

Machine Head

08-25-07

Jakarta Office

As the bio-scientist sat back in his chair, listening to the mission briefing, his mind started to drift off into space in the realm of biogenetic comparisons and strains of viral tissue adaptations he hadn't tried yet. His focus came to in the Jakarta office briefing room when he saw Agent Tinker doodling what started out looking like a molecular particle line schematic, but later turned out to be some vehicular design apparatus she must have been working on. The old adage, "From two different worlds" couldn't have fit better between the two scientists. One plays with viruses and the other plays with trucks. Looking around the room, Agent Trigger saw some old and new faces amongst the team. After a final stop in the Agencies contagion room, where a sample of Influenza was waiting, Agent Trigger finally made his way out to the transport dock. Thank god all those self help tapes and hypnoses finally paid off as the would-be scientist explorer pulled out his pilots license, that he recently acquired, as the team made their way to the airstrip.

"Everyone better buckle up, we have clearance to take off", he announced over the private Agency business jet's intercom system.

"Ya, try not to crash us there bud," Agent Piranha shouted as the jet banked a little too sharply down the tarmac, jolting everyone inside the cabin.

"Sorry, my bad. Let's see. Is it push forward or pull back to get this bird up into the air?" he purposely shouted back just to egg the now white-knuckle wheelman on.

Once up in the air, the jet bolted across the open ocean to their final destination; some island the US and British forces use for some war gaming and such. It was after dark as the jet neared the tiny airstrip. Trigger's eyes widened instantly as he peered out the cockpit window and saw that the main runway lights were not on, only the emergency lights where lit. He wondered to himself if he could get the team safely down there. He never landed with only emergency runway lights on in the flight simulator before.

"This is flight Tango Bravo Delta two two requesting clearance to land, over"

"Again, this is flight Tango Bravo Delta two two requesting clearance to land. Please acknowledge and reply, over"

"Shit... doesn't seem to be anyone around. Well, we can't stay up here forever."

After a couple passes by he got up the nerve and made his approach. The wheels hit the pavement with a thunderous thud as smoke billowed from the rubber heating up. The jet finally rested at the end of the runway as the team launched a plan to split up and search the two building structures at the airstrip, which consisted of a very large hanger and the main communications tower. This was either going to go very smoothly or really bad the newly confident pilot thought to himself as he shut down all power to the jet and proceeded to group with Agent Frosty towards the hanger.

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Trigger switched from night vision to the thermal optics setting on his goggles as he peered around the airstrip for any signs of life. Trailing behind Frosty as a lookout, the two sneaked over to the metal building and to the side hanger door, where a smaller door was waiting to be tested. With a quick turn of the knob, they embarked inside to have a look around. Two large personnel carrier aircraft were tied down inside with not much of anything else useful inside. Since the power was out all over the airstrip, it was like being in a dark giant tomb or something. After some quick surveillance and searching, the two Agents proceeded to go back to the jet and roll her off the runway, just in case some unwanted quests should appear or their aerial vehicular shipment of one Scout car should accidentally collide into their only means of a very quick getaway.

Meanwhile

Raven and his little grasshopper strayed off to see if anyone was alive and kicking inside the communication tower. After a brief search around the premises, Raven tried to enter the structure, but to no avail. Raven gave the door a good once over and then trying to act the part almost went into the "Sneakers" movie scene while acting like he was receiving instructions through his communicate. After a swift kick from the would-be Martial Artist, the door gave way in more ways than one. A little smirk and raised eyebrow came across the face of his partner in a show of her superior's manly macho bullshit. They proceeded to enter and search the communication tower, but to no avail. Finding nothing of value or anyone stationed inside, they proceeded to make there way back out to the jet as Frosty and Trigger were heading in the same direction.

Meanwhile

Seaweed, Piranha and Tinker were gathering all the components to the rotary wing UAV that Piranha had brought to scope out the terrain and area for any hostility. After a little while of connecting cables and making sure the wireless video was up and transmitting correctly, the UAV came to life. The sound of a high-pitched engine came roaring across the airstrip, echoing off the buildings as the little chopper screamed around in the black night. A perfect video feed was being relayed back to the control station as Tinker was commanding the aircraft. A couple of passes around the area and nothing out of the ordinary caught their eye. It was if everything and everyone was either dead or gone. Seaweed thought to herself, "It's really quiet out here. A little too quiet for my taste."

All the Agents were trying to regroup on the tarmac when a sudden strobe light of enormous proportion lit up the sky north of the airstrip. Following behind was a thunderclap of an explosion. At the same time, Tinkers UAV video feed went to static and felt as if she was navigating a ghost all of a sudden. Seaweed knew what that sound was from her training back in the day. Naval Anti-aircraft defense units, she thought to herself, as she miraculously compared the concussive sound wave to her memory. A tear almost came rolling down Piranha's cheek, as her little baby was no more than ashes and a bit of melted plastic and fused metal shards. All the Agents stopped in their place and took defensive positions around the airstrip. "Ya, send the germ guy to this rocket infested UAV exploding little puke of an island. It'll be fun", Trigger thought to himself as everyone suddenly heard some type of vehicle from the northern road advancing in their direction.

"Take cover NOW!" Frosty tried to bellow over the growl of the machine almost bearing down on them now.

"Oh holy hell. It's one of your yanks little M1 tanks. Maybe they don't know were on their side." as Frosty made his way cautiously up to the steal giant.

"Ya, you go check it out there Frosty" Trigger yelled from behind the hanger, looking around at the other Agents taking cover there and around the control tower.

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As Frosty advanced close enough for the tank to lock on his signature, the tank was too close to really do any harm. To Frosty's amazement, the M1 backed up full bore and lined up a shot with its machine gun, ready to split the Agent in two. Frosty quickly ducked behind the hanger once more.

"I don't think that blokes on our side" he said trying to catch his breath.

"You think? What was your first clue there Frosty", Trigger sarcastically answered back.

The Agents proceeded to play some cat and mouse with the tank as they were throwing glow sticks, grenades and explosive canisters of gasoline about, in hopes of drawing the tank into a better offensive position. The controller of the Abrams M1 must have had enough fooling around when it unleashed a massive armor piercing shell from its cannon, directly at the poor defenseless business jet. In a split second Trigger's little jet was send sky-high in a cloud of bright orange and red flames. Shrapnel flew in every direction as Agent reflexes kicked in and diving for cover was accomplished all over the airstrip. It was a thing of beauty seeing seven Agents hit the deck in one second. Almost like synchronized diving.

"Well, looks like it want us to stay and play a game there buddy. Do you like chess?" Agent Trigger asked.

As Trigger pulled out his cell phone and unlocked the keypad, "I got an idea. Nothing we have is going to penetrate that monsters armor. I got a little surprise here that may just help us out. The only thing is, it needs to be close to it. Real close!"

"Who in their bloody right mind is going to walk up there and do that?" Frosty shot back.

"Someone who can leap tall buildings at a single bound. That's who."

Frosty knew exactly what Trigger was implying as the half explorer raced over between the two buildings as fast as he could, delivering his phone to Raven with instructions on how to activate the EMP wired inside the circuitry. At this time Piranha was making a break for it across the runway, which the tank picked up her and zeroed in on her whereabouts. It came to life once more and made a beeline for the wheelman. Piranha almost froze in her place, as she knew that machine gun could unleash all hell directly at her before she could even draw her weapon. A blessing from up above must have occurred as Piranha heard the machine gun's trigger engage, but no lead came raining down on her. "By all things holy, the gun jammed. It wont be long before they un-jam that round and light me up though" Piranha thought. This was the break Raven was waiting for. While the tank was racing by the building towards Piranha, he made a mad dash for the tank and leaped an astonishing distance, clearing at least 30 feet or more and like a cat, landed onto of the M1. Raven heard the machine gun misfire as well and thought, "Time to put an end to this". He punched in the EMP code on the keypad and hoped that when it went off, nothing would happen to his genitals since he was so close. He was young after all and wanted kids some day.

The tank's engine kept right on going, but Raven could see the lights in the cracks of the tank go dark. After opening the tin can, Raven peered inside, only to see a maze of wires strewn all about. No one was manning the tank inside. At least no one human.

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"The wirings all fried in here. I don't know if I can patch this beast up enough to get her going", Tinkers voice came echoing out of the M1 tank.

"Just do the best you can there tank girl", Raven smartly resounded back.

After a bit of negotiation and Tinker's massive brainpower being poured over the tank, an endeavor to hot wire the tank up to the UAV remote control finally ceased.

"The piece of shit is worthless. I don't think I can rig it up to go. My Scout car ought to be here in a moment or two anyways. We can just use that for transport," the now greasy and soldering iron-smelling scientist shouted.

Within about thirty minutes a plane overhead could just be heard. It was as if Santa Clause himself was on their side as a massive parachute came bearing down near the tarmac and attached to it was a Ferret Scout Car, all primed and ready for action. A big smile came over Tinker's face as it landed and half the team started to free the metal beast from its confines. Trigger and Frosty decided to take a little stroll up the northern road, just to make sure they didn't have any more unwanted guests trying to crash the team's party.

A resounding roar came across the airstrip as the Scout Car's engine began to start. The All terrain vehicle was a quick and nimble little piece of equipment and could house four people inside with two at the wheel. The Team climbed inside the vehicle with Frosty, Trigger and Raven climbing on the top and holding on for dear life as Tinker accelerated up the northern road at a modest 35 MPH.

"Christ, first we have to deal with a freakin' tank that almost blew the hell out of us, and now were all racing in a metal bug to go search for more of the bastards in their own freakin lair." Trigger thought to himself as scenarios of his D&D days started to fill his mind, when the big bad heroic party goes barreling into the dark and creepy cave only to be swallowed up by a hoard of orcs and their Red Dragon master. As the team raced up the road, they started to see a pair of lights from a little ways north coming straight at them as Tinker slammed on the brakes.

"Yep, here comes the freakin' Red Dragon all right, just as I thought", Trigger said to the team as they started to disembark from the Scout Car.

"Get ready to get roasted" he shouted.

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Frosty, Trigger and Raven jumped off the Scout Car as Seaweed and Firefly came bolting out of the metal container like gophers out of a hole.

"You all stay here, I got a date with a tank," Raven barked to the rest of the team as he started running up the side of the road towards the awoken Red Dragon. Frosty, Seaweed and Firefly all took defensive positions along the road when suddenly the Scout Car lurched backwards and started driving backwards back towards the airstrip.

"Ya, lets see. I can stay here or I could get the f&*% out of the way of incoming fire," Trigger thought as he made a beeline for the nearest tree that looked big enough to climb.

"Left...Right...Keep her straight. Now left.... No, my left," the wheelman shouted to Tinker as she was acting as navigator in their about face as they screamed down the road at almost full bore.

Raven advanced up far enough before the eight-wheeled monster came barreling down the dirt path at a very good clip. Thirty feet up in the canopy of his tree, Trigger saw something that brought back memories of the old saying about lightning striking twice in the same place, as he saw a very faint shadowy figure make a break from the tree line and launch himself into the air, only to land hard on the moving APC with incredible precision. The cold steel did not give as Raven's body collided with it. A sharp sting came shooting through his body and then subsided as he had a job to do. Kill this beast before it killed his team.

Raven opened the topside hatch and expected to start ripping wires out from everywhere, but was shocked to find the inside almost entirely sealed up with metal panels lining the interior. As he made his way inside, he began to attack one of the metal reinforced panels, but reluctantly nothing happened besides a small dent. Summoning all of his spiritual and martial arts focus, Raven unleashed a blast of unprecedented power and tried again, ripping a gapping hole in the panel.

The APC was making its way up to the rest of the team, who were waiting patiently for it to approach and unleash their trap on it, or so they thought. It seemed as if it was scanning the area for any possible targets as the team could hear another thunderous thud from inside the metal monster as Raven opened another metal panel, which accidentally caused a malfunction and the machinegun on top started delivering a rain of lead all around. It finally came to a stop just in front of the hunkered down team as frosty made his move.

"Stay here, I'm going to cripple this little beastie," Frosty shouted as he moved in close to the APC. Echoes of bullets could be heard for a mile or so as Frosty let loose on the APC's left wheels. Rubber was flying in all directions as the reinforced steel belted radials were being cut almost in half from the machine gun. "Cut the chap down at the knees," was all that was running through Frosty's mind.

"How do you take down a Red Dragon," Trigger thought. "You cripple the bitch. That's how," he shouted as he drew his Walther PPK and took aim at the last two tires on Frosty's side that were still left standing. Trigger's grip on the branch that was supporting his weight suddenly shifted as he pulled the trigger.

"Hey. Watch what your shooting there yank," Frosty barked as a bullet came glancing passed his face from the would-be scientists gun due to the accidental slip. Frosty finally made his way through the rest of the tires and started to advance around the other side as he heard an unimaginable ruckus from within the beast carrying on inside due to Raven totally destroying panel by panel with his bare hands. It would have made Bruce Lee proud to have witnesses the carnage one could do with his bare hands.

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"Screw this, we need to get the hell up there and into the base," Tinker shouted to Piranha as she slammed on the brakes and started to shift into first gear. She slammed on the accelerator and began making a mad dash up the road once more.

"There it is. I see you my little pretty," Trigger thought as he noticed the radio antenna on the back of the APC. After their first dance with the first un-manned vehicle which must have been controlled remotely, Trigger presumed that this one must be as well, and if that was the case, then the final blow to the Red Dragon would be to cut its head off, or in this case, the radio antenna. Trigger started to rappel down the tree and made his way over to the APC which only had two of its eight wheels left, and a couple of panels left from Ravens work. The entire team almost did a double take as the Scout Car came flying up the road and zoomed past them without even a brake light flickering in the dark.

"Here goes nothing," Trigger thought as he took aim once again and tried to shoot the APC's antenna, which just so happened to be directly in front of Firefly.

"Holy hell man, why are you shooting me?" Firefly glared as Trigger's bullet missed the antenna and glanced across her hip, tearing a three-inch gash in her pants. Trigger took fire once again and clipped the antenna just enough to break the seal as it ripped off the support and landed on the ground. The APC was finally dead as the team regrouped around their slain foe.

Trigger could just see the headlines in the newspaper of their exploits, "Let it be known throughout the land that today, a team of spies with only a machine gun, a pistol and a pair of fists, took down and beat a dead horse into the ground mercilessly, over and over again," as they all started making their way up the road to the base.

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"Here goes nothing. I don't see anyone around. This is getting kind of weird," Tinker said to her wheelman counterpart as they barreled into the base grounds. It looked like your ordinary military base with barracks, a water tower and various buildings here and there. What didn't look like your ordinary military base was the geodesic golf ball looking building.

"Ah, I say we try that building there. It has to house something either very evil or something inside that is probably controlling these machines," Piranha shouted as she was helping navigate the Scout Car through the maze of buildings.

As the two heroic Agents parked the Scout Car and disembarked from the beast's metal confines, they didn't see an unfriendly visitor coming around the corner of one of the buildings. They managed to get inside the unusual building and saw many computer screens and lights flickering on various control panels all around. After some very shrewd deception on the Agents parts, it became apparent that this was a very secret communications station of some sort and someone from the outside was hacking into the sucker with incredible ease. Not only were they hacking in, but they were using it as a relay station and hacking out as well somewhere.

"I think I can do this. I think. In or out Piranha? Ya, I was thinking the same thing. If we can stop whoever is trying to break in, then they can't get out, pretty much killing two birds with one stone," Tinker said as she began to step forward to the computer console. Just as she was about to commence with her computer skills of piracy, an enormous explosion from outside the building erupted in a thunderous concussive wave of sound.

"Oh shit! The Scout Car!" Piranha yelled as Tinker started to pull the keys out of her pocket in a moment of silence. The tank from outside swiveled around looking for any other targets that were determined enemies as it proceeded to make its rounds around the military base once again.

The team moving up the road stopped dead in their tracks as they could see the massive fireball develop and mushroom up into the night's sky. Only one thing was on their minds as the flames started to subdue on their continued walk up the road: were their friends inside or not.

Tinker began her hack of the incoming hack as Piranha could see the pressure building inside her as sweat started to form and roll down her face. After a couple of minutes and some non-lady-like cussing here and there, Tinker finally managed to block the incoming cyber thief and sever his connection to the communication station. The only problem with severing this side of the loop was that they would have no idea where the hacker was going out to for a final destination. The only bit of information the would-be scientist could determine, was that it was going out to some Russian Satellite, but from there was anyone's guess, and for what purpose was unknown.

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"Come on mates, get a move on," Frosty shouted as he herded the group to pick up the pace. They were only about a ¼ mile from the compound, but after that immense explosion, it seemed like ten miles. Trigger was starting to kick in his breathing techniques he used during his physical exercises he had to endure a long time ago, but this time it just didn't seem to cut it. Gasping for more air every other step, the bio-scientist kept up with the best of them.

"Yes, turn that off. Maybe we can contact the others then," Piranha returned fire Tinkers way while gesturing to the jamming signal.

"Okay, here goes nothing," Tinker replied. "I hope this doesn't raise the curtain of doom over the entire island by letting free communication about the island, but here goes nothing."

ring...ring...ring...ring...

"Hello," Frosty answered into his cell phone. "What? A what? What do you mean you're not in...You have to know wha... How long before the ICBM gets here? That's all? Thanks, we'll try our best."

The entire team was taken back as the phone conversation was being conducted. Trigger saw the face of Frosty as he most certainly was trying to fathom what he just heard and what to do with an incoming missile headed their way. Just then the light came on in Frosty's attic, as his eyes lit up like a Christmas tree.

"This island has a bloody rail cannon on the northern face," Frosty shouted to the now dumbfounded looks on the rest of the team's faces. "Sorry mates, I forgot to mention that somehow a Russian ICBM is headed straight for us and we can use a rail cannon on the northern face of the island that NASA was working on a while back, to possibly take it out."

"This freakin mission is getting better and better every minute," Trigger thought to himself after hearing that he was about to be annihilated by an inbound nuclear warhead.

"Tinker...you got a copy?" Frosty belted through the phones speaker. After a very short debriefing of the current situation, Tinker and Piranha headed out to the rail cannon which was suppose to be somewhere north of the base. The rest of the team finally made it to the base with wide-eyes all around. After a brief plan was hatched, consisting mainly of a very fast sweep of the base for any personnel still alive and the acquisition of a fallout shelter or bunker, if there even was one.

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In all of Trigger's life he knew one thing about the world; everything has a cause and effect. He contemplated helping out with the search for life around the base camp, but suddenly decided his efforts would be better served in the generator building. Cause... Something was running these unmanned tanks of death. Effect...Cut the power at the source. No power to the golf ball looking building that must be the source of transmission, and no metal demons of despair to light your ass up with, was the running hypothesis in the scientist head as he opened the door to the generator building. Trigger looked all around in the maze of metal power panels and fuse box containers. Massive amounts of wires were strewn all over the building in a web of electrical connectivity. Trigger finally spied exactly what he was looking for. The words of different area on the base didn't really stand, until.

"There's my bitch," Trigger smirked as Firefly was watching from behind. After completely flipping several breakers with the words GEODSS on them, the entire power to the dome was down in a matter of seconds. After a much-anticipated sigh of relief, Trigger's eyes caught a small dusty patch panel that seemed somewhat out of the ordinary, or at least not opened for some time. Curiosity killed the cat, as Trigger opened the filthy metal coffin, only to reveal something more important than the Holy Grail itself at this very moment. There lay, in their dormant state, six breakers in the off position which could only be the power source to the only rail cannon on the island that his fellow teammates needed to shoot down an inbound nuclear missile which would totally annihilate everyone, including himself, and send them straight up to meet their makers. Trigger did what any one in his position would do.

"Leave it to the dumb ass who turned these little babies off," blurting out and switching the breakers over to ON in rapid succession. Trigger turned to Firefly.

"Maybe god wanted us to throw rocks at it too. Lets get the hell out of here and find some protection if you know what I mean." Firefly almost thought the man was giving her a one liner, but then saw the would-be explorer scientist exit the building and make his way to the supply building, while muttering something about some hazmat suit or bio-chemical suit.

Meanwhile

Tinker and Piranha were making there way north and finally came upon a building that could only house a cannon of some sort, since the barrel was gently protruding from the dwelling like a happy sailor. Just as the Agents arrived, the power to the building and surrounding lights came to life and greeted them, almost as if magical. They entered and saw a very ominous looking control panel with lights and screens starting up and flickering every which way. Tinker sat at the command seat where she tried to pull up a scan of the sky that the missile would be raining down on them. A little smirk of pride came over her as she knew this was something her father, who has worked for NASA for many years, probably had a hand in or at least knew about since this rail cannon was created by NASA itself.

Piranha made her way up to the upper level where the huge metal slugs were suppose to be stored and loaded into the massive weapon.

"Where's all the ammo? You got to be kidding me. Hey Tinker. The only thing were going to be sending out of this thing is a rusted piece of shit that is loaded in the chamber right now. There aren't any other rounds for a reload. You got one-shot babe."

Just then the weapon started to hum as bits of pieces of unsecured metal started to dance and spin on the floor near the beast. Piranha felt a tug on her pants as she looked down to see a couple of her grenades she brought with her starting to shake towards the magnetically induced weapon. Quickly grasping the grenades so as their pins didn't dislodge from their clasps, Piranha made her way down to the lower level where Tinker was trying to get a fix on the ICBM. After a couple seconds of scanning north, the cannon started to rotate with a thunderous grind of metal gears underneath its platform. The radar-tracking screen finally sighted something coming directly at them and was attempting to readjust the cannon for a lock-on shot. Seconds seemed like hours as the metal behemoth finally stopped in a relatively northern position to the night sky.

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Meanwhile

Raven, Frosty and Seaweed were rummaging around the base for any survivors, and were quite surprised as to how many of them were actually still on base. As they tried several barracks and buildings around the base, they finally came upon one, which housed the majority of upper brass to the military instillation.

"Look, I don't have much time to explain mate. Do you have a bomb shelter?" Frosty asked to the bewildered British sergeant who couldn't quite grasp what was being asked.

"Ok, let me put this another way you cunt. A big missile is coming this way and is going to blow the bloody hell out of us! Do you have a bunker or bomb shelter?" Frosty glared at the now frightened officer as the light came on and directions to the bases bunker were finally reveled. Officers and Agents were running all about the base like ants in maze that were being attacked by a little boy with a magnifying glass. The sight was very chaotic as everyone was making his or her way to the armory where the bunker was located. Rifles, backpacks and green hazmat-suits were flying every which way and bouncing with every step as they all finally made it inside the fortified tomb and waited for the worst.

"If I'm going to die, at least I'm going down in one of these babies," Trigger thought as he slid inside the rubber sealed suit and zipped it up, waiting for the night to become very bright in the next couple of minutes.

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Minutes ticked away like hours as the impending doom was barreling across the night sky at the little island. The entire base was on pins and needles as one of the smallest of heroes was about to save them all. Who would of thought, that a small little girl with a tendency for breaking and creating self propelled metal contraptions would be the one to hopefully save the day. Agent Piranha crossed her fingers as Tinker tried to calculate the exact time in which to send the chunk of metal screaming out of the cannon at an incredible speed towards their would-be lifeless villain.

"Wait... wait for it...wait...and....NOW!!!" Tinker shouted as she hit the release button on the console and the metal monster exploded to life as it sent the metal slug hurtling through the air at the Russian ICBM.

Time seemed to stand still as the radar screen's green observation line sensor twirled around and around clockwise, designating the little green dot of radioactive death advancing towards them. Sweat started to roll down Tinker's face as she watched inherently at the screen.

"It's taking too long!!"

"Shit...It shouldn't take this long."

"It should be there by now. I think I missed Piranha."

"Let's get back to th..."

Tinker stopped mid sentence as suddenly the green dot disappeared from the screen and a sensor response came back with impact confirmed. Tinker just about lost her lunch as Piranha almost started crying over the fact that they did in fact shoot down a Russian ICBM missile with a chunk of metal. A really, really big chunk of metal, but that's beside the point.

"Lets go get the rest of the team and let them know everything's ok," Tinker said to Piranha who had a shit-ass grin on her face as she was tossing one of her grenades up in down in her hand, deciding on if she should play a little joke on the hunkered down team or not.

After the all clear was given, the entire team along with some of the base military started to search the base and surrounding areas for anything out of the ordinary since a discussion and computer check with the third-eyes designer led them to believe that whoever hacked into the base computer system, must have done it inside the computers network and that meant they had to be close. What the Agents did not realize was... just how close the hacker really was to them.

"Whoever this hacker is, is going to wish he was never born after I get through with him," Trigger thought as he started searching the airstrip's control tower.

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As Raven and Frosty came upon a building on the far side of the island, their expectations jumped into high gear as they disembarked the jeep. After a once over of the premises, they advanced inside the run down building with weapons drawn. A couple of minutes went by as nothing, or more importantly, no one seemed to be inside. They were just about to leave when something caught their eye on one of the walls.

"Hey, what do you know. There's a false panel here. Help me move this out of the way mate," Frosty said to Raven as they uncovered a secret doorway inside the wooden wall. The passageway opened up to an elevator shaft with an elevator awaiting ominously to take them to a lower hidden level underneath the building. As they slid inside, you could cut the tension in the air with a knife as the two Agents didn't know what to expect. One thing they knew was that anything that housed a hidden elevator that went down, always meant something big, bad and usually ugly. The elevator stopped and they proceeded to scour the area very cautiously. Room after room, they didn't find anyone, just all kinds of medical supplies and high precision surgical equipment.

"What the hell is all this for?" Raven inquisitively asked as they approached the last darkened room of the floor.

"OH MY GOD!" Frosty forced the words from his mouth.

"What the bloody hell is this...who the bloody hell is..."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!! IS THAT...We need to get everyone here now!"

ring...ring...ring...ring

"Hello. Ya...well I'm almost done here and...What do you mean now...What the hell could be so important th...What's going on Frosty? Ok, ok. I'm coming now. This better be good. You better have found that hacker so I can inject his ass with some Ebola or something.

The team finally made it over to the other side of the island where the secret medical facility was and made their way down to one of the most gruesome sites they have every seen. Trigger was the last Agent to walk into the room. There lay three nearly naked male figures strapped to medical beds. Machines were all around them as wires were protruding from these machines and into each of the three test subjects. It was something out of a horror sci-fi movie. If the wires and medical feeding tubes that were surgically implanted into each body wasn't bad enough, a massive cable-like wire feed was rammed into each of the back of their heads. The precision to implant the computer feed was incredible and any attempt to remove the manmade SCSi port would have to be an act from god himself.

"Skynet...can you here me?" Trigger asked to his long time friend in total shock and remorse for the thoughts he had earlier, since this must have been the ass-hole hacker that was controlling things.

"Were going to get you out of here bud. Get me a crap load of gauze, forceps, a cranial spread, and a couple surgical knives. Were not going to wait for the Agency on this one, were doing this thing now." Trigger calmly ordered the team about, somehow trying to console the helpless hacker on the cold steel table.

"Maybe we should wait and bring him back to a more better facility of..." Frosty questioned.

"No! We do it here and we do it now. I know Skynet would have not wanted it done under watchful eyes, if you know what I mean," Trigger answered as a tear dropped from his eye and splashed onto Skynet's hand.

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Machine Head

It took hours upon hours before the procedure was done. This was one of the most painstaking events in Triggers life as he was now working on saving a life, instead of creating something that usually takes one. Trigger administered a anesthetic that would put a bull under to Skynet, so as he would feel no pain. Blood was everywhere as wires, tubes and feeds were removed with the utmost care. Scars were probably going to be apparent as Trigger tried his best to remove the implants. Trigger's arms began to shake, as the last thing to do was to remove the hardwired cable that was embedded into Skynet's brain. He mustered as much courage as he could as flashbacks of himself working with the hacker came flooding back. The entire team saw Trigger hesitate, as if the task at hand would be impossible to achieve. Then, with a steady hand and a new determination, Trigger began to cut into the hacker's cranium.

It took another two and a half hours before all the sterilized surgical utensils were laid to rest. A lonely, battered and bruised cyber Agent with gauze wrapped completely around his head lay unconscious, naked to the world for all to see. For the first time, Trigger felt helpless. There was no more he could do.

The team called the Agency, stowed their gear and were ordered to leave the island by way of aerial transport immediately and go directly back to the Agency for debriefing. Trigger opened his phone and was relaying a message to the Agency operator as he was directing two officers, who were carrying someone in a green Hazmat suit, to the transport.

"Yes...tell him that I had an emergency call from Agent Shiv and I will be going to GEHM-TECH, and not the Agency."

The End.