, so he had to design a new one that would last longer. But that wasn't all that he was working on. He was also designing he and Emily's home for once they got married.

Once he got settled, Sam read the paper

*The New World News 2006*

*Today, the house of esteemed businessman, Collin Starr, burned to the ground. Police are not yet sure of the cause, but have a lead that I may be arson.*

*New cars are being built and the long sought idea of flying cars may finally become a reality. These cars will be one hundred percent environment friendly because they run on-*

"SAM!"

Sam jumped. His boss was standing right behind him.

“Yes? What is it?”

“I had been calling your name for at least ten minutes. What happened to you?”

“Well, I guess that I just got really engrossed in this paper.”

“Well get back to work. We need that project done by today.”

Sam hurriedly got back to work, trying to make up for lost time. So far, he was half way done, but the first half had taken him three days. *Great. How am I supposed to get this all done in four hours?* He got to work on the roof, trying to make it as strong as possible with the small budget that he was on.

Just then the doorbell rang. Sam went up to see who it was. As he opened the door, the police chief came in asked Sam to sit down. “Mr. Mason,” he began “I have some bad news. Your girlfriend, Emily was found dead at your house. We don't have any leads yet, but looks like a suicide. I'm sorry.” The chief's radio crackled something and he walked out the door.

*What?!? How the hell did this happen? Who did this? Why would she kill herself?*

Sam tore out of the office and into his car. He turned the key and used all of his 300-horse power all the way home. When he got there, he found his house surrounded by policemen and sectioned off by caution tape. He ran past the police and into the house. He came to the bedroom and screamed. The fan above the bedroom was spinning, and attached to the fan was a rope with the body of Emily hanging by the neck.

The entire world became nothing but black. Sam felt like curling up into a ball and never coming out. The world was screaming at him, it's your fault! It's your fault!

“SAM! Are you alright?”

Sam woke up screaming in his hospital bed, the nurse had heard the screaming and come in to see what was going on. "What happened Sam?"

"I had a nightmare about when Emily killed her self"

"Is that why you did what you did?"

"Yea. I guess so."

Sam got out of bed to stretch his legs. He heard voices coming from outside his room's door. Through the stained window, he saw three shadows. Sam got back into bed and ignored the three mysterious shadows. But they didn't ignore him. Two men from the government came in accompanied by a nurse. "Mr. mason" one of them said, "we have come to offer you a chance to be the first to test a new machine" the other one cut in

"If you agree, you will have your entire hospital bill paid plus you will receive a check of five hundred thousand dollars.

"Well, in that case, I accept!" the two men motioned for Sam to follow them.

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Sam was led to a black car that was parked in an ally. He sat in the back seat. As they drove, Sam wondered why he was picked. He was just some washed up person in the local hospital. He had no family, no nothing. Then it hit him: *that's why! They must be using me as a tester. The reason they want someone with no family is so if they go missing, no one will care.*

But he needed the money, and a chance to start over. This was the best way. When this was over, he would move and start a new life. One of the men cut through his thoughts, "we have arrived Mr. Mason.

Please follow me.” As they got out of the car, Sam looked around. He had no idea where he was. His best guess was that he was in the industrial district, judging by all of the smoke stacks.

The two men lead him to what looked like a small concrete shed. But when they opened the door, there was nothing but a giant staircase going down into an infinite darkness. One of the men took out a flash light and started down, motioning for him to follow. As he went down the stairs, Sam started to smell a faint odor of sulfur. As they went down further, the smell grew stronger. At one point, it became so overpowering that he could barely breathe. One of the men must have seen this, because he handed Sam a surgeon's mask to help him breathe. When they got to the bottom, they were given what looked like gas masks. Sam was relieved to finally get some fresh air. I may have been a little stale because of the mask, but it was better than the smell of sulfur. Sam was lead to a machine that was producing an immeasurable amount of heat. “Welcome” said one of the men, “to project inferno.”

“What's that?”

“We have discovered a way, by using the latest military technology, to create a portal into hell.”

“HELL! Why would you want to do that?”

“We have been able to gather enough research to come to the conclusion that the fires of hell are a renewable, clean energy source. We need someone to go in and recover some using this containment unit.” The man held out a container that looked like it came out of Star Trek. The other man broke in,

“But for now, you need to get some rest, we have provided a bed for you here. Don't worry, there is an air lock around the room, the smell won't be there.” With way too much on his mind, Sam went off to bed.

Sam was awakened by the sound of grinding machinery. He checked his watch five thirty. *Geez. When do these people sleep?* Sam got out of bed and ate the food that had slid into his room a bit earlier. Then he brushed his teeth and went out to see what the noise was. Because he was still half asleep, he forgot to shut the air lock, “great, now what?”

As he stepped out of his room, he saw one of the strangest things he had ever seen. There was a hole.

With fire coming out. But that wasn't the odd part. What was was that the hole was suspended in mid air. One of the scientists turned away from her station and gave him a suit to put on. "Here. This will protect you from the heat" she handed him a gun, "and this is in case you run into anything... unexpected." She showed him where to change and hurried back to pushing buttons. Sam put on the suit and was escorted to the edge of the hole.

"Hold on! I'm not ready!" too late. Someone pushed him in.

Down into the depths of hell he fell, hearing nothing but the screams of agony from its occupants. Half way down, he stopped short, not hitting anything. *What's going on? Why did I just stop?* As he looked up, the true horror of the answer struck him. A small red creature with wings of moldy flesh was holding him up, looking at him with blood in its eyes. Faster than he could think, he drew out the gun and pulled the trigger. A burst of blue light erupted from the front of the gun, the blue streak lashed out at the hideous creature. Impact! The thing started to fall, and so did Sam.

He was back to falling into hell. And then, all of a sudden, he hit. The pain was intense, but he managed to pull him self up. As he got to his senses, Sam saw what no man should see before he was dead: hell, in all of its sorrow. He saw the burning, the beating, the torture not possible by any other human. He let out one terrified scream, and was back in the laboratory. Two of the men took off him suit and doused him with water. Up until now, he hadn't realized how hot he was. He had been too occupied with terror. One of the scientists turned to him, "you had better get a good nights sleep. Sorry about what we made you go through, you weren't supposed to go all of the way to the bottom." Sam barley heard him, nothing but the screams that he had heard filled his mind and ears as he went to bed.

Sam woke up, pleased to smell fresh air again. When he got out of bed, he noticed his breakfast sitting on his bedside table; Ham and eggs. He ate his food and put on some clothes and went into main room. He was greeted by some of the workers and was shown, once again, to the hole. Again, he put on the suit, and again he picked up the gun. Sam was given the thumbs up and was about to jump when the full horror of what he had seen the last time came back to him. He stepped away from the hole and yelled, "No way! I'm not going in there again! You can't make me!" one of the scientists tried to calm him down.

"Please calm down, Sam." We will *not* let you go all of the way to the bottom this time. Please trust us." Sam calmed down and went back up to the hole. They gave him the thumbs up and he jumped. This time, after about two minutes of falling, he stopped at the entrance of a cave. He walked in and turned on a flashlight. What he saw was amazing: there was a structure of cave like nothing on earth. Every tunnel had at least three others branching off of it. Sam chose one of the tunnels and went in.

After about an hour and a half, Sam saw a light at the end of one of the tunnels. He became entranced by it, being pulled in by an unexplainable force. He went into the light and everything went black.

Someone awaked Sam from a horrible nightmare. He couldn't tell who it was yet; then his eyes came into focus. "E-Emily? How can you be alive? Where are we?"

Emily spoke, "Please calm down Sam. You're still in hell. Your alive..." Sam's memory of the jump came back. "...But I'm not. I really did kill myself. But now that you're here, I'm fine." Sam felt a wave of relief come over him, he was finally back with the one he loved. But as he got up and looked around, that feeling of comfort left him as quickly as it had came. Nailed up to the walls, hung from the ceiling and pilled under a see-thru floor, were at least thirty screaming people, bloody from their tortures. But the most shocking thing was that they were all *him*. Emily spoke again, "yes, Sam they are all clones of you. This is my personal hell, all of those tunnels are other people's hells. Mine is that I have to see you suffering every waking moment of my afterlife.

Just then, an explosion of mammoth proportions tore broke the moment. Sam got a radio contact from the lab: "Sam! The machine is broken. You are stuck in hell."

To be continued...