



# Escape from Tihar

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Nathan and Sam Drake stood in the overcrowded, concrete courtyard of Tihar Jail, baking under the oppressive New Delhi heat. While guards in khaki uniforms paced the high walls, Nate casually leaned against a pillar, his eyes scanning the multi-layered security gates and mapping the patrol intervals.



During a noisy recreation hour, Sam deliberately picked a loud, sarcastic argument with a burly inmate to draw the attention of the courtyard guards. With the tower sentries distracted by the commotion, Nate deftly slipped behind a distracted maintenance guard, swiping a master key tool right from his belt loop.



Deep inside the older section of the prison, Nate used the stolen tool to pry open a rusted ventilation grille hidden behind the laundry barracks. Sam kept watch in the dim hallway, listening to the buzzing Hindi announcements over the static-filled intercom as they secured their primary insertion point.



Disaster struck at midnight when the heavy iron cell doors slid open for an unannounced shakedown by the Tamil Nadu Special Police. Nate quickly kicked their loose floor tile into place and flashed a charming, innocent smile at the guards, deflecting suspicion with a casual joke about the prison's poor room service.



The next evening, a massive summer monsoon rolled over New Delhi, hammering the concrete prison walls with torrents of heavy rain. Lightning flashed across the sky, blinding the CCTV cameras and dropping visibility to near zero, providing the perfect cover the brothers had been waiting for.



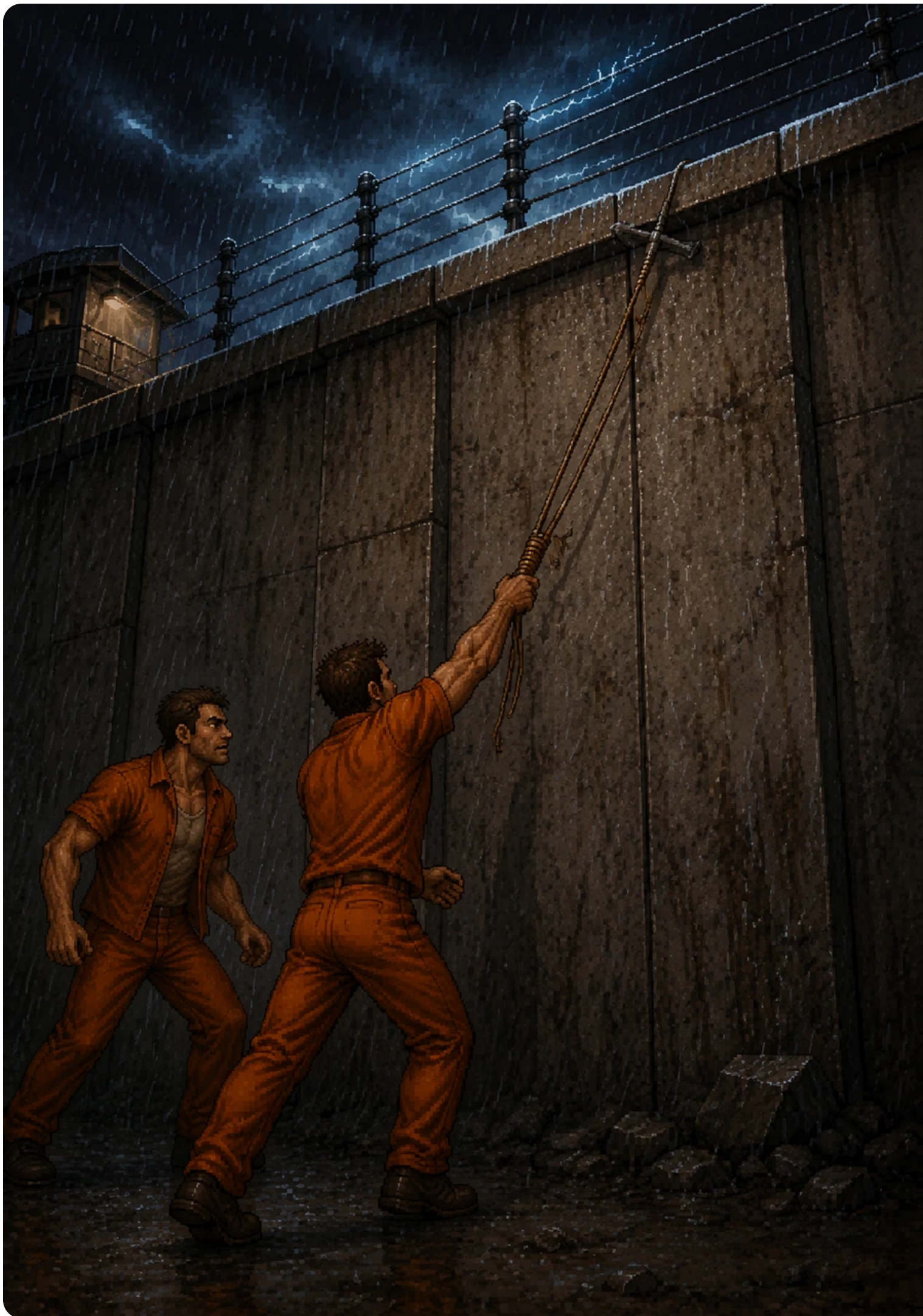
Slipping through the loosened ventilation grille, Nate and Sam scrambled into the narrow, dark utility tunnels running beneath the prison complex. Rats scurried past their boots as they navigated through a maze of steaming pipes, guided only by the faint, rhythmic hum of the facility's backup generator.



Reaching a critical junction, Nate used a copper wire to short-circuit the electronic locking mechanism of an auxiliary power box, triggering a localized blackout. The corridor plunged into absolute darkness, silencing the security cameras just long enough for Sam to wedge open the heavy iron security gate.



Suddenly, a blaring siren pierced the storm, and bright searchlights began cutting through the heavy rain as the guards discovered the power breach. The brothers sprinted across the slick, muddy inner perimeter, staying low to avoid the sweeping beams of white light tracking across the yard.



They reached the towering outer concrete wall, topped with lethal strands of high-voltage electric fencing that hummed angrily in the rain. Using an improvised grapple hook crafted from thick laundry cords and a heavy pipe, Sam threw the line upward, securing it firmly on an unpowered section of the concrete ledge.



With a final, exhausting burst of adrenaline, Nate and Sam hauled themselves over the top of the wall and dropped down into the chaotic, flooded streets of New Delhi. Blending seamlessly into the crowded midnight traffic and passing auto-rickshaws, the Drake brothers vanished into the rainy night, free at last.