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a definite strain on the scrotum

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CORD: SAO-93957.0101 (49pc from SOL)  
DATE: 2308ce-NOVEMBER-6-FRIDAY  
TIME: 05:45zulu (local 11:50mst)

Cricket was waiting for them.

As the last of the prisoners are escorted back into the base by the ambush team, Cricket intercepts Jacob and Pete who are hanging back at the end of the column.

"No way! This is the guy!" laughs Cricket as she shakes Pete's hand. "For thirty years I hear these wild ass stories about a guy named Zoot Suit and I can't believe that I actually git to have a face with the name. I mean, I'm ticked pink to meet you."

Pete smiles, "Pink! Is it really pink? I'd like to tickle that! Shit, I don't know if my heart could take it."

"You were right, Jake. This guy's a scream!"

Jacob pats Pete on the back and asks Cricket, "Could you keep Zoot company while I go find Red?"

"No problem, Six."

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At the landing zone a Razorback lifts off, and as it climbs the prisoners start moving up a ramp and into the hold of the next drop ship. At the foot of the ramp, Sergeant Cyzk and Nicole are standing with General Hershey, a Colonel Mason, and a BDF major.

As the noise dies down from the launch, Cyzk continues, "Time in transit will be just under twenty-four hours. For this we have dropped off two skids loaded with CWR-RATs for your troops. You may find our field rations surprisingly palatable. We expect your troops to

stay in their gear for the trip but, if necessary, the ship also has a double head and a shower. It also has eight two-meter screens with a video library with over a million titles. We apologize we can only offer 2D and not N2, but it's better than being bored for the duration."

Colonel Mason snits, "This is a fuckin' joke, right?"

Nicole shoots the Colonel a look, "Captivity is bad enough, Colonel, but is there a compelling reason to make the experience miserable?" After an awkward pause, she continues, "Just give me one. We are accommodating."

General Hershey chimes in, "Spooky, I witnessed the prompt medevac of my wounded and the courteous treatment towards my people—both orchestrated by you, personally. I can think of no one else who I would rather accept terms by. Command-Chief, is it?"

Nicole gets annoyed when people outside their organization get the rankings of the SA wrong. Most of the time it's intentional. Even though she is technically a sergeant as the senior-exec to Scott, laterally she does outrank the Colonel. It pleases her that the General did get it right and that he recognizes the *maverick*, from the bottom-up, non-com command structure of the Annex. Few in his position do and he also had the balls to call her *Spooky* to her face. This was taken as a token of respect as opposed to his own troops being referred to as *Homer*, which is a put down, and these gestures are not entirely lost on the Colonel or the Major.

"Chief will suffice, General." Nicole tosses a canvas pouch to the Major and declares, "There will be no terms. You and your troops will simply be debriefed and released over the next couple of weeks. Your wounded will be repatriated after they make a significant enough recovery for transfer but that will be determined by the severity of their injuries. We'll keep you posted on their progress."

Satisfied, General Hershey nods, "Thank you, Chief."

The major holds out a handful of I.D. tags for all to see. They were obviously tags removed from the fighting suits of their dead troopers. The general nods, and the major dumps them back in the bag with the rest of them.

Nicole adds, "General, I have orders to evacuate this base immediately. As a result, we will be forced to destroy the dead where they fell. We do not have the time to recover the bodies and I sincerely apologize for this breach of protocol."

Hershey is not satisfied, "Chief, I'm sure that your handlers are well aware that I will lodge a formal protest however, I will elect to omit your use of high altitude EMPs if my troops are afforded the time to collect their fallen comrades."

“My orders are clear, Sir.” Nicole shakes her head, “As much as it pains me I must deny the request. Again, my apologies, Sir.”

Cyzk interrupts, “Chief, we have a problem.”

Nicole looks over at Cyzk and suddenly notices the Razorback that had just taken off is now diving towards the mountain range some thirty kilometers away.

“What is it Sergeant? What is that Razor up to?”

“Chief, the drop ship transmitted that it was heading down range away from the A.O. to terminate its mission—”

A small nuclear blast lights up the sky over the mountains. The blinding light fades enough for everyone to look at the fireball churning where a drop ship was. For a few seconds everyone stands transfixed at the sight of it silently mushrooming up into the sky.

Cyzk continues, “The prisoners kicked in the access hatch to the cockpit and ignored two warnings for them to abandon it. I am downloading the telemetry and security video feed now.”

Hershey quietly asks, “How many did I lose?”

Cyzk replies, “The manifest reads one hundred and seventy.”

Cyzk pulls a data card and hands it to Nicole who turns to Hershey, and as the subterranean shock wave rumbles quietly up from the ground, Nicole grimly says, “General, I request that you not review the file until you reach the debriefing facility. I also request that you keep this from your troops until after that time. Their level of anxiety is very high and I do not want to lose any more of our drop ships by wasting prisoners. Are we in agreement, Sir?”

“Chief, we are in agreement.”

Nicole hands the card over, and though they do not have an officer corps the SA does respect the formalities of other services. She snaps a salute and the General promptly returns it. The Colonel and the Major fail to return the salute—and this is a lapse in etiquette that will be addressed by the General.

As the three officers start up the ramp, Nicole calls out to them, “We call it, Second Hand, General.”

They stop and look back, so Nicole continues, “Where you are going is a real nice place. More like a resort than a holding facility. In fact there is nothing to prevent you or any of your people from simply walking out of there but, be advised, Sirs. This facility was not designed to keep you in but to keep the indigenous fauna out. The local predators are exceedingly effective in policing all escapees, so I strongly recommend that you and your troops stay put until they’ve

been out-processed. We call it Second Hand simply because survival outside this facility is measured in terms of seconds and, Colonel, that is not a joke. Enjoy your stay, gentlemen.”

Nicole turns to walk away as the actual shockwave from the nuke rolls through, more like a wistful breeze and deep rumble, and after she takes a few steps Hershey calls out to her, “Oh, Chief!”

Nicole stops and looks back, “Yes, Sir?”

“Your apology is accepted.”

Nicole gives him a firm nod then marches off towards Scott Rutledge on the other side of the landing zone.

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Scott doesn't show it, but he's annoyed beyond reason.

Interrogating those captured is the SOP of the day and professional soldiers know that they don't have to say anything except name, rank and serial number. That's the rule most everyone adheres to but there is a lot to be gained from the exercise just the same. Questioning civilian detainees can be quite another thing altogether because rarely do they know that they don't have to talk. More often than not they'll spill their guts, but sometimes they don't, and when they think they're a somebody like, say a member of the diplomatic corps, that can make things somewhat difficult.

Dodson, an ambassador from the Confederation, puts out his hand to his people, “No one answer that!” He turns to Scott and snarls, “Do you know who I am! I'm Ambassador Dodson! Haven't you Annex fucks heard of diplomatic immunity? You have no right to hold us or ask us shit!”

Scott sighs, “Sir, all I care about is who you are and why you're here. Your name happens to be James Dodson, and that checks out all right! Now, I am glad you have a job and you think it's an important job, and I'm sure it is. The thing is, sir, I don't care. Now with that established you can answer my questions or you can fart in the wind for all it matters, but you will stand down and allow me to do my job. Technically, you are all under arrest until we say otherwise, so I will ask these questions. You can either answer them or you can stand there and look stupid for all I care.”

“Fuck this noise!” Dodson shouts, then hisses in Scott's face, “You can't hold me for shit.”

Dodson turns away from Scott and stomps off towards the perimeter—daring them to respond.

Nicole pulls up beside Scott as he calls out to the ambassador, "Mr. Dodson, I recommend that you turn back immediately. We will not force answers out of detainees but we will fire on them if they attempt to escape."

"They found the bombs. Where's Graves?" asks Nicole.

While he motions for Sandavol to take care of the ambassador, he looks at Nicole with a deadpan expression, "Your kidding. Try the net."

"Ooh, ya!" and just as quickly as she pings the net she follows with a quick, "He's at the primary L.Z."

"Well then, maybe you could start there?" Scott rags.

"Okay, I deserved that."

"Naw, you deserve worse, but I let ya off the hook."

"Appreciate it. That was my stupid for the day."

Sandavol locks her flail-gun on the ambassador and pleads to him, "Mr. Dodson, Sir, if you do not turn back I will fire. You will not be warned again."

Ambassador Dodson flips them the bird over his head and continues on without breaking stride.

Scott draws the attention of the prisoners, "Don't look at the light. It will hurt your eyes."

Without further warning, and as promised, Sandoval fires her boom mounted plasma-pulse weapon. A spherical pellet, smaller than a BB, is hit from more than 20 directions by lasers. The layers of fusionable materials inter-react, as advertised, energizing the plasma pulse which is lethal enough on it's own. With the liberal introduction of a metallic particulate gas into the reactor creates a *spiked* plasma jet that rips out of the nose of the weapon. With a magnetic aperture the plasma jet can be manipulated into various configurations. For such a soft target, such as a human body, and to minimize the effective range, the gun is set for a 10° dispersion.

With the crack of an electrical report, a blinding, multi-million degree plume of light and plasma reaches out and slams into Dodson. Within the blink of an eye he is rendered into his basic molecular components. Only his charred feet and shoes remain as the rest of his body, now part of a very hot and expanding cloud of vapor and ash, spirals vertically into the sky.

Dodson was an arrogant son-of-a-bitch as a human being, and as an ambassador he was even worse. Though many in the Confederation will quietly give thanks under their breath, they will be

quite vocal when they protest his death just the same. Not to say that their bitching will fall on deaf ears, but it's a formality that will serve more as an annoyance than a real bone of contention.

With that over, Nicole shrugs and walks away as Scott picks up where he left off with the prisoners, "Okay, where were we?"

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Something about blunt trauma that at times defies reason. Even in the JACC this girl's beautiful face seems so angelic, with eyes closed and lips parted slightly as if she were sound asleep, but she is just as dead. There were many casualties on this drop but she was the only one from the Annex to die today. Not from action though, she was killed when she didn't clear the pallet she was on that strayed and smashed into a building at the LZ, before it hit the building that is.

Premonitions do not come to Jacob in the form of voices or burning bushes but if they did he knows that he would have something to be concerned about. As it is a gut feeling or a useful hunch are not at all treatable.

Jacob felt compelled to come here. He didn't know why but now the curiosity was killing him so while standing over the body he pulls up her file and found out a lot more than what he wanted to know. What he suspected a year ago was correct, she was originally from New Ara. One of the *live five* that made it out. She was the blonde little nugget who showed interest in him last year on the Carrie Nation, and he'll never forget it because that was the last time he has been to a wet deck on any platform or station.

He has seen her around, his eyes glued to her ass, and just the day before in the auditorium he thought it would be great sport to muscle in on this just to annoy Nicole.

Why she joined the Annex is beyond him and he would like to have known the reason. Maybe she wanted to find and kill the guy that blew up her home planet?

Then again, maybe it's best that he not know?

Then panic set in. Since this girl was the headliner in Nicole's good-buddy network then Nicole is going to take it pretty hard when she finds out, and before he can think of a way of keeping her away for the now, Nicole's voice pipes up beside him.

"So, was that number six?"

Jacob cringes. Nicole knows the story of Mooch, his cat, and together they've been keeping count of the lives he used up.

"I dunno, I just got swept."

"Swept?" Nicole scolds him as she kneels down by the body and pops the canopy covering her face, "Thirty years ago we'd be toasting marshmallows over your charred ass, you dumb fuck."

"I've been swept before."

"Not by hopping out from behind cover to shout 'w00t mutherfucker.' They had you owned—dead to rights."

"If they would have been aiming maybe you could say that."

Nicole pauses as she tenderly touches the girl's face, "Okay, fuck head, maybe it doesn't count but, admittedly, that was incredibly y-chromosome stupid of you. Admit it."

"Yea, admittedly it was stupid."

Nicole pulls back and looks up into the sky in deep thought.

Jacob shakes his head, "Twenty-eight years old. What a waste." He then touches Nicole on the shoulder, "You gonna be okay? You two were kind of involved."

"Ya...for now but, later, I'll have my breakdown."

"Need a shoulder?"

"No, I got a whole stable of shoulders to choose from. I'll call on you when I need cock to pass the time, okay?"

"Fair enough." Jacob pats her shoulder then then looks down, "Twenty-eight...damn, how young people look young anymore."

Mentally scratching her head, Nicole looks up at Jacob, "As opposed to when, d'uh?"

"You know what I mean."

Nicole stands, "You know who she was?"

"Yep, just pulled up her file. I got one question—"

Nicole cuts him off, "Why the fuck did she join?"

"No, not exactly, but did she know I shot that spider?"

"I told her last night."

Jacob shrugs as best he can in a fighting suit, "At least I had a chance to play it. I guess it doesn't matter anymore, right?"

"Good thing you didn't."

Jacob huffs, "Come on, when did you become territorial?"

"I'm not, it's just that—"

Jacob cuts her off with a laugh, "You surprise me, Burke. I mean, when did you not want fair competition?"

"That's not it."

"Then what? What are you trying to say?"

"Last Monday she showed me her mom's picture."

Jacob bodily turns towards Nicole, "And?"

"And...she was a dead-ringer for that hottie you hooked up with on Nu Ara when you were a nubie."

"You always liked pathing that one."

"Endlessly! Makes me wish I had a cock for real." Nicole manages a sardonic grin, "I'd put it to good use."

"Fuck off, Burke..." Then it finally sinks in, and Jacob does a double-take, "Wait a minute, what are you saying? Did you profile our blueprints?"

Members of the Annex have their genetic code on file. Both the DNA and mitochondrial genome make up a *blueprint* of the individual and a simple RFLP comparison test of just the DNA can determine paternity with incredible accuracy. At her level, Nicole can call up and compare anyone's 'blueprints' on a whim.

Nicole shakes her head, "On the first pass the results showed that she was your issue."

Jacob is shocked, "And, you were going to tell me when?"

Nicole cringes, "We were waiting for the detailed comparison to run. That takes a few days. We wanted to be proof positive before bringing it up with you."

Jacob begins to wonder about the irony of it all. It's like Sophocles has stepped in to become the ghost-author of his life. He had a daughter that he did not know about, and he was aimed towards knowing of her in the biblical sense. Now that he knows her for who she truly is, Jacob in the unenviable position of having to bury her.

Jacob cringes, "I hope she didn't hate me too much."

"Nope, in fact she wanted to thank you."

That was unexpected, and Jacob can only manage a, "Hu?"

"Her mother was into her own thing, couldn't take care of kids and was found incompetent. She and her brother and sister were sent out to the middle of nowhere to live with their uncle and it appears that they were on his dessert menu. According to Sophie, here, you saved them from a fate worse than death."



Jacob kneels beside the body, "Fucking pigs."

"See, baby, every dark cloud—"

He cuts Nicole off, "Don't give me that silver lining crap. A lot of people died and I'd take it back if I could. Even now."

"Hey, chuckle-fuck, reality-check here! A lot of good came out of that shot, collateral damage be damned so don't start."

There is no point in arguing with Nicole, but the what-ifs now race through his head. Over the last year he has seen this girl on the by-and-by, and even though she gave him a big inviting smile each and every time there was something in his gut that kept telling him to put it off for later.

Full well knowing that his better judgment has already failed him, Jacob fibs, "Just think if I was my old self?"

Nicole points out, "You *are* your old self. You just didn't get around to it. That's all."

Nicole pegged him, so there's no point in arguing.

Anywhere would be better than here, but in a moment of resigned introspection Jacob smiles and whispers to himself, "Sophie, sorry 'bout yelling in your ear."

Nicole puts her hand on his shoulder, "You gonna be okay?"

"For now...but, later, I'll have my breakdown."

"Need a shoulder?"

"I got Cricket."

"Just as well, you two have been pretty exclusive."

"More regular than exclusive."

As the medical team approaches to collect the body of his daughter, Jacob has a change of heart, "How much time till their react forces can get here?"

"The window is closing, maybe three hours and ten minutes."

"And the way we're going we'll be out of here in less than an hour." Jacob stands, "Send our people out to collect their dead. We already found the bombs so...we got the time to be civil."

Nicole chirps with surprise, "Cool! I'll get on it."

As Nicole starts to call out the orders, Jacob's altruism is cut short by a text message he was dreading. With a grimace he hops into the air and flies off towards the perimeter to take care of some really unpleasant business.

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Sitting in the shade of a smoldering turret gun, Cricket laughs, "Now, I've been to an interstellar war, a super nova, I've even been to Disneyland, but that's the craziest story I've ever heard."

Peter smiles, "I'm not kidding. It's true!"

"I believe ya. I do!"

"Have a nice day, she tells me. That was one shit-hot little number so I can understand why he took it as hard as he did."

Cricket nods, "We all took it hard when Maggie bought it, but those two were in love."

"That's a rare thing."

"Tell me, Zoot," Cricket asks, "Why did this Frog bitch want him dead anyway? I mean, he was a kid for Christ's sake!"

"He was bangin' her daughter."

"Yea, so, I don't get it? What's the big deal?"

Peter smiles, "He was doin' the Frog too! And, believe you me, Madam Riboh is one vicious-jealous bitch to be sure. I know because I used to have that job some twenty years before Jake was hired on for her."

"So, my boy was a ho!"

"Don't believe his lies, Cricket." Says Jacob as he touches down behind them. "Though I'm still a whore."

"Zoot, here, he's been talkin' shit, but it's all been good shit!"

"I can't believe that but okay." Jacob turns to Peter, "Like you said, Zooter, the bombs were sitting on the ramp—right in plain sight. No wonder we couldn't find them at first. D'uh."

"Glad to be of service."

"One other thing," Jacob's tone changes, "We got a little problem here. There's a death warrant out on you. How did you get involved in something like Cobalt Bluer? What were you thinking!"

"How's that go again, good business is where you find it?"

"Look, being tried *in absentia* is not without precedent, but they had to have some pretty solid evidence to issue a death warrant on your ass."

"Crimes against humanity, what can I say?"

“You dumb-shit.”

Cricket chimes in, “Jake, you can you issue a stay, right? I mean, come-on, nobody has used one of those things against humanity. Only in combat, and only in deep space.”

Peter adds, “Yet. It’s just a matter of time, Cricket.”

Jacob looks at the two of them and huffs, “Yea, I can issue a stay pending a writ of certiorari, but an appeal has to be asked for at the time of arrest by you, Pete, so ask!” He looks to Cricket, “A writ is a jurisdictional monkey-wrench that can stretch shit out for years, plus I got major stroke so I see no problem reducing this to life.”

Peter shakes his head, “No, fuck that. Execute your warrant. I can’t go back to Second Hand. A few of the permanent residents will want to make raptor bait out of me if I happen to show back up and, honestly, considering our history I’d rather *you* do it.”

Jacob pleads to him, “If I could let you go, Pete, I would—but I can’t. I’m sure we can work something out.”

“Naw, I’m eighty now, and way too old for this nonsense so, please, do this old fuck a favor and zap me now. Hey, what are friends for, hu? I’m Vegas<sup>3</sup> bound anyway!”

Jacob sighs, “You’re not giving me very many options.”

Peter wags his finger at Jacob, “By the way, one thing, Ribot, she said she wanted to see you. You should look her up!”

“Do I look stupid? She don’t forgive nor forget.”

“She’s changed. Can’t tell ya why, she just has. You have to trust me on this. All she does now is skinny-dip her sexy ass and kick back in her La Cañada chateau. Go see her. You won’t regret it.”

“Wish we could talk about it, Pete, but we’ll be poppin’ a nuke here, shortly. I’ll come visit you at Second Hand and we’ll work something out. Until then you tell me what you want. I owe you.”

“Then, leave me here!”

Cricket nods to Jacob, “Like you said, you owe him.”

What a choice Jacob is faced with. Force Peter to come with them, shoot him, or nuke him. None of these options are actually good ones, but what can he do? He pats Cricket on the shoulder and they stand to leave.

“Now, what was it you used to say? How did that go again?” Jacob ponders, “Oh ya! The Wrath of God, the Midas touch, or to kick until you’re blue. Best take care in what you pray for, least it may come true.” He then nods to Cricket, “Let’s jet.”

As Jacob and Cricket start to walk away, Peter calls out to them, "That's what I like about you son, you slay me!"

Without warning—Jacob's scorpion gun snaps up and fires a short burst into Peter's chest. At this range the rounds effortlessly tear a fist sized hole straight through the fighting suit and this obliterates his heart and lungs. The Co-op fighting suit is so heavy that it continues to prop the body up as the onboard trauma maintenance system fights a losing battle to preserve the dying man inside.

Peter is surprised and blinks by the suddenness of it all. From such massive damage most people fall unconscious and die quietly but Peter is a touch nut and a fighter to the end. In shock all he feels is a numbing sensation from head to toe. All he sees is his vision narrowing into a tunnel. All the while he knows is that this is it, and the one coherent thought he has, as his life races before his eyes, is being appreciative that it wasn't a head shot.

Only Cricket stops to look back. The pupils in Peter's eyes have already been blown to hell as blood, oil and gore ooze out from the gaping hole in his chest.

She liked the guy and it pains her to see Jacob cut him down like that. Granted, he had to do something but it doesn't make it any easier to accept the fact that this was the easy out for ol' Pete. She admires Jacob's ability to always do the right thing no matter how troublesome it will be for him on a personal level. They will talk about it later at length, and she'll be all ears as he ties one on, but they still have to get through the day and debrief before they have a good drunk and cry about it.

So after a few seconds, she grunts and nods and turns to follow Jacob who is airborne and racing off towards the Landing Zone and more trouble.

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It was said that the quietest place in the universe is in the middle of a battlefield—after a battle takes place. This was a universal truth up towards the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century and a post-battlefield can still be a pretty quiet place, but now the landing zones in and around a battlefield before, during, and after a battle are busy places indeed. The landing zones in and around the base on the largest moon of the fifth planet of Theta-2-Tarus are no different, and at the central LZ Jacob and Cricket have to dodge a drop ship as it launches.

They flair out and set down beside Scott, while Nicole and Bill approach them from the far side of the LZ on foot.

Rutledge shouts to Jacob over the roar of the drop-ship engines kicking in, "That's the civilian techs on their way out. We don't know why they were here but I don't think anybody really gives a shit at this point. They weren't here for the bombs. Our body snatchers are almost finished. We still have one squad out scraping up the last of their dead. Other than that we are way ahead of schedule."

"Good work, Scott." Jacob shouts back.

They could easily put the canopies back on their JACC fighting suits but the air is breathable and, like most of the higher ranks, would rather interface face-to-face than being bottled up all the time.

Scott leans in so he doesn't need to shout as loud, "But, when Ramirez found out that we were collecting their bodies she pinged me up and was goin' off sayin' *pandeho* this and *muthurfucker* that with a look in her eyes. Jesus! Man, is she's possessed or what?"

Jacob laughs, "*El ojo*."

"*El* what?"

"*Ojo*. The evil eye. She's fuckin' with ya. Tryin' to pinch your balls off. See if you would flinch."

"You were married to her so let her fuck with you! I don't understand how you still put up with her crap. Being the Ex to Tiger Bitch has got to put a definite strain on the scrotum."

"It keeps my feet on the ground, Scott."

"She wanted me to say something to you but anything she says on a tear ain't worth repeating."

Jacob prods him, "What did she say?"

"You don't need to hear her shit."

"Come on, how bad can it be?"

Scott grunts, "With that nasty fuckin' mouth of hers! I'd rather not repeat what she pukes, man. I mean, you've heard enough of her shit for one lifetime, right?"

"Let's hear it, Scott."

"Okay! She said, *Como te amo*. Satisfied? That's what she wanted me to say to you. Tell me it wasn't a shitty thing to say."

Jacob has already started laughing as another drop ship launches and clears the L.Z.

Scott laughs, "That bad huh?"

Two PacMan drones rip past as Nicole steps up to them, "Jake, Scott, we got a situation on the perimeter!"

She calls into the microphone in her suit, "Command freq." There was a perceptible click as the circuit opens so Jacob and Scott could hear, and she says, "Go ahead, Nelson."

Over the radio, Zach describes his situation, ["Copy that Red. This ain't no spider hole, it's way bigger than a soccer field. Maybe an acre or two? It was totally cloaked from above and I just fell into the motherfucker. It looks as if a couple of squads tried to torch the place then, like...they blasted each other! You gotta see it!"]

"Blow an' go, Nelson! We're poppin' the big one in twenty minutes, so let's move it along!"

["Roger that, Red Hell, but I got movement just up ahead. The signature is weak, but...fuck! Where'd it go!"]

Nicole slaps her canopy over her head and leaps into the air with Jacob, Scott and Bill on her tail, "The rest of the squad, you stay put! Nelson, you forgit about that I.F.F. crap! If you reacquire you lock in an' put it down! You copy?"

["I copy that, Red. I'm a taggin' and a baggin'."]

"That's what I want to hear from you! We're coming in hot, and forty seconds out."

Right behind Nicole, Bill calls up to the Iron Maiden, "Maiden Control, there's gonna be a bit of a delay. We'll keep ya'll apprised."

Over the radio Maiden Control confirms, ["Roger that, Cowboy. So, what kind of shit you guys step into this time?"]

Suddenly Zach shouts over the circuit, ["Negative hot, Red! Say again, negative hot! Hold your fire when you come in! Target looks to be about point zero four cubes. Estimated twenty kilos. Target is active but unresponsive to I.F.F. ping. Negative E.M.R. We have zero emissions except thermal output."]

Nicole is pissed, "You know the Romeo's, Nelson! Don't play with your kill. Git it over with!"

["Like it or not, Red-Hell, it's my call."]

"Then we're coming in cold, and you'd better be right 'cause if you're not, I swear I'll end your ass! Got that?"

["Five by five, Red. Got'cher assets covered."]

In the hole, Zach is crouching behind a stack of smoldering debris. His boom mounted scorpion gun is peeking over it and is aiming towards a scorched vehicle by a tunnel opening. He has a solid lock on a thermal image on the other side of it.

The whole area is a charred disaster with the deck and walls

streaked with plasma burns—with most of the grass underfoot wilted beyond recovery. A wheeled vehicle looks like it had ploughed into an array of playground equipment, and all of it has been scorched to the point of almost melting. Worse yet are the charred remains of bodies lying about. Most frozen eerily in a futile defensive postures.

Trying to identify the thermal image of a living person would be next to impossible in this mess but, once acquired, the signature of an ambulatory person would stand out like a sore thumb. The image Nelson has is of a very small person and the swing set he does see, though bent and twisted by heat, is a red flag for Zach to hold his fire.

Without warning, two PacMan drones drop through the holographic ceiling, and hover with weapons ready. Seconds later the ghost-like cloaked JACCs of Nicole, Bill, Jacob and Scott drop onto the deck then advance towards Nelson with Scott and Bill taking flanking positions. As Nicole and Jacob slip up behind Nelson, Nicole thumps Zach in his shoulder with her fist.

Nicole snarls, "Okay, where is it!"

Boldly, Zach turns to Nicole, "Back off, Chief."

Nicole bares her teeth, "It's now *my* kill."

Bill calls out, "Two-two-eight, Red."

"Thank you, Bill."

Nicole leaps up from behind the debris and immediately locks on the thermal image with the chain gun on her left arm, but instead of firing, she holds back because she notices the faint outline of an object in the target's hand. The outline of a stuffed toy animal draws her attention so she finally takes the time to survey the area.

Out of the corner of her eye she notices the swing set, and in the other direction she notices the smoking remains of dead soldiers. A sudden realization hits her like a truck so, holding fire, she steps from around the mound of debris to drink in the surroundings better.

Taken aback, Nicole bellows, "I don' fuckin' believe this!"

Fighting back rage, Nicole turns to Bill, "Cowboy, call back that last Razor, the one with the techs and civvies in it, and park it topside. We...we're gonna have a little chat with 'em!"

Scott looks at Jacob, "We got ourselves a delay."

While Nicole looks around, absorbing the surroundings, Jacob observes, "Red, this is really weird of you."

Nicole wags a finger at him, "Remember the place I told you about, when I was little? The grass field surrounded by rock and glass and the sky was a big blue square. This is it!"

She turns to Zach and scolds him, "Next time your ass is solo in the A.O. you shoot first—autopsy later! You question that again noob an' you will die."

With weapons ready, Nicole steps off towards the mangled swing set with the other three in tow. Bill and Zach fan out as she stops by the burnt vehicle at the tunnel opening. She has a lock on the thermal image as it coyly hides behind the burnt wreck.

With her boom-mounted flail gun at the ready, she drops her other weapons to her side and calls out, "You can come out now."

A small hand rises up from behind the vehicle and casually flips them the bird like Dodson had just a half hour ago. Jacob snorts a laugh, but Nicole is not amused.

"Front and center, girl!"

They all hear a young girl's voice say, <"As you wish.">

The voice was in their heads and they know it could not have come from a telecom pathway, one of the myriad of techlepathic channels the Annex uses to communicate by thought via their tacnet system. Whoever this is, even if they were chipped they could not have linked into the network without the proper codes but, then, their immediate concern about how they heard the voice they heard falls to the wayside by what happens next.

From behind the smoldering vehicle steps a child. She looks every bit like an eight-year-old carbon-copy version of Nicole at that age. Complete even down to the mole on her cheek. Nicole has never met one of her genotype before, and the mind-screw by running into another Barbie Doll clone that is just like her can't compare to what the little girl has to say to her via natural telepathy—something that all four of them can hear clear as day.

<"So, you are a Three-One! I am Nicole, version Four-Zero though I actually go by Nikki. They say I am an improvement to the genome. Let us see...I am supposed to have smaller areola, slightly less body fat, and a more intense orgasm!"> The child then shrugs, <"Something to look forward to, I guess?">

Clones mature fast but to be compliant they are designed to hang back on the intellectual curve somewhat however, this child's demeanor, inflection in speech and sarcasm is all adult. It is obvious as the sun in the sky that Nikki is intellectually light-years ahead of anybody else at her age or any age for that matter.

Aware of what this girl represents, Nicole takes a stab at projecting her thoughts without the tacnet, <"You...you did this?">

The child nods, <"Panic can be such a terrible thing.">



Jacob, Scott and Bill look at each other as they realize that they are only hearing one side of this conversation as Nicole continues, <"Did they know you're a telepath?">

<"Would I be standing here if they did?">

<"But, you did this!"> Nicole points to the bodies.

Nikki rolls her eyes, <"Psy-cho-kineeee-sis. Look it up.">

<"And...they didn't have a clue.">

<"Are you going to ask stupid questions all day?">

<"And you're not chipped?">

Nikki, realizing that the others are only hearing her side of the conversation, points to Nicole then gestures to herself with a smile, "She asked if I were chipped and my response is, *au natural!*"

Nicole shakes her head, "Well, fuck me."

Nikki ponders, "Okay, you are aware that offer definitely puts a whole new spin on self-gratification."

Scott turns to Jacob and shakes his head, "Dude, talk about falling down a rabbit hole."

Jacob nods, "Curiouser and curiouser."