

Spacstation Colt #2

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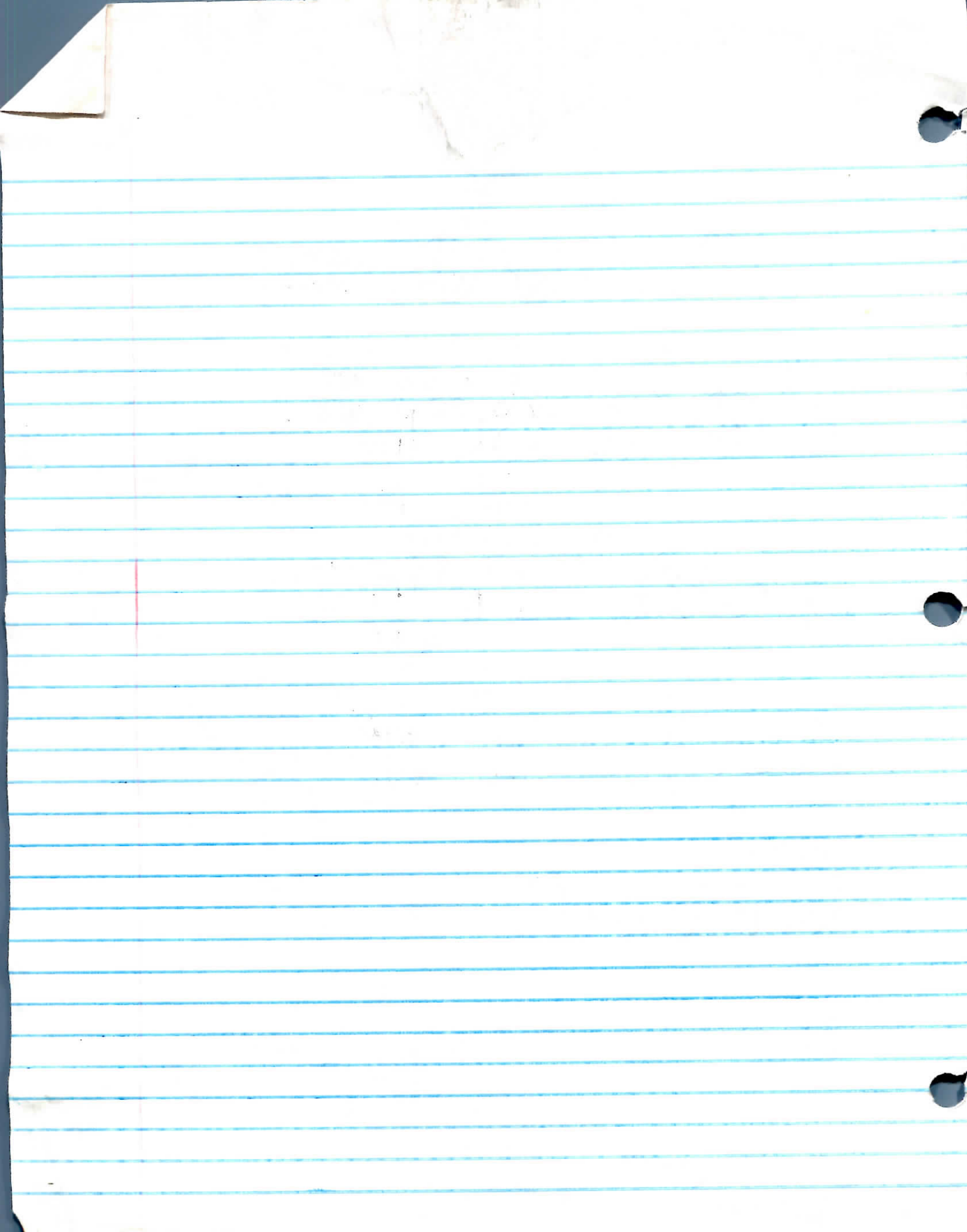
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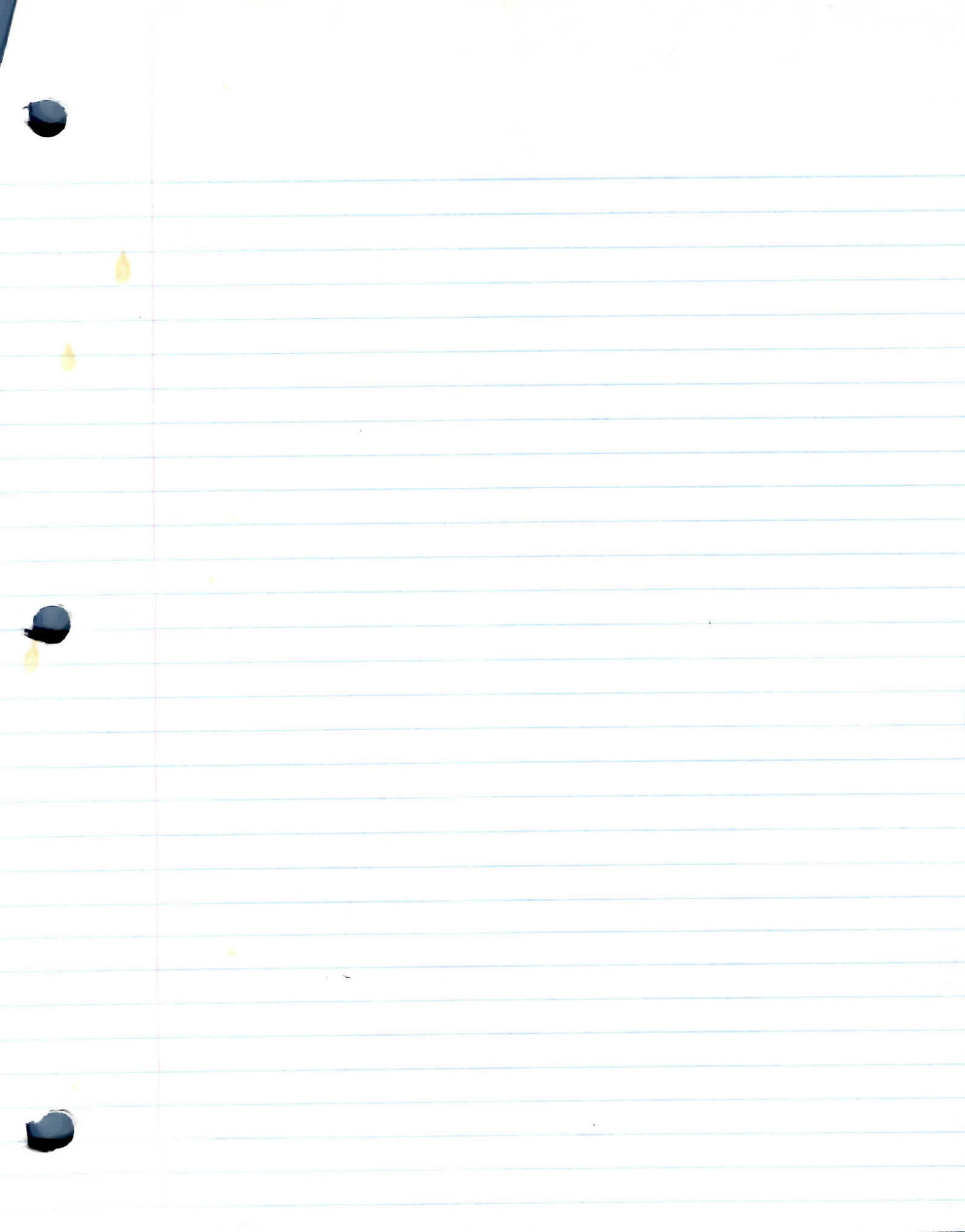
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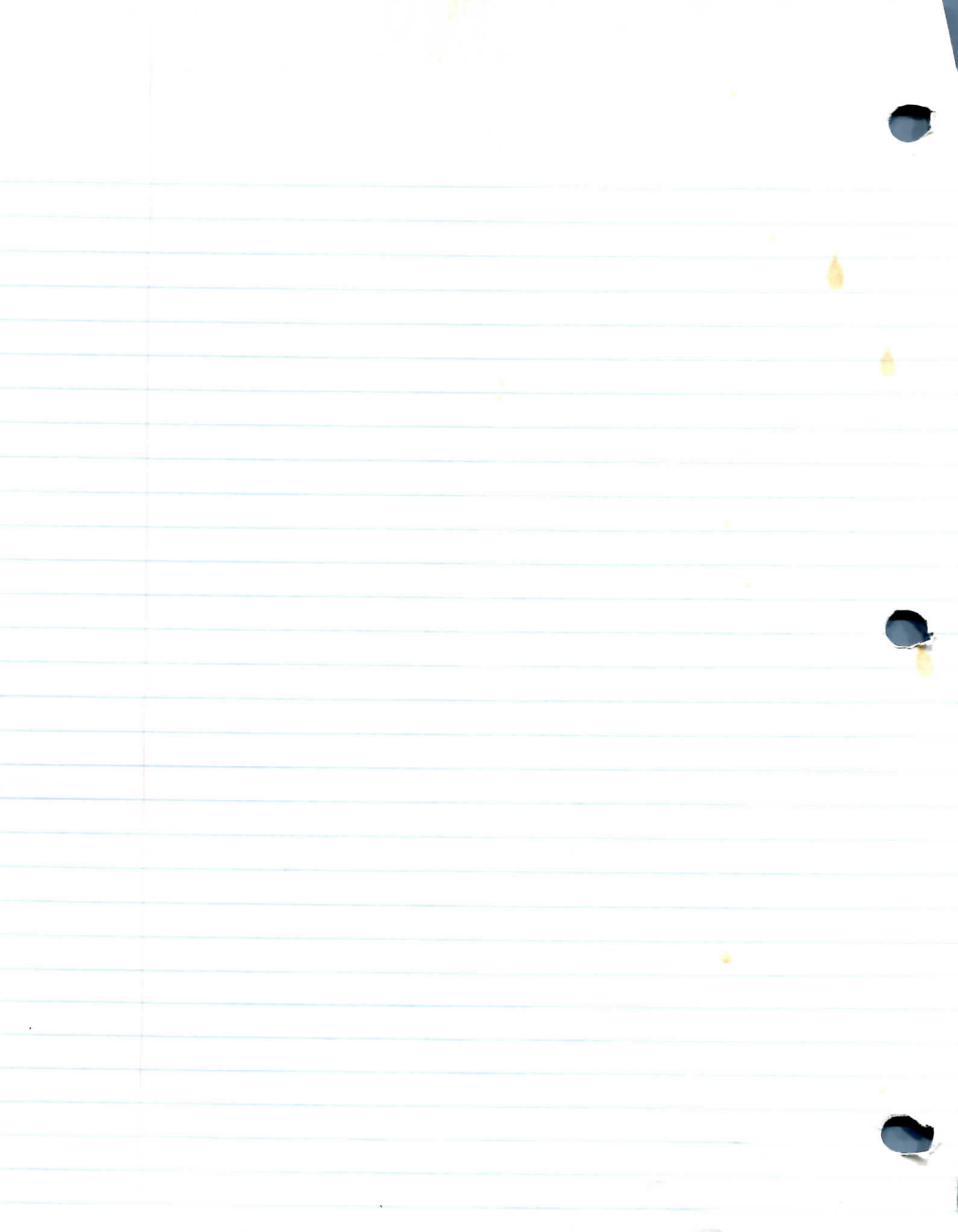
Micst of

Chaos

By Edmund Alexander Sims







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Dedicated in loving memory of  
'Disco' Dave Raubins ... I Suppose!!!!

Also for the family and the fans.  
Enjoy.

Edmund Alexander Sim

NOV 9th,  
1982, 1994, 2042, & ∞

Action, Adventure, Drama, Sci-Fi



## Prologue - The Doran Wars

To think, scientists thought it was only a star. The notion of a planet made completely of sparkling crystal had never been brought up let alone explored. Open-mindedness became a forced virtue as a grand fleet of Earth's cousins, the Dorans, appeared.

The fleet shot <sup>straight</sup> out of the Crystalline System into the Terran system where they met meager resistance by way of the newly colonized outer worlds. They skipped over Mars to attack Earth all out in a blitzkrieg-like style.

Those who could afford it escaped aboard Spacestation Soliloquy and Spacestation Vagabond to unexplored territory in the Quadron System now. They would be safe, for that meager instance. While some fled, the rest of Earth's population was forced to fend off a seemingly endless fleet of alien fighters and land roving troop carriers. Little did they know that all captured Terrans were converted, genetically engineered, into the super-human Dorans completely under the control 1

of the Doran leader, Haven. The Gerrans were outnumbered and overpowered, to say the very least. True wars that lasted hundreds of years stopped as foe worked beside foe for the common goal, but the Gerrans needed an equalizer.

That equalizer came by way of Spacestation Colt III (the Spacestation Colt Veterans crashed the prior two in order to thwart the evil terrorist, Claw, from gaining the ultimate edge. A corrupt, and now even more corrupt Space Force, along with ungrateful taxpayers had them thrown in the Chicago Correctional Facility for life. If those people had known about the first S&S going down, the Vets would have surely gotten the chair regardless of the fact that they were bids when they did it, whatever that meant).

Anyway, the rag tag spacestation got the Space Force's foot in the door of the house of formidability.

With the then apparent death of Haven, Commander (the queen of the Crystal Planet) along with other Doran's posing as Gerran high ranking officials vacated their positions. 11



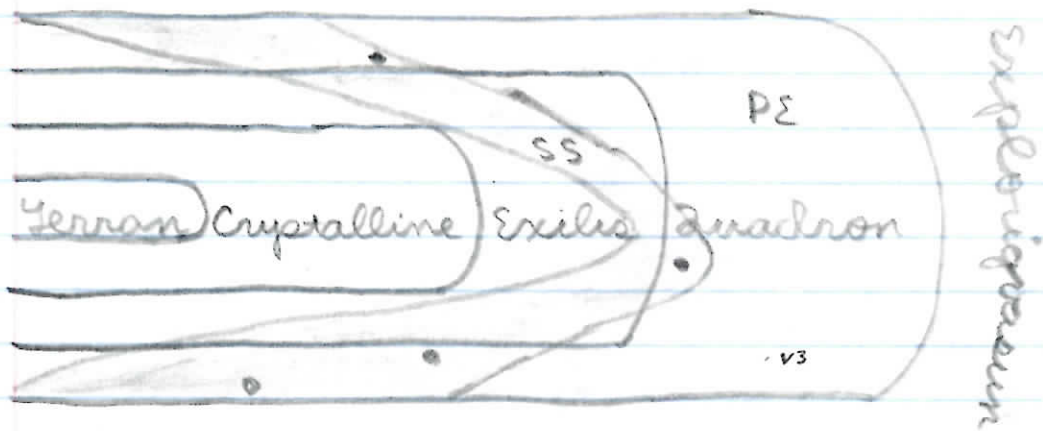
and signed peace treaties bringing about peace between their two worlds. That was in 2041.

Now in 2042, Doran / Terran relations were sound at least on the political level. Public opinion regarding the Dora Wars was a different story entirely. The race war was inevitably ignited.

While Earth was in a state of anarchy, the Space Force decided to never allow a lightning space war of that calibre ever again. Just outside of the Crystalline System exists a defense zone that spans well across the Exilis and Quadron Systems. Along the Bulwark Jonas defense line were the newly colonized Second Earth and an enormous battle satellite called Solstice Satellite. If an aggressor were to get passed Bulwark Jonas, the aggressor would be more than powerful enough to annihilate the Earth and Crystal Planet for total conquest of the universe as Dorans and Terrans knew it.

That faction did come by way of a fully mobile planet called Exile. III

Star Map not drawn to any sort of scale  
once so ever.



- o Second Earth
- Checkpoint Stations

SS Solstice Satellite

■ Bulwark Zones

PE Planet Exile

V3 Venusus 3

Haven's minions made good on insinuating a nest on a planet where the universe had previously dumped its scum. They rebuilt Planet Exile and brought it dangerously into Space Force territory. Space Station Soliloquy engaged the planet with a message of peace, but the alien melting pot had no reason to listen and had the space station destroyed.

Leader I, Jerry Stuyvescent, sent Space Station Vagabond on a mission to find the drifting wreckage for survivors, information, and to further map out the stars. Fighter squadrons engaged this new alliance (the enemy liked that title and made it their trademark) while Major Jordan Ripstein, leader of Vex Squadron, faked his own death in battle in order to infiltrate Planet Exile for purposes of sabotage. Solstice Satellite was not fully operational, so Major Ripstein's actions bought crucial time for the Space Force yet he was still aboard Planet Exile pending for his life at every waking moment. Nobody knew of V

his patriotic ploy.

The New Alliance had a female cop of the Second Earth Special Police Force kidnapped. Her name was Sylvia Senorox, daughter of Carlton Senorox (who was thought to have been murdered by a car-jacker named Cornado and then both abducted by aliens), and granddaughter of Colt Senorox, one of the inventors of the Original SpaceStation Colt. She was an ideal subject for Haven's final experiment. Sylvia was converted into a Super Doran and impregnated with Haven's finest (which he had also implanted his soul in).

Vex Squadron led a small force to rescue her by way of Jordan getting to Sylvia and using her newfound telepathic ability to lead the <sup>Space</sup>Force directly to their position. Little did anyone know that the New Alliance programmed her to quit her job in order to protect the fetuses maturation. (Dorans had nine day pregnancies).

Sylvia had a highly questionable pregnancy for she and her boy - VI

friend, Billy Smith, at her request, had no premarital sex. <sup>Very soon after</sup> Three of Haven's most trusted minions removed the baby at the cost of their own lives. A device they had, emitted an earshattering tone that rapidly aged the baby into a twenty-year old.

Even from the depths of death, they could not keep Haven out the midst of chaos. Haven was reborn and chose the name Zemar Leath. He too was a Super Doran with amazing powers, as unstoppable as Sylvia. Zemar took back the helm of the new Alliance and so began a silent standoff in space.

Leader I sent all of his forces all out against Planet Exile including Space Station Colt IV. It was an exercise in futility that the mercenary, Mime AKA Leader I Jerry Stuyvesant and Haven had been planning for years. Thousands of good soldiers lost their lives in that offensive. But at least, Mime got a huge capital pay off.

The Space Force should not

have provoked the situation. Both sides were deeply wounded, but now the new alliance was one up on the space force.

The story of Space Station Colt continues...

Solenoid Gliblaw pulled into the beat up, pot-hole parking lot of Pumpman bar. The time was deep night and the day's events prior more than welcomed the darkness with ease.

As he parked on a bumpy space, Solenoid noticed the need to replace his breaks as he took out the curb on what is usually a routine requirement of most drivers. He shifted into park as his fingers rummaged through the glove compartment. What they found had made funeral services flourish on Second Earth.

This man could be considered a cocky son of a bitc-, but he was off his turf now - he was scared shi-less. No time for that now, he had a job to do, and he didn't get paid to mess up.

"We're reduced to surveillance?" Julian Kazar asked.

"Uh your little action had slight repercussions," Jim Cobolgoe replied.

"They didn't have to split me and Pete up."

"That was your partner, Pete?"  
Jim inquired.

"Yeah," Julian smiled. "Hey, what's our assignment anyway?"

"Commissioner Gyro wants us to get back in touch w/ the Penetration Elimination."

"They got some new stuff on the Rapster?"

Jim shrugged.

"Hol-up - who's 'at?" Julian pointed. "Get down."

The Mustang 5.0, convertible of course, was their transportation but also served as excellent cover. Who would hide in a convertible with the top down? The cover was at its most innocent.

Jim got the com. "Sec, we're gonna need the go ahead."

"I remember when we didn't need permission." Julian put a stick of gum in his mouth.

"Sorry guys, you're not first priority. We've got a situation



at the bank and reinforcements are scarce. You're next on the list though. But off the record -"

"Yeah I know - if I deem it necessary," Julian said.

"Fu--," Jim muttered.

"Why'd you enter law enforcement Supia? This isn't the line of work for -"

"For a woman?" Supia asked.

"Yeah - a woman of your beauty. Chico was a good person, I know you're bitter but this isn't the answer," Pete Rogue told Supia O'Reilly.

"What would you know?" Supia asked sarcastically.

Pete sighed, "I lost my wife 'cause o' my line of work."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be - you gotta get it out," Pete replied, "cause if you don't, you'll be all fu--ed up in the head like me."

"I can't even imagine what Edmund and Marileva are going through," Supia said in her Latin accent.

"I don't even <sup>think</sup> Yemar is capable of that although he would if he had the chance. And if that's the case - I don't know who's bold enough to do it."

"They have a lot of enemies don't they Pete?" Supeta said.

Pete simply nodded. "Let's take one more drive around the block, then we gotta get." The rugged cop lit up another cigarette as he tossed the butt on the street.

As the car sped off, a lone man disguised by the dark night stepped into the light of the street light. He crushed the butt with his shoe. "Pete, Pete, Pete."

Brian 1, leader of the Enforcers, loaded his laser as he stepped on the scene. This branch of the vigil force resided on Earth. Under his command were Gortan, Tomb, and the computer geek, Omicron.

The racewar was on and the right wingers needed weapons, so the next logical step was to hijack Furtalia's weapons shipment.

Omicron saw it all the way. As a result, he alerted the rest of his allies. First thing to do though in preparation, was get one Enforcer aboard (with one or two Juncal (undetectable laser, upi, 9mm handgun combo weapon).

Jomb got the job.

Times were hard, and this was about to be another Lusitania ordeal. Civilians carrying arms. World War III was on. We hadn't come anywhere in a hundred years.

The President of the United States, perhaps the best since Kennedy, Clinton, and Deem, Johnny Smith called an emergency meeting of the Americas war heads.

Only I showed up, General Pile. He was promising and got the job done, somehow.

President Johnny Smith and First Lady Charlene Eriksen-Smith were to go to Denver, Turtalia seeking the help of the Spacestation Colt

Veterans.

"I called in the D. Doods because we're reaching the critical stage," General Pile announced. "We may have to simply bomb them to keep weapons out of enemy hands."

"No good - innocents," President Smith replied. "I'm gonna need those skinheads I did so we can hit 'em hard where it counts."

"The D. Doods, I believe, can diffuse the situation enough to get my ragedyas - up in there."

President Smith nodded.

"But I been thinkin' - now they got us in a headlock - why? What's on there - it's just weapons."

President Smith shook his head. "Do you recall how the nuclear bomb got into enemy hands. Magnify that now into a space station."

"Oh shi - , files, plans. Why on a commercial liner?" General Pile's stomach filled with anguish.

"Leader 1, Jerry Stuyvesant put a nail in national security's coffin. He arranged it over my head."

General Pile knew what he had to do. He walked out with a migraine.

Lieutenant Holmes and Sargeant Romie waited in the drive thru for ten whole minutes without any service, and they were at the window!

Yori, the Cabi who always smoothed his hair back dropped the big Black man, Commissioner Byro and Judge Newton Chassis off at the front door.

Byro paid the cabi. Newton slammed his door shut as they walked in together.

"Why can't you record your-

"We've been through this over and over, time and time again. Your men went overboard. Blatant disregard for any type of authority. Cash this please."

"What're you talking about," Gyro defended his officers, "they were protecting the city from that maniac rapist."

"Maybe so but there are more efficient ways of let's say, due process. Thank you."

"That's a pretty high balance for a city worker-judge," Gyro noticed as he took out a withdrawal.

"I'm good at budgeting -"

"Get the fu-- down now!"

"On the floor motherfu--ers!"

"I'll do you fools in a second!"

"Don't look at me - oh you think I'm joking?!"

Two silenced rounds hit a screaming teller square in the face, executioner style.

"Get the tape - who wants to be next? Get that da-m tape now."

Holmes' and Romie's hands took hold of their weapons.

"Are you sure you don't need a ride home, partner?" Supra asked.

"I need time to think," Poe said, "580:1"

you'll be alright though?"

"Yeah, Chico's cousin is staying with me until I get things together."

"That's straight, well I won't keep you - see ya tomorrow." Pete waved goodbye and immediately shoved his hands back in his trenchcoat. He could see his own breath that night and wanted to keep as much heat in as possible seeing as though he didn't have a hat.

"Still on the phone Mexico!" Supita was astonished at all the phone units used.

"It's business - I'm a negotiator," Mexico Riquen, council to the Penetration Elimination, said.

"You're a crook."

"If so that makes you an accessory Officer O'Reilly."

"Anyway..." Supita sat next to Mexico on the couch arm.

"Yeah, yeah - peace."

"Who was that?" Supita asked.

"Needo - he's upset at the plee bargain I made to get him and his pals off. As a result -"

"You get my friends in legal 5811

trouble, you as-hole," she deduced.

"Tupita, I have to make a living and the P.E. has allowed me to practice law. They too are entitled to legal representation."

"They don't deserve it and you know it." Tupita got up and searched for some files in a cabinet. "What's this? All this money?"

"You know not to go through my stuff Cuy."

"Cut the shi-Mexico, who are you payin' off? What are you in to?" Tupita made good use of her academy training.

"Now look, we've known each other for years - we gonna let some embezzlement, fraud, and the shi-the like come between us?"

"Mexico -"

"Look, it's over both of our heads, the shi's big. It spans from the Corporation, to the PE and back again. It's job security Tupita!"

"Bullshi-, they'll drop you in a minute - you're only a pawn. And all your big



connections are gonna disavow any knowledge of your dumb as- or the Penetration Elimination," Lupita pleaded.

"Not quite, you didn't finish reading, I've got enough shi- on all my connections that I've got their nuts in a sling against a brick wall. Remember, I'm the lawyer, all I have to do is write the book," Mexico was sounding rather sure of himself now.

"Not if they get rid of you first."

"That's not gonna happen. Come on now, how was your day?"

"Yu-- you need?"

"I gotta speak to Johnny O," Solenoid said through the side slit in the door.

"Yeah he's expectin' you. Why didn't you come through the front?" the doorman was Dirk Combo, head of Trumpsman bar, the roughest joint on Second Earth. "After you."

"You're so kind," Solenoid

replied.

"You didn't answer my question," Dirk persisted, "don't like my establishment?"

"Enough talk, let's just get this ski- over wit' okay,"

Solenoid lost patience.

"There's a four drink <thump> minimum. Knockout prices."

Solenoid hit the floor, unconscious.

"Get his as-up, now!" Dirk barked out orders.

Chip Schilders and Sanchez carried them out without conflict.

Money talks & they really didn't hear it.

"Mr. Gliblaw has an appointment with Johnny O."

"Something's goin' down!" Vin lacked crucial tolerance.

Julian played the statement off by putting some more gum between his lips, then sucking it in.

Vin looked at his partner. "I'm sorry."

"Forget it," Julian said, "you shoulda seen my first time out with a better Pete. I was a wreck. We can't move without 584:1

backup - not in there. But we can <sup>get</sup> in some R & R."

"Puh?"

"They got some dope as-arcade games in there," Julian announced.

"All the moral fighters and street rombs?" Jim inquired.

Julian nodded. "Five shi-<sup>toe</sup>. Gum?"

"This stuff comes natural to you does it?" Jim showed his newness.

Julian shrugged as he kept his calm, cool, and collective head, or prayed he'd keep this night.

The butt of Promie's shotgun went through the window of the bank.

"Yo there's a door punk butc-," Holmes replied.

The two fatting officers were definitely bold to say the least.

"Dight eat that nasty as-flo!" Promie ordered.

"In case you fools don't 585:1

know, this is a suck up motherfu--ers!" Holmes exclaimed while putting automatic gun fire in the ceiling.

Promie made eye contact with Commissioner Gyro who wrinkled. "I can't take it no more! Ahh!" Gyro took off running.

Promie pulled his gun and shot Gyro in the back who dropped like a scud missile.

"Fu--motherfu--er--tryin' to out race a bullet. Who wants some o' this?" Holmes asked.

"Yeah bung that shi-on, step the fu--up. I don't give a fu--! I gotta a shi--y job wit' shi--y pay and shi--y perks," Promie announced.

"Word up," Holmes added, "and I ain't had no pussy in weeks!"

"Shut the fu--up man before I do yo' stupid as--!" Promie replied.

"I'm sorry you dumb fu--'s but this bank is ours." The leader held a

hostage at gun point.

Commissioner Gyro held out four fingers.

"That's a mother-fu--in' shame ain't it?" Holmes asked.

"Yeah for you, now throw your weapons down!"

"Shi-happens," Romie stated.

Gyro took the leader out from back behind with his gun. He hopped up to shield the hostage.

Holmes blew another over the counter with a blast from his double barrel. The bank robber's blood bled the US currency. Holmes jumped to cover as a round of enemy automatic fire whizzed nearby.

Two to go.

"That shi-was a fake, a fu--in' trick!" The robber grabbed his friend to try another trick.

"Not quite." Romie jumped in their escape path and took out the fake hostage.

"Put your weapon down. It's 587:1

three to one, you won't walk out."

"In that case neither will you - fu - in' fig!" The final bad man held up a grenade with pin out.

The already frightened bank goers were put in a massive state of hysteria as they ran out in a flurry. Police cars surrounded the entire bank. Trauma units were on hand once again.

"Your move cop!"

"Heads up." A burst from Holmes' shotgun made the villain's head explode. The rest of the body simply stood there, grenade still in hand.

"Fu - in' a Holmes." Romie removed the grenade from the petrified body.

"Awe - man!" Gips removed his bebear vest

"Man you're bulked," Romie replied, "I wouldn't have gotten up." He offered a smile.

"Screw you -argeant."

"That's cold Commish," Holmes 588:1

said.

"But one thing boggles me," Hyst asked, "did you mean that stuff you were talkin'?"

"No, no, uh uh, no sir."

"Reck no, what you talkin' 'bout?"

"Uh shi-, what - what h-happenned?" Solenoid awoke and noticed his rope bonds on a wood chair.

"Hey what is this shi-?!"

"Shut the fu--up! I'm in control here," Johnny O said. He wore shady glasses and was a slick character to say the least. "Why should I even want to deal with you? You've got no credibility - I ain't heard of you why should I give you my guns?"

It irked Solenoid that he couldn't rub his bump that throbbed on his head. "That civil war on Earth, my boss instigated that shi-!"

"So, deal with the now, we aren't on Earth," Johnny O knew how to beat a person down, "I could give two fu-- 258911

less about it."

"Untie me."

"You don't seem to get it Mr. Fliblaw, I'm Johnny O, I gave the orders. Look down the barrels! Look, do you see death, you piece of second-hand shi-!"

"Alright - alright!" Solenoid pleaded.

Johnny O sat back down and regained his composure. "You see where I'm comin' from don't you? Trust is big in this business. There isn't much, but yet still it's gotta be earned as well as kept. Do you trust me Mr. Fliblaw?" He aimed his shotgun at the captive.

"What the fu-- does this have to do with anything?!" Solenoid was becoming uneasy as time went on.

"Do you trust me?!"

"If you haven't done me by n--"

"Do you, yes or no!!"

"Yes! Yes please put it away."

Johnny O threw the shotgun into Solenoid's lap. 590:1



a smile came across his face.  
"It wasn't loaded." He clicked  
his fingers. "Show Mr. Fliblaw  
the product."

Solenoid's headache and  
heart rate escalated.

Chip Schilders and Sanchez  
brought a crate full of  
uncleaned arms and ammo

Solenoid nodded his approval.  
"Got it off a Space Force  
special from a mercenary  
of Death Corps, name I believe  
it was. So what are you  
willing to pay, fifty?"

By now, Solenoid was at a  
standing eight count. "Fifty  
dollars?"

"Nope."

A shot from underneath  
the table knocked Solenoid  
over in his chair, dead.

"On the other hand," Johnny  
said, "your gun is loaded.  
Dump the body; clean the gun."

"What was that?" Vini was  
paranoid.

Julian knew Vini wasn't ready  
and decided not to move in. 591:1

They barely escaped the bar when the shot was heard throughout. Riots, more riots that is, started.

"I'm not out for this," Jim replied.

"I know - take it one day at a time. I'll take you home," Julian said.

"Thanks Julian."

"Almost anytime," Julian answered.

Pete got to the door of his house and noticed a note taped to his window.

It read: you don't seem to do so well with the women in your life, but I will do your partner well.

TR

"Oh fu--!" Pete ran over his grass and sprinted down the street.

"I'll get the door Supita," Mexico offered. "Can I help you?"

a powerful blow to the - 5921

head knocked Mexico out ice cold.

"Who is it Mex?" Lupita called.

Suddenly she felt hollow inside, drained, docile. Next thing she knew, her shirt was being unbuttoned. She was being violated but powerless to stop it. Lupita had been drugged!

"I want you to witness this, relax."

"Is that Pete?" Ven asked as the Ford whizzed by a shady character all out in the street.

"Someone's wrong," Julian said as he executed a 360°. They easily caught up, and Pete jumped in to not lose anytime.

"O'Reilly's house!"

The car peeled off down the street. It nearly hit another car during a rough turn, but they were cops. They could break the laws they set for others.

Julian pulled his shotgun, a  
win a mine, and Pete a 44 and  
a Mac-10.

"Julian and Jim spread out,"  
Pete ordered, "I'm goin' in!"

Pete kicked the door in to  
find a now awakening  
Mexico Riquay on the floor. He  
hauled up the stairs to find  
Lupita, with clothes wide  
open on the floor, eyes open,  
dead.

"Gu--," Pete said while  
sliding down the wall. "Gu--!!!"  
He closed her eyes and carried  
her down the stairs, very  
professional-like.

Jim was tending to Mexico  
as police cars pulled up  
in the yard.

Pete laid her down as  
Christer Curch ran in to  
perform the autopsy quickly.  
Finally, they had a fresh  
case. Maybe some progress  
would be made.

"Uh Pete," Julian sighed, "I  
found this."

Pete read the note: Why not  
indulge Pete, she won't say no 594:1

TR

"Fu--." Pete fell to his knees as he threw the note away.

Sec caught it. "Hey, that's evidence."

"What the fu-- happened in here?" Lieutenant Holmes walked in with sandwich in hand. He promptly dropped it.

Sergeant Romie and Commissioner Gyro followed. Youi waited in the cab, the meter running, of course.

"Why couldn't you isolate the drug before Christen?" Judge Charsie asked.

"Please don't stand over me," Christen said.

"Sorry," the judge said in shock.

"Thanks," Mexico said to a nurse.

"Try not to move anything, for our investigation," Gyro replied.

"Yeah alright - fu-- the foles," Mexico muttered sardonically.

"Don't that the motherf--er that got the PE off?" Romie

asked.

Mexico pretended he didn't hear that, as he slipped a disk into Christen's work bag. "I'll pick that up later."

Pete sat in despair. What would this do to him now? How far down the scale would this put him?

One thing was for sure though, the elusive Raposter had gotten away once again.

189: The Crucial Chapter

"I love you Billy." Sylvia kissed her boyfriend.

"Yeah maybe we can do this marriage thing when stuff cools off, Miss Lennox," Billy said.

"Maybe, Mr. Smith."

"See ya later."

"Bye." Sylvia shut her door to the sound of low pitched humming she clutched herself and fell to the floor. "What, who-are-y-"

Billy turned around. "What's that sou-."

Sylvia's house exploded. The impact blew Billy out onto the street where he laid immobile.

"Four-for-four Edmund and Marileva."

"Stupid fu--, you got the wrong house!" Mr. Miser exclaimed.

Grab Bag defended himself. "It was one of the two; hey, it happens."

Edmund heard humming as he removed clothes from the drier. 597:1

Marileva and the children were upstairs. The three Doreodans; Marileva, E.J., and Vanessa clutched themselves as they dropped to the floor.

Derek and M.J. looked out of the living room window and promptly hit the deck as Sylvia's house exploded. The impact took out all windows facing it along with shaking the house.

Marileva pushed to her feet as she grabbed her gun. Times had gotten to the point where one couldn't go anywhere without a loaded gun close by.

She pulled up the blinds in Edmund and her bedroom.

"What happened Mom - what was that?" E.J. asked.

"I don't know everybody sticks together - out the window."

"I can't leave you Mom," Vanessa said.

"Hurry," Marileva ordered softly. "Derek! M.J.!"

"Over here!" Derek called. He was on top of his sister shielding her from the glass but he sustained mild cuts



on his arms and neck.

"Have you seen your father?"  
Marilva inquired.

M. J. shrugged.

Edmund pulled his torso  
from the small of his back  
as objects came through the  
family room windows. They  
ripped the blinds out as they  
came through stepping on  
the sofa.

Edmund wasn't gonna complain  
at that point as he took off  
up the stairs to the foyer.  
Laser fire ate up his tracks. He  
was going to be cut off, so he  
grabbed the black rail  
using his momentum to  
flip up into the foyer.

Gun turrets punched into  
the windows on the sides  
of the front door as Edmund  
raced up the stairs, lasers  
once again eating up his  
trail.

Marilva provided cover  
fire as Edmund leaped  
behind her. "How many?"

"Couldn't tell ya," Edmund 599.1

caught his breath. "Come on."

By now enemies were coming in through the deck on the second floor. Edmund and Marileva took off for their bedroom where the kids all made it out the window onto the roof. The enemies were hot on their heels, so the lovers had to fight to give the kids time to escape.

Marileva ducked as a stray punch whizzed over her head. She put an elbow <sup>to</sup> Acid Pop's side and took him out with an uppercut. Her Space Force training served her well as she kicked him out of the room into his partners - more time.

Edmund grabbed Siern Surve as he lunged at him. Like a wrestling move, Edmund used his adversary's momentum against him by bodyslamming Siern on the bed. A quick smack to the face with the June put Siern out for the count.

Marileva made it to the 600:1

roof followed by Edmund just before a desperation laser blast took out the adjacent window.

"Is everybody okay?" E.D. asked.

M.J. shook her head as they got surrounded on all sides by eight unknown aggressors.

"Let's take this down to better ground. Four-for-four motherfu--ers!" Mr. Miser ordered.

"What?" Edmund said.

"No." Marileva replied.

Everything else happened in a blur.

"M.J. look out-." E.D. jumped in the path of predestined laser fire.

Edmund tried to retaliate but Crapentox used his vertigo ray. "Fight it with all your might, it'll only get worse." Crapentox held the regurgitating Edmund up by his axe necklace.

Hydora punched M.J. off the roof like a doll!

Marileva went to throw 601:1

her Crimson Circle, but Acid Pop  
blasted her off the roof with a <sup>massive</sup>  
"No-mother!" Vanessa cried, <sup>D-15 am</sup>  
"I'd worry about yourself,"  
Sooty Ampree announced.

Vanessa fell backward on  
the roof trying to crawl  
away.

Edmund saw the fear in  
Vanessa's eyes. From it, he  
drew strength and stood up  
with weapon in hand. He  
fired a misdirected shot  
past Sooty Ampree for <sup>frak</sup>  
Grag had clubbed him over  
the back with a forearm.

In the scuffle, Cranintox  
ripped Edmund's axe necklace  
from his neck as Edmund moved  
backwards off balance.

"Lemme show you how it's  
done," Sooty Ampree said as  
he shot Vanessa with a high  
intensity beam that reduced  
her to a smoking burnt lumpy  
puddle of flesh, blood-guts,  
bone and the like.

Cranintox uppeared Edmund  
off the roof of the garage.

"Mr. Miser, get over here." 602:1

Derek rammed into Siorm  
Surve knocking them both  
off the roof. He used his  
berserker method to take  
the killer of his brother out.

Marileva mustered some  
strength to reach over and  
pull E.D. over who was in  
shock, starting convulsions.  
"E-D, my powers, I can't save  
him."

"Goodbye." Mr. Miser  
shot his regression ray at  
Edmund.

"No!" Derek jumped in the  
path. He simply lie on the  
ground.

Marileva passed out along  
with Edmund, their hands  
joined. E.D. died in Marileva's  
arms, bloodied and heathing for life.

M.D. was cancelled before  
she hit the ground. Puya Ku  
crushed her chest collapsing  
her lungs - a painful death.

Sirens roared down the  
street along with the Ford 5.0  
and Yon's cab. The agressors  
made themselves very scarce. 603:1

Billy, Marileva, Derek, and Edmund were all rushed to the hospital. All were put in emergency rooms.

"Are you allowing visitors?" K.A.G., of the Enforcers, asked.

Karyn Jacob shook her head. "I wouldn't even let the police in there for the report."

"You don't know what happened then?" K.S.G. asked.

Karyn shrugged. "Only they do, but I wouldn't push the info from them."

"I couldn't save him," Marileva told Edmund. "My powers are gone." Tears filled his eyes.

Edmund had a migraine as he checked to see how hurt he was. Both were very scar.

"What's up you two."

"Derek?"

"I feel great, ten years younger," he said, "and call me Evan, my real name. Why are you looking at me like that."

"You have no cuts - you're shorter, oh my God," Marileva said as she sat up. "Come here Evan."

"This isn't happening," Edmund now was openly weeping. He looked at Billy who was completely bandaged and braced up. Then he looked at Evan. "I-g-I-I-I couldn't protect my own family."

Marilva looked down. "No. E.J., M.J., Vanessa, now Evan." "What?" Evan inquired. "I'm here."

"No you're not - not for long," Edmund fell down in despair. "I love you Evan."

Marilva kissed her last remaining child. "Oh Evan, I love you."

"I love you guys too," Evan didn't get it as his body regressed and regressed even more.

"That miser guy shot you with some youth ray," Edmund explained under a lot of sob. "So I'm gonna."

Marilva nodded.

"Listen to me, Mom - Dad. It's not your fault - you were the best parents."

"Now can you take this so 605:1

calmly?" Marileva asked.

"I take from my parents."

Edmund and Marileva could do nothing but watch as Evan went back into infancy, the fetal position, and then nothingness.

Marileva looked at her hands. She then put them to her stomach. The attachment that all parents, mothers in particular, felt toward their children was there. And that's what hurt the most. All of them were gone. It finally hit.

Edmund and Marileva held each other into the night in shock and pain. For Edmund bruises, but Marileva was human again and all of the stress had caused her period to start up again, eight days earlier than usual when she was human before.

Edmund and Marileva had done all any parent could have done, except revenge: which is what whoever attacked them had exacted, revenge.

"Four-for-four."



190: Lethal Intercept

"Aye fart cut that shi-down!"

(Kes'tron) Cestron called.

"Wassup Cestron?" Arison asked.

"We got company - aye Mickey, clean this place up!"

Cestron answered the door to find a rather somber President and First Lady.

Jim Batt came out to greet them as well followed by Arison and Gison.

Fart came from the kitchen with a six-pack.

"Save any for me?" Mickey Speed sped down the stairs.

Fart belched, "Yeah one."

"What's wrong Johnny?" Gison asked.

"My nephew Billy got banged up pretty good," Johnny announced.

"And," Charlene hesitated.

"What?" Cestron asked. "What happened to Edmund and Marilena?"

"E.J., M.J., Durb, and Vanessa are gone," Charlene answered.

"What the fu--?" Cestron couldn't believe it. "How?"

"That's fu--ed up," Arison replied.

"They're losin' the war out there too man," Johnny said.

"They can beat that punk," Jim said.

"Is it - did Yemar do it?" Mickey asked.

"They doubt it," Charlene said.

"Then who," Arison announced.

"They can crush any motherfu--er," Fat said as he gurgled down some more brew.

"What 'bout Edmund and Maileva?" Jim inquired.

"They'll handle their business," Cestron assured. "Da-m, how the fu--?"

"Aye will y'all shut the fu-- up! I'm tryin' to watch the motherfu-- in' fight and I'm a' watch it. Paid my mofu-- in' five bones. Fu-- dat."

"So Charris ain't gonna give us the warrant?" Fu--. "Alright later sec." Pete hung up the phone and ran out the door to the sound of bassed out rap music.

Yem hopped in the back at 6:08:1

Pete hopped in at shotgun.  
"Well?" Julian asked while  
chomping on a large wad of  
stick gum.

"Chatsis won't give us the  
fu--er' warrant," Pete  
announced.

"Key that hasn't stopped  
you guys," Vin replied.  
"Gimme some," Julian said  
as he got five from Vin.

"You're right Vin, I just  
don't give a fu--. Go directly  
to Thumpman Bar," Pete  
ordered.

"What the fu--?" Christen  
picked a stray disk out of  
his bag.

He immediately booted it  
up along with Omicron's  
codebreaker program. "What  
do we have here Mr. Riquen?"

Christen kept an Enforcer  
com handy at all times  
wherever he was, even at  
work in the morgue wing of  
the Second Earth Special  
Police Force Base. "Yeah MC  
this is autopsy get me

Chipshot."

"They were," Johnny O spoke on his cellular, "cops at his pad. Yeah he's expendable. Pete's cancelled, thanks judge. McDoll have your reward, in your account. Aight. Peace. What?"

"No cops up in here man without a warrant. So get the fu--out," Dirk combo ordered.

"We're not cops today," Pete said as he slapped Dirk with his .44. Blood flew.

"Awe shi!" Dirk dropped. Chip Schilders and Sanchez came out with guns poised.

"Where's Johnny O?" Jim asked with mine in hand.

"Answer the man, gungo," Lieutenant Holmes said as he and Sargeant Romie came out from the back.

Julian removed their weapons.

"What seems to be the problem officer?" Johnny O came out.

"I was wondering if you could tell me about that guy 610:1

we found in the meat grinder?"

Pete asked softly

"Fu--you talkin' bout?  
People die."

"Sit down!" Romie forced the  
two captives down.

"Yeah I guess so. But what  
do you know about the  
Rapester?"

"That fu--in' reject?" Johnny  
asked.

"Yeah," Pete answered.

"Yeah I got somethin', just to  
get him out o' my market. I  
want the monopoly on drugs  
and that fu--in' fool's in  
the way. Catch his men at  
the warehouse, sometimes  
he's there I don't know."

He snapped his fingers.

Dale Delante came out with  
a phone book. Johnny thumbed  
through it and ripped out a  
page. He circled the address.  
"Here."

"How do you know all  
this?" Julian asked.

"I'm Johnny O. I know almost  
everything."

"Obay Johnny O," Pete

replied, "no set up or will be back for you, warrant or no, badge or no."

The five cops left.

"Oh and thanks for the guns, here some gum." Julian said.

"Who do you trust Officer Pete Rogue?" Johnny asked.

"I've got your position on my monitor," Omicron announced.

"What about the baddies?" Portan asked.

"They've got the tower, the entrances and the plane - it's real professional," Omicron reported. "I can't distinguish on the plane."

"How many on the floor?" Brian asked.

"Three at the entrances," Omicron answered, "two in the tower."

"I don't want any cops, reporters or anybody else

except the D. Doods, "General Pile Ordered.

"What's the plan General?" Sheriff Winnie the Pooh Bear asked.

Accompanying him were David Harley and his biker gang, The Angels, and former Enforcers and prior D. Doods Acro Batt and Acra Ten.

"You can hol' up I see an old friend," Briar 1 said as he left his position.

"Who's that?" General Pile pointed.

"A friend, Briar 1," Acro introduced, "General Pile, he's cool. General, the leader of the Enforcers."

"Pleasure - well do your people have a positive ID yet?" General Pile asked.

"Soon but we can't move yet we got baddies all over the place."

"My D. Doods can run interference while you and G-Pile go in," Pooh suggested

"Good, fu-- that, excellent!" Briar 1 replied, "let's compare 613:1

notes."

Enforcer activity was evident even light years away back on Second Earth...

Mexico put the lid on the garbage can only to hear a car screeching around the corner, windows down, guns out! "Get down!" Chipshot's jetpack guided him down as his gun fired off into the car.

Mc ran off from behind the O'Reilly household and kicked the garbage over for a barrier, garbage flying out onto the driveway.

"I just cleaned that up!" Mexico exclaimed

"They'll clean your ass up if you don't get down!" Mc said.

Mexico looked up to see the Enforcer warbird, Enforcer, hovering in the sky.

S-Man descended from it along with Python, Recoil, and the recruit Andra Roney.

The driveby car promptly pulled a U-turn almost flipping 014:1



it over as it sped off catching the eye of a traffic cop which it easily eluded.

"Friends of yours?" Chipshot asked.

Mexico sighed, "Not anymore."

"Are you two okay?" Christen asked.

"Mabin' it," Edmund answered, "barely."

"You two'll get through."

"Thanks," Marileva offered majorly depressed smile.

"What can I do to help?"

"Access the Dorodan files," Marileva said.

"Got it," Christen sat in his chair and rolled it across to the console. "Specific entry?"

"What'd that guy say, Mayor?" Edmund asked Marileva.

"No, Miser," Marileva corrected.

"Miser it is," Christen typed it in. "Woah, is this him? That's quite a record. He's one of the Dorodan Renegades exiled to the real Planet Exile."

"I see." Edmund saw Marileva's astonishment. "Ping up known

accomplishes."

"Look familiar: Sooty Ampree,  
Puya Ku, Frab Frag, Crapinton,  
Solenoid Hliblaw, Acid Pop -"

"Wait whose that Solenoid guy?"  
Marilva asked. "He wasn't there."

Christen rang up a file. "Season  
man to this group, so he probably  
wouldn't be after you all. Let's  
resume... Acid Pop, Sism Surve -"

Marilva flinched at the next  
set of pixels. She knew it all  
along. Edmund's mouth fell through  
the floor.

"You know them?" Christen  
inquired.

"From Earth last year."

B. O. Y.

"One."

Fresh Martin.

"Two."

Gina Crawford.

"Three."

And Gorey Slupper.

"Four," Marilva counted.

"Roy Abern's back," Edmund said.

"Roy Abern, yeah, how'd you know?"

Christen asked.

"The Dora Wars," Marilva  
answered. "I lost my mother because 616:1

of him and now our children."

"Oh?" Christen sighed. "I think I recalled this event in your files."

Edmund rapped his arms around Marileva. "Abern was partly responsible for me losing Marileva."

"The creator of the infamous D-2 Ray Beams - impressive profile," Julian said.

"He's a psycho," Marileva replied.

"He and Yemar teamed up but it turned out to be for Yemar's interests and Abern got screwed in the end," Edmund explained. He rested his face in Marileva's hair; he loved the fragrant smell.

"But he did give you back your humanness that Yemar robbed you of," Julian defended the scientific aspect of the maniac.

"Not purposely," Marileva said. She knew that if she wasn't half Dowdan, she would be dead now instead of all humanas she'd wished for for so 617:1

long. But, the price was much too high.

"You say he's equally angered towards Fernar?" Christen asked.

Edmund nodded.

"The only way he could possibly get revenge -"

"Is to get the only fleet with a chance against the New Alliance," Marileva continued.

"The Dorodans!" Edmund said.

"Can he do that? Angelica wouldn't allow that." Christen turned around to the Sims'.

"That's his daughter and he's done it before. Roy has the power of influence."

"Hitler II." Christen saw a connection.

"Exactly, but the Space Force fleet is non-existent. The New Alliance is disabled. We can't take a second Dorodan war.

The D. Woods, Triple Action, Specialists, or the Enforcers would get smoked," Edmund announced.

Marileva sat down and took hold of Edmund's hands. "Hear me out."

Their eyes met, and they both knew Edmund couldn't deny her request.

"I love you," Edmund knew how lucky he was. Their lips met.

"Later for that," Marileva said, "and I mean later."

Christen smoothed back into his chair offering a large envious grin. After all they've been thru, ....

"My man, Omicron, will keep us updated on each other's positions if you carry this," Brant said while upgrading his allies.

Z-Pile pulled out the chalkboard. "We've got the tower to the northeast, the emergency entrances at the other three corners and the plane smack dab in the middle."

"Everybody got their positions?" Sheriff Pook asked. Nods. "Let's move."

It took them less than five minutes to get in position.

The three leaders relayed their 6:19:1

readiness to Omicron who gave the all around 'go'.

Gomb watched his captor's confident looks turn to concerned frowns. He scanned the plane to find one in the back and two up front. The pilot, co-pilot, and navigator had to be dead. These guys were pro, the people didn't even know they were next to be eliminated on this hijack intent. Gomb checked for his two fuses inside of his suit coat. He wouldn't let things come down to an execution.

Bruar 1 and Gortan stealthily scaled the tower where Gortan used a dusty airvent as their manner of entering. The blue prints of the airport were perfect, to perfect, this was a trap.

"After you," Gortan replied.

"Fu - - you," Bruar 1 went in head first.

"Amazing how there's always 620:1

one of these secret passages whenever we do one of these rescue missions," Gortan pointed out.

"Yeah but this incline isn't gonna be good for a quick escape," Brian I said.

"Recoil would get a kick outta this."

As they neared the other side, the conversation fell off. Brian I held up two fingers signifying two immediate targets.

Gortan nodded as he watched the Enforcer leader turn around feet first. They got film of the hostage takers for a positive I.D. later.

"Cover me," Brian I whispered. With his steel toed boot, Brian I kicked in the rusty vent.

Gortan offered a push for a speedy exit. Brian I dropped fifteen feet to the floor with Func blaying in uzi mode.

One hostage man died off his feet as he flew into the control panel and slid 621:1

off onto the dirty floor.

As the second guy grabbed the air traffic controller, he let off a 47 fire.

Brian 1 ran dropped and rolled behind someone computer equipment. Bullets whizzed into a coat lying on top of the radar. Sparks flew from the equipment as the perforated coat flew into Brian 1's lap. "Sai-."

Gortan kept his cover in the ventilation shaft watching Brian 1 reload both guns in seconds. Gortan was ready to move in an instant.

"I'll do this punk. come on out motherfu--er!"

"No you won't," Brian 1 coaxed, "you need him."

"Key fu--you!"

"No you're fu--ed." Gortan put the sights of his high powered rifle on the forehead. He took his time and waited for the signal.

"Let's talk." Brian 1 stood up with one gun raised in fake defeat.



a smirk came across the badguys face. "Dumb as -."

Then his brains splattered against the window.

"Yeah really," Jordan dropped down from the vent shaft.

"That wasn't the signal," Brian said.

"Hey," Jordan shrugged.

"That was dope - thanks," the air traffic controller pleaded.

Brian nodded.

"Good White people for a change."

"What?" Jordan asked. "Keep us out of your racist politics."

"Yeah well I expected that," the controller, "you enforcers are good but you're not specialists." A blast from his laser watch hit Brian in the side.

"Brian!" Jordan dove over the computer console as Jobr Rabt pegged him in the leg. "Omicron, the workers are with 'em!" 623:1

"Oh shi-, 'Omicron announced, "we're gonna have a fire fight. G-Pile, back up, in the tower."

"I'm on it." G-Pile said as he shot a luggage bagger that popped up with gun in hand.

He peered around the corner and promptly turned back around as bullets and bad guys whizzed by.

"Please let me get my pension!" G-Pile hurled a grenade into the lot of them as he fired in automatic death to make sure.

Norton hobbled around dodging laser fire. "Gu-- this!" He shot out the window and jumped out!

"What the fu--?" Gobr said. "Oh, there you are." Gobr went over to Brian who was now going into shock as the blood loss became even greater. Gobr calmly took Brian's gun. He

watch was out of fluid, "Wait a minute, I remember those nigger-lovin' triple action motherfuckers had this. I'd shock me if I used it. No matter. Why are you just hangin' around?"

"You--you as-hole!" Gortan exclaimed as he dangled.

"You really need to get off your high-horse. You're in no position to talk to me in that manner. I've personally decided to get rid of all you white trash nigger-lovers and you fit the descrip--"  
a solemn shot.

Zobr went limp half in and out of a broken glass window. His stomach collided with the sharp and thick glass as blood gushed from his mouth.

"The weather's great with a twenty-percent chance of as-hole!" Gortan said as he pulled Zobr out to a drop to his death.

Zobr didn't bounce as 625:1

he lay in a joint-defying manner, some specialist.

A hand came out of the window. "Careful," H-Pile said as he hoisted Jordan up. "Lower secure."

No thanks were necessary. They both rushed over to Brad 1 who lay motionless, staring straight ahead.

Jordan closed Brad 1's eyes. "Omicron, make the necessary arrangements - Brad 1's dead."

191: Two - Face to Face

"Put gear?" Sergeant Romie asked.

"Fu--no," Pete answered, "I don't plan on bein' on the receiving end."

"Cool, we're gonna hit 'em in broad motherfu--in' daylight!" Lieutenant Holmes said excitedly.

Julian sat in the Ford bobbing his head to some rap music. He looked into his rearview mirror to see Jim humped over, a nervous wreck.

"That warrant faxed in yet?" Pete asked.

Julian shook his head then made a head motion to the back.

Pete saw Jim and quickly went back there to offer some. "Turn that shi--off."

"That's rap music, Pete," Julian defended.

"Isn't that what I said?" Pete countered. "Nervous kid?"

Jim mumbled.

"I'm gonna be honest," Pete

explained, "this ain't the shi- you see on TV. Pretty Woman would be dead, raped somewhere. When you get shot, you don't get up or back up - ever. Money has a way of improving drug dealers' aims. I know you look at us to see total desensitized motherfu-ers but we started out like you now. The saving grace is to remember who these people are hurting or who they have hurt."

"And?" Gem asked.

"Extra clips and your head. You'll get a few lucky shots in; don't get cocky and get your shi shot off. But I got your back in there, rookie. You'll make it," Pete promised. "Aye where is that motherfu-in' warrant?" - all & break your

Raze Cost (Chipshot) and Bowler's girlfriend, Cindra Bondy, sat with Mexico Aguiar in Christen Curche's (Autopsy) office, glass door shut and locked.

"Join us Mexico," Raze pleaded, "we're the only thing 628:1

between you and extinction."

"Why me?" Mexico asked.

"Just look at this disk, all this info on people," Christen replied.

"You'd be very useful to our cause," Raze replied.

"Maybe even pay for that as-hole life you lead," Cindra said.

"You'll give me asylum all that Shi-?" Mexico asked.

"Where else can you go?" Raze answered. "You see how your Penetration Elimination feels about your career move."

"They won't be happy until they get this and they won't because it's in Omicron's net system," Christen handed Mexico back his desk. "Wait what's this? Message from Omicron."

"I'll have to ask you to leave unless you're down with us," Raze said.

"Raze - Bear 1 -"

"Oh my God!" Cindra fell into Raze's arms.

"That's really encouraging

guys," Mexico replied.

"Can you forge handwriting?" Commissioner Gyro asked Sec.

"We've gotta move while we still can."

"Of course - did you see my last report card?" Sec said.

"Physics and Pre Calc is a bit -."

"I didn't think your mom signed that." Commissioner Gyro frowned. Grades have to be up in order for bids to go on the work study program.

"Why hasn't the judge been signing the stuff?" Sec asked.

"I'm not completely sure," Gyro said.

"What are you two doing in my office?" Judge Chassis entered.

Secndol Singh slipped a warrant slip and a piece of paper from the judge's stationary, containing a sample of his handwriting, in his pocket.

"I been meaning to talk to G30:1



you about the ediquet of a few officers on my staff," Gyro lied through his teeth. "I was wonderin' if you could gimme a few suggestions on a proper reprimand."

Sec forced himself to keep a straight face.

"What about him?" Judge Chatsis was insecure. "Why is he here?"

Sec unconsciously held up a dull pencil. "Needed to use the pencil sharpener." He swiftly walked out.

"That generation astounds me," Gyro replied.

"Yeah," the judge said as they walked out and passed Christen's office.

"I know that motherfu--er!" Mexico exclaimed. "Johnny's right hand pay off man."

Raye comforted Cindra. "I bet he tipped the P.S. off about the police bein' at your house last night."

"That's why he won't ever give us warrants!" Christen 6311

said. "And suspended Pere and Julian."

"Do you need the Enforcers on this one?" Raze wiped tears from Cendra's face. He knew the ranks in the Enforcers, Brian 1, Chipshot then MC.

"Nah - Triple Action can handle this one," Christen replied.

Raze and Cendra exited.

"What do you need of me?"

Mexico guessed.

"Oh wait," Christen said, "I want Commissioner Gyro in on this as well."

The shuttle dodged massive wreckage and other space debris as it came upon the most massive Solstice Satellite. Jerry Ferruson had outdone himself on his most impressive feat as had his father, Yutson, with the original Spacestation Colt. And now the battle fortress of space capable of housing spacestations and whole populations was fully operational. Bulwark Zone

was a defense sector ready and worthy of defending itself.

Edmund nodded with a smile. Marileva stared out her window with awe.

"Now docking in Shuttle Bay Four."

To meet the Jims' were Mike Speed, Paula 'Speed' Williams, Erica Smith, P.D. Bear, Gort Junior, Erin Lewis, Jim Beetes, James Peterson, Vincent White, and Jerry Garrison. There was a lot of love in the docking bay.

"We shouldn't have left," Edmund said.

"You know we had to it's just that trouble follows us everywhere," Marileva replied.

The shuttle landed on a track as the perimeter doors closed. The area pressurized as the interior doors opened.

The two lovers left the shuttle and entered a chorus of sympathy.

There it hit like bricks. For a moment, Edmund and Marileva blocked out everything.

Mike and Beavy helped Edmund while Erica and Paula helped Marileva to the medical section of Space Station Colt V.

Gerry offered a medical explanation pertaining to their mortal wounds, but everybody knew what it was.

Edmund and Marileva were so much alike. They tried to be strong but eventually cracked. Even the fiery Marileva and equally unbeatable lover, Edmund, were vulnerable, and Roy Ahern found the vulnerability.

"You've got the exact same cabin," Beavy replied. "Just relax for a while - you're not a pair of Energizer batteries."

"Yeah yeah we've suffered a terrible loss - thanks Dr. Auth," Marileva said.

"Glad I could help," Beavy answered.

Just then "Fast" came down

the corridor with his girlfriend  
Erin Lewis. "Aye Beavy you know  
who the fu-- drank up all  
the brews?"

"You."

"Oh." Gart continued on.  
Beavy didn't even try to  
put things in perspective.  
He just went his separate  
way, way away from Gart.

Marilva dried her eyes and sat  
next to her husband, Edmund let  
the tears fall. They were a  
different type of parents. Against  
spanking, more on the level with  
their children and the gods being  
that they were only twenty  
years old when they had E.J., if  
they didn't screw up cool, don't  
harp or nag. They loved those  
four children and unjust guilt  
set in. The horrible images  
clouded their every thought.  
Edmund shook nervously. He  
did not go back into his half  
crazy, suicidal rage as he had  
when they first met. Marilva  
did a good job with her man,  
and what they had together was

chemistry. Anger and hate now raged inside both with a swirl of fear and a mix of uncertainty. The power to overcome this was what lacked in Edmund and his ~~own~~ prior relationship, which inevitably broke them apart forever.

Marileva, being the stronger of the two, needed the comfort she felt when she was in Edmund's arms more than ever. Edmund didn't like to feel vulnerable, so as a result, he only let Marileva's presence witness it knowing that her being there would offer the security his heart demanded.

It was ironic that hardship brought Edmund and Marileva together in true love. And now, with Roy's bold aggression and all of Yemar's past antics, the two were closer than ever. The bond was unbreakable and the lovers would not go down, a critical error on Roy's part. At least Yemar respected the Sims' power because of the many plans thwarted by them. Roy 636:1

had to be out of his motherf---ing mind. His antics had already caused the death of Ms. Dike during the Dora Wars. And now E.J., M.J., Evan and Vanessa, someone had to die.

The two lovers tried so hard to leave this space force life, but they were much too involved. Blackmail pulled them back in: There was the release of the Space Station Colt veterans and a promise not to blow Marileva, E.J. and Vanessa's cover. Dorans were not too highly regarded in so called 'human' societies.

When they had the chance, Edmund and Marileva should have emptied two clips in Roy Abern, thirty-two bullets between them. Out of sheer selflessness, the two lovers turned their backs on the fallen foe to assist their fallen comrades. In that swift instant, Roy's body was gone.

Abern was a maniac, a menace - Edmund and Marileva hated him. Oh no, they would not except the blame for the murders of their four beautiful children. They knew where he was. Abern was as good as cancelled.

No parents should ever have to endure anything even resembling this scenario, and Edmund and Marileva were only twenty-one, whatever that number meant. They'd always been so much mature than people chose to give them credit for. Incredible wisdom entwined their psyche. Instead of support, their pasts were smothered with comparisons and meaningless interjections that produced resentment and many rolled eyes. They did not need it. They didn't need any of that superfluous bullshi-. They needed their children and a peaceful universe in order to raise them. Nobody listened. Nobody ever listened.

Edmund and Marileva could hardly make it to the shower. They witnessed the deaths of their children over and over again in a throbbing migraine. The two had lost the will to go on, the will to live. Rigor mortis of the soul set in as they lay against the cabins walls. Throughout all of the trauma, they still had each other. They drew on each other and reaffirmed their love...638:1







"Thank you Marileva," Edmund whispered. "Oh God, I love you."

"I love you so much Edmund," Marileva replied.

Mental and Physical rejuvenation. Edmund Alexander Sims and Marileva Kayla Sims were ready to face the inevitable.

"Table for two?" the waiter said.

"For three," Marileva corrected she saw Edmund smile.

"Oh, there's our people," Edmund pointed.

"Fine with me," Marileva replied.

"Edmund-Marileva pull up a chair," Mike said.

Erica stood up. "I wanted to wait to see you guys before I took off. Gotta see my cousin. Take care!" She rushed out to catch the next shuttle to Second Earth.

"Where is everybody?" Marileva asked.

"Jerry was reassigned to Solstice Satellite," Paula

answered. "And with the Specialists missing, Beetes, Genson, and White are now constantly on duty."

"Specialists," Beary said, "I hate those racist fu-ers. They probably went to Earth to participate in that race war."

"We've gotta go on another mission," Edmund said.

"You mean hijack the S.D.C.," Mike clarified.

"Your careers may possibly go down the toilet," Marilewa warned, "and if you don't want to -"

"We can do another mission, for you two," P.D. said.

Everybody was in agreement, so commenced the mission.

Jean Duwayne better known as GG was the panelwoman that never stood out. Under these times, the mediocre stood out and asserted themselves. Besides, Jim Beetes made it mandatory.

Beetes, James Genson, and Vincent White were former crewmembers of Spacestation Soliloquy ever since their ship was used for spare 64211

Spacestation Col + V and Solstice satellite parts. Beetes was the buffed musclemann while Penson was the overweight one. Vincent was the self-proclaimed mach trying to make a play on the subtle yet cute G.A. C. Ricardo, Space Force leader was retired in his quarters. When the boss is away, the logs will play.

Gerry Garrison sipped coffee as he monitored the docking bays. Penson fell asleep on the council and Beetes played video games on the big-big screen with feet on the panel. They needed a leader and C. Ricardo wasn't it.

"Sup G.A.?" Vincent leaned over G.A. "Yo' love angel is here. See I know you want me all alone to yourself. Nah, nah, nah-look at me. This aint sexual harassment."

"What do you want Vincent?" as if she didn't know.

Their lips were two or three inches apart. Suddenly an annoying alarm sounded.

"Shi-," they both had to

break away.

Quenson jumped out of his chair. Beetes' video game switched to a huge monitor of space station bay 1 in which space station Colt was about to attempt an unauthorized joy ride.

"Shi-!" Quenson picked himself up off the floor.

"Beetes stay on the lookout for our moron leader," Gerry ordered.

"What's going on here?"

C. Ricardo walked in but promptly got pushed out by Beetes.

"Sorry sir - uh I have to show you something. - In the bathroom!" Beetes replied.

"Don't be disgusting - out of my way," C. Ricardo said while pushing past into the control room.

"My break's in an hour," Vincent offered. "Why you do me like this? Ya xamed that didn't ya? You don't seem interested do ya?"

"It's not that," GQ defended

herself, "duty calls."

"And I will in an hour baby - belee dat. I aint aint goin' out like dat." Vincent assumed his post as C. Ricardo entered.

"I aint dyin' wit'out no pussy. Fu-- that. That's the type o' girl that make me put down this bachelor mach shi-. Word up - I could marry her."

G. Q. smiled.

"What the fu-- is going on in here - or over there! They won't escape will they?"

C. Ricardo tried to sound tough.

"No, not if I don't push this button," Jerry said.

"Oops, oh da-n, I pushed the button. My bad."

"Your bad?" Benson asked.

"Yep, my fault," Jerry answered.

"Can you pilot this thing?" Paula asked.

"Me and P.D. can fly anything," Beavy answered hoping to get the young cadet's confidence up as his was once G45:1

lifted.

"Gu -- yeah!" Mike celebrated.  
"Jerry got the doors open."

Jack woke up in from his  
hangover in Erin Lewis' lap.

"Where am I?"

"That's a good question, where,  
what's our destination?" Ed  
asked.

"Ed?!"

"Who do you think replaced  
Jerry?" Ed said, "Y'all are  
stooooopid."

"Well?" P.J. looked at the  
Sims. "Destination?"

Marileva answered, "The Crystal  
Planet."

"Return the spacestation  
now! Answer me!" C. Ricardo  
ordered.

"They gone Rick," Vincent  
announced. He received another  
trying to be hard stair.

"That is mutiny!" C. Ricardo  
exclaimed.

"Awe," Edmund grimaced.

"What's wrong," Marileva asked.

"I think I pulled a hamstring." 646:1



1972: Broad Daylight Bust

Sarkh Pomere glanced over his controls as his armed and more than ready leader entered, Ebo Octench.

"Is everybody in place?" Ebo asked.

"Yeah Clance is looking for the files so we can dump this fu--in' plane," Sarkh said, "but--"

"Shi-, what?"

"Sob's not answering his com," Sarkh announced.

"So the Vigil forces are here," Ebo replied.

"D. Woods? Enforcers?" Sarkh asked.

"Both," Ebo answered.

Zomb got out of his seat quickly.

"Sit the fu-- down!" a hyaker ordered.

"I've got acrophobia," Zomb pleaded, "I need to." Fake upchuck sounds came from him as he pretended to throw up all over the people in the row behind him. He offered a wink to a child who really didn't recognize 647:1

the seriousness of the situation.

She smiled back and flinched violently as if Gomb really did something.

"All right motherfu--er five minutes!"

"I would be more agreeable but we're bein' hijacked and all you know -"

"Your minutes." the hijacker aimed his weapon.

"What's goin' on back there?" Ebo called.

"I handled it, this fu--er's afraid of heights."

"Keep a close eye on 'im!" Ebo ordered.

Gomb promptly locked the dormitory's door as he used his laser watch as a torch to sever panels in the floor.

One led to the excretion storage area, the one he wanted.  
"Shi-."

"What Gomb?" Omicron asked. 648:1

"'Nothin' wassup - what's the situation?" Zomb asked.

"They got Buai 1," Omicron admitted.

"Yu--." Zomb crawled into the crevasse.

"That's what we said. We're dealin' with the specialists, Zomb. Can you tell us how many are there on the plane with you?"

"I counted four when they got on. Zuit."

A knock from an AK47 came at the door. "What's goin' on in there."

Zomb made pain sounds. "Can't - get - it - out. I got constipation."

"Hurry up I'll be back every five minutes."

"Oh no, you don't want that," Zomb replied.

"We'll have to change strategy a bit," G-Pile said.

Sheriff Pook nodded. "We can take out their people but not their

communications. We got to play demand and supply."

"I like this," Jordan expanded, "but still take out the three entrances so the plane'll be our only priority."

"I hear that," G-Pele said, "I'll play negotiator. What's a little pension, hey, do this for Brian 1."

"For Brian 1," they all repeated.

The car fax started up and everybody knew it was time.

"Good ol' Gyps and Sec," Julian said as he added some more sugarless stick gum to his already mouth gagging wood.

"That's fu--in' sick," Pete said as he flicked a cigarette butt out into oblivion.

"Let's do this," Jim agreed.

Julian removed the warrant from the fax as Pete and Jim started for the warehouse door. "Hol' up, we have to do this legal-like."

"Fu-- the law," Pete said as they entered a door with a broken off lock.

What they saw was the main 650:1

reason why drug busts don't go down in the daytime. Dealers were in their pajamas! or the tub! Some sat at tables having milks and cranries. Others were still in bed.

They all turned to face the three cops. The wave of the future: Educated and sophisticated gangbangers.

Julian looked at Vim. "Your turn."

"Uh - this is a bust," Vim announced, "you're all under arrest."

"Man fu - - that bureaucratic bullshi - !" Weapons appeared and were cocked.

Pete pulled Vim to safety like a teddy bear. "Gotta move bed." He lit up a cigarette and fired over his cover crates.

Once again the two rugged cops had their impressive arsenal under their trenchcoats. For Pete: a 9mm, .44, Mac-10, and his tunc. For Julian: two pump shotguns and perhaps a rocket launcher.

One person lost his towel 651:1

scurrying in the scuffle. Pete popped him. Another used the tub he was in for cover. Julian popped him. The rocket made all of the water splash out as well as the dope dealer.

"Shi-" Jim said as he looked at his tiny uni compared to the rocket launcher.

"Why the fu-- do we have to always come in thru the back?" Sergeant Romie asked.

"I've noticed that," Lieutenant Holmes agreed, "we always enter the action late."

They love their separate ways as automatic retaliation came between them.

Romie blasted away at dealers behind a wood table trying to hide and another coming up in his blind spot. Shotguns with short barrels didn't play nor discriminate as some guy in a robe chased after him.

"I'm not that type of guy!" Romie announced as he

leaped into a crate of cocaine in nyplock bags. "At least I know it's sealed, the bag shows green."

"You stupid motherfu--er," the dealer said as he approached the crate.

Romee hopped up with hands in the air.

"Nah we're not takin' no prisoners."

Gunshot. The dealer fell into the crate as his blood mixed with the cocaine.

"Stupid motherfu--er," Holmes replied.

"Su--these cops!"

Jim popped up from a crate like Jack in the Box and knocked the dealer silly with a smack from his wyi. He immediately fired at Romee in his line of sight.

But the one that got him wasn't in his line of sight.

"Move pig. Throw your fu--in' guns down or the brat's cancelled like Chevy Chase!"

"Su--in'a," Pete repeated 653:1

to himself.

Pete, Julian Holmes, and  
Promee stood motionless.

"Oh you think I'm joking!"  
Sunshot.

The Dealer shot off of him  
as a chunk of his head flew  
the other way.

"Ooh shi-!" Julian said.

Pete laid down cover fire  
for him as he ran to safety.

The remaining Dealers seemed  
to just get picked off one by  
one.

Pete held up a hand for his  
men to hold their fire.

"Who do you trust Mr. Rogue?"  
Johnny C. called. Swain roared.

"I'll catch you guys in a  
sec," Pete replied as he left his  
fellow officers in the Ford S.O.  
"Why'd you help us?"

"Because I believe," Johnny C.  
explained, "we're two of a  
kind."

"You're an asshole who  
believes his own twisted  
lies about society," Pete  
countered.



Johnny O continued, "Maybe so, but you're just like me. Same side of the tracks and all. I might even be inclined to offer you a position."

Pete had heard more than enough. He cocked his gun and put it in front of Johnny O's face. "You ain't shi-- nor is your motherfu--in' kind. I lost my partner to you fu-- motherfu--ers not to mention my wife. You wanna know what separates us? I didn't pull the trigger." With his left hand, Pete flicked his cigarette into Johnny O's face. He put away his weapon away and hopped in the shotgun seat of the S.O. "Next time, we'll be enemies." The S.O boomed down the street.

Billy Smith laid completely bandaged up in a coma three-fourths dead. Erica Smith, his cousin, sat beside his bed waiting for the inevitable.

They had only found out about their relations mere months ago. Erica was the mixed daughter of her black mother Charlene Eriksen and white father, 655:1

Johnny. Billy, on the other hand, was the son of Commander and Glove.

Billy was orphaned at birth as was his mentor, Acro, but Acro found his way among the ancient martial arts clan of the Ninja. Acro took Billy under his wing even at their extremely young age. It was the best thing for them where as Edmund strayed to the gang life and his first love, Erica, followed even though she had the proper guidance of both parents. Edmund's mother was dead and his father was in the looney bin.

Then came that fateful day when Erica was taken from all she knew, or so everybody thought. But her thoughts had been blanked for that duration.

↳ Flashline.

↳ Karyn Jacob rushed in with a flock of nurses. One tried to usher Erica out of the way; she wouldn't budge.

Erica's speaking of hopeless sayings like: you'll be alright, etc. stopped as she could not hold 656:1

in her sorrow. Karyn barked out all sorts of medical talk to her nurses that went over Erica's head.

Erica had just found her cousin who she loved in a brotherly way. She squeezed his hand as frantic feelings filled her mind. The flatline stopped and went off the screen.

"I'm sorry Erica," Karyn replied.

Erica didn't hear the apology or other words of moral support. She shut it all out.

Suddenly, the monitor showed heart activity! Billy had some sort of orb around him. His eyes shot open as he started squirming at the inhibiting bandages.

"Billy!" Erica said while hugging her country.

"Erica?" Billy was a tad disoriented.

Karyn put two and two together. "Erica, you're a doctor." She began removing Billy's bandages.

"My mother probably converted you," Billy deduced.

Erica looked at her hands. "I guess I am and I have been for a year."

"Where's Sylvia?" Billy asked weakly.

"I'll leave you two alone," Garyn said after cutting off the final strands of tape.

Garyn left.

Erica sighed. "I believe she's dead."

"Who, how? She was the most, one of the two most powerful Dorodans in the entire universe!" Billy exclaimed. "I'm sorry Erica."

"You can ask Edmund and Marileva when they get through with Roy Abern."

Billy considered Roy only related by way of his half sister, Princess Angelica. "I'm gonna bill that fu--er." Billy could hardly sit up. His physique had deteriorated after he hadn't been attending to it by way of exercise in the hospital emergency room. 658:1

Erica pushed him back down after he did what looked like a pitiful lot of work. "Billy, promise me you won't go anywhere - on your ninja honor or something. You're still recovering."

"Ninjas have no honor," Billy said, "most that is."

"Well you will today," Erica replied. "You can't do Sylvia any good while being in the way."

"I trust Edmund and Marileva will get revenge for all of us, why are they goin' anyway?" Billy asked.

"Their children - after Roy had you taken out," Erica explained, "he had his people gang up on the Sims'."

Billy sighed, "Me and Sylvia, we made whoopi Erica."

"You two made up quickly," Erica acknowledged.

"Venus tried to seduce me but I couldn't let her. I couldn't ever cheat on Sylvia and she believed me. If anything I learned from Acro, I learned to be faithful to something and 659:1

fight for it."

Edmund and Marikva leaned against a panel as they shared a microwave french bread pizza.

"It won't be long now," Beavy announced.

"We hijacked a whole mother-fu--in' space station," Mike was astonished, "there's gonna be some major as-refurcussions."

"What awaits us on that planet is what I'm worried about," Paula replied.

"That'll be a cinch once Ricardo gets his hands on us," Beavy said.

Erin Lewis fanned her boyfriend, Gart. He sat up in a drunken stupor. "Fu--ed it we do, fu--ed if we don't." Gart passed out once again.

"I heard that," Beavy agreed.

The Cristal Planet was equivalent only to the sun in the way it shone its brilliance. 100% diamond, a wonder of the universe. It housed a most impressive world of a fleet that 6607

wiped out two-thirds of the Earth's general population either by converting humans into Dorans or exterminating humans into corpses.

"It's a nice place to look at," Marileva said, "but I wouldn't want to visit." She read Edmund's mind.

"You can still sense my thoughts?" Edmund asked.

"And you me?" Marileva replied as she loaded her gun.

Edmund nodded as he loaded and cocked his weapon. They hugged and then approached the view screen.

Spacestation Diamond came around the planet in its orbit to greet Spacestation Colt. Both were equally formidable.

"Permission to land?" Beavy radioed in.

"Permission denied," a voice came back over.

Marileva spoke over the com, "Tell them we need to talk."

"Diamond's powering up!" P.J. announced.

"Shields up," Beavy said, "shields 661:1

at maximum."

"Take 'er in," Edmund ordered.

The spacestation had amazing agility as it dodged a massive laser blast from Diamond. Colt entered the atmosphere and began its decent.

Edmund braced himself and held Marileva up along the bumpy ride.

As Gant laid sprawled out on the floor, his own drool raced back and forth as the spacestation rocked.

\*all of <sup>the</sup> spacestation's sections underwent a transformation to form one atop another instead of in a horizontal position. The cockpit section folded over, protruding from the top as the massive structure in vertical landing mode touched down in front of the Crystal Palace.

"You okay?" Edmund asked.

Marileva smiled. "Yeah. That was incredible flying Beavy," she complimented.

Beavy's mouth was strong 66/2:1



\*

543210

1234567890

open, "Gu-- a fighter!"

"Let's do this shi-", Mike said.  
Edmund shook his head, no.  
"You all have to defend this station. I don't want anymore to be involved."

"This is our fight," Marileva supported.

"Get a few in for us," P.J. ordered.

"Of course," Marileva agreed.

But this time, it, the battle that is, was for E.J., M.J., Evan, and Abnessa.

Spacestation Colt made the Sears Tower look like a Lego structure.

"Remember where we parked," Edmund told Marileva.

"That was a good one," Marileva acknowledged. "Mother ship!" Marileva pulled her husband behind the cover of the Crystal Palace.

The ship seemed more interested in the spacestation, a fatal flaw.

Both lovers had their funce in laser mode as they blasted 663:1

open the door for a makeshift entrance.

Princess Angelica was no where to be seen and Commander had been missing for some time now much before any of this.

A large stairwell led upstairs while if somebody decided to venture in further would find a futuristic control room. Otherwise this palace was just another house, but this house was definitely not a home.

Not with Acid Pop and Rya Tu hopping down from the bannister.

"Marileva?" Acid Pop said. "I gave you a high enough dose of D-Beams to kill two Dorans ...!" He fired D-Beams that simply passed through Marileva.

"You messed up." Marileva dropped to a firing crouch and put a laser through her adversary.

"Acid got popped," Edmund said.

"Two for two," Marileva

replied as she dove beneath the starwell avoiding Crayentor's vertigo rays.

"You won't be as lucky with me," Qaya Ku announced as he used his martial arts maneuvers to put Edmund on his back.

A normal person would have lost this match up, but Qaya Ku had performed the ultimate dishonor in killing a defenseless one year old. This gave Edmund purpose and strength as Qaya Ku approached.

Edmund used his laser watch to take out Qaya Ku's breech. The snubling bad man fell to the floor, breech disintegrated. The ultimate breech attack.

"How's it feel to be helpless to fight back?" Edmund crushed the villain's chest with his white gym shoe as Qaya Ku had done poor little M.J. with his massive fist.

Edmund dove to the floor and rolled out of the way as Sooty Ampree fired his deadly laser fire. Maileva laid down cover fire 665:1

for Edmund to get to her side,  
Sooty made it out the door,  
frantic and afraid.

"S.S.C. pick him off," Marileva  
spoke into her laser watch com.

"Got 'im," Beary came back over,  
"Gryn' to run, stupid fu--.  
Let's see what Colt V can do."

Sooty froze at the sight of  
the gigantic space station. He  
looked up and saw a flash of  
light. That was the last thing  
he saw as his smoking burnt  
lumpy puddle of flesh, blood-  
guts, bone and the like filled  
a crater as Vanessa's had on  
the roof.

Marileva got a boost from  
Edmund as she climbed up  
the railing of the stairwell.  
She activated the uzi feature  
of the fume and sprayed an  
unsuspecting Crayintox who  
fell backward over the rail.

Edmund popped 9 mm caps  
in Crayintox as he fell over to  
the cold crystal floor, cracking  
his skull.

Marileva helped Edmund up onto the stairway as Sierm surge lurched at her. Marileva's foot met Sierm's groin.

Mr. Miser was at the foot of the stairs, cocked and ready.

Marileva used a round house kick to the face of the stooped over Sierm. He stumbled backwards and dropped his weapon.

"Marileva look out!" Edmund flipped over the railing and jumped in the path of the regression ray as Derek had for him. But this time, he had his laser watch with deflector watch face.

Mr. Miser got a taste of his own medicine, and Edmund added a bullet in the head, for P.J., to keep him down.

"No, no!" Sierm pleaded.

Marileva refused to hear that as a few slugs shot the staggering man to his death. It wouldn't be a death from the fall, but a slow one that Sierm himself would witness. 667:1

as his life slowly drained from blood loss, as E.J. had.

Edmund held Marileva's hands down at her sides as their lips met.

"Vindication," Marileva announced softly to her lover.

"Fu-- that!" A voice came from down the hallway from what appeared to be Angelica's room.

Grab Bag came out guiding a rather docile Angelica. Edmund and Marileva reloaded and immediately had their weapons poised in Grab Bag's direction. Grab Bag had a grenade.

"Where's Roy?" Edmund demanded.

Roy appeared at the foot of the stairs, bullet ridden from their last encounter! They were trapped!

Angelica wore some sort of crystal collar around her neck that seemed to weaken her more and more as moments passed. The fear in her eyes was evident.

"D-Beams, D-technology," Roy spoke, "incredible, really."

"How could you do that to your own daughter?" Marileva 668:1

asked.

Roy explained, "She's just sperm and egg. X and X, fu--'er."

Edmund and Marileva kept their eyes moving to stay constantly ahead of the situation. Hostage situations always were tricky that way. Recoil of the Enforcers would love this.

The two lovers hated nobody, not even Yemar for if anything, he had brought them closer together. Roy Abern was the living, breathing exception to the rule.

"I'm really fu--ing sick of you two," Roy announced, "why don't you just die!!!"

A laser blast came up the stairs. Edmund and Marileva jumped to opposite sides of the stairwell as the blast narrowly missed them. But they couldn't fire back! Roy was approaching! The blasts were getting closer.

Suddenly, the sound of flesh and bone cracking was very evident. Roy stopped firing. Edmund and Marileva

turned to see Glove's claws protruding from Grab Frag's abdomen! Blood dripped from his lips. Angelica fell to the floor.

Glove used his abnormal strength to raise Grab Frag in mid-air. Carlton "Fineyes" Fenorox looked at Grab Frag's chest. Then his razor sharp Fineyes put two finishing holes through the chest as Grab Frag's body jerked backwards violently. Glove allowed Grab Frag to slide off of his claws staining them with crimson red blood.

After all, Roy's Rebels had crossed the Alliance that crucial day as well, putting Glove's son in the hospital and killing Sylvia.

The body with grenade still in hand fell over the rail to the floor letting go. Edmund and Marileva shielded each other.

Roy was gone.

"Oh no - I want a body," Edmund said.

"Geman can't be far behind," 670:1



Marilva urged her husband as well as herself to speed things up.

The two sped down the stairs and into the control room to find Roy working frantically.

"We will stop meeting like this," Marilva promised.

"You're much too late but-!" Roy exclaimed.

"Nobody disrespects my wife like that." Edmund put a slug in Roy's chest.

"Kill me and activate it!" Roy ordered deliriously as he fell back onto the panel. "You and Yemar and Commander, your whole following is doomed!" A sinister smile crossed his face. "You two always say what's done is done and you can't change it. Live what you preach!"

"Yeah but this isn't finished," Marilva answered. She and Edmund saw their fallen family members.

They unloaded a clip each into Roy Abern. His perforated anatomy set on fire as bullets 711

collided with the console.

"You will all meet oblivion!"

Just then a bullet went through his mouth and came out his spine courtesy of Marileva.

Edmund and Marileva both finally killed Roy Abern. The great war was over, but had a new fate been uncovered in front of them?

The two embraced each other and then caught their breath. Roy and his following had to be put out for all the other S.J.s, M.J.s, Evans and Vanessa who would be harmed.

Mike and Paul helped haul the weakened Angelica over to the space station, packing laser rifles of course.

"Going somewhere?" Yemar leath asked.

Edmund and Marileva turned to face their immortal enemy. The scene was classic. Yemar in red body gear facing his two most formidable enemies with their weapons drawn. He raised his hands; Edmund and Marileva cocked their weapons.

193:awakening of cipher

"Semme borrow this," G-Pile said as he punched out the person driving a luggage carrier. He scooped down in the seat as he drove while Gortan hopped in one of the baggage compartments, at the end. He sprayed the whole circumference and ducked behind the thick carrier walls for cover.

The impact of automatic fire took the enemies off their feet into the air, crashing down hard on their backs, dead.

"Where we goin'?" Gortan called.

"Go the plane!" G-Pile answered over the loud gunfire.

Dave Harley Drove Pook to the southwest entrance on a motorcycle. Bullets dinged off the pretty chrome finish.

"Fu--!" Dave exclaimed.

Pook wiped sweat from his brow 673:1

as he lassoed a fence post with his Betsy Rope.

"You stupid fu-- you missed!" The disguised terrorist yelled.

The gate helped the speeding motorcycle make a difficult turn. Everybody took cover but a lot got picked off by Dave's free hand with an automatic. He brought the bike to a stop and Pook dropped, rolled, and stopped the advancing enemy with a simple rope and good upper body strength. His non-violent nature was admirable but to be feared.

Pook was so fast that he almost hog tied more people than Dave shot.

"Entrance One secured," Pook radioed into Omicron.

Acro, Acra, and the Angels had no problem taking or retaking the other two entrances.

The plane was the only obstacle, now. Rendezvous was able and apparent.

Yomb dropped through a vat of excretion into the cargo bay of the plane. "This shi-stinks."

"What the fu--?" Clance Weathers said.

Yomb quickly shot the walkie-talkie out of Clance's hands. Clance blasted Yomb's visible fune away. Yomb shot the weapon from Clance's hand but couldn't fire any more after using the last drop of laser fluid. Clance still had his and knew how to use. Yomb didn't care to find out how could his adversary was so he leaped behind some luggage which was promptly perforated.

Yomb hurled a hard light blue suitcase at Clance who promptly dodged but ran into Yomb's second fune fire. That was easy.

Not quite.

Furip Uer appeared from behind some important crates, lasers blazing. Yomb's cover had to be blown. Jordan 675:1

and G-Pile were the hostages  
only hope...

"Let's talk Ebo!" G-Pile called.  
"Let the hostages go, you can't  
escape!"

"Obay." Four slugs rang out  
and some guy fell out of the  
plane dead. "Punch it south!"  
People started panicking and  
jumping out of the emergency  
exits as the plane started  
rolling.

"Oh shi-," Gorton replied, "this shi-'s fallin' apart. Gomb-  
where are you. Catch up to the  
plane."

G-Pile nodded but knew the  
carrier didn't have enough  
juice. Just then, Omicron's  
van rolled by with Acro, Aora,  
Pook and Dave. They picked up  
G-Pile and Gorton and chased  
after the plane.

Gomb jumped into a forward  
roll as Firepaw's weapon cocking  
alerted him. The plane turned 676:1

onto the runway and Gomb lost his balance flipping backwards. Surep charged and tackled him.

"Come on Gomb," Omicron urged.

Gomb powered Surep off of him and fell back accidentally opening the rear loading area. Winds picked up as the plane sped up.

"Where are Surep and Clance with the files?" SARTH asked.

"Take off now," Ebo ordered.

"We don't have enough momentum!" SARTH said.

"Take off!" Ebo ordered.

SARTH shrugged and obeyed. Passengers were sucked out, those not in their seatbelts. Others were petrified in their seats in shock but the little girl was having a ball.

"Nooo!!" Gomb yelled as he got sucked out. He saw the 677:1

smile on Grep Uer's face as Grep offered a hail Hitler sign.

Gomb shot that smile off.

"Fu--," Gomb said to himself.  
"Oh well, I'm free - free fallin'!"

<thump>

The van caught up to Gomb.  
"Oh no," Jordan said, "not Gomb too."

"I've alerted the airport paramedics," Omicron announced.

G-Pile watched the plane escape into the sunset. "Fu--!!!"

"P. J., get to battle stations," Beavy ordered. "New Alliance is on our as-."

Mike and Paula raced in at their superhuman bionic speed and laid Angelica in the captain's chair. She was immobile close to leaving her existence.

"Get Ed in here!" Paula exclaimed.

Ed bumped his head as he came off from underneath a panel in engineering rerouting all expendable power to shields and weapons. The paging startled him 678:1



for the moment.

Ed got into the nearest elevator and rode it all the way up to the cockpit section where he found a beautiful maiden lying, nearly dead in the captain's chair. "What seems to be the problem officer?"

"Get the fu-- over here," Mike ordered, "can you remove this."

Ed, the mechanic, examined the collar. "Looks like a simple, personal D-mixer."

The crew of the S. S. C. was astonished that Ed knew something to support his title of mechanic, for a change that is.

"Yeah I can get this off," Ed announced.

"Just don't cut off her head or something," Paula replied.

Edmund and Marilena looked at each other as Glove, Fineyes, Triggerhappy Cornado, and Pinlock surrounded them.

"That's almost fair Yemar," Edmund called out.

"It's not supposed to be fair," 679:1

Yemar said as he held up Edmund's axe necklace, now bloodied, he lifted from Roy Abern's corpse, "you're supposed to be dead."

Suddenly the whole planet shook an earthquake on a scale never before seen, but only for four mere seconds. It was enough to force everybody from their feet including Yemar.

"What the fu--?" Beavy replied. "Everything alright down there?"

Edmund picked up his gun and pushed himself up and then offered a hand for his wife.

In the confusion, Yemar placed his trophy around his neck. "I really must thank you for getting rid of that fool Abern."

"It wasn't for you," Marileva announced, "believe me."

P.J. swooped down in a fighter, lasers ablazing.

Yemar's cronies scattered but Yemar simply stood his ground.

His red blob absorbed every 680:1

shot.

Edmund charged and tackled Gemar otherwise, with a snap of the New Alliance leader's fingers, P.J. would be turned into nothingness.

"P.J. get out of here!" Marileva ordered. "This is our fight."

Gemar stood and hurled Edmund into Marileva like a tennis ball! The two lovers didn't get back up. They hadn't completely healed from the last pummeling.

Gemar rubbed his chin. "At last - I will finally rid the universe of your pitiful existence."

Edmund and Marileva laid lifeless as Gemar approached. "Oh Marileva, ~~you~~ were expecting, and what's this - you're human! Good old P.J. I suppose. No matter, three for the price of two." Gemar raised his arms to administer the final blow. His minions celebrated a sure bill showing not one bit of remorse. Instant, painful death from the collapse of the 681:1

beast. The agony of the full extent of "Dorian" power was scary.

Suddenly the ground of crystal cracked. Zemar turned to see what it was.

Marileva regained consciousness slowly as if something pulled her back, or someone. She rolled over and nudged her husband in hopes of waking him.

Zemar knelt down to see somebody in the crystal ground punching its way out! One, two, three, four!

The character rose from its apparent imprisonment.

"Belborn from the crystal earth, Vector Obivion will destroy you all," It said in a low, dry, whispery voice.

"Edmund get up," Marileva replied, "we gotta go." She rose her lover to his feet and gathered their furs as they hobbled over to Spacestation Cole, only meters away.

Vector Obivion was a black body garb similar to Zemar's, a helmet covered its head while

a <sup>gor</sup> half cape flew in the wind.

Semar was frankly not impressed, but a green energy burst from Vector Oblivion's gloved hand changed that cockiness all but immediately.

Semar clutched his side as he dropped to one knee. His hand had red blood on it. Semar's <sup>armor</sup> blob did not protect him! The pain overwhelmed him.

Maileva turned to the scene in astonishment about the time Edmund came around. The two supported each other, about to collapse from exhaustion.

"The baby," Edmund said weakly.

Tears filled Maileva's eyes.

Vector Oblivion's luminating green eyes turned away from the agonizing Semar to face the two lovers. By now, the S.S.C. crew was watching the whole entire scene from the surface <sup>perched</sup> in awe.

Vector Oblivion raised his

hand but hesitated to blast. It lowered its hand then raised it again and blasted. Edmund dropped like a brick. Marilva saw a green orb over her abdomen as she felt the uncomfortably warm green energy. Her mouth fell open as she clutched her stomach. The green orb faded away, and Marilva passed out next to Edmund.

"What the fu--?" Beavy said. Glove and the rest of Gemar's minions hauled him away to their transportation, a nice sized spaceship, half the size of the S. S. C. Vector. Oblivion turned to see the fleeing New Alliance members.

Beavy shot Vector Oblivion in the back only to have it absorbed by its <sup>own</sup> green <sup>blob</sup>. "So much for that shi-." He put his weapon down and dove inside the station.

"Take off!" Angelica ordered as Vector Oblivion approached.

Mike and Paula hauled the lifeless bodies of Edmund

and Marileva inside.

P.J. punched it and the space station responded with the rattle of a much smaller fighter. Beavy helped with the horizontal retransformation as it neared the atmosphere.

Jemar quivered as he had been wounded for the first time, and wounded back. He coughed up blood as he barked out orders, "Get me back to Planet Earth now! How is this possible?"

"What's the prognosis Doc?" Eric Jemar asked.

"Oh I'm not Doctor," Angelica answered modestly, "not like your Jerry Jerusalem or Kaupn Jacob that is."

"Want one?" Gant held up an empty beer can.

"No thank you," Angelica denied.

"Good 'cause I probably wouldn't share anyway," Gant said as he and Eric walked

out of the sick bay

"I won't say it," Beavy replied.

"Dash look!"

"What is it Sug Nut?"

"Cipher, he's moving," Dash said.

"It's begun," Sug Nut sighed.

Angelica explained. "Their signs are stable, heart rates lower of course but that's because they're -"

"They're what?" Paula asked.

"Resting," Angelica answered in a surprised tone.

"You mean unconscious," Mike corrected.

"No, I mean a coma,"

Angelica announced, "something is forcing them to rest until they're rejuvenated. It seems Vector Oblivion, made them take a nap."

"What, how, why?" P. J. asked.

"It's like nothing our scientists have ever come across before," Angelica spoke on behalf of her planet's great minds including her



Commander

mother. "The signature of the energy vector Oblivion used still resides within them."

"Like the repair systems of the S.S.C.," Beavy clarified.

"Oh yeah exactly Beavy," Ed said sarcastically, "like you know. You think you know, but you don't. Ingrate." Ed exulted for engineering.

"I'm the moron," Beavy muttered.

"How's the fetus?" Paula inquired.

"Surprisingly, unharmed," Angelica said. "Edmund and Marileva are in perfect shape by your human standards, thanks to Vector Oblivion."

Night had befallen Second Earth once again and America Indica in particular.

Pete Roque cut through a dark and dank alley on the way to his house. He had just stomped out a cigarette when he noticed a sports car speeding out of control in his direction.

Pete grabbed his .44 from one of his double holsters underneath his trenchcoat and rolled out of the way into a puddle in one swift motion. "Yu--"

The car took out a few garbages before it rolled to a stop, head on with a building. The explosion made the outside look like the sun setting. The funnest thing was that nobody even noticed it.

Pete also drew his .38. "Come out Rapster, let's get this shi- over with, right fu-en' now!"

"Not quite."

Pete paused for a moment, he didn't recognize the voice.

"He was about to drive under the influence."

A blood drenched body made its way into the light.

"He wouldn't submit his keys so I decided not to go around him to get them. I went through them!"

Pete was twenty to thirty meters away from the

illumination of the street light, but he could see the fist through the chest of some guy. The fist opened and the keys fell to the street. The body had to be raised a good two to four feet off of the pavement.

The killer's arm was pulled out with astonishing power and ease as the body plopped on the ground.

Pete cautiously approached the body. One look at the eyes of the victim gave Pete to the idea that the body count was about to increase dramatically.

But Pete had to admit that he liked the killer's style but not execution - oh bad pun, Pete thought.

Pete spoke into his walkie, "Uh - Commissioner Gyro, get Triple Action down here, you gotta see this shi-."

Vector Oblivion entered the record 689:1

Earth hospital just like everybody else, but a closed elevator stood in its way.

It raised its fist and pulled back in order to punch open the elevator doors when they suddenly opened and it put its arm down. Vector Oblivion entered the elevator calmly.

Others were equally in a hurry because of patients or loved ones, so they paid the all black clothed with green half cap <sup>figure</sup> no mind! Everybody got out on their respective floors as did Vector Oblivion.

It approached the circular desk in the middle of the floor where Taryn Jacob was working on paperwork. Its luminating green eyes caught her brown eyes.

"Billy and Erica Smith where?"

"1015," Taryn said weakly. She shook her head to snap out of whatever that was to find nobody standing in front of her. She quickly

removed the phone from its cradle and called Range Court, better known as Chipshot, leader of the Enforcers.

Billy put in his lion head earring and necklace while discussing old times with his cousin, Erica when Vector Oblivion entered stage right.

"All must and will fall to Vector Oblivion."

"Fu - - that," Billy said as he lunged out of bed and pulled Erica out of the way as green energy bolts shot over them. Luckily he was dressed. "These men know when to fight - and when to get the fu - - out!" Shuriken slid from his left sleeve as he used his right hand to send them flying in Vector Oblivion's direction. "Get to the roof. I'll meet you there."

Erica nodded as she dematerialized. Billy used a round house kick with one of his feet of fury to take out the window as Vector Oblivion

approached.

"Dump Mr. Smith!" M.C. called on the wing of Enforcer 1 as it hovered.

"With pleasure." Billy flipped out of the window onto the giant warbird as MC laid down cover fire for the ninja.

Chipslet in his jet pack also took a few shots at Vector Oblivion but noticed they weren't going to get through the green blobs.

"I love this!" Recoil said as he and Python scaled the hospital wall.

"Yeah you would Recoil," Python replied.

K.A.G. entered 1015 and completed the crossfire. Cindra Bondy was right beside him and E-Man was on the street in case Vector Oblivion was to escape.

Vector Oblivion circled in the room to find it was surrounded, so it dematerialized into a fine green mist that was 692:1

rather agreeable in the dark  
night as it dissipated.

Everybody knew Vector  
Oblivion was headed for the  
roof so Enforcer 1, piloted by G.A.Y. obliged.  
Cindra and G.A.Y. rendezvoused  
with E-Man on the street  
level.

"He come down yet?" G.A.Y.  
asked.

E-Man shook his head, no.

"What did you guys do?"  
Chipshot asked Billy and  
Erica as they all settled on  
the roof.

Erica shrugged.

"You were born." Vector  
Oblivion appeared.

Chipshot took off for a  
better shot as he dodged  
energy bolts.

Python and Recoil started  
to unload as they reached  
the roof top.

Vector Oblivion turned and  
fired an energy bolt that took  
out a chunk of the roof  
where Python and Recoil were  
located. They naturally fell

fell from the roof.

"Fu--!" Chipshot said as he flew after them and just barely caught them. "Rocketeer, eat your heart out!"

M.C. and Enforcer 1 started to unload on Vector Oblivion who simply stood its ground unfazed. But finally Vector Oblivion had had enough when it sent a massive <sup>energy</sup> bolt straight through Enforcer 1! M.C. leaped and caught the roof as the ship exploded!

"Aah!" M.C. was thrown across the roof like a Barbie doll as Billy had once been not long ago.

"No! K.A.S.!!" K.A.S. fell to his knees in sadness anger and rage.

"What the fu-- is that?" E-Man asked as he shielded his eyes from the massive light.

Sirens now rang out.

The flaming wreckage of 694:1



Enforcer 1 slammed to the ground taking out the not so innocent, noisy bystanders in their forced traffic jam.

Vector Oblivion's piercing green eyes turned to Billy now as energy bolts missed the ninja and made potholes in the roof.

Billy put all he had learned about defense from Acro to excellent use here as he flipped and dodged all sorts of dangerous combinations from Vector Oblivion.

Erica grabbed Billy from behind the door leading to a large winding stairwell from the skyscraper hospital. They both dematerialized as a laser bolt sailed through their gaseous form.

"K.O.S.!" By now, K.O.S. was delirious.

Karyn tried but failed in calming him down.

Then Vector Oblivion exited the hospital with the ease 695:1

on which it entered.

"You pu--y punk motherfu--er!"  
K.A.G. charged.

"K.A.G. No!" E-Man tried to trip his friend up but to no avail as he caught a shoe to the bridge of his nose. Yawning, dazed and disoriented, as well as a stinging sensation kept E-Man down.

"You as-hole, motherfu--er!"

Victor Oblivion clenched its fist and then lapped K.A.G.

Cindra Ronchy closed her eyes as K.A.G.'s head was knocked to the side so hard that his neck snapped! His body collapsed to the ground.

Rayn tended to E-Man as he looked up with nose bleeding heavily. They nor Cindra Ronchy made a move to stop Victor Oblivion. They knew not how. Nobody did.

The police had never seen senseless devastation on a scale like this before. Peter's prediction was correct, the body count had gone up, substantially.

194 Chapter 194

Edmund's and Marileva's eyes opened at exactly the same time. Their eyes contained the green lumination like Vector Oblivion. The lumination soon faded to Edmund's brown eyes and Marileva's lovely gray eyes.

"You okay Edmund?" Marileva asked.

"Yeah, how about you two?" Edmund said as he helped Marileva down from the examination table. "We're back in space."

"How long were we out?" Marileva replied.

"Too long, let's go," Edmund answered.

"Yemai's ship is sending out fighters," P.J. alerted.

"Shi-", Beavy said as he slid over to the battle station.

"My fleet is readying as we speak," Angelica announced.

"You have our full support."

Beavy nodded as he listened 697:1

and figured out the firing controls. The fact was that the Dorans weren't here yet and taking out a fighter was pure suicide.

"Good ol' Jerry. Ed, are you done rerouting the energy?" Beavy asked.

"I was rerouting the energy?" Ed answered. "Oops."

"Fu--," Beavy, Mike, Paula, and Angelica said. They were all sitting duck.

"You all swear too much," P.J. replied.

"Take over up here P.J.," Beavy ordered. The once prior cadet made excellent use of never before seen leadership skills and he intended to give P.J. the same guidance that was once given him by a space ace.

Beavy ran out of the control room on way to engineering as he passed the Sims'.

"No shi-," Mike was horrified as he watched a news 698:1

report from Second Earth.

"Vector Oblivion," Edmund said.

"Edmund, Marileva, you're back," Paula deduced. "Vector Oblivion put you guys out cold."

"What's the situation?" Marileva asked.

"Yemai's got us big time," Angelica answered, "and we have no shields or weapons."

"Sighters are closing in," P.J. replied, "we won't make Bulwark Jonas."

"I know something you don't know!" Gant announced.

"What Gant?" Edmund asked.

"Tell 'em honey," Erin urged.

"Three unidentified fighters off the port bow or some shi-like that," Gant said.

P.J. picked them up on his monitor. "They came into picture as soon as we passed into the Exilis system. They're engaging the enemy!"

"Put it on the big screen," Marileva ordered.

P.J. obliged.

The three ships transformed by having their wings move forward as they sped past the S.S.C. They then began a spinning motion like a drill that wiped out Zemar's entire squad of fighters.

Twisted metal sparked and drifted throughout space into oblivion or the sun, whichever came first. The drill fighters also used all of their lasers in a sort of berserker method that deathly evident and effective.

"They're requesting permission to dock," P.J. replied, "but they're not transmitting the normal S.S.C. code."

"What are they transmitting?" Edmund was curious.

"This is ancient, for the SF Class S.S.C. 1997-1," P.J. said.

"Oh my God," Marilena sighed "the first S.S.C.?"

"Get them land," Paula said.

P.J. nodded and opened the docking bay doors as a yes to the mysterious fighters.

pilots' request.

Y-Pile and Yortan weren't about to let the plane go as shown by their pursuit in undetectable Enforcer fighters. This was big for Yortan, his best friend and Cindra Bondy's lover had fallen to this band of racists and Yomb was in the hospital banged up. He had not heard about Matt and Miria yet.

This was also big for Y-Pile as well due to his strong sense of duty and right and wrong. He flew Brian's fighter into this battle instead of a normal space force fighter as a tribute to a fallen comrade. Y-Pile had a job to do.

The two had time to make up and made good time. The plane was in radar range. Omicron kept them updated from the abandoned underwater base off the coast of California. He and Yortan

trusted General Pile even though he was not an official Enforcer.

The hardman who had been guarding Tombs was given the task of finding the files. He was successful. He returned to the cockpit with a victorious feeling.

"Excellent work," Ebo congratulated as he took the files to the back of the cockpit examining them.

"So where are we headed?"

"No where exactly," Barth said.

The hardman felt cold steel against his head before he lost all feeling. His body stumbled onto the controls activating the fuel dump. It then slid off onto the floor with the deceased pilot, co-pilot, and navigator.

"Oh da-m," Barth said sarcastically, "he dumped all of the fuel."

"Dreadful isn't it?" Ebo



replied equally sarcastic.

"What the fu--?" G-Pile noticed the fuel leaving the plane in a liquid form rather than a gaseous form.

Two parachutes opened to the left of the plane as it began an uneasy descent.

"Oh shi-, they're gonna massacre the hostages!" Zortan announced.

"I'm calling in D. Hood backup to your position," Omicron replied.

"You fu--in' as-holes," G-Pile said as he shot a missile at one of the escaping paratroopers.

"Sarah look out!" Ebo warned but to no avail.

Sarah Romere didn't have a chance. The missile exploded on contact, but Sarah knew what hit him.

"Motherfu--er!! Mother-fu--in' nigger loves," Ebo said as he loaded up his automatic. He knew the

fighters would be impervious, but the plane wasn't. A lot of good people in the A, B, and C seats found that out as well.

Oxygen masks shot down as the cabin depressurized. Panic was great, but the little girl still had a ball. She got to the cockpit and pulled up on one of the yokes. The plane rose!

Ebo saw this and knew that the fighters probably focus a little more attention on him as they did to Sarah. Ebo cut his parachute lines when he deemed he was low enough for a controlled fall, one story.

By now, they were over the dense mountain range of the Rockies. Sheriff Pook, Acro, and Acrafin came from the abandoned San Francisco 49ers stadium, Candlestick Park which was shut down during the Howdan wars. In the ensuing battles, Pook decided to make 704:1

at the base of operations for the D. Doods as well as a home.

"Great," Z-Pile said as he exited from his fighter, "backup."

Yontan followed.

Omicron took over radio control of their fighters.

"Pilot of the airplane, keep steady pressure on the yoke - make sure the nose is up."

"I know," the girl said, "I've seen all of the airplanes."

Omicron wasn't about to talk her down. Instead he waited for the two ninja's to board by way of an open cabin door and steady flying by Sheriff Pook in his three seater power glider.

"Omicron," Aero said, "we don't have enough juice to clear the mountain range."

"Then you'll have to get the passengers off," Pook sighed.

"That won't be hard," Aero said, "half are

dead anyway."

"I'm attempting to have G-Piles and Gorkin's fighters guide the plane down."

"Su - - that Omicron," Acra disagreed, "were just barely above the mountain tops."

Pook had his power glider hook a magnetic line onto the plane to haul it just up as it nearly had its hull ripped apart by the mountain tops. Pook dropped the line and fell back. There was no use in ripping the cable at this juncture.

"What's in these crates anyway?" Acra pulled out her air-chucks and smashed crates open rapidly. She dumped all of the weapons and began putting people in the crates. She opened the doors to the rear loading area bracing herself for the powerful high winds that picked up.

Acra came in with the little girl he used his bungee cord to grab all of

Pook's lines, Acro let himself get sucked out. "What a rush!" He used his bulked martial artist body to pull himself in as the plane lost more and more altitude. Houses were very visible.

Acra went out to grab lines from Gortan's fighter then Acro went out again to grab G-Pile's fighter's lines.

All of the crates were packed with very frightened passengers.

Next Acro ran to the cockpit to guide the plane out of the residential area and more into a mountainous spot. The girl was still with him.

Acra hitched a ride on one of the extra cables from G-Pile's fighter as she would monitor the crates' status all the way to their queuing landing. The fighters and power gliders turned away from the death plane.

Acro could see the

mountains outside the door as he grabbed his grappling hook. "Hop on kid."

Acro leaped from the plane as he spun the grapple around for extra 'umph'. The girl giggled the whole while. The hook caught a hard rock surface as Acro used upper body strength as if he was sitting in a Roman chair to avoid the wing that collided with the mountain a foot below him.

The plane went down into the mountain and exploded violently due to the arms on board.

Acro offered a 'thumbs up' to his girlfriend Acra Sin and good friend Pook. The rest was easy. Acro's black and open headband swayed nobley in the sunset.

Y-Pile and Yortan's task wasn't as easy though. The two had to track a master of all types of situations through a dense

forest area. The explosion from their point of view beat out the Fourth of July.

The two placed their headsets on for position purposes. No use in shooting one's own partner. Night vision were needed because day light was beginning to be scarce. Two Juncs each would be light and sufficient. Omicron would monitor the area from the air and relay info back to the men on the ground.

They all had to be careful though, only four specialists had been confirmed dead. Four more remained plus how many hardmen lurked beside their crooked rule.

But Ebo was too smart for all of them. He had constantly gone over the terrain time and time again in his preparation for this mission. He had people who were trees hiding out waiting for the proper bell. The night was to be his friend, but with all of his

advantages, he dared not underestimate the Enforcers as he had once done with Triple Action.

The Specialists had to get these files to Roy Abern at the rendezvous point to insure their apparent leader the opportunity to hold the space force by the balls. They would in turn inherit the Earth for the pure white supremacist.

Ebo had fantasized about a race war all of his life, and this could be the final step in ensuring victory in an otherwise hopeless cause. But Ebo forced the thought of loss from his mind along with the fact that Roy Abern may not be all that he claimed to be. He also believed he could beat Edmund down without retribution from friends and loved ones who wouldn't stand for his racist bullshi-. So there he was, AWOL, a ruthless murderer using all of his talents for some far fetched dream of all - 710:1



white rule. His brothers and fellow brothers had fallen, he was the last. The President had even called in the U.S. forces to crush any and all racist militants claiming martial law in this massive state of interplanetary war. He thought a civil war was pointless at this time and was frankly tired of seeing the stupid ignorants on Montel preaching their hate. Ebo would make the president eat his words and all other white trash liberals. That gave him strength in the face of great adversity.

But Ebo did not know that Roy Akern had been killed by Edmund and Marileva nor did he know that Roy had Solenoid Gliblaw talking to the smoothest criminal since the beginning of time, Johnny O, about furnishing weapons to go on a crusade against Smith's. Roy felt that no one family should be so powerful like in the Soaps, and 711:1

he had a valid case.

Yes, but Ebo still followed his wet dream blindly like all racists be them black, white, red, yellow, or other. Roy didn't give a da-m about Ebo or the other fools.

"There's a whole flock in there with you," Omicron alerted.

"Can you take 'em out," Horton asked, "we gotta conserve ammo if possible."

"Fight that shi-up like Vietnam," G-Pile ordered.

General Pile referred to the massive fire raids during the Vietnam War in which battle helicopters would just take out whole areas and then move on to the next target. True, it was cold, but it was sweet.

Omicron waited for the red blips, G-Pile and Horton, to clear his sensor screen as his fighter hovered and then just made it self vibrate before devastating the whole

area. The bad men and women for that fact didn't have a chance to scream before they were smoked.

Omicron saved as many trees as possible but he didn't expect a medal for this act.

Z-Pile and Zortan raced through the fires shooting anybody who popped up.

Zortan accidentally stepped on a camouflaged pile of grass. He accidentally shot it too.

They'd seen it all before during the Dora Wars before they made a name for themselves, fighting to survive. That war made desensitized warriors from everyday household jobs, not heroes. Among these people were part of the current crew of the S. S. C.: Mike Speed lost his legs in an Olympic terrorist plot set up by the Dorans. Having them replaced by two bionic ones. Zart was always a little on

the weird side. Jerry Garrison started blooming, finally, in the scientific community but at too high a cost and otherwise was forced in. Beavy Beave was finally making his nick in the world, but would rather it be under more agreeable circumstances. All of the Smiths were trying to get their lives back on track, and it took Marilva a year to change Edmund from the suicidal wreck, loner he once was. War sucked to be frank.

"You motherfu--ers fight dirty but so can I - armed." Ebo activated concealed booby traps far behind his position in G-Pile and Horton's path. But he knew they wouldn't fall for that either and had to put out their eyes and ears.

Ebo hooked up the scrambler to his walkie-talkie. The eyes part was easy. "Rupric and Calvin, I need some support, air support. Keep Alexander at the base."

Omicron picked it up, decoded it and traced it. The S. Doods were immediately to be sent to the location. Ebo made a fatal underestimation, one fatal underestimation like always.

Ebo didn't have time before he would get intercepted at the base and he wanted the enemy to be as disoriented as possible even at his loss, so he used a net jammer supported by satellites in orbit to flood the area with a field that would absorb all communications.

Luckily, Omicron had alerted his men on the ground before all com functions dropped out.

Normal space force fighters swooped out of the dark clouds to meet Omicron's Enforcer fighters. They gave a good chase but he and autopsy had outdone themselves on the power of this fighter version. Omicron had to get out of the field which spread

for a huge radius. There were only two ways to do that, allow the two fighters to risk a possible lock situation or take out the satellite. Omicron had already cost the taxpayers a bit of extra dough, so the last option was out of the picture.

The black fighter dodged missile and automatic gunfire magnificently even though flying was not Omicron's forte.

His sensors alerted him the second he left the jamming field, but he still had a ways to go yet.

Aupric Gar and Calvin Conrad knew they were being led on this chase but there was no other choice. EOs needed buffer time. But their time had run out.

Omicron's fighter came to a complete stop as two radio controlled fighters joined up beside him. He turned around as his fighter hovered masterfully." Some

Specialists."

The two Space Force fighters ran right into missiles and other automatic gunfire. With one phone call to President Smith, the President ordered C. Sellers of Space Station Atlantis to deactivate the satellite.

From there, Omicron took the fighters back in to G-Pile and Portan's position. Their fighters descended vertically enough for the cockpit chairs to lower and retrieve their pilots for no major loss of time.

Elbo stormed into the shack on the nearest outskirts of the forest. It was a beautiful hangout with a lake, old houses and that outdoorsy feeling. It also had a few fighters in the backyard, all containing vertical takeoff capabilities of course.

"Alexander - I got the files! Where's Roy?" Elbo asked.

"Alexander!" Elbo found Alexander 717:1

laying in the fire place with a horrid look on his charred face.

"What the fu--?" Ebo said.

Vector Oblivion's voice spoke out but it did not appear, "you waste your short lives trying to satisfy what you believe to be God's will. Now Alexander Meijer may ask your God first hand."

"Who are you!?" Ebo shot in all directions.

"Your conscience perhaps Ebo stretch. You humans are all so frail as was proven when I stepped on Alexander's cracked heel and then broke his back."

"Nooo!" Ebo was craped as he saw the massive figure step from the darkness of the shadows in a cabin lit only by a fire fueled by a desecrated body.

"Give me the files." Vector Oblivion's eyes were bright as day though, and the green eyes were ever so piercing.

Ebo handed the files away 718:1



and then shook off the influence. Vector Oblivion had vanished, files and all!

"Is this some sort of nigger-trick?" Ebo asked wilyly.

"You could call it that if you will but you are once again wasting your cad existence on such a meaningless plight."

The three fighters landed as well as Sheriff Pook, Acro, and Acrafin in the power gliders.

"No no, fu-- no!" Ebo said as he ran out of the front door to see the ones he hated approach armed and more than ready. He was the only person to hear Vector Oblivion's sinister laughing. It was driving him crazy then it just stopped as he fell to his knees, a beaten man. "I'm not afraid of you fu--in' job stealin' chinks! This my as-mother-fu--ers!"

Sheriff Pook and his two deputies laughed at a man

who was nothing without  
ganging up on another.

Omicron approached. "What,  
you probably have something  
against Geeks to."

"That was nice work  
Omicron," Pooh complimented.

"How could you turn on  
you own race? You piece of  
white fu--in' trash."

"Shut ~~your~~ your mother-  
fu--in' mouth!" H-Pelo smacked  
Ebo with his tunc for all  
the people on that plane.  
None of the D. Doods or Enforcers  
cared for the file.

"Allow me," Norton said as he  
cocked his tunc and put it to  
Ebo Octenche's head.

"You won't pull the trigger,"  
Ebo howled with a large smile,  
"you nigger-lovers are weak  
you're soft!"

Sunshot.

"Not all of us," Norton said.

"You see anything darling?" Acra  
asked Acro.

"No," Acro answered.

"Ninja honor?" Acra replied.

"Most have none," Acro smiled. 720:1

## 195: Reunions

Beavy and Ed remained in engineering rerouting power to defensive and offensive places like shields and weapons. P.J. piloted the S.S.C. through the Exilis system gaining valuable experience. Angelica rested.

Things were quiet now as Yemar's ship had broken away from the little altercation. They were highly outgunned now, but were unaware of the S.S.C.'s powerlessness.

"How is this possible?"

Yemar started to go into the shock. "It can't end this way!"

"Sure, you must rest," Pinlock suggested.

"I say we get revenge," Cornado held up his laser rifle, "right fu--in' now!"

Yemar mustered enough strength to speak some final words before he passed out, "There will be no war today unless they provoke it."

"Which reminds me," Glove said, "how well we cross Bulwark 721:1

Jonas without them deeming it an act of war? Yernar's powerless."

"Who gives a fu...?" Cornado answered. "Let's just kamikaze into that satellite now!"

"This Vector Oblivion is most formidable to say the least," Fineyes replied. He crossed his arms and leaned against the wall. "If Arbie and Cebe cannot fix him, this Vector Oblivion may have killed our leader with one flick of its wrist."

"What about those new fighters?" Pinlock asked. "If the Space Force replicates those and adds the mighty Dorodan fleet, we may have slight problems."

Everybody nodded. Morale among the New Alliance was confused and low.

Just the opposite characterized the crew of the S.I.C. Optimism was high.

Mike, Paula, Jax, Erin, Edmund and Mareeva awaited the opening of the canopies of the 7001

new fangled fighters.

"Hello all!" the Briton, Sylvia Tenor called out as she descended her fighter.

"Sylvia!"

Two old men exited the two other fighters.

"Edmund, Marileva," Sylvia was ecstatic, "you won't believe who rescued me (p. 597:1)!" She hugged her friends who were in shock. "How are you two making it? You must be devastated."

"Wait," Edmund said, "slow down. Your house went up like..."

"Dat Potca and Cas Trinity pulled me out before the explosion. The bomb had some sort of D-mutter or something that drained my powers."

"That's what I felt," Marileva reminisced, "but what're you doing in the Exilis system?"

"Maybe I can answer that," a man said as he descended Sylvia's fighter. "You've met Dash - and Lugnut already. My name is Sebastian Cipher. You may 7d3:1

call me Cipher. They used to call me Leader 1."

"Leader 1!"

"The Leader 1 who - "Mike was speechless.

Cipher nodded. "I see your fathers spawned powerful offspring that inherited an exceptional taste in women."

"Ooh a gentleman," Paula acknowledged.

Cipher had the head of an old man with white hair and wrinkles but the body of a bodybuilder.

"Prove yourself, shi-", "Gart ordered, "you were s'posed to've died of a rare disease."

"Yeah right, "Dat "Dash" Protca disagreed, "they only injected him with it."

As "Jugnut" Trinity continued, "His body died slowly but surely but his mind and soul remained very much intact and functional. As you can see, we made it our life's work to regenerate his body so Cipher may once again return into the ranks of the Space Force from which he was

robbed."

Dash handed Mike a disk. "This has very detailed information on the entire procedure. Make sure your friend, Gerry Garrison, receives this. Our task is done and our time is nearing the end of our existences."

"Who are you guys?" Paula asked.

"Part of a dying off sect, we're the last actually, a sect who believes utter chaos is near for the space force. You've already seen how the war shifts in the New Alliance's direction," Fugnut explained.

"You're prophets," Edmund said.

"Of a sense," Dash agreed.

"And now the sides are pretty much even," Fugnut replied. "There is one completely evil Super Dorodan, Sylvia, the good Super Dorodan, and Vector Oblivion, somewhere inbetween."

"You said they only injected you," Marilwa needed clarification.

"The assassination was big time 725:1

Mrs. Lewis, going all the way up to your grandfather Sylvia, Colt Fenwick, John Smith, Claw, Commander and Raven, at the time, and a whole lot of other influential factions. Now I fear the race war on Earth was used as a front by Roy Abern to - "

Angelica entered the docking bay. "I know exactly what was in the file. Technological data on Vector Oblivion all the way to documents clearing the names of all the S.S.C. Ops."

"Who told you this?" Edmund asked.

"My father - he's a villain, they always derouge there plans right before they attempt to kill you," Angelica said.

"You mean it has info on how to stop Vector Oblivion?" Marileva asked.

"Perhaps." Angelica nodded. "All I know for sure is that my father at an awful, bitter grudge against all Smith's, past present and future. Apher's



correct, this is huge."

"Abern probably had his people set up a way to steal the files in order to not arouse any immediate suspicion towards the passing of top secret Shi-, "Mike deduced.

"The corruption didn't stop with Jerry Snyvescent," Manilva announced.

Cipher had once pardoned the S.S.C. Vets for their prior crashing of the S.S.C. into the ocean in order to save the Earth from maniacal rule. A similar incident occurred, but Cipher was dead and the Vets were sent to the Chicago Correctional Facility, for no less than nine years before parole. Claw had even made a crucial error in that he billed the Vets' wives after Edmund, Mike, Jerry, Acro and Galt Junior were born. The S.S.C. legacy lived on and added a whole entire host of others namely the Vigil Force(s). Their young generation was

promising, promising to uncover the corruption in this massive establishment.

Commissioner Gypo and Sec waited in Yorie's cab inconspicuously as Mexico Piquen and Christen Curch followed a long walkway to the front door of Judge Newton Chassis' large house.

"I still say we should handle this my way," Mexico said.

"Get it through your head that we can't -" Christen stopped speaking to see a lovely older woman in a robe and night gown answer the front door with two five-year old twins hanging on her legs.

"It's for you Newton," she called.

Mexico sprayed some Pinaca Blast in his mouth as he winked at the woman as she turned around and left the picture.

"Cut that out," Christen said, 728:1

"we're on business."

"Yes - it's late Mr. Curch-  
uh Mexico, what are you  
doing here?"

"You set my as - up  
motherfu--er!" Mexico exclaimed.

"Shh," Christen urged as he  
saw Mrs. Chatsis' head sway  
in their direction.

"It's alright honey," Judge  
Chatsis reassured, "Mr. Riquen  
lost a tough case today. He's  
just a little agitated.  
Honestly, I haven't the  
foggiest notion of what  
you're insinuating."

"Foggy this," Christen held  
up the disk.

Chatsis' eyes opened widely.  
"You as - ! You're goin' down  
if I go down."

"Not exactly Chatsis,"  
Commissioner Bisco replied as  
he stepped from the cab, "he's  
on the winning team now, Mr. Budget."

Chatsis stepped completely  
out of his house and shut  
the door to prevent Mrs. Chatsis  
from hearing any further. "Now  
you know I'll get off without a 729!"

butch while your demoted as-  
beg the department not to  
fire you for being sued into  
nothingness."

"How could you do the law  
like this - you, you, slut," Sec  
replied. He received yet another  
chorus of frowns.

"That's all fine and good and  
true Chatsis but also the  
reason why you can't be  
allowed to live - get down!"  
Mexico tackled Gyro and  
Christer.

Sec dove into the freshly  
treated grass. "Parent's won't  
ever get this smell out of my  
clothes." The acme plagued teen  
said.

An unmarked car screeched  
around the corner and hooded  
men hanging out its windows  
put a package of bullets  
into the judge's chest. The  
misses penetrated the walls  
just barely missing the  
widow and her two fatherless  
children.

"What the fu - - man?"  
Christer asked in a massive

state of astonishment.

Commissioner Byro pushed his large, manly body off of the ground and drew his 9mm in one swift motion. Busting off shots against the car that was speeding away would be futile and dangerous seeing as though this was a residential area.

The kids were crying profusely at the sight of their corrupt, yet lifeless father laying in a pool of his blood.

"Sec get the kids!" Christen ordered.

"Roger," Sec hurried the children into the house as the screaming widow knelt beside her fallen lover.

Byro put his weapon away and looked up into the night sky, then down at the murderess, almost feeling remorse, almost.

"He was much too powerful," Merice stated, "it's a small price to pay." He nodded a agreement to his own 731:1

statement, "a small price to pay," he repeated.

More sirens filled the tense night air. Gyro took the window away from the depressing scene allowing Christen to perform his crowner's task as he had done all so much in his short time on the force.

Gyro, of Russian descent, exited the cab to have words with <sup>the</sup> Commissioner. He slicked his hair back five, six, seven times. "The meter's still running."

"The Vex fighter's just like the regular ones with a few modifications but you'll figure it out," Sylvia explained.

Edmund boarded first followed by Manilera who would sit on his lap. The two had to disembark from this journey for they had to lay their children to rest the following second Earth day.

Apher watched the fighter depart from the hanger and speed past the space station. 732:1

"They show much promise, young and ambitious with class and style and the mentality to get the job done. God speed my friends."

"They are so lucky to have each other," Angelica complimented. "I envy Marileva, Cipher. How'd she get a 'good' man?"

"The same could be said about Edmund," Cipher answered. "True love is truly equegious."

"Se-- Edmund," Fant said. "I'm the real whopper, right Erin?"

"Sure are." Erin threw arms around her boyfriend with all smiles.

"How cras," Sylvia replied.

Spacestation Colt ventured onward to Bulwark Jonas for a most promising showdown with the New Alliance.

almost wasn't good enough. They didn't die as well. Oh but that fact hurt, and it hurt substantially. Why couldn't they all be a family in the afterlife. But no, Ahern miscalculated Marileva's Doran to human percentage. Mr. Miser miscalculated rebel Evan's charisma 733:1

in saving his father's life at the expense of his own. The images replayed over and over again in Edmund's and Marileva's minds.

So there lay the four children. Their first child, E.J. was to be buried as was, the child who could carry on a rather mind stimulating conversation with intelligent grown-ups together with the sister he had so often fought to protect, M.J. She too was to be buried as was. The girl was so shy but when she spoke, she really had something to say.

Next to them were the sealed remains of Vanessa and Evan. Now Vanessa loved her mother due to their natural attachment. Of course she loved her father equally as much, but it was and would always be - a girl thing. Evan was by far Marileva's hardest delivery. Monitors actually indicated that the second twin was holding on inside his mother's womb! True, the kid who called himself Derek did a couple of things mischievously here and there and everywhere, but Edmund and Marileva knew he



would turn out right. Evan didn't disappoint his parents although they wished he had.

"Oh God!" Marileva snapped as she and her husband embraced. "Oh my God!" she started screaming.

Edmund was frozen in disbelief. He too, teared openly as an anxiety attack began. He gasped for breath as he whimpered.

The two tried to relax but that just wasn't happening. They had done all any parent could, but it all seemed hollow.

Cestron was off in the distance pounding on the thick metal fence pole until his knuckles bled and even then, he didn't stop. Hours past and he laid up against the bloody pole deeply exhausted. "I should have been there. I should have fu--in' been there. I should've, have been th--there..."

Edmund and Marileva could no longer bare the sight of the grave. The two met up with Cestron and started that long walk across the graveyard greens when they took one final look back at the grave sight...

There, Vector Oblivion stood over the grave as passive as it ever would be.

Cestron pushed his body up along the slippery pole and then looked up to see Vector Oblivion. He blamed it as well, so Cestron made his move, stealthily.

Edmund and Marileva cocked their guns (yes, it had gotten to that point) and approached quietly.

Suddenly, the lovers' eyes luminated the green color as they stopped in their tracks just before Vector Oblivion.

"You cannot attack me no more I hand can bill you," Vector Oblivion spoke as it turned to face its ambushers.

Edmund and Marileva blinked their eyes back to normal as they hauled their aggression. They each lowered their weapons to regain full orientation.

"Why Vector Oblivion?" Marileva referred to the saving of the fetus. She and Edmund were grateful yet still curious.

"I cannot answer that," It said.

"You could have billed us easily," Marileva said, "as your

creator had hoped."

"I need you both," Vector Oblivion said.

"Oh no," Edmund disagreed, "it's something else - something gone wrong. Why are you here, who are you?"

Just then Cestron with bloody hands and all hopped onto Vector Oblivion piggy-back style and grabbed hold of the black mask. Edmund and Marilewa may have been powerless to agree but Cestron was never struck by the green energy, and frankly he didn't care anymore as his body swung back and forth like a rider on a bronco.

"Dad!" Edmund screamed

"Cestron!" Marilewa screamed.

Vector Oblivion threw Cestron down hard but Cestron still held the mask regardless of the pain in his hands.

Vector Oblivion raised a clenched fist to finish Cestron.

"Mother no!" Marileva screamed.

"Ms. Dike?" Edmund said.

Edmund and Marileva felt as if a surge of energy left their bodies as Vector Oblivion's anti-aggression spell was broken.

Cestron rubbed his aching neck. "Awe shi-!"

"You couldn't stay away from your grandchildren," Marileva said.

"Or the daughter you disowned out of hate for me," Edmund replied.

Marileva held Edmund back. "Even in death."

Cestron rolled out of Ms. Dike's punching range and stood with Edmund and Marileva.

"That's where the experiment went wrong," Edmund said.

Ms. Dike in the Vector Oblivion suit seemed alienated from her family, brainwashed even though she was surrounded by much love. She shook her head and held up the file. "I must carry out my orders."

"Mother, please, give us that," Marileva pleaded.

"It is not your time." The document set afire in Ms. Dibe's gloved hand.

"No," Edmund said to himself.

Cestron sighed as he saw the truth being destroyed. Ms. Dibe tossed the ash in the six foot hole.

The mask reappeared on her lovely head. <sup>Edmund</sup> Edmund could see where Marileva got her beauty. Cestron, Edmund and Marileva knew that Ms. Dibe was powerless to obey and that hurt more than anything to see her struggling spirit wise to resist. But right now, Ms. Dibe was more Vector Oblivion than anything else. She dissipated from the fine green mist into nothingness although the voice of Vector Oblivion was ever so clear, "I-love-you-all. For-give-me-Marileva."

"Mother." Marileva reached out but to no avail.

Edmund kissed her gently and promised, "We'll get her back."

Cestron, Edmund and Marileva left the cemetery knowing the meaning of: You cannot attack me no more than I can kill you.

Think about it.

Spacestation Colt #3: Vector Oblivion  
During Twin Paradox coming  
sooner or later.