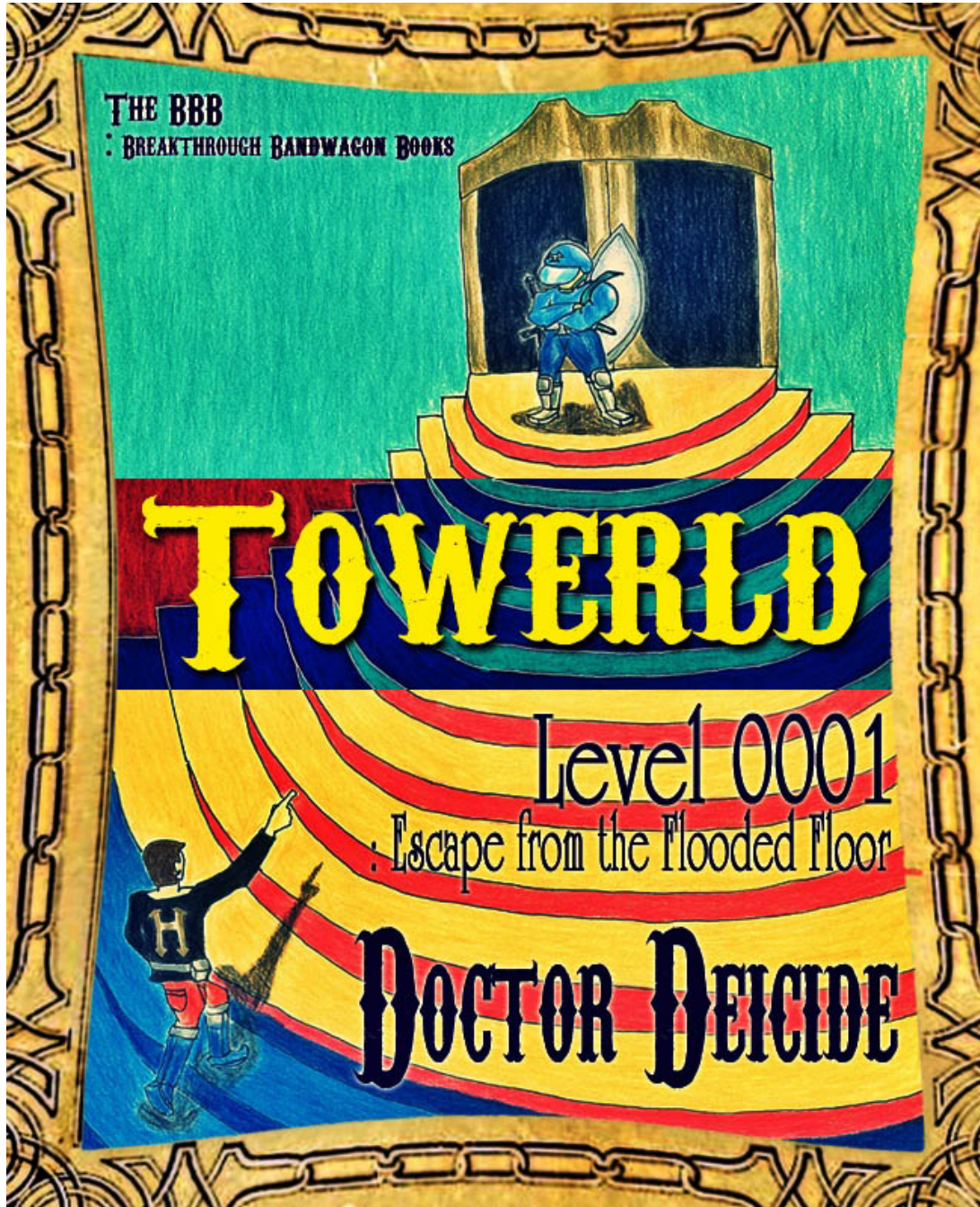


Towerld Level 0001: Escape from the Flooded Floor



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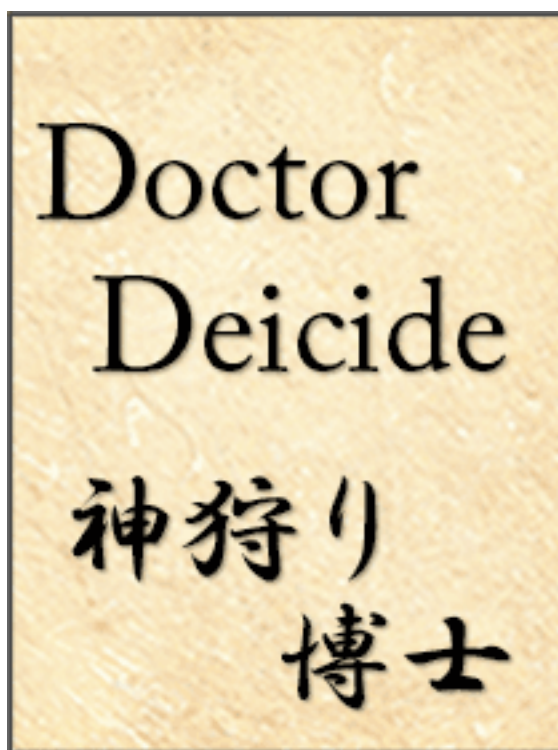
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The BBB website

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Part One

---01---

“This is getting old, as much as my feet are cold.”

Living a life full of repetitive routines is one thing. Catching fish in my living space makes it worse. My bedroom used to be dry, but now the floor is being submerged beneath the water. The flood is now knee-deep, and that provides enough water for the fish to invade my bedroom.

Pumping water out of the soaked bedroom would be a natural reaction to the slowly developing cataclysm, but no one seems to care. I used to scream my guts out to warn others of the urgency, but I eventually gave up. There is no point of yelling into the deaf ears.

When I was young, the floor of my living space was dry. In fact, the entire floor level was dry. That is no longer the case. That was then, this is now.

---02---

My neighbors and I have been living in this level of a gigantic building, the whole size of which we have no idea of. We are like orphans, living in many sections of the level. Each section of the floor functions like an orphan home. It is loosely known as the foster section. (Since we do not experience conventional concepts such as family, parent, child, or sibling, we accept this orphanage system as a natural norm. It is just the way it is.)

We do not know real biological parents, if there ever were such things to start with. I learned that we are delivered through the delivery dispensers, located at obstetrics rooms. We are raised under our respective foster parents, each of whom is selected from the senior dwellers and assigned to an orphanage district. Humans, not mere machines, have to play the role of the parents, to raise humans correctly. I hear that the society has learned the lesson the hard way.

The level is sandwiched between the ceiling and the flooring, separated by about three meters or less in most places. (The height of the ceiling varies, depending on which room you are in.) We know that the entire circular floor spans about 30 kilometers in diameter. Around the center of the circle, a cylindrical wall of about 10 kilometers in diameter is placed concentrically. (We do not know what may exist inside the inner circular wall.) In short, the level of the big building is somewhat shaped like a flattened doughnut. Does the tower look like a cylinder with a thick axis? That, I do not know.

The entire building is governed and controlled by the network system, named the Towerld Totalitarian Transmission. It is also known as the TTT (Triple Tee). No one that I know understands what “Towerld” actually means. Some say that it is derived from combining “TOWER” and “woRLD.” (It is the best guess that we can come up with.)

The TTT seems to take care of everything on the level, and probably the entire building. It controls utilities; such as water, electricity, and gas. It takes care of antiseptic networks. It seems to know everything about all the citizens on the floor, by controlling the database (ID codes, passwords, accounts, and so on) of us.

We all have ID codes. We can access to everything in the system, as long as we use the ID cards or our physical characteristics via the biometric scanning. My ID code is Hector_1304. My neighbors just call me Hector. I and other denizens of the floor only have first names with numbers attached to them. We do not have last names or family names, because we have no concept of conventional family here. Besides, the number in my ID code is a collection of “13,” “0,” and “4.” (It has to be a coincidence.) They were all considered ominous numbers in various ancient cultures, according to books that I read a while ago.

---03---

The TTT and our lives are not perfect, partly because it is not easy to stuff everything between the flooring and the ceiling. After all, the dimensions are limited.

Nonetheless, the citizens are living somewhat content. Life here is not too hard. We are not starved. There is no plague. There is no war.

We the citizens know that our ancestors came from places outside the building that we are living in. We are educated enough to know that we are something other than mere prisoners of the building. We just do not know everything. We still do not even know; what is outside the building, the size of the entire building, who is providing electricity or water utilities, the TTT that is controlling the entire level of the building, the purpose of our existences, and so on. Even though there are so many questions, they have been left unanswered. (We do not need answers to live for another day.)

When the floor is peaceful, we do not have to know everything. After all, ignorance is bliss. However, we know from the history of the human race that peace is always transient.

---04---

A few years ago, water started seeping out of nowhere. Some say that it was coming from the levels below our floor level. We started realizing that there are unknown numbers of floor levels below ours. (After all, we do not know how big this building is.) It was apparent that the floors beneath us had already been completely submerged in water. We discovered a few stairways and staircases leading to the lower levels, but we do not know how deep they go. They seem to lead to levels deeper than light can reach. They are deeper than we can dive to investigate.

Initially, I did not worry too much about the flooding. I expected the TTT to pump the water out. After all, everything in the building is completely automated, right? The pumping system was never activated, and it is still silent to this day, as if it never existed. It is as if the whole building wants the entire level to be flooded.

It began to annoy us, when all the hallways and rooms were starting to get constantly flooded. It was getting very hard to keep our feet dry. The water is not dirty. In fact, it is clean enough to use for cooking. However, the sterility does not contribute to alleviating the constant annoyance.

We can still live. Instead of waiting for the automated maintenance system of the building to pump the water out of our floor, we have decided to live with it. There are positive sides to the situation. We can swim as much as we want whenever we want. Besides, we have found a way to make our living. With the water, many different types of marine creatures have come to our floor from the dark depths.

One day, the whole flooded floor became a gigantic fish farm.

We catch the marine creatures, and send them to the fish market near the central circular wall of the flooded floor. (I do not know who erected a fish market out of nowhere. It was so strange, because it seems that the market masters knew the coming of the flooding.) Some of us learn to catch them alive and deliver them to the market alive, by capturing them in a cage and conveying the cage without picking it above the water. (Now, that is one good thing about the entire floor being flooded.) The market masters seem to want to pay extra to those who deliver the fish fresh and alive. I do not mind getting a little extra dough in my personal account (which is under the surveillance of the TTT).

Can we just go on with our lives this way, while catching fish in our living spaces to make our living? We can take it, as long as the water level does not go up any more. The problem is that the water level has been going up. When the water level was relatively low, we could still escape to places above the water level. I could sleep on my bed without being soaked wet. (I had to be careful not to wet my bed by forgetting to dry my body.) Lately, the water level is so high that I have to convert my regular bed into a bunk bed (with the bottom part functioning as a dock of a miniature boat).

---05---

Many people construct boats to get away from the constant drenching. We are becoming what we call boat people, as if being orphans on the flooded floor is not bad enough.

Living on bunk beds, elevated furniture, and boats is one thing. We would have been able to accept the living condition, as long as we could stay alive. All we have to do is to adapt to the new environment; catch fish, get paid by the market masters, and go on with our lives. Very simple, eh?

However, the water level keeps on going up. Our living spaces are sandwiched between the surface of the water and the ceiling. The rising water level is beginning to squeeze us against the immovable ceiling. We are too human to be able to breathe under water.

Obviously, we start wondering what would happen to us if the surface of the water touches the ceiling. We will suffocate to death.

Our lives are in danger. Either, we wait for the building to do something about it, or we the people have to do something about it to help our own causes. Judging from what has been happening to the floor since the flooding started, it is not a good idea to expect the TTT to pump the water out of the entire level.

---06---

What I have to do is obvious. I have to do something, to make things happen. I do not know what I have to do specifically, but I know where to go first.

I mean, I know so little about this gigantic building to the extent that I know nothing about its size. I do not even know what is above the level at which I have been raised since I was delivered. We learn that there are actually worlds outside this building. We read and learn about so many things about what we do not see or experience, including the biological explanations of how we are born. We learn so many things at school, but pretty much all of us die without actually experiencing what we learn in school.

Naturally, my curiosity has been growing. What is outside this flooded floor? Is there a rooftop garden above this floor? Do I get to step outside, to finally see the real sky? I wonder how deep the midnight blue of the firmament can get?

I am going to the fish market. That is where my journey to the next level begins.

Part Two

---01---

No matter where I go on the flooded floor, all I see are many hallways and rooms. Most of them feature low ceilings. Occasionally, I see larger rooms with higher ceilings, such as halls, lobbies, and stairwells.

There is a large lobby near the cylindrical wall that surrounds the center of the floor, as if in trying to hide what is beyond the wall. Nonetheless, the lobby has become the center of the economic activity of the entire level.

As soon as the floor districts were flooded entirely, the market masters (whoever they are) occupied the lobby and converted it into a fish market. That move makes the whole thing look suspicious and calculating, as if the market masters knew and expected the coming of the flood.

We know where the fish market is. I know that all the fish caught on the level come to this place from various districts. We do not know where our scaled bounties go to beyond the market. Some say that the

fishes are conveyed to places outside this building. Others say that they are sent back to the submerged levels below our level.

I assume that they are used for cooking or food processing. Fresh ingredients are more highly valued in food market, and that can explain why the fish market pays more on fresher bounties.

I have tried to figure out the next destination of the marketed fish, by observing the marketplace as much as I can. However, the market masters do not seem to want me to know too much and they try to kick me out of the market section as soon as I am done with submitting my share of the catch.

---02---

With the limited time for scouting, I know this much. There are numerous dumbwaiters installed in the marketplace. The market workers put the fish into the dumbwaiters. I do not know where those dumbwaiters go. Do they go up? Do they go down? Do they go sideways? I have no idea. I think that the market workers know no better than I do. They just do the job of managing the fish market just to make the ends meet.

A while ago, I was thinking of sneaking into one of the dumbwaiters to go to places other than this flooded floor. After giving the idea many considerations, I decided to give up on it. For one thing, I am not sure if my body can fit into a dumbwaiter. They are not exactly heavy-duty freight elevators. Besides, those dumbwaiters may be more complex than just mere conveyors of fish. What if they are just a part of a gigantic assembly line for processing fish? Whatever goes into a dumbwaiter may have to go through countless processes of mincing, grinding, heating, boiling, chemical treatment, and many other processes to make fish products, such as fish cake. I surely do not want to become an ingredient of fish sausages.

The idea of using the dumbwaiter to escape from this flooded level is not too hot, after all. Escaping from this predicament into a meat-processing factory is not too smart. (Is that why they call it DUMBwaiter, as if it is WAITing for a victim?) I surely do not want to be so desperate that I have to rely on this suicidal proposal.

The Plan B (whatever that is) is more promising, for now.

Part Three

---01---

I caught a big, tuna fish. I am using this as a bait to get myself into the main market. Without any catch of the day, I get no access to the market. That is a big, first step to my long journey to escape from my longtime home. I do not bother waving my neighbors goodbye, because there is not too much attachment or affection between me and them. (After all, I am just an orphan, just like all the denizens of the flooded level are.)

The market workers prefer a big, live fish. I am managing to keep the tuna fish alive in a portable waterborne cage. I am now swimming to the market, by tugging the tuna cage. The guards guarding the entrance to the main market are impressed by the catch. I can feel the attention of admiration directed toward me. Yeah, I do admit that I do not feel too bad about being the center of attention.

---02---

I enter the marketplace by using the live tuna fish as the entrance permission. I hand the cage and the tuna inside to the marketplace workers. (Any fish this alive and big can make me feel like a VIP, whatever that means.) I let them handle the fish. I make sure that they deposit the money into my TTT account.

They are too busy trying to put the big fish into the dumbwaiter. They do not know that I am using the bounty as a decoy. No one is paying attention to me. I am inside the marketplace, and I am so close to my first target.

The table is set. It is now up to me. I know the drill. I know what to do.

---03---

There is a long stairway near the center of the marketplace. Even though it is close to the busiest part of the marketplace, it is not too crowded. In fact, only one person guards the stairway.

The door on top of the stairway seems to be leading to the next level. I am just wondering what is beyond the door. The door is not transparent, and I cannot see what is on the other side.

Some have tried to beat the guard and open the door to escape from the flooded floor. (I am not the only one who worries about the water level reaching the ceiling.) A few brave ones have tried to beat the guard, known as the Stairway Shieldian. No one has succeeded.

He is virtually invincible on the stairway. He knows how to take advantage of his home ground. He moves up and down the stairway faster than a normal human can move on a flat ground. A normal human slows down on a stairway, worrying too much about the footing. The Stairway Shieldian can move faster on the stairway than he does on a solid floor or in water. He dives from the upper part to the lower part of the stairway, and lands on the steps without twisting his ankle.

He uses the stairway as not only a ground but also a weapon. I hear that he uses deadly moves dubbed the Orange Crush and Mile-High Mash. I have not seen the moves, but I am told that they inflict fatal damages to the recipients. (No one has survived those moves and has lived to tell the tale, I guess.)

The Stairway Shieldian makes the stairway a part of his body, not unlike a spider uses the web as if it is a part of its body. For that reason, he is also known as the Stairway Spider.

I am no slouch. I have practiced many basic martial art moves. (I still admit that I am not too much of an expert in fighting, though.) There is only so much I can do during my free time. I am a busy man. I have managed to get a lot of exercise out of fishing, though. I can knock a big fish unconscious by bludgeoning it with a hammer. I can wrestle with a big fish and carry it into a fish cage.

I am thinking of facing off against the Stairway Spider. If I manage to beat him and open the door that he guards, then I can get out of this flooded floor. That is surely an auspicious way of inaugurating my journey into the unknown of the upper floors.

To realize the very first step of the dream, I have to beat him. My mission is like a stairway. First step first.

---04---

This dude is intimidating. The aura alone can sap the will to fight from a hapless (sapless?) one.

He is clad in a dark, military uniform with many pockets and protectors. I cannot see his face too well, because the helmet comes with a face-covering, shaded visor. I can tell that his physique is impressive and in shape under the outfit. His waist belt comes with a holster, which holds a nightstick. He does not look exactly like a walking arsenal.

He is not called the Stairway Shieldian for nothing. He is carrying a vertically elongated elliptical shield on his left shoulder. Judging from its shape and size, it is designed for not only the protection but also for the maneuverability and the versatility.

I am not without a plan. I have a plan, and I am going to execute it. If Plan B fails, then I have Plans C and beyond, just in case.

I exclaim, “Hey! You! Yeah, that’s right. I am talking to you!”

I make sure that I point my finger at him. I make sure that I speak out loudly.

The guard on the stairway does not even flinch, as if he does not recognize my presence.

He does not say a word. The silence forces me to make the next move (somewhat reluctantly). I do admit that his demeanor is intimidating me.

I make a few steps in the knee-deep water. I put my foot on the lowest step. It is still beneath the water. I walk up the steps. Eventually, my feet emerge. I no longer feel the buoyancy assist, and I feel safer. I firmly plant my feet on the horizontal part (tread), and make sure that I am actually walking up the stairway. I admit that my body is not designed to live in water. I am a land-based creature, not a fish. (Does it not make little sense to try to adapt to the flooded environment of this floor?)

The distance between the Stairway Shieldian and me is gradually shrinking. I do not want to get too close to what seems to be a formidable foe.

While keeping myself away from his possible attack range, I stop. He is not moving at all, because he does not have to. His duty is to guard the steel door behind him. There is no point of vacating the post to attack me. He knows that it might be a trap that I am setting.

I am not sure if attacking him is a good idea. I have to formulate a plan, before I make the move.

---05---

I look at him. He stares back at me. He is near the top of the stairway, and he is looking down on me, literally and figuratively. (His intense glare is visible, even through the smoked visor.)

“Are you going to open the door, if I get close to it and ask you to open the door?”

“No.”

“What does it take for me to open the door and walk past it? Do I have to beat you up, and steal the key from you?”

“I have the key, but the key alone is not enough. You have to enter your ID code and the special password to open the door.”

“Who knows the password? I guess I have to subdue you, and force you into telling me the password, eh?”

He says triumphantly, “It is not going to work, because I do not know the password.”

For a moment, my legs seem to have forgotten how to support my weight. Is he bragging about his ignorance, which is expected and unexpected at a same time?

If he is telling me the truth, then I see no point of fighting him. I have nothing to gain by beating him up, except for a key that is meaningless without a password that he says he does not know.

Now, what is my plan? I have to formulate a new plan to continue this journey that has just barely started.

I am going to ask him many questions, to distract him and to scout the battleground.

“What is the essential element of your mission, if you have any?”

“The best defense is the best offense.”

Now I see the weakness. If I do not attack him or I retreat, there is not much that he can do.

“What is the master of defense that you claim to be is doing here?”

He answers, reluctantly, "I am here to guard the gate to, somewhere."

It is an answer that I expect. I want to take advantage of the reluctance.

I ask, "Do you not know what is beyond the door? Are you guarding the door which you do not know the purpose of?"

"Why do I have to know?"

I press on, "Do you not feel the urge of wanting to know more? Do you not feel uncomfortable, not to know what you are guarding? Does the curiosity not weigh on your mind, if you have any of that to start with?"

"I do not have to know everything. I get paid, and I get laid, by doing my job. I can eat, drink, sleep, and do all other things that I want to do, as long as I do my job here."

I deride him, "Your life sucks, doesn't it? Go get a life, and try not to beat up on your plastic wife."

"You dare to humiliate me?"

"You are just a guard dog, if your inflatable wife is as much of a bitch as your life is. After all, life is a bitch."

"I will get you for this."

"Try to come and get me, if you can."

Move down the stair, now. I may bring him out of his element (stairway).

No such luck. The Stairway Shieldian is too smart to make such a mistake.

"Just like a mad dog suffering from rabies, you avoid water. That is why you are becoming a stairway slave."

Now comes the leading question that may affect the plan.

I inquire, "Do you know who pays you the salary?" This question is important, because I want to know the answer, too.

"I don't know. It is in my account automatically. I mean, it is the almighty TTT, right?"

That is disappointing me.

I have to press on. "You do not even know who owns this building and who controls the TTT."

The Stairway Shieldian asks me, "Do you know who the owner is? Who owns the TTT?"

This guy is good at asking me questions that I cannot answer. Is this not the first time in his life to be asked this many questions?

I reply honestly, "I do not know. It rips my guts to have to admit that I am becoming a prisoner of my own ignorance, as much as we are all prisoners of this gigantic construction."

This should agitate him, if he is competitive.

The Stairway Shieldian says, "Accept your current status. You are happy that way, because, after all, ignorance is bliss."

There is no such luck. As much as he is a good soldier, he is not ambitious enough to fight for something other than a mere steel door that he cannot even open.

---06---

Now I know one thing for sure. Beating up on this formidable foe does not make me accomplish anything. I see no point of fighting this guy. I just avoid him.

“Goodbye, Stairway Shieldian.”

I wave my hand at the lofty loner, turn around, go down the stairway, and dip my feet into the water. I am facing my back toward him, as if in showing that I am no longer interested in him. I was never interested in this guy, because he is just as boring as his job.

I taunt him, “Enjoy kissing the rear end of the TTT.”

“What are you talking about, man?”

“Is your rear end kissing the door? Copulate with the metallic door behind you, if your plastic wife is not hot enough for you.”

He yells, “Hey! Come back here! Fight me! Do not run away from me, you coward!”

His words echo emptily in the flooded lobby. All of a sudden, he sounds so cheap, as soon as I lose interest in him. Out of mind, out of sight.

I am hoping that such insults may rip him off the door and force him into getting out of his element (stairway). Outside the element, even a mighty one becomes so weak. The Stairway Spider off the stairway is like a beached shark or a drowning elephant.

No such luck. The Stairway Sissy is just yelling and screaming, with his back touching the door.

Out of sight, out of mind.

My next destination is the dumbwaiter.

Part Four

---01---

As soon as I go back to the main part of the fish market near the dumbwaiter, I am surrounded by henchmen of the market masters. I knew that there is more to the market masters than just owners of the fish market. They seem to be the ringleaders of the gang that controls anything that the TTT does not seem to even bother dealing with. (I get the impression that the machines let the human thugs do the dirty work just for the sake of keeping losers busy.)

I think I am a good fighter, but the odds are stacked against me. I am already losing the numbers game against several bad dudes.

My mobility is limited, due to the knee-deep water dragging my movement. I cannot even think about escaping from the circle of thugs. The circle is shrinking.

The thugs are holding weapons, such as steel pipes and tonfas. I do not have a weapon. If I need a weapon, I just wrest a weapon from one of the thugs. I am good at stealing a weapon. The skill provides me with a weapon, and it reduces the combative ability of the opponent. It is an uncanny combination of defense and offense. (Besides, that way, I can travel or journey lighter by not carrying a weapon.)

---02---

First, I have to scout the potential enemies. Knowing the enemies increases the chance of my overcoming the odds. After all, that is how I just managed to avoid the confrontation against the Stairway Shieldian. Here comes my leading question.

“What are you going to do to me? You are not going to bind me with a chain, and dump me and the fish into the dumbwaiter, are you?”

Some of the thugs look at each other, and start whispering, “Hey, that is a good idea.”

Suckers.

One of them says, “That is what we are going to do to you, after beating the living guck out of you.”

Fools.

Another one sniggers, “You just sealed your own fate, by giving us a good idea.”

Losers.

They are so stupid that they do not know anything about my master plan. After all, their lack of intellect is the reason for their being on pace to end their miserable lives on the flooded level. They deserve to drown and rot here. They are not even good enough to become fish bait, and that is their miserable fate.

---03---

I am too impatient to wait for them to make the move. I make the move first, by diving into the water head-first. It is taking them by surprise. I make my living by catching fish all the time, and making water my prime element is an easy task.

These thugs have avoided working in the water to make the ends meet, and decided to make easier ways out by becoming bouncers (also known as thugs) working for the fish market. (I am about to make them pay for their being too lazy to work as hard as I do.) After all, there is no easy way out in anyone’s life or in this gigantic building. You just have to earn your way out of it, whatever it is.

I close in on one of the thugs. He is holding a steel pipe.

He is reacting to my move by swinging the pipe. He is accustomed to swinging the pipe far above the water level. He is not used to swinging the pipe near water, because he does not want to get the pipe too wet. (Is he so uneducated as not to know that his steel pipe is stainless-treated?) When he tries to hit me with the pipe by making a move that he is not too familiar with, he cannot apply enough leverage upon the swing. Before the clumsily swung pipe caresses my shoulder blade meekly, my hands reach the ankle of the thug. (He is mine to topple!) I use my physical strength (and a little bit of the buoyancy of water around his feet) to pick him up by his ankle. I press his head into the water face first, while lifting his ankle. He cannot breathe under water, and tries to escape from the predicament. He is too busy trying to plant his hands against the bottom of the water to regain the balance, and he consequently drops the pipe. This thug is so stupid that he is becoming too predictable. I pick up the freed pipe, and smash it against the head of the thug under the water. The water softens the impact to make it nonlethal. The blow knocks the thug unconscious, like I knock a big, tuna fish unconscious by slapping the head with a hammer.

The entire maneuver is smooth in transition from one step to the next. I make my living by wrestling against big fish everyday, and my job skill is paying dividends here. These thugs may not be that terrible at fighting on land, but they are too spoiled to fight me knee-deep in water.

---04---

Now, I have the steel pipe. It may not be too much against a bunch of B-rated heavies carrying various types of weapons, but I still feel a bit more comfortable with a steel pipe. I use my hammer to knock a big fish unconscious to make my living. I can apply the job skill to wield the pipe.

First move first. I slam the pipe against the downed thug, the original owner of the pipe, to make sure that he is already down. This buffoon should feel fortunate to let the worthier owner succeed his former

possession. I know how to knock a fish unconscious with one blow. Eliminating this loser (He just 'lost' his pipe. Get it?) out of the equation is too easy.

Now, I have to fight against several baddies. They are not as easy to subdue as the one I just wrested the weapon from. After observing my maneuver, they now know that I am formidable, and they are getting prepared to deal with me. Besides, they still have the numerical advantage to rely on. (Lucky them.)

My job skill is not designed for dealing with their strength in numbers. My wrestling maneuver is not only for subduing one of the thugs but also for equalizing my numerical odds against them one by one.

---05---

Three of them line up on a single lateral file. The weapons are (from left to right, from my point of view) a pair of tonfa, a pair of brass knuckles, and a club. None of them is sharp or bladed. Not unlike the steel pipe that I hold in my hand, they are designed to clobber the target more than to fatally slash the hapless one. (Maybe, they knock the fish unconscious with blunt tools as their side jobs.)

I choose the target, one at a time. I pick the tonfa dude. I swing my steel pipe horizontally. He blocks the blow, as I expect that. The pipe ricochets off the vertically aligned tonfa, which is now functioning as a shield. A tonfa is a very convenient weapon because it is defensive and offensive at a same time.

The bounced-off pipe is now attacking the brass-knuckle dude, who is getting too close to my back. I lower the trajectory of the pipe that is drawing a circle. I take it that the brass-knuckle guy is a boxer. The rule of boxing as a sport makes the assumption that there is no attack below the belt. In real life, whether it is on or off the water, there is no such rule. If a boxer has no regard for blocking anything attacking the legs, then I am taking advantage of the weakness. The head of the steel pipe lands on the kneecap. The boxer is screaming his guts out, and falls down on water. His knee is incapacitated. I know how to deliver deadly blows. (This boxer dude has to learn that there are below-the-belt issues in real life.)

Two down.

I see the clubber trying to get behind me. (Why are they so predictable? Do they not realize that I expect my potential enemies to attack me from behind?) The reach of my pipe outranges that of the club. I shove the head of the pipe into the midsection. He cannot block it with the club. He doubles up in pain, and stains the water with blood and gastric juice he is spitting.

Three down.

I bring the attention back to the tonfa guy. It seems that he has not moved by too much since the defensive move. He is too deliberate.

I make a few pivotal moves. I can still move relatively nimbly in knee-deep water. As I show my back toward him a few times, I swing the steel pipe wildly. The best that this tonfa user can do is to block my blows. I close in on him, and make a smooth transition of the pipe move from a circular swing to a linear thrust. He is confused. The head of the pipe lands on the ribcage. My hand feels the crack of the ribs. (I admit that I find the physical feedback to be rather amusing.)

Four down, and nine more to go.

Nine? Are they increasing in number?

---06---

As I have wasted too much time on the scouting threesome, they have just made the reinforcement.

“Urk!”

I feel that on my upper back.

A sniper has just shot a tranquilizer dart by using a crossbow. I pull out the dart from my back, but it is too late. I recognize the dart. Judging from the color and the pattern on the dart, it is not designed to kill me. I am going to lose consciousness in a few seconds.

I drop the steel pipe. I am losing the grip. I cannot stand on my feet. If I drop down face first, I cannot breathe. I have to get out of the water. I see a dry platform nearby. If I get myself beached, then I can get myself fall unconscious without worrying about being drowned.

The last thing that I see right before falling unconscious is a fuzzy, blunt object becoming the brunt of the attack on my face.

I expected a fair fight. That is asking for too much out of these thugs.

---07---

I have to switch to Plan B. Wait. Is it Plan C? I do not remember.

Part Five

---01---

I must have lost consciousness. As soon as I wake up from a coma, I realize that I am in a delicate predicament.

I am lying in a steel box. It is one of the dumbwaiters at the fish market. I am hugging the tuna that I brought to the market. I cannot release the tuna from my hug, because I and the tuna are trapped inside a long chain that is wound around me many times. A padlock (that is fastening the chain) and my chest are sandwiching the tuna.

I try to get up, to see what is going on, to no avail. I cannot get up, because the dumbwaiter has limited dimensions and the chain is limiting the freedom of my movement. I can barely shake my body, and that is all that I can do.

I look outside the dumbwaiter, and I see a few thugs. They are the same dudes that I fought. I know. I succumbed to the paralysis dart, and I collapsed. They are so weak that they have to rely on strength in numbers and a missile attack. What losers! However, I am the one who lost against a bunch of losers. That sucks.

They have bound me in a chain, along with the tuna, and they are trying to treat me like a fish.

---02---

“Hey, what is going on?” I scream.

I have to extract as much information from my enemies as I can, to understand the situation and to formulate the next plan.

One of the thugs takes a look at me, and says quite victoriously, “You lost. You are hugging your dear fish. We are treating you like a fish, if that is what you wish. Yeah, your wish has come true, and your face has turned blue.”

All the thugs are laughing the guts out. I see no hilarity in the statement. I do not want to succumb to the new low to understand the riffraff jokes.

Even though I am not asking for more information, one of the market maggots has just decided to brag about a game that they are playing.

“By making you hug the fish, we are placing a bet. We are wondering if the meat-processing plant will treat you plus the fish as a sack of human flesh or a sack of fish meat. The entire manufacturing process is so automated that it may make bad decisions. Will you be turned into slices of fresh fish? Will you be boiled in a tank of oil and be canned like sardines? Will you become sausages? We will find out, one way or another, sooner or later.”

“If we find out the result of this grand experiment at a dinner table, we make sure to feed what may become of you to fish as bait.”

“My prediction is that you will be treated like a fish, known as a dolphin. The machine will take a look at your limbs, and will realize that you have got such a ‘dull fin.’ Get it?”

I am the only one not laughing. Lowlifes are the masters of coming up with jokes that are not funny at all. They do not even know that dolphins are classified as mammals, not fish.

---03---

This is not good. I participated in a trash talk before the fight, to provoke them into putting me in the dumbwaiter just in case I lose the fight (which I lost). In a way, this is a part of my plan, which is closer to Plan B than Plan A. Now, I am in the dumbwaiter, and I am this much closer to escaping into a place that is not as flooded as my home floor is. This comes with a “catch,” if you see what I mean. I am so robbed of the freedom of movement that I may not be able to escape from the meat-processing assembly line alive.

“Are you going to watch the entire assembly line?”

“No way, man. We are not allowed to enter the processing factory. The factory goes up to the level above ours, and we are not allowed to go between different levels, as you know. We are not mailpersons.”

I should have become a mailperson. The job would have given me an opportunity to go to different floors legitimately. Too late.

“How do you know my eventual fate, if you do not get to observe the entire factory processes?”

“You and the fish have a serial number. It is TKD_048150969113. All we have to do is to place an order through the TTT for any food with that serial number, and see what kind of food it is. That is how we determine the winner of the betting.”

I am just a serial number, eh? That surely makes me feel important.

Part Six

---01---

Before I say something else to delay the unceremonious start of my “package” tour, one of the thugs has just activated the switch.

The dumbwaiter is shut, and the box goes up. It is going up. It still goes up. I cannot see what is outside, because the dumbwaiter goes through a vertical duct. It is not stopping. I can tell from the speed and the time duration that I am now above the building level that I have been living on since I was born. (Actually, I am not sure where I was “born.” I know that I was “delivered” to the level via a baby delivery system. That is normal for denizens of this gigantic building named Towerld.)

Everything is going according to the plan. Plan B, that is. (Is it Plan C? I will see.) I do not look too sexy, being treated like a fish. Now I come with a serial number. Oooh, yes! I would have pumped my fist sarcastically, if I were not bound by a chain with a tuna on my chest.

The dumbwaiter stops, and it is tipped. I roll down the sloped bottom as if I am a helpless fish. I land on a tray on a belt conveyor. I hear the thud. (This factory had better treat fish and me with more respect than just a slab of meat.)

Now, I am lying on the tray, facing up.

---02---

I look around. The belt conveyor is just a part of a factory. There are countless belt conveyors stretching toward unknown; horizontally, vertically, and diagonally. Some of the vertical conveyors have baskets and containers attached to them. As many as I can see, there are hundreds of conveyors moving constantly in all perceivable directions. There are thousands, if not millions, of items being carried on those belts and conveyors in so many directions that I have to invent a new spatial (special) dimension beyond the third dimension and the fourth dimension (time). I feel like I am just a grain of sand in a beach that is constantly sliding in all directions all the time.

I observe those conveyed objects more closely. They are meats of various types. They are fish, chicken, pork, and beef, just to mention a few. Some of them are raw, and others are heated (boiled, broiled, fried). Some of them are sliced, and others are minced.

I can see so many assembly lines at a same time that I can observe the entire processes of a meat-processing factory at a single glance.

---03---

The conveyor that I am on has whole fishes and animals. (I am the only human here, it seems.)

Wait a second. If those assembly lines are indicating the eventual fates of me, then I have to get out of the current conveyor as soon as possible. I surely do not want to be any one of them, whether I am served raw or cooked. If I do nothing here, I am dead meat.

The question is: Where am I heading? The conveyor that I am on is leading to a table. There is a gigantic scanning plate installed above the table. Products from a few conveyors converge into the platform. The scanning plate scans the objects on the table, and manipulators from various angles organize the objects. Judging from the signs on some of the conveyors diverging from the table, it seems that the objects are classified into “mammal meat,” “reptile meat,” “fish meat,” “vegetables,” and “others.” I do not know how many selection processes there are in this plant, but this being the first phase seems to make sense. (I guess that mammal meat, reptile meat, and vegetables come from this floor or floors above this.)

I will be one of the objects to be classified. Will I be treated like “mammal meat” or “fish meat?” I am a human, and that makes me a mammal. However, I am hugging a tuna fish. If the machinery in this plant were sophisticated, then I would be dumped into the “others” slot.

I do not expect the scanner to be that smart, since Towerld is not exactly perfect. (If I were living in a perfect world, I would not have been here to start with. Might I add that the TTT is far from being perfect?) Will I experience the world that is closer to being perfect, as I go up the levels? I hope I will live to find that out.

My body with the tuna is placed on the table. The scanning table is taking more time on the tuna and me than it does on an ordinary sack of meat. It is probably picking up the properties of both a fish and a human, and it is taking time trying to decide how to classify me.

It appears that I am classified as a fish. It has to be a weird fish. This chimera has a human body with a fish head on its chest. The factory machinery seems to be indifferent about the presence of mutants.

I am wondering if there are actually such mutants? If one of the floors housed such mutants, I would be too normal to be treated like a legitimate freak. I just wish I would live to ask the TTT the question. I have many questions to ask.

---04---

What fate awaits me? I will be treated like a fish that the factory is labeling me as. I might as well be treated like a divine fish. That is my wish. If I were classified as a cod, will I be offered to a god?

The assembly line, labeled as “fish processing,” stretches far. It goes through a forest of complicated machines. I can only see what will happen to me in a minute or two. Whatever is happening to a big fish near the entrance of the gigantic machine ahead of me is a good indicator of my immediate future.

Near the edge of my sight, I see a fish entering a contraption. It is being beheaded. That makes sense. It is one of the first steps in processing fish, along with scaling, deboning, and slicing.

Now, wait a second. Will the big machine do the same thing to me, since I am now classified as fish?

All of a sudden, the sense of urgency is dominating my thought processes. I am beginning to panic. I am this close to being beheaded like a fish.

Now, my master plan is not looking too masterful. I have to abandon this plan of lying on a tray on the belt conveyor and waiting for something good to happen. I have accomplished the feat of somehow getting out of the flooded home floor. I cannot say that I have completed the first part of my journey into safer places (and perhaps discovering the secrets of the gigantic building and the master known as the TTT), without successfully escaping from this food-processing factory alive. I may get my head chopped off way before I get out of this forest of factory formation.

One after another, fishes ahead of me are being beheaded. I have to do something. An obvious choice is to try to get out of the conveyor belt before reaching the guillotine device. I am bound by a chain and a padlock. I cannot roll out of the tray I am on. It seems that a locking device of some sort on the tray is gripping the chain that is binding me. The tray is a part of the belt conveyor, and I cannot just rip it apart with my brute force. These machines are so sturdily designed that no mere human can destroy it with bare hands.

If I can free myself from the chain, then I can make the escape maneuver. I look around to see if there is anything that can destroy the chain or the padlock.

That is not a smart move. If I manage to find a tool with which I can destroy the padlock, I cannot employ the tool because I am bound in a chain. To slip out of the chain, I have to be able to use the tool. To be able to utilize the tool, I have to escape from the chain. To escape from the chain, I have to be able to apply the tool on the chain or the padlock. To be able to use the tool, I have to free myself from the chain.

I have to stop, because this looping argument goes nowhere.

---05---

Three more fishes ahead of me. I do not have too much time left.

I have to think fast. One fish enters the guillotine gear.

Just two fishes ahead of me. Hurry up!

I have just come up with a plan. (People have to admit that I am a genius.)

There is a tool that might be able to destroy the padlock. Take a look at the fish guillotine. The very machine that is planning to behead me (or the fish on my chest) can destroy the padlock.

The fish guillotine consists of many different cutting devices. They are disc saws, chainsaws, jigsaws, and many different types of blades with wavy patterns and jagged edges. The machine seems to determine which tool to use to behead the fish, depending on the type of fish.

One more fish ahead of me. I have no time to test my plan.

It is not what type of cutting device that matters. (They are all deadly, all right.) What is more important is the position on which the cutting device will land. The fish-beheading machine seems to know how to recognize the part to cut. Is it going to correctly recognize the neck of the tuna that I am hugging? Is it going to think that my neck is actually the neck of the chimera fish? (Does it even bother thinking that I am such an ugly abomination of a chimeric creature?)

No more fish ahead of me. It is now or never!

I just make the assumption that the contraption will target the neck of the tuna that I am hugging, because I cannot do any better. Even though I am bound by a chain, I can still shift the position of the tuna, and place the slippery neck below the padlock. I hope that the blade will inevitably strike the padlock by attempting to behead the tuna on my chest.

Now, I am on the table of the fish-beheading machine. I make sure that my front side is facing the ceiling, so that the padlock can block me and the fish against the beheading blade. Please. Oh, please. Recognize the fish head below the padlock. Ignore my neck, please.

Here comes a fast-spinning disc saw! The whirring sound makes me feel dizzy. (This is not the right time to faint. This predicament calls for making a feint.)

The disc strikes the padlock. The friction between the spinning blade and the metallic surface of the padlock creates a ceaseless spark and a continuous noise.

The padlock is withstanding the cutting. I do not expect it to last forever.

I am making sure to pay attention to the contact point. I am thinking of freeing myself from the chain, as soon as the padlock is destroyed. I have to time and make the move fast. If I do not do so successfully, the tuna neck and my chest will follow the same fate as the padlock and other fishes. (If the metallic padlock is not indestructible, then there is only so much that creatures of flesh, bone, and blood can do.)

I cannot look away. I have to concentrate. I have to wait for the moment, and make the escape maneuver instantly. I may have to improvise by blocking the disc saw with all the loosened chains that should be available by then. Once I am unchained, I can get out of the guillotine machine, free myself from the conveyor belt, and escape from the factory itself.

The blade is cleaving into the padlock. Little by little, the defense is getting thin. Only a thin metal skin is now protecting the tuna neck and my chest plate from the disc saw.

---06---

Suddenly, the spin of the disc saw stops. All the tools attached to the beheading machine stop. Assembly lines halt. In fact, it seems that the entire factory ceases to operate, as if it has just dropped dead. I know that it is still alive, because the loud warning siren is blaring.

What is going on? The disc saw is no longer spinning. It is not a threat at this moment. It is a close call. It is so close to dissecting the tuna and me.

I know one thing for sure. Whatever the reason for the sudden halt of the entire factory is, I have to take advantage of this opportunity. The nearly destroyed padlock is so fragile now that my human strength can deal with it. I am hugging the tuna, and that makes the padlock within my hands' reach. After flexing my muscle to grab the cleft padlock to split it in two pieces, I can free myself and the tuna on my chest from the loosened chain.

I now think I know what the reason for the cessation is. A monitor nearby is indicating a message.

"Warning! Warning! Irregular objects are mixed in."

"Eliminate the irregular objects from the assembly line."

"If the problem is cleared, resume the processing by pressing the RESTART button nearby."

This system is a microcosm of the entire building of Towerld. Even though so many things are automatic and automated under the control of the seemingly almighty TTT, they are not perfect. For example, this assembly line is designed on the assumption that it is still operated by humans. When this kind of irregularity occurs, humans have to eliminate the problem manually. Besides, if the system were perfect, this kind of error would not have occurred to begin with.

That means that human operators will eventually come here to check what is stopping the entire factory. Before they come here to discover me, I have to escape from this machine.

I get off the assembly line (partially embedded in the beheading platform), discard the chain and the padlock, and leave the tuna on the cutting board. I walk to the control panel, and push a big, green button labeled "RESTART".

After a big, thundering thud, the factory resumes its production. The warning siren stops howling. The hapless tuna, with which I have spent such an exciting moment more intensely and longer than I have with any female in my life, is beheaded instantly. I look away from the headless tuna in disgust, because that could easily have been me instead. The very thought makes me shudder.

I walk out of the vicinity around the fish-beheading machine, as if nothing happened. When Plan B fails, Plan C prevails!

Part Seven

---01---

Now, I have to get dressed like a factory staff. Otherwise I will be sent back to the flooded floor or the assembly line. I look around to scout the factory. It seems to be almost completely automated. Even though I see a few narrow aisles, it is not designed for many staffs. That is a good sign because that means that there are not too many humans to recognize the intruder. Of course, it is only a matter of time that I will be spotted. I have to get dressed in a uniform, whatever it is.

The TTT seems to control the entire building, but the control does not appear to be complete. It does not seem to issue a warning, by spotting me with surveillance cameras. The system is far from being perfect, and I want to thank the TTT for that. (If the TTT were perfect, then my home level would not have been flooded in the first place.)

I enter a small spacing in a forest of assembly lines. I see lockers. On a wall, a few uniforms are hung. I look around. I see no one. Now is the chance.

I see a gray, bulky, coverall uniform with many pockets. I wear that on top of what I am currently wearing. The boring plainclothes (trousers and a shirt) that I wear and the long boots (designed for walking in

knee-deep water on the flooded floor) can be handy in this case. At least, I can convert them into my temporary underwear inside the baggy coverall. I make sure that I wear a cap that comes with the coverall to make myself look even more like a factory worker (that I am not).

I check myself in the mirror, to make sure that my disguise is complete.

---02---

In the coverall, I pretend to be a lofty and confident factory worker. While keeping my chin up by looking slightly up (The elevation angle of the line of sight is approximately five degrees with respect to the horizontal plane.), I let my chest swell. I am noticing that I look lofty even in the baggy coverall. After all, I have got a decent amount of machismo thanks to the physical exercise that I get from catching fish in knee-deep water. (Working hard everyday does pay dividends.)

As I walk down the narrow aisle, three factory workers dressed in coveralls in green (different from my gray) are coming toward me.

I think of walking past them, and then realize that it may make me look strange. I have to act natural, without arousing any suspicion.

The three workers in green step aside, and line up along a wall nearby, as if I am an important person. Each of them is even giving me a salute!

Is my coverall for a high officer? I have no idea. Well, this means that I cannot just walk by them.

I stop, face them, and command, "Status report, please." (I have to look and sound bossy and lofty.)

This statement is compatible with any situation. The sentence is short. (It is not even a complete sentence.) Judging from the situation that I am in, I know what they are expecting to hear from their boss (that is what they apparently think I am).

This is getting predictable. I know what is coming. I know what to do.

One of the green ones speaks, "We went to the beheading machine to check what is causing the error. We found nothing but a metallic chain and a split padlock lying on the floor."

Shucks. They found the evidence of my intrusion and my escape. I was trying to escape from the predicament so desperately that I forgot to destroy the evidences. If I want to commit a perfect crime (if there is such a thing) in an imperfect world named Towerld, I have to erase the trace.

"Dispose of the metallic chain and the padlock. We do not need them. Continue on the production."

"Yes, sir!"

"As you know already, I am counting on you." (Yeah, I am counting on you to be gullible enough to be fooled by my acting.)

"Thank you, sir!"

They are running to whatever posts they work at. I admit that I envy them for their having the privilege of being young and stupid at a same time.

I just resume my walk to the freedom.

---03---

These factory workers are so used to and spoiled by the automated system that they do not know how to deal with situations in which human interactions are crucial. They do not seem to know who I am, but they are too scared to dare to ask me who I am.

They just look at my coverall uniform (that I stole a moment ago), and assume that I am one of the guest bosses being dispatched from other departments. They are too scared to ask me who I am, because I am looking that much intimidating. It seems that they just do not want to deal with “an intimidating boss from a different department.”

The entire building is laden with the automated system, and the dwellers are being spoiled by the system. I guess this factory is no different from the flooded floor that I used to live in.

I might as well take advantage of the spoiled denizens.

The next thing that I do is to get out of this factory.

Part Eight

---01---

As I walk toward the exit of the factory, I begin to wonder what lies outside this factory. Does it lead to a meadowland? Does it lead me to an open sky? I am curious. The anticipation is accelerating my heartbeat.

I am still in a forest of assembly lines, going to all directions from all the conceivable places; vertically, horizontally, and diagonally. All these machines are moving, while making quite a bit of noise. The whole concept of a fully automated factory is so mindless. There is little to no room for mere humans. (Those factory workers are barely managing to squeeze into this gigantic jungle of machinery, by discarding what is left of their human aspects and by being mere parts of the colossal contraption.)

What is the point of giving up on what is left of the humanity, to become mere cogwheels of this gigantic factory? Do you want to exist as such miserable existences? There is no life. Get a life! They might as well be reborn as mere machine parts.

The whole notion of accepting the defeat of succumbing to the machinery is sickening me. I want to get out of here. Somehow, I think that I can become more human by getting out of this factory. In fact, I am already feeling more human than I had been on my home floor. (I had been feeling more like a fish than a human, as of late.)

---02---

I can feel that the exit is near, after walking for quite a long time. I see there are still many assembly lines. I notice that there are changes on whatever are loaded on the belt conveyors. What used to look like raw materials now begin to look more and more like finished products. I see processed fish, such as canned tuna, fish sausages, *surimi* blocks, and neatly cut pieces of tuna. I see so many tuna products. The fish that I was hugging while being chained was tuna. I wonder if they are from the same tuna.

I take a look at the serial number on one of the packages. It reads, “TKD_048150969113.” Is it the same serial number as what those thugs gave me? I do not remember.

Those pink fish sausages could have been derived from me. I do not even want to imagine my flesh being dyed pink like that.

I have no time to gaze into sausages. I have to move on, and head for the exit.

Part Nine

---01---

Do I see a wall? It is a big wall, indicating that I am near an edge of this gigantic food factory. I have thought that I would never see anything other than a forest of assembly lines stretching toward invisibly far reaches. It is quite a relief.

There is a simple-looking metallic door with just a rectangular door handle that is as big as a book. Anyone would expect a hefty door for a factory this colossal. Is this a backdoor? I see an ID card scanner and a biometric scanner near the door. Machines like these are strict toward those who try to enter the facility from outside, but they are rather generous to those who want to get out.

The devices are designed for guarding the entrance against potential intruders. They do not care about those who get OUT, because those who have gotten OUT are not going to execute any criminal acts INSIDE. The mission of the factory security system is to maintain the security and to secure the safety INSIDE the factory. It does not have to hold any responsibility about what happens OUTSIDE the factory. Even if the system thinks that I am a potentially dangerous person, it wants me to get OUT of this place. Therefore, it is not going to bother stopping me to identify me on my way OUT. After all, eliminating a dangerous element OUT of the facility is a part of the job that the security system has to do.

---02---

I just walk to the door, and hold the door handle. Before I push it, I take a moment to imagine what lies beyond the door. Will I see a rooftop of Towerld? Will I see the fabled river named Styx? Will I walk into the deepest reaches of a vast ocean? (That might be a possibility, because that can explain why my home level is flooded.) Something tells me that I am not going to walk into Cloud Nine. After living in this imperfect world inside the gigantic building for a long time, I just cannot force myself into believing that there are such things as heavens and paradises. Besides, anything that is controlled by the imperfect TTT cannot be just a wimpy door away from utopias.

Suddenly, I am not so sure if I should give the door handle a thrust and slam the door open. What if this door is holding back what I am not supposed to see? I cannot see through the metallic plate of the door, and the invisibility only inflates the expectations and anxiety in me.

I am scared, but I am also curious at a same time.

---03---

A voice in my head yells, "Come on! Open it! Just do it!"

Another voice in my mind warns me, "Think twice about it. You may regret being too aggressive."

The voice of my soul whispers, "You have come this far. Think about what your mission is."

A different voice of reason says, "The journey has just begun. You cannot stop here. You are going to continue your journey."

My mind speaks, "Whatever lies ahead beyond the door and in the long journey to unlock the secrets of this building, the only way to find out the answer is to open the door."

My heart concludes, "Here goes nothing."

I gently push the door handle, and slowly open the door outward ceremoniously. (If there is someone standing on the other side of the door, I do not want to hurt the person.)

Part Ten

---01---

The view stuns me.

It is so ordinary that I did not even expect it. The surprise of ordinariness is in a way more shocking than seeing the expected extraordinariness.

I just see a hallway of a building interior, flanked by many doors probably leading to respective rooms.

For quite a bit of consolation, it is not flooded at all. In fact, the carpeted floor is dry and clean, to the extent that I am beginning to feel like rolling on it like a cat.

So, this level with a gigantic food factory is not too much different from my home level, except that it is at least not flooded.

---02---

I am already wondering if there are many more levels above this. How many floors are there in this gigantic building of Towerld? If this level and the flooded level below are just two of the many levels in the colossal tower, then what are those levels for? I mean, what is the purpose of this world within a humongous building? Who owns it, for what reason, since when? Is the 'TTT' the owner of the building? Is the 'TTT' just a mere system? There are many questions in my head. As I am discovering this level above my home level, I am finding more questions than answers.

How do I answer those questions? It is very simple. I just have to go on with this journey toward the upper levels of this mysterious Towerld (TOWER + woRLD).

All I have to do is to step out of the factory behind me through this door. The security system seems to want to get this mysterious man out of the facility. It is not even bothering; asking me for my ID card (which I do not have for this level), or trying to scan me biometrically. Once I get out of the factory, I cannot go back, without a proper ID. I am not expecting the factory security system to identify me by scanning my body parts. After all, I entered this factory as a slab of meat to be processed.

I make sure that I am not leaving anything in the factory. On my second thought, I may need food in the hallway. I grab surplus sausages nearby, shove them into the pockets of my plainclothes inside the coverall uniform (which is getting a bit too steamy for me).

I get out of the factory, and take off the coverall uniform. I feel lighter. Through the boots, I feel the texture of the carpet in the hallway.

---03---

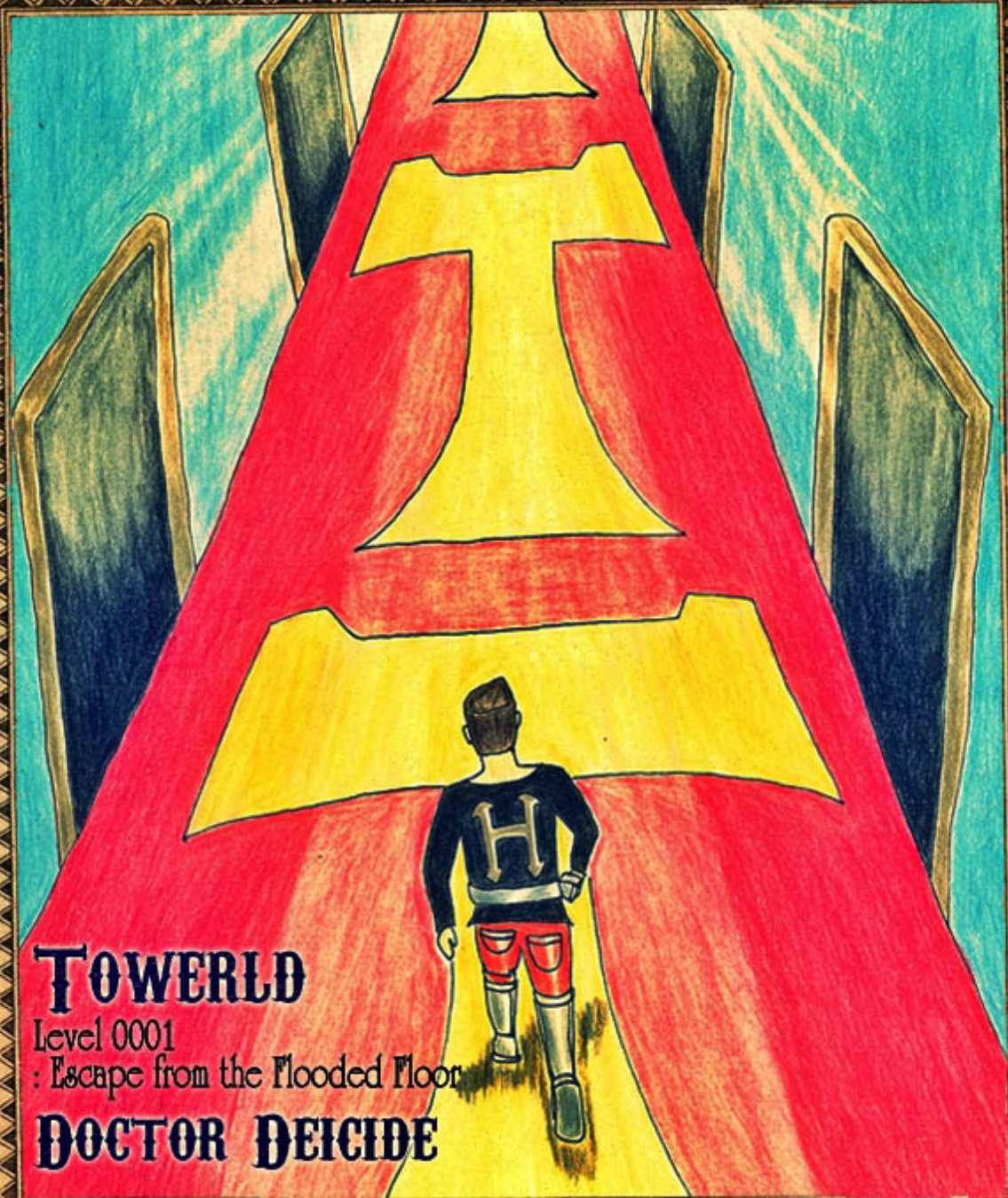
I keep on walking. I do not know where this hallway leads me to. I know that I get closer to discovering the secrets of this building. It seems that I still have a long way to go, but at least I just attained a momentary victory of reaching the dry floor.

---04---

My journey to the top has just started.

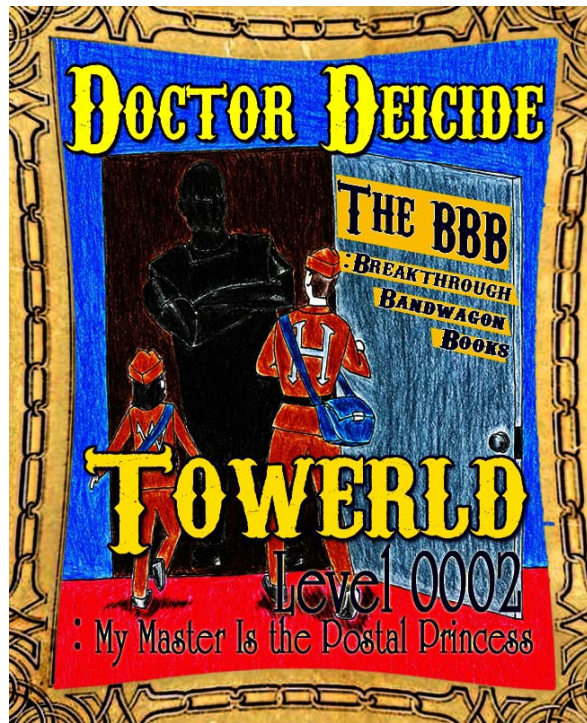
(To be continued to Level 0002)

THE BBB : BREAKTHROUGH BANDWAGON BOOKS



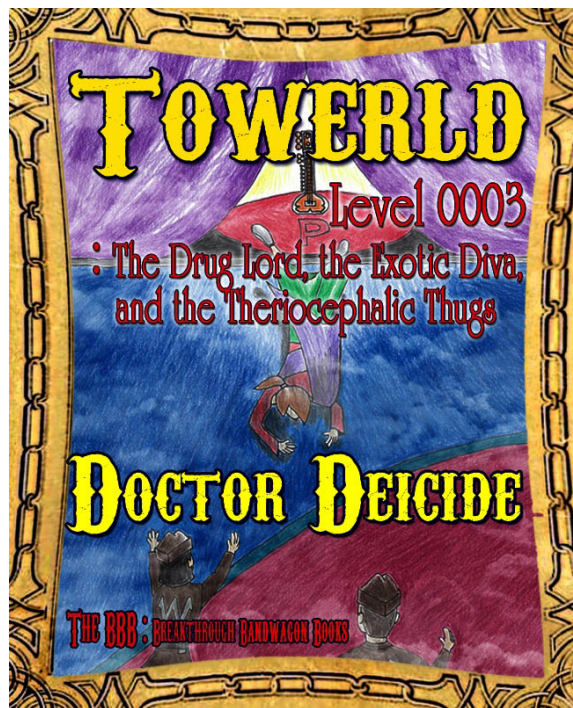
This work was exclusively written as one of the made-in-Japan content belonging to The BBB: Breakthrough Bandwagon Books.

Doctor Deicide Works List at The BBB



Towerld Level 0002: My Master Is the Postal Princess

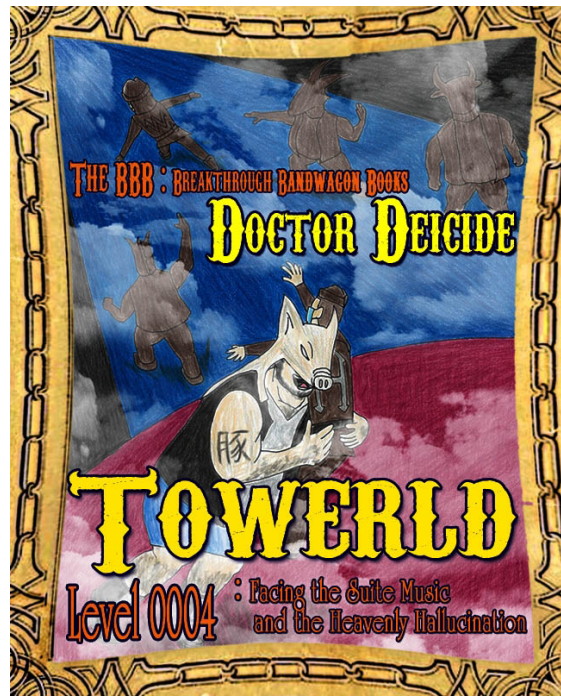
<http://thebbb.net/ebooks/towerld-level-0002.html>



Towerld Level 0003: The Drug Lord, the Exotic Diva, and the Theriocephalic Thugs

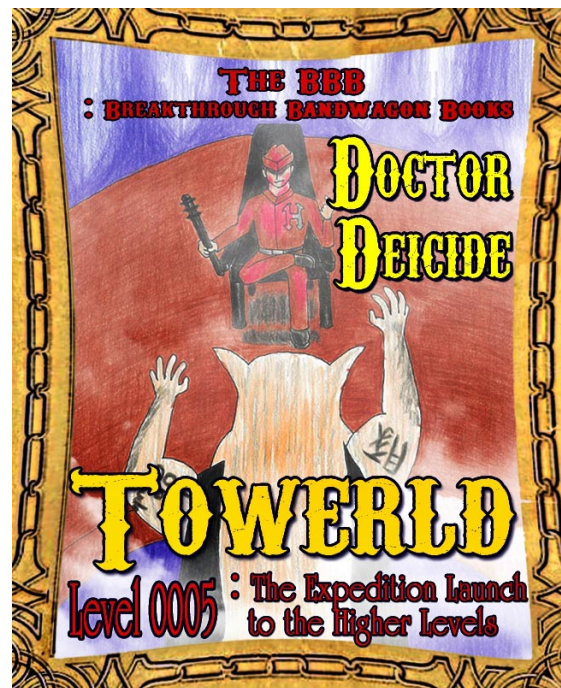
<http://thebbb.net/ebooks/towerld-level-0003.html>

Doctor Deicide Works List at The BBB



Towerld Level 0004: Facing the Suite Music and the Heavenly Hallucination

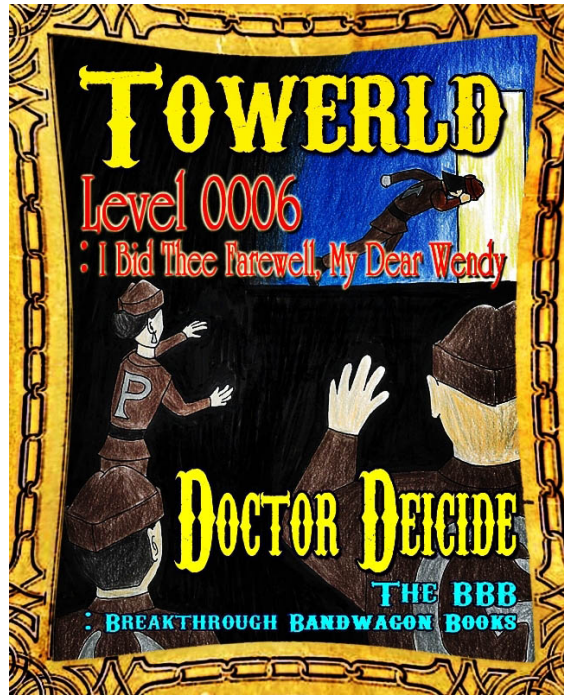
<http://thebbb.net/ebooks/towerld-level-0004.html>



Towerld Level 0005: The Expedition Launch to the Higher Levels

<http://thebbb.net/ebooks/towerld-level-0005.html>

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Towerld Level 0006: I Bid Thee Farewell, My Dear Wendy

<http://thebbb.net/ebooks/towerld-level-0006.html>