



ARCHIVE

THE WARHOOD ODYSSEY

1





ARCHIVE

— THE WARHOOD ODYSSEY



www.batlanticstudios.com • All contents copyright © 2016 Dylan Andrews

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

New Selenia Prologue

The earth was plunged into darkness.
Filled with smoke and ash and death.
There were no stars. The dark sky was a constant reminder that there would never be a sunrise.
The burned out smoking shells of buildings smelled of the dead and dying, disease and pestilence.
The corporations that purchased and sold planet earth had little regard for the wellbeing of the populace.
That is, until he arrived, a powerful beacon of light, to lead the world into a new dawn.
Selenic had come to help and protect and lead.
The remaining humans that were abused, neglected and killed by the powerful companies that controlled the earth wanted to be saved.
Selenic gave them what they wanted.
Humans were weak, soft, fragile creatures. Selenic needed them to be more than this...
So they could be more than victims.

The Lock Gang

Lock lifts his face out of the snow. The cold has cut through his leather trench coat, and his fingerless leather gloves are soaking wet. He pulls the scarf from his face and turns to the figure lying next to him partially covered by fresh snow except for her long black hair, delicate features and penetrating eyes.

"Hey, Tachi... remember that time we got pinned down by H.A.R.M.S., in sector 3, I thought that was gonna be our last mission." Lock whispers as he slowly pulls the knife from his boot sheath. "That snow was twice as thick as this." He mumbles.

Tachi says nothing as she slides her hand toward the handle of her katana, it's blade reflecting the pale gray snow that has started to envelope all around them. Lock raises his hand, a silent language that they have formed over years of being on missions. Lock leans his head over the crest of the snow bank that they are hiding behind. The dark gray waste of nothing spreads out in front of them. Smoke and burning husks of buildings line the horizon. Lock scans the white nothing, looking for a sign that they avoided detection. The H.A.R.M. squad might have turned back, but probably not.

Tachi smells the air, and glances to her brother, Yari, who has buried himself even deeper in the cold gray snow. His dark eyes glare under the long black hair covering his face. Yari points to Tachi's sword, she nods and slowly starts to grasp the handle of her katana again.

"Yari," Lock whispers. Just barely loud enough to be heard over the blowing wind and falling snow.
"Easy now."

In the distance, barely visible in the low light, is a glimmer, a metallic glint. It could be snow, or debris, or fallout. No, Lock realizes it's moving, slowly toward them. It's about five hundred yards out.

"Shit, well, looks like they found us." Says Lock. He pulls the collar of his black leather trench coat up around his neck. He exhales through the scarf over his mouth. "Guess we do this the hard way." Lock whispers.

ARCHIVE The WarHood Odyssey: The Era Chronicle

Era wakes with his face covered and his vision blurred. He knows that someone is speaking to him, but no one is there. He spins wildly trying to find his balance, the humming in his brain at first like the dull buzz of a mosquito was now becoming clearer.

"You are a vessel, you don't have any control over this situation. Stop fighting and give up." Says the voice in his mind.

"Shut up!" Era yells at no one.

His vision clears as he feels himself stop spinning, he raises his head and tries to figure out where he is. He reaches to his face, his hand is covered with a hard plastic glove, his fingers don't feel familiar, his hand looks like some sort of misshapen claw. He runs the knife fingers of his right hand over his face, which is covered by what appears to be a plastic mask, no not plastic, hardened cartilage.

"This process will be easier for you if you stop trying to resist, close your eyes and I'll continue with the task. You're only going to get us killed." Says the buzzing voice in his mind.

"What the hell is going on, where are you! Show yourself!" Era yells from behind the mask.

The pounding headache is like a drill being shoved into his eyes, his vision is red. No, his vision isn't red, Era realizes he is looking through red tinted lenses, the mask on his face must cover his eyes with a transparent film.

"Where the hell am I, what's that terrible smell. I've gotta get out of here." Era says.

Era turn and looks at his hardened claw hands. There's a sticky liquid dripping from the fingers, it appears to be a dark molasses. He smells copper and realizes he's covered in blood.

"Oh god, I must be hurt. Where's all this blood coming from? I don't feel any pain, this must be a dream." Era checks his body as best he can with his hardened cartilage claw hands.

"If you insist on being involved. You should probably start moving toward that light in the distance" Says the voice in his mind.

Era looks around and the darkness starts to form into shapes, everything red and formless starting to blur into objects that he can make out. There's a light in the distance, and there's a body laying next to him. Sliding around in it's own blood and organs. It's moaning, and Era sees that it's scared to death of him.

"Oh god, what have you done." Era says to the voice.

"What have we done Era, what have we done." Says the voice.

NEW SELENIA CAVES OUTSIDE TRANSFER ZONE SATELLITE ORB.



THE ERA CHRONICLE



ERA LOOKS TO SEE IF THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.



TACHI





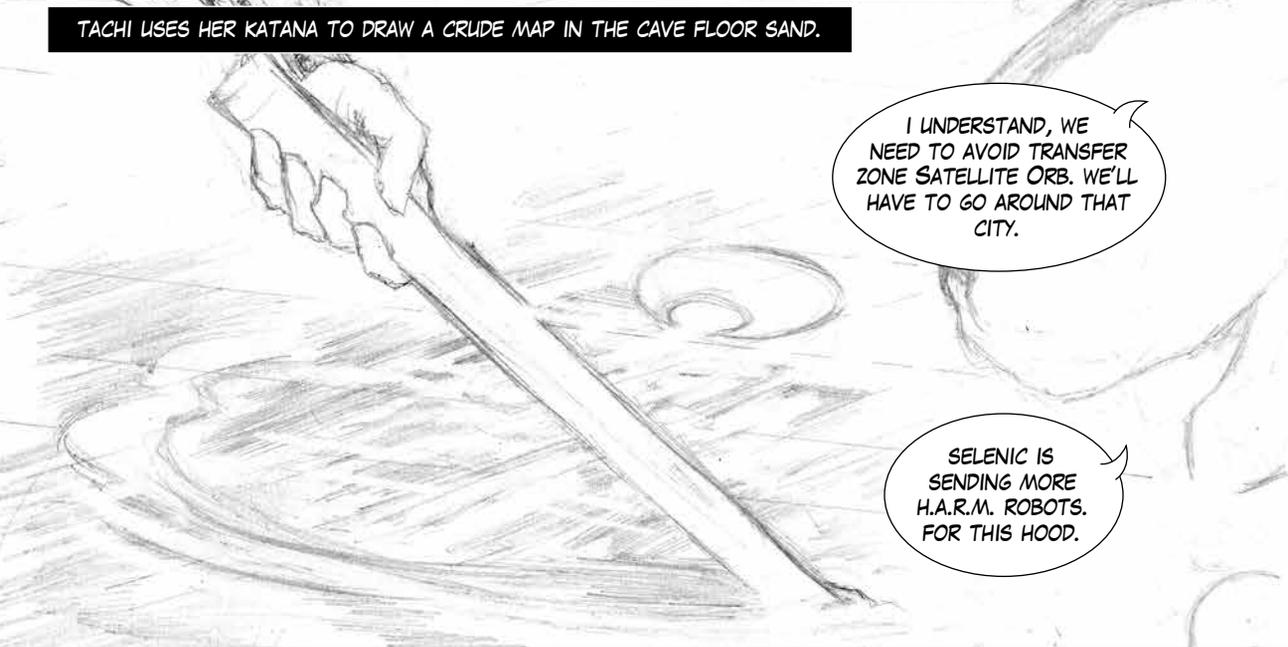
NO I WON'T TELL HER TO SAY THANK YOU, YOU TELL HER TO SAY THANK YOU.



SORRY, I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU. IT'S THE VOICE IN MY HEAD AGAIN.

MAYBE SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHY I'M TALKING TO MYSELF AGAIN. THERE'S PLENTY OF RATS FOR EVERYONE.

TACHI USES HER KATANA TO DRAW A CRUDE MAP IN THE CAVE FLOOR SAND.



I UNDERSTAND, WE NEED TO AVOID TRANSFER ZONE SATELLITE ORB. WE'LL HAVE TO GO AROUND THAT CITY.

SELENIC IS SENDING MORE H.A.R.M. ROBOTS. FOR THIS HOOD.



IF WE CAN MEET UP WITH YOUR GANG, MAYBE THEY CAN HELP US.

ERA'S MASK PULLS AWAY FROM HIS FACE.



I KNOW THAT YOU DON'T TALK MUCH...

THANKS FOR SAVING MY ASS BACK THERE... I OWE YOU...



SO, ANYWAY...
WHATEVER, NOT A
BIG DEAL.

I WAS NOT TRYING... NO YOU
LISTEN... FINE, FINE, YOU'RE RIGHT
SHE'S NOT INTERESTED IN MAKING FRIENDS
WITH HOODED STRANGERS IN MASKS THAT
TALK TO THEMSELVES.

FURTHER DOWN THE CAVE.



A LARGE LEATHERY EGG BEGINS TO OPEN.





HSSSSS

YAHHHHH!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT
THING!?



HSSSSSS

THE CREATURE RECOILS INTO
THE DARKNESS OF THE CAVE.



LOOKS LIKE IT
WASN'T ALONE.



HSSSSSS

HSSSSSS



STAND
YOUR
GROUND!

HSSSSS

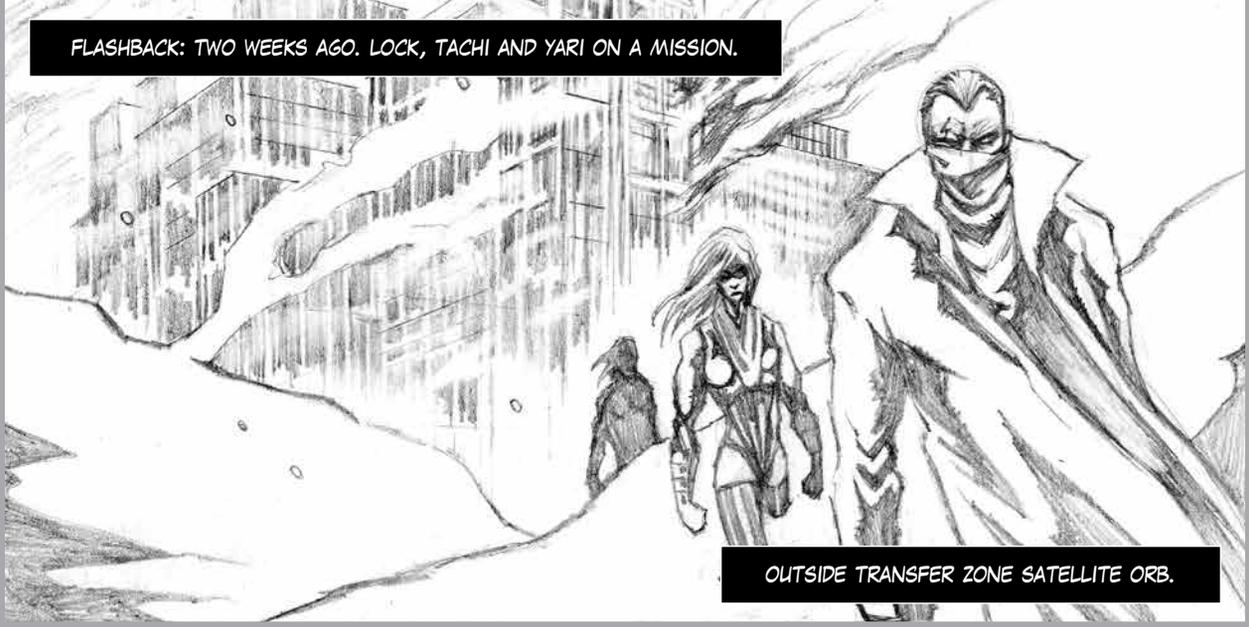
HSSSSS





WHAM!

FLASHBACK: TWO WEEKS AGO. LOCK, TACHI AND YARI ON A MISSION.



OUTSIDE TRANSFER ZONE SATELLITE ORB.

TARGET
AQUIRED. LOCK
GANG.

DO NOT
RESIST.

KABOOOM!!!

H.A.R.M.S!

RUN!



NOW: DEEP IN THE NEW SELENIA CAVES.

TACHI, WAKE UP!
YOU GOT KNOCKED OUT,
ARE YOU HURT?

THOSE CREATURES
KNOCKED US OUT AND
THEY STRUNG US UP
DOWN HERE.

YOU WERE
MUMBLING ABOUT
YOUR GANG. YOU MUST
HAVE BEEN HAVING A
DREAM

I'M TRYING
TO GET MY
HAND FREE, I CAN
PROBABLY CUT
THROUGH THIS
GUNK.

NO, WE DIDN'T SEE IF
ANYONE WAS HOME WHEN WE
FOUND THIS CAVE, WELL YOU COULD HAVE
MENTIONED THAT WE MIGHT NOT BE ALONE
DOWN HERE. HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW
THE LIGHT WOULD WAKE THEM UP... FINE,
I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU
RIGHT NOW.

GLORP

DON'T
MOVE.

GLORP

THERE'S A SLUG
ABOVE YOUR HEAD,
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S
CHECKING YOU OUT.
MAYBE IT'S TRYING TO
HELP YOU?



HSSSSS



NOPE, NOT FRIENDLY!



HSSSSS





TACHI,
LOOK.

FURTHER DOWN THE CAVE.



HELP...



HE'S ALIVE,
LET'S CUT HIM
DOWN.



THUNK



THAT SLUG
ATE HIM FROM
THE INSIDE.



YOU'RE RIGHT,
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO.



WE BETTER KEEP MOVING,
I'M NOT SURE WHICH WAY
IS OUT. WE MIGHT BE HEADING
DEEPER, THIS CAVE SEEMS TO
NEVER END.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
EVERYTHING IS TRYING
TO KILL US. TACHI WILL NOT
TURN ON US, WE'RE A TEAM...
YOU'RE NOT ON THE TEAM,
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO
HELP?

LOOK, A STREAM.



HEY, YOU HEAR THAT? SOUNDS LIKE RUNNING WATER.



MIGHT FLOW OUT OF THE CAVES...

OR DEEPER INTO HELL.



HSSSSS

AAAAHH!!!



TATCH!!!



HHHHHSSSS



HSSSSS

AAAAHH!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...



ARCHIVE

— THE WARHOOD ODYSSEY





ARCHIVE

THE WARHOOD ODYSSEY

