

## War of the Portal

Part 1, Chapter 8 - "The Guards"

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The small group had now arrived at the bottom of the valley like crevice, looking towards the grey metal building that apparently rested over the portal, where the crimson ray of light still shone from. It seemed like an ancient industrial factory, worn from the ages it had first been built there.

"This is it," YoinK\_VineS said, who looked up to see how far they had climbed down. "There should be a door just around the corner there. Let's go."

"So what did this virus do?" Asked Inuzuka-Kiba, who kept at pace with the others.

"We aren't so sure. We do know that it made the submissions crazy enough to escape the portal. The submissions could not handle the virus, so they've adapted to it. That could explain those submissions we encountered."

The group turned the weed filled corner of the building, turning to face a large metal door that kept the building shut. Ramagi walked towards the door, rapping her fist hard, ensuring that her knocks could be heard.

"Who is it?" Whispered a voice behind the door.

"It's me Marcus." Sighed ramagi.

"Oh, right," Replied M-A-R-C-U-S. The door opened slowly, giving the uncomfortable sound of wear. Some shivered at hearing the sound of the door screech.

"Who are they?" He asked inquisitively.

"These are people who have come a long way to get here. Don't just stand there, let us in!" YoinK\_VineS muttered something under his breath, too quiet for anyone to pick up.

Ramagi and YoinK\_VineS led the group in as M-A-R-C-U-S slammed the door behind them, causing a few to jump. They were led through several dark, unlighted corridors, unsure as to where they were heading. They began to slow pace as they realised they heard the humming sound of energy that came from the portal. They turned the corner as they saw three men facing the bright ray of light that appeared to shine below them in the next room. They were standing in a room that seemed to have everything pushed to the walls, glass on the floor and a single wooden table dragged to the middle of the room, papers stuffed on top of it. Through the windows, seemed to be a crater of scarred earth, the centre being the small hole of light where the sound seemed to resonate from.

"We're here," Said ramagi as the three men turned around.

"Gfoxcook! Is that you?" Gaspd FIGMENTUM, walking to the man who had silver gauntlets bound to his hand.

"Yes, it is me. It is good to see you again FIGMENTUM. I am gfoxcook for those who do not know me. The man next to me is Jonthomson and the other man is TheJoe324."

"Only three of you?" Slightly\_Crazy\_Dude walked to the men as she studied them, surprised to see so few guards.

"Yes, only the three of us," Responded Jonthomson. "We have no time to ask for names now; we

have to get into the portal. There has been no release of submissions since that solar eclipse.”

”What was up with that?” Asked XwaynecoltX.

“The balance of this world is broken,” Said gfoxcook. “When there is a balance of good and bad submissions, the balance of this world is normal. This balance can be anything from the weather, conditions of areas and anything else that affects this world. The worse the balance, the more in trouble we are. That eclipse was a sign that times are short.”

”What do you mean?” Asked Recon\_Rebel.

“There has been no release of these submissions. When the portal erupted, most of the guards were killed in the explosion. We just happened to be safe from the blast. There are many factors to correct this state of imbalance. The first step is to prevent any more submissions being released into this world. In order to do that, we must seal the hole that has opened in the portal, which is directly behind me.”

“So are you saying we have to go...now?” Asked Qwoxyl, who seemed startled at the speed of the matter.

“Yes,” Replied TheJoe324. “Except...two, four...seventeen of us can’t all go down there. It’s dangerous!”

”Then who will go down?” Asked RedCircle

“We three must go down as we have already gone down there. Yoink, ramagi, we’ll need your rods to borrow. Who wants to come with us?” Jonthomson walked to the broken windows, overlooking the destruction that stood before him. “They will come soon and more than ever. If we don’t seal the portal now...who knows what will happen.”