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Prologue

The year is 2020, 7 years after the whole planet lost power from all devices and equipment. This forced mankind to resort to basic methods of everyday tasks; many of which slightly adapted from days gone by. The main method of transportation now enlists the help of horses and other animals with pulling power, and carts which get bigger and bigger with every passing day. Various gases of different kinds are used for power and warmth, with oil being incorporated later, once the people of mankind went back to learning basics. The whole experience had had a major effect on people, many taking their own lives instead of facing the harsh truth that their old lives are no more.

In 2015, the government of each country met in the United States, and at 3:15pm August 16th, a new government was born, TUOGG (The Uniting Of Global Government). Using what powers they had, each country began to grow and flourish once again, bringing mankind from the brink of their defeat. In 2015, they finally managed to restore the damage done on that fateful day, that day in 2011. Old technology was put to new uses, reactivating the circuits with the central controls of the 'technological scrambler', erasing the effects done by that man.

In 2017, a hidden army, hidden away during the dark days long gone, emerged from the beautiful city of San Diego, waging war against the government of TUOGG, insisting that they had retrieved a similar device to the Technological Scrambler, forcing TUOGG to take drastic action. Attacking the city with an army of their own, San Diego became a war zone. The leader of the army escaped into the city once more, forcing TUOGG to do something they would later regret. In the dead of night, a platoon from TUOGG destroyed all bridges connecting San Diego from the rest of the world, doing the same with boats and planes, placing mines within the vast ocean, cutting the city off from the rest of the world.

The citizens of San Diego were left on their own, out in the middle of the ocean as TUOGG fitted a special propulsion device which carried the island out further, away from civilisation. Seeking the aid of those in charge of the New York prison facility, a complex was build on the shoreline, put in place to stop citizens braving the ocean dangers and drying to get back to land. In 2019, the city was then deemed a prison facility, shutting New York off from the world even more, dooming it's inmates to certain death forever within the stained streets. New York began to die faster, while the prison of San Diego blossomed...

Escape From San Diego

Chapter One

Incident Above The World

Now: 2020**19:45pm American Time, October 19th****San Diego Prison Control**

Alarm bells rang through the halls as Major Ted Hammond rush into the control room, his official grey naval coat flapping behind him in the cold air. Every other member of personal was busy at that moment, trying to isolate the location of the distress signal that was send through the private channel a few moments before. As he ran to the central control board, officer Brain O'Shay worked frantically to phase out all the background noise from the distress call, to give Major Ted a clean and understandable message about what the situation was. His hands were a blur over the controls, a bead of sweat dripping down the back out of neck and down his blue shirt as he isolated the voice patterns from the ambient noise, before replaying them over an isolated and private channel. Ted ran a hand through his short brown hair as the control screen blinked into life, showing the words within the message on a separate wavelength. The ragged and official-sounding voice arched up and down as the male voice frantically tried to send the distress before the signal was lost. Silence fell the room as the message boomed out through the consoles speakers.

“Help...German Ambassador...plasma...Diego...escape pod...send help...”

The wavelength on screen died out as a sombre and different silence replaced the stale one that still hung in the air above them, despite the ventilation systems. Brian glanced up at Ted and after a few silent moments, he began to re-assemble the original distress message. After a few deadly moments, the message was played again, this time with the background audio track included. As the words played as before, an explosion, a scream and the sound of raging fire was also heard, a deadlier silence creeping up Ted's back as it died out once again.

He closed his eyes and tried to understand the situation as he saw it. *It was the monthly meeting of TUOGG at that very facility; the other ambassadors had already arrived. The Germans were a bit late, something to do with a malfunctioning main thruster's engine on the jet. As they began to fly over the San Diego prison island, a plasma missile was fired from below, engulfing the jet in fire. The bodyguards sent out a distress signal, before getting the German ambassador into an escape pod and, most likely, crashing into the heart of San Diego, with 'it' in a briefcase. It was like New York all over again.*

He opened his eyes again and glanced in turn at all the faces of those under his command, all of them wanting an order, something to help the ambassador, something to stop what was likely to happen within the next 15 hours or so. The last few years will have gone to waste, the planet, as they once again knew it, would fall, like Rome. He folded his arms across his broad chest, as he began to give his orders.

“OK people, we all know the current situation, and the ramifications if we can't fix it. Send a recon team to the plane crash site, wherever that may be, they'll check for any survivors. If the crash site hasn't been discovered yet, see Brad Thompson. We also need to get in contact with our agents in San Diego, get them to secure the German Ambassador before 'it' falls into gang hands. Send our best platoon to assist. Also, get me a secure line to the German government and tell Anderson that the others in the boardroom will need to be informed. Is that understood?”

All the faces in the room nodded in union as the task of saving the German ambassador began. As many left the control room to carry out the tasks put forward, Major Ted sighed deeply and walked over to the observation window, which overlooked the landing strip, where a grey prison van drove in, full of prisoners to be shipped out to San Diego. He took his eyes off it for a moment and looked up into the night sky, mentally kicking himself for not having the radar fixed sooner. Without it, the plane was not picked up and observed once it arrived in American airspace. But, strangely enough, the radar has been working until a few minuets before the distress signal arrived. It had been on a bender since it had been re-installed from the New York facility, and the sites technician was never able to fix it permanently without parts that were still being removing for New York. As his mind ran this over, a burning form emerged from the darkness, soaring downward towards the ocean, a thin trail of smoke and oil pluming from its back. Even as it descended, a team was already on the strip below, running full speed towards a patrol boat at the docks below.

As the plane hit the ocean at full speed, a large flash blinded those watching for a moment, as the force of the impact had created a medium-sized tidal wave that was headed in their direction. But the base was fully prepared, a purple energy shield engulfing the base as the wave crashed into the shield and over, saving those situated within and outside the facility, tiny droplets of sea water, its final remains, falling to the landing strip like a summer shower. The sky was wounded, an outline of the plane visible in smoke, smog and ash above the facility, made visible by the search light. The powerful beam of light scanned the ocean, above the crash site, as divers jumped into the murky depths to begin the rigorous and all-nighter task. Brian joined Ted and followed his gaze from the crash site to the prisoners being escorted off the prison van and into the waiting pens below them in the complex.

“They’ll have to stay in the pens until this situation is dealt with O’Shay. We cannot afford for some Las Vegas prostitute to screw up the operation and contaminate the escape pod site, there is too much at stake” Ted said firmly as a slim, blonde female orderly approached with the prisoner list.

“Thank you Ms. Hardy” Ted said as he took the clipboard from her delicate grip, watching as she left the control room to continue her usual operations.

“I agree 100 Major. We must deal with this in a professional matter, and letting trash interfere with our operations is totally out of the questions...” O’Shay began, unaware that Ted wasn’t even listening, more interested in the prisoner list in his chubby hand.

Peter Sampson, chop shop operator, six accounts of armed robbery and 2 cases of rape. All cases were dismissed in court because of lack of witnesses. Gordon Sampson, gun runner for the Triad, gunned down two undercover cops. Tried and sentenced. Next name down...it can't be!

“Something wrong sir?” O’Shay said calmly as Ted glanced down at the prisoner list, unsure if he was able to believe his own eyes.

He was silent for a few moments, lost in his own train of thought. Could it be true? Was the man on board the van an impostor, a clever swap back in Miami? He gritted his teeth and ignored the concern from O’Shay as he turned back to face the observation window once again, his blue eyes running each prisoner up and down in turn, his heart pounding in his chest louder and harder, as the bus slowly began to empty. Once he saw what looked like the last prisoner leave, he calmed his breathing and wiped his brow and began to relax once again, until he saw a later mover below on the landing strip, the only prisoner to be wearing handcuffs made from adamantium.

Two prison guards, in full black ops gear and carrying heavy weaponry, emerged from the complex and relieved the donut-eating driver of the prisoner. He did not look up, down, or side-to-side, the prisoner simply stared straight ahead as the A-grade guards stood either side, weapons aimed at his head as they marched him towards the prisoner pens. He had thick, dark hair that ran down the length of his head, untidy yet domination in his demeanour. He had a black eye patch over his right eye, the reason for this accessory unknown. He had what looked like a slight beard around and above his mouth, which framed his one good eye, blue in colour. He wore a battered brown jacket that set off his overall person, and he looked like someone who didn’t like to be messed with.

“Is that who I think it is?” O’Shay suddenly said, bringing Ted back into the present.

“Yes O’Shay, we have the pleasure of accommodating Snake Plissken!”

Next: Emerging From The World

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