

A Temporary Problem

In the spirit of RP, here's a suitable explanation for why I can't get in, otherwise known as "My internet connection is being a little bitch and is flaking out when I try to get the margin server"

LostProphet ran into the building opposite the Tabor Park West hardline. Suddenly his vision blurred and span. It felt like somebody was crushing his head in a vice. A quick check and it confirmed that the other team members weren't suffering the same problem. He ran forwards, trying to get to the elevator and move location, but he couldn't make his arms move to utilise the control panel.

'Shit!' was the overriding thought. He hurried back outside through the revolving doors. Colours returned to normal, but he still couldn't move. Then ... burning. At the base of his skull. This was NOT going to be good.

LostProphet's eyes snapped open. He felt like he was still in the Matrix, but ... behind the Matrix was the rafters and walkways of the Cerberus. His whole head was beginning to burn now.

In Tabor he stood motionless, eyes wide open, staring, bloodshot. Bluepills stopped and stared. Then his feet burst into flames. He heard voices as people ran away screaming.

"God dammit, what the hell happened?!"

"I don't know! Something has gotten seriously fucked up with his terminal. He's stuck between here and there!"

"Well FIX IT dammit! We don't know what this is going to do to him!"

"This has never happened before!"

"Do I have to ... give it to me! Run the emergency jackout procedure, I'll try stabilising his vitals. Jesus he's burning up. Pulse is out of this world."

The world went black for a split second, then the interior of the Cerberus rushed to meet him. His legs involuntarily kicked as his brain grappled desperately with what was happening.

"Hang on sir! We're almost there!" Cel cried as she ran behind his chair to the terminal there.

There was a click, then the sound of the neural jack being released and removed.

"What ... in god's name was that." LP whispered hoarsely. His throat felt like he'd been living in an oven for a month.

"Malfunction sir. You got feedback somewhere and the software went haywire. It was trying to strengthen your connection to the Matrix whilst simultaneously pulling you out and trying to bypass the protocols."

"A virus?"

"We don't know. Go get something to eat and drink sir, we'll take a look at your terminal and try to figure it out."