

# Survivors United

*Written by Jase Robinson*

*In the outer reaches of space...  
The darkest realms of the universe...  
Where creatures hunt for lonely souls...  
Stealing them from the unwary...  
There's a squad of elite soldiers...  
The best of best, but sometimes unduly...  
Yet they don't exist in society...  
But they fight together United...  
And they call themselves the Survivors...*

*In the outer reaches of space...  
The darkest realms of the universe...  
Where soldiers fight for their society...  
Destroying our life unwittingly...  
There's a race of deadly Sentients...  
They don't look great, sometimes ugly...  
But they fight for a cause, a struggle...  
There are fights they win Unaided...  
As they call above, upon the stars...*

## ***Introduction***

*As I sat at my desk, I wondered how to start writing the story of my life.*

*All of a sudden it came to me, it was perfect.*

*I am Scribe.*

## Chapter One: Greetings

*In the outer reaches of space, in the darkest realms of the Universe, Outpost 652, known to the Marines as Niveus, an unknown life form has been detected, and the onboard computer has compiled its report.*

```
<MESSAGE RECIEVED>
<TITLE: WITHHELD>
<MESSAGE START>
↵
REPORT AJF-04242117-1330
OUTPOST 652 SPECIFICS
STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY: BREACHED
OXYGEN LEVELS: NOMINAL
POWER DISTRIBUTION: COMPLETE
THREAT LEVEL: MINIMAL
↵
END COMMENTS:
ENGINEERS REQUIRED
EVACUATE A.S.A.P. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
CODE BLUE EMERGENCY
↵
<END MESSAGE>
```

“Hey Sarge, who’s the rookie?” Phoenix sat on his bunk, injecting the mixture of gasoline, oil and nitro-glycerine into his NG-256 Flamethrower’s fuel tank.

“Great...” muttered Flux, “Another one.”

Sarge stared at Phoenix, “This is Scribe, or Corporal Taverson. He’s our personal journalist, boys. He’s going to record *everything*, that happens on missions, Phoenix. Everything.”

So that was how I was introduced to the squad. I had worked with a team before, but that was a recon mission onboard the abandoned Space-vessel the Tremor. We went in, cut the power, gathered the remaining supplies and left it to drift. Boor-riing. Another day’s work, another day wasted.

The Sleeping quarters had the typical wooden bunk-beds of the Marine Corps, but the lower sections were flipped over to act as a desk. Belongings could be stored in the chests at the end of the beds.

“Oh-kay Ladies, up and at em!” Sarge slapped me on the back as he left the Sleeping-quarters, leaving me standing there.

“We’ve got a plane to catch.”

“So Scribe, what do *you* do when your squad is under fire?” Flux got to know me as we left for the Shuttle Bay.

“Well, I sorta just get away from the action, ‘cos I gotta keep a record of all the events that occur during the mission,” I answered truthfully.

Flux didn’t seem too impressed.

“So basically you haul ass to someplace you can’t get KIA? That’s the most selfish thing I’ve ever heard,” he replied.

“But don’t you do the same thing?” I asked.

“Well, not exactly.”

I didn’t see how we were different.

“I’m the sniper, aren’t I?” he continued, as we came to the Shuttle bay. The double doors slid open with an almost silent *whoosh*, presenting the bay for us to see.

“Ladies first,” Sarge gestured for us to enter.

The hanger was huge! The ship we were heading towards was a bus long, and if three people stood on each others’ shoulders they would be just as high. The bay had spaces for twenty of these ships, what it was called I was about to find out.

“It’s not *that* big, Scribe!” Exclaimed Phoenix “Don’t look so dazed!”

“I’m just... trying to get it all in. It’s big!” I said.

“I’ve seen bigger than a TC-09.” Boasted Sparky.

“Yeah, right. You probably built it, right Sparky?” Phoenix played along.

“Sure did. Called it the Troop Carrier Mark 10.”

“Shut it you two,” Flux pointed at Sarge.

We walked up to the TC-09. Sarge typed in a code on a keypad and the hatch folded down.

“Greetings, Sergeant. Welcome Marines,” a mechanical voice introduced itself.

“I am ARIN, Airborne Reconnaissance Intelligence Network. I will your captain for today. Please take your seats,” ARIN instructed.

We boarded and the hatch closed. I sat down in my seat. A slight whine started as the engines turned on.

“This flight will take an estimated 28 minutes. Estimated time of arrival: Zero-five forty-eight. Outpost 652, also known as Niveus. At 13.30 yesterday, we received a generated report from the onboard computer requesting engineers to repair a breach in the external walls. Engineers were sent out at 16.02 yesterday. They were due back between 19.00 and 23.00 yesterday,” Flux looked across to me.

“Typical.” He said.

“We allowed 4 hours for possible problematic situations. There has been no response from Outpost 652, so we are sending you to determine the current situation.”

“Typical Search and Rescue, eh?” said Sparky, “Then why am I here?”

ARIN continued; “Primary objectives: Find any survivors. Protect and escort Survivors to a secure location. Secondary objectives: Repair structural damage.”

“Oh,” said Sparky, “That’s why.”

“Thank you for your input, Private. Briefing complete. Estimated time of arrival: 30 seconds.”

“Gear up, squad. We’re moving out.” said Sarge.

As the ship slowed and started lowering itself to the ground, the hatch opened and we got a look at the view. We were down in a shallow crater about a kilometre wide. There was no life anywhere. There was snow lying on the dark earth, but it wasn’t cold at all, and you could see large patches of dirt through the snow. Outpost 652 was the only interesting thing on this barren field, and even it looked dull.

“Been here, done that. Nothing in there but the wind”.

Phoenix said, looking around trying to find something interesting.

“Well let’s have a look then, shall we?” Sarge went to step out of the ship.

ARIN stopped him; “Before you leave Sergeant, I should let you know that during the mission I will be known as Echo Sierra Two, and you will be known-“

“-as Echo Sierra Seven. I know, thank you ARIN,” said Sarge.

“Most welcome. Good luck Marines,” We walked down the ramp and the hatch closed behind us. “I got a bad feeling about this,” complained Sparky.

### *Chapter Two: A bump in the night*

Sarge led the way, through the straggly snow up to what I presumed was the front door; it wasn't light enough to see yet. He pressed around, trying to find a control panel, and then hit something. The door greeted us with a deafening screech of metal on metal, and finished the ordeal with a clunk that could have punched a hole in a brick wall.

“It's pretty quiet this morning, eh?” joked Sarge.

Either no-one heard him, or no-one was in the mood.

After the ringing in our ears died down and we could hear ourselves think again, we headed inside. The door closed, surprisingly without a sound.

We were in a small hanger-like room with a window showing outside. Along the walls were short sections of skirting that clung all the way up to the ceiling. There was a stack of barrels on a pallet on this side, two pallets on the other side. A wide passage led down this way and turned left, the other side had a small hall that connected through a T-junction to the large one.

“Echo Sierra Seven, Echo Sierra Two. Over,” Sarge's radio crackled.

“Hold up squad. Echo Sierra Two, this is Echo Sierra Seven. Go ahead,” Sarge replied.

“Long-range sensors have detected multiple life-forms moving towards this location. Automated Defences have been enabled,” ARIN reported.

“Oh-kay ARIN. Let me know if-“

“Visual Sensors disabled! Electrical overload! Bio-Scanner inoperative! Major mal- “Then there was only static.

“ARIN? ARIN! Come in, damn it!” Sarge spun around and pressed wildly at the keypad for the door we had just come through. The keypad beeped, but the door wouldn't open.

Sarge banged his fist against the door, and it resounded with a clang. He turned around again and started pacing. We just watched and waited.

“What do we do, Sarge?” inquired Flux, after a moment.

Sarge stopped pacing, frozen in mid-stride. He raised his hand up and flicked it down, pointing to the other side of the room.

“We do what we’re told. Sparky, set up a fall-back point there.”

“Yes sir.”

“Flux, cover Sparky. Phoenix and Scribe, you’re with me.”

“Yes sir.”

“Let’s go.”

We left Sparky and Flux to their work and headed down the large hall. There was wire fencing on the ceiling, through which there were cables and piping. Pipes also ran down the middle of the floor.

We turned the corner and the hall ended, the walls getting taller to create a second storey. There was also a door on the right side, and the floor above was completely open. We headed through the door, which opened at our arrival. Two large pipes ran under the flooring wire mesh to the right, one green and one grey, then turning left around the corner.

Sarge poked his head around this corner then stepped around. Phoenix and I followed. There was a door on our right and the hall continued in a U-Shape. Sarge moved to the door, AMX-00 Chaingun at the ready. The door slid open, showing us the room beyond.

There was a large cargo hatch in the centre, slightly open so that someone could squeeze through into the area underneath, which was shrouded in darkness. Three crates were stacked two-and-one on one side of the gap.

Sarge silently stepped around the left side of the crates and Phoenix against the right wall, so I went straight down the middle and over the gap.

As I stepped over I peeked into the depths, but I couldn’t see the floor. Something grabbed my ankle.

I yelled and pulled away, but a grunt of pain stopped me running. Someone was down there. I stared at where the hand had been.

“Scribe, what’s up?” Phoenix came running.

“I felt... something grab my foot. I think there’s somebody down there,” I replied.

“Damn well there is! I’ve only bin waitin’ f’rever!”

A dirty face appeared from out of the darkness.

“Need a hand there, son?” Sarge reached out to help him up. He accepted the help and Phoenix came over as well. The name on his jacket was too dirty to read and he didn’t introduce himself.

We started off again, exploring.

“So how come you’re down here?” I asked nervously.

He looked at me, grim-faced, “You can call me Scout. I came with the Engie’s, Delta Sierra Four. I got sep’rated when they went off fo’ the repairs,” he shook his head sadly.

“I found ‘em again after that. Followed the blood stains. They’s were mauled, I tell ya’. Somthin’ not human. So I took off, and some spidey-thing chased me. Blew it t’ bits.” He stroked the MX-001 Shotgun in his hands, “Trusty ol’ thing hasn’t failed me yet,” he said.

I heard a noise, like a sharp tapping and some squeaks. “Uh, guys? I hear something.” I said.

“What is it? Clicks ‘n squeaks?” asked Scout.

“Yeah...”

“Oh, crud,” he turned to Sarge, “It’s them.”

“Get ready men,” Sarge said.

Sarge checked his Chaingun and starting spinning it up, standing in the middle. Phoenix ignited the pilot light on his Flamethrower and moved up to the left wall. Scout slid another shell into his Shotgun, loaded it and headed to the right wall. I, well, stood behind them in the corner with my MX-000 Rifle, cowering in fear.

We heard them, then we saw them... scratching the metal in the hallway we had came from. The first spider-like alien flew around the corner its two buddies in tow. It headed straight for Phoenix, unknowingly about to

be fried to a crisp. Scout followed the first down his sights then switched to the second climbing along the wall. He shot it down with two shells.

Sarge didn't see the third one flying along the roof until it was in his face. The Chaingun clanked to the floor. Even though Sarge didn't know what hit him, it still stood no chance against him. He threw it to the floor and Scout put a shell in it.

"This is crazy," announced Phoenix.

"We gotta go, *right now*," said Sarge, "Sparky's gonna be in a heap o' trouble when we get back."

### **Chapter Three: Alien Nation**

**Note to reader: the following is the recollection of two individuals known as Sparky and Flux. Some scenes may be incorrectly explained.**

Sparky stood up from the Medical Station with greasy fingers and a dirty face, "There, all done," he said. Flux was tuning his MD400-RK Mass Driver at the Armoury.

They heard a distant metallic hum that got higher in pitch, then short, sharp blips that sounded like distorted Morse code. Sarge was firing his Chaingun, which he never did without a very good reason. That was bad.

"Flux, set up covering fire. We've got company," Sparky said. Flux nodded in response.

Sarge and the guys came racing around the corner from where they'd gone less than thirty minutes ago. They'd also picked up a stranger: Phoenix had him over his shoulder, blood pooling at his feet as he ran. Scribe was trailing the group.

**Note to reader: end of recollection.**

"Scribe, get up here! You're gonna be lunch! Sparky, fix this guy up!" Sarge ordered.

We acted just in time. Scout slumped over the Medistation, Sparky mopping up the blood with a rag. The rest of us were holding off an onslaught. Big ones, little ones, they were pouring out from the hallway we were just in. They were simple to kill; it's just that there were lots of them. I was glad when they stopped and headed back. Phoenix ran forward after them, Sarge following, "Sparky, we're outta here," he said.

Sparky picked up Scout and lugged him to where we were.

"He doesn't have much on him, who is he?" Sparky inquired.

Scout inhaled painfully. Sounding like Darth Vader, he managed to say: "uhhhh... the shotgun...."

"That's Scout," I said, handing the Shotgun to Sparky, which clipped onto his belt next to his MI180 Blaster

We headed off through the halls again after the aliens. The rooms are all a blur to me now, but I do remember seeing some plants fed by the piping in the walls and floor.

After a short while, we came to a stairwell. I looked over the railing and almost tumbled over from what I saw:

Aliens were crawling all over the stairs below, crowding this massive six-legged monster that looked like a mutated Centaur. It roared when it saw me staring at it and charged up the stairs, four storeys below us. The little ones got in its way and slowed them all down. We took the incentive and pelted up the stairs, taking them two at a time.

At the top we realised we were in a giant, circular ventilation shaft. There was a fan behind us; a speck of white that was the outside at the end of the tunnel. A large alien had its back to us, but heard us when Phoenix swore.

Backing up, Sarge started spinning his Chaingun and Phoenix blew a string of fire in the alien's face. The alien was un-fazed and pounced on us.

Phoenix dropped on his back, the thing sailing over him with a seared belly. Sarge tried to get out of the way but was collected as it flew into the fan. Blood sprayed all over the walls, but Sarge didn't get a scratch.

The alien's body had wedged between a support post and the fan blade. Sarge scabbled away from the body, dragging his Chaingun and heading outside, a frantic look on his face.

It roared again. The monstrosity came charging out of the stairwell. Again, we took off, with it right behind us. Just as Phoenix got past the fan, the Tyrant sent me sprawling into him, with a huge gash down my back, but it couldn't get to us. Knocking me forward had dislodged the body and the fan was spinning again, slicing the air in front of its gaping maw. It roared again.

"That's the closest I ever want to get to one of those things," I whispered, just before I blacked out. The others carried me outside and we were safe - for now.

### *Conclusion*

Thank you readers for taking the time to indulge in my story. This short novel was written for a Short Story assignment for Mr Stephen Watts, although it didn't turn out to be that short. This story will be turned into a video for a movie competition.

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