

Surge and Wylde

C3: Missing Employees

Known Infections: ?

Sol 2, 15:57

Blue fingers mean one thing, a lack of oxygen and likely good circulation. Those blue, and now dark purple stubs, struggle for a grip on anything, only finding sand, sand and more sand. Switching directions, they grip at a large rock and a single leather boot. The boot points its toe towards the buried man's hand like a stethoscope of a submarine. Not helpful.

'Get off me, Surge!'

Surge doesn't hear a thing, a side effect of being unconscious.

'Surge, help me out here,' shouts Wylde, spitting out a mouthful of crystal-like sand. The type that takes weeks to wash out of your clothes. The kind only an intense blast from a fire hose might wash away.

‘Surge,’ hisses Wylde, doing his best to stop more sand from spilling into his mouth.

Wylde thinks about his dreary lab, where he spends endless time on experiments and how boring everyone calls his life. He laughs, knowing his coworkers would gladly trade sand slipping under their eyelids for lab work.

‘God, I am not made for adventures or death,’ thinks Wylde, shaking the work tracker in his other hand. How he managed to hold on after Surge and Wylde rolled down the hill was beyond him, but it saves them.

Feeling the edge of life slipping into his nostrils in the form of sand, Wylde stabs the work tracker into Surge’s rib cage.

Surge springs up, crushing Wylde’s left-over burrito-filled stomach. He pukes up enough bile-basted burrito to warrant an entire tissue box to clean his booger-raided beak. The baked bean delight flushes out the sand that would have otherwise choked him.

