

Päivitetty ja laajempi versio 1 lukukuun Teksti on englanniksi koska kaikki kaveripiiristäni eivät puhu suomea. 1. For him who already has everything – Trooper to J4. Spoke the man wearing tight fitting, black suit. He looked at the man front of him wearing brown untidy shirt and black pants. – So, you came to tell me you found something. Are you SURE about this report? – 100% sure. And personally thinking, things are not looking good. Spoke man on the other side of the table. His skin was dark blue, almost if it were black and slightly transparent. He wore black and grey coloured hooded cape that covered almost entirely his body. Two men were sitting at the table which had hex shaped game board, resembling what in certain worlds is known as a chess game. The room itself was the office of Security minister Shagwa, chairman of Citizen Management Bureau of Biitran and head of Department of Public Security. Man with a suit eyed a hologram document next to the game board. – You tell me that there is some new underground gangs running. Still I don't get you why exactly should I be more concerned about this than anything before? – Let me remind you Mr Shagwa that it was you who ordered the investigation for possible assassins for your predecessor, Mr Tomoshi's and Senator Irchad's murders. General to B2! Dark skinned man said. – What I have discovered that the recent incidents were not random nor unplanned. Someone or something is purposely causing trouble between Local Lilidran people, Bladrans and Police. Man reached his Dark blue hand and swiped the hologram to show certain page there. – Murders of those two men were committed to paralyze Government control over entire Red Zone and Bladron activity. If I were you I would take some serious actions and strategy planning before things go any worse. – You said they were done by Bladron terrorists. Shagwa spoke. – We made the loyalty programs for everyone who want to follow the law and for those who don't want, we have this "Gawa's Fist" group. Do you know why they don't do their job and keep the other Bladron clans in order? Tank to G2, Challenge! – Mr Shagwa. You seem to have no idea about Bladrans nor the situation we are dealing with. We are not dealing with mere brutes or drunkards here. The other man laugh. – General to G2. – I didn't expect that move Mr. Digosh. Sacrificing your own General for a king at this moment. Spy to G2. Shagwa said. – Well then, what do YOU know about Bladrans? He said and locked his view to Digosh. Digosh sipped from his glass next to him and exhaled deeply. – Gawa knows nothing what's going on. Digosh said. – He's just a puppet of Scraba co. The loyalty program is practically dead thanks to Monrey's grandfather Andrew Scraba. Companies are firing or replacing their Lilidran workforce, your police forces treat locals like criminals even they haven't done anything and top of all, Yellow Cube tells about activity in Gawa territory but it's not Gawa. When you add to these the recent murders it gives me picture that someone disappointed to system wants to change it and is not afraid of using force to do so. Artillery to A1, Challenge. – Lilidrans are unreliable people, so closely dealing with Bladrans, some even shelter them. Andrew have told me that the Bladrans are trying to infiltrate to megacorps and then unleash a wave of terrorist attacks from inside. That's the very reason the police is acting like that. Shagwa said – Speaking of Gawa, you said there's activity in his area? Gawa don't let nobodies just wander in their land. – People call them just as "THEY". Digos said. – I don't have hard evidence but my guts says they're behind the recent assassination of Senator of Biitran, and your predecessor. He paused for a moment laying his eyes to the ceiling. – When Andrew Scraba announced the discontinuation of Loyalty program for Lilidrands because it's not beneficial enough I smelled trouble. It's not good for corporations nor common peace. Now many people who don't do well enough may fall for unregistered Bladron clans that are spawning left and right, more and more people getting being hunted by police. There are already no go territories in Red Zone of Threm because of this development. With your

permissions the government is blessing Scraba Co on this path. You are making a monster inside your own borders. – Assuming your intel is correct. What do they aim to? Shagwa asked. – They are Bladrons! Criminals and terrorists who cares nothing but destruction and anarchy. King to J3! – You say that like it's the answer when it's not. Digos said slight frustration in his voice. – You have been on upper hand this far because of disorganization of any criminal elements and Gawa in your leash. Bladrons are much more than just stupid grunts destroying everything. Some may be but there are ideologies, culture even independence is being talked. They are people Mr Shagwa with their needs. – Be careful how you speak Digos. Shagwa said. – You speak against what of Unified Idrana Party teaches. Almost like you have sympathy towards those savages who wish to turn our good citizen against us. And you know anyone supporting a Bladron is Bladron himself. – Mr Shagwa. That's just UIP propaganda and you if anyone know that. Digos snapped back. –This far Bladrons have been just small gangs easy to contain and control because the millions of Lilidrans and Gawa keeps them in check. But now thanks to Andrew people are treated so poorly that some are joining with Bladrons. Gawa is not the king of underworld anymore, not that he would admit the fact anyways. Do you know what would happen if times like this someone would appear who would have the support of all disappointed people? I laid a distraction to you by sacrificing my General. Now when your Spy is not protecting your king he have nowhere to run. King to I3, Challenge and victory! Mr. Shagwa. Digos got up from the table and gave purple data chip to Shagwa. – It's late, almost 2 in the morning. Choice is yours sir minister but don't think too long. I'm afraid that before this week is over you will pick a call where someone loses his head just like what happened to Senator. You have been warned. He turned and left the room.    Biitran, year 2071 new era. Outskirts of the City of Threm, 3. September, 1:47 AM Dark cloud of powdered sand floated in air. Where ever you would look you could see endless wasteland of red coloured desert. This desert was pierced 3 lane wide magnetized highway crossing from east to west the wasteland between two biggest cities of the planet. Blax, the capital city on the west and Threm, one of the biggest industrial cities built in whole Berda on the east. This highway was primarily used by not so wealthy people and medium range cargo transports Any longer ranged transportation or those who had money had their goods delivered via cargo shuttles that had replaced most of the common trucks. Along the low class cars a fire red sports car was driving towards the glowing lights of Threm. On the nose of this car was shining Star Crosser sign and everything with this car both in and outside were state of art. Inside the car sit grumpy looking man wearing black suit as fine as the car he was driving. And on his right, there was suitcase covered by silver. – Damn the sand. And I got the car from maintenance just yesterday. The man pressed the couple of buttons and the control panel's screen showed 3D model of the highway. – Initiating scan, please wait. Artificial female voice spoke. – Scan completed. Current condition: bad. Visibility: 90 meters. Situational speed: dangerously high. Warning! Other vehicles or objects detected on the road. Radar range in current conditions: 3800 meters. – Bah! Man laughed and opened transparent cover next to the wheel and pressed blue button below it. – Initiating afterburner. Warning! Conditions hazardous. Your traffic and life insurances are void while afterburner is engaged. – Damned warnings! I got to ask someone to program this thing. Behind the car two panels opened and twin jet engines slide out. Man, inside felt moment afterwards the strong, soft acceleration pressure in his belly while loud humming and buzzing filled the car. The car used as its fuel a Liquid Plata, which was more commonly used in space ships and high yield power cables. Plata was semi organic fuel made of Ferju, a radioactive plant found in swamps on certain planets or artificially grown in enormous plantations. The car

was nearly flying through the highway like it didn't care about anything or anyone. – Warning, collision imminent! Afterburner disengaging! – Seriously? I don't see anything but this cursed sand and the car thinks there's some obstacle to hit? I'm going to find the person who made the newest update and FIRE HIM! – Sir, you have a call. Caller: Grajachi Shagwa, Department of Public Security. – Well, well what's this? The man thought and waited for a moment for engine noise to go down before answering the call. Hologram face of Security minister Shagwa appeared front of the man. – How can I help you sir Minister? Hope you don't mind if I don't say your full title. The man said surprised in language of Idran. The car was programmed to work in Pooldi which was the official interplanetary business language where Idran was the government language. After all it was State of Idran who united the worlds to know Republic of Idran – Oh, Mister Scraba, you sound very busy man. I'm sorry for any inconvenience and could've been called later if this situation wouldn't be urgent. Shagwa said by his exaggerated, almost contemptuously way of speaking with no signs of other accents but pure Idran. – What's the problem? Man asked. – After the news of the headless Senator came out I hired a certain dark Jelloid to do investigation. Shagwa said You know their capabilities. – A Jelloid? – You never cease to surprise me sir Minister. – Yes I know they are masters of infiltration but Planet Gope not to mention its inhabitants aren't the friendliest towards Idran. How you were able to convince him? – Bribery Mr Monrey, bribery. You know every flock have a black sheep. Shagwa laughed. Monrey laughed too. – And what this, certainly slimy friend of yours told, that made you so worried? – Exactly, he reported me today about some Bladron activity and more importantly the assassins of Senator. Shagwa said. – According to him it's by yet unregistered Bladron clan operating in Threm. Right under your pet thugs Gawa's Fist nose. – Yes I've been aware of that there have been risen new splinter groups all across Northern Bitran, mostly inside the Red Zone of Threm City, but this is new for me too. – Mr Monrey. I want you to do some serious talking with your pet Gawa about keeping those splinter groups in order. Bladrons are getting bolder and lots of incidents happen all across Yellow and Red Zones. If you cannot control them I will, and I will then launch throughout investigation related to your Bladron contacts and publish them to Senate. – I don't like your tone sir Minister. – I and the government have watch you this far only because your grandfather Andrew sits in Senate as Specialist Councillor. Shagwa spoke before taking more calm tone. – Because we are both Idrans and Scraba co have supplying contract to my police forces I'd like to show some good will towards you. In fact I'm talking about the plan of upgrading our Armoured Bladron Intercept vehicles. – I see sir. Monrey smiled – We can perform a fully retrofit for your existing ABI vehicles + provide twice as much brand-new ones, with armaments, what do you say about fully integrated ammo storage instead of the old one? There are pros and cons with that. Taken notice that your men don't... usually use single fire I would think this option the best one. This means machine gun turret cannot be disengaged from tower for maintenance. The vehicle itself comes relatively heavier and turret is whole unit attached to chassis of the vehicle. By our development team the fully integrated model is loaded externally in depot and all the ordnance are in same storage. Magazine holds 2893 bullets which can be shot 9 shots per second speed. Pipe is equipped with CO2 coolant unit which extends the use time. However, if the storage is hit whole weapon will malfunction. Monrey explained – Alternatively, especially against armoured objects the heavy machine gun turret can be replaced to Brescajaver direct fire anti-armour grenade launcher which also use the same integrated magazine and is fully automated. When attached to vehicle it can be used both with and without the notorious recoil swing. Finally, changing the rocket launcher to 4 tubes is not a problem, but I doubt do we need... – DO WE

NEED?! Shagwa yelled. – The latest report tells me that the Bladrons have acquired supersonic speeders, urban capable mecha and even small aircrafts in their arsenal. They force us to use heavier weapons against them. Brochena command base have had to set constant readiness for tank squads because our old Armored Bladron Intercept vehicles are simply too lightly armed against this new threat. – It's always pleasure to do business with you sir minister. Morgan said. – Your prices are almost a legalised robbery but I guess that for freedom and democracy you have to fight. No matter the cost. Shagwa said. – I totally agree with you. Against them you have to be well prepared. Thank you very much I forward you change of order to our production department. – THEM? You have heard of them too? Shagwas voice sounded surprised. – Yes I have. Broke into my mansion and gave me total two times wake up that can cause heart attack to weaker person. But don't worry about those. I have improved my security since last incident. What you have told me today really shows that some of them are really getting bold enough to test our patience and full military might only to be crushed back where they came from. Monrey laughed. – I almost pity them. Almost. Call ended and Monrey entered the changes to computer. – So, you said that THEY came from Gawa? I better have a little chat that guy tomorrow and discipline that freak what means responsibilities. What a nuisance. Monrey thought. When ramp off the highway neared, he slowed down and exit the highway heading to his mansion. Soon he arrived to "Elite Idran" residential area he slowed little bit more and peacefully drive the rest of way. In these streets limos and sports cars were very common sight. Monrey was titled as COO in multinational Megacorporation Scraba CO which had magnificent wealth and property everywhere. The owner and CEO of Scraba CO was Darr Scraba, Admiral Morgan's cousin and the most powerful businessman in whole Berda. Monrey drove his car to his luxury mansion which huge walls and automatic security system kept effectively away both the sand coming from desert and random intruders. This time he didn't cared to drive his car into garage but stopped it straight at the front door. He had done long day and made fortune with business deals. Now he wanted only to take long hot bath, couple of drinks and wake up some time after tomorrow midday. Monrey got off the car with suitcase in his hand, closed the door and switched on the alarm. He walked lazily trough front door and pressed his hand to ID pad. –Hand signature read, iris recognition completed, User: CEO Monrey Scraba, Scraba corporation BiiTRAN branch. Spoke the synthetic voice. – Good morning sir! Welcome home. Two finely carved wooden doors opened and maidservant rushed to welcome Monrey. – Good morning sir, Shall I park your car? – Unnecessary. Just see it's washed and waxed for evening. Sand probably damaged its surface on highway when I was coming here. He took glass of Cricha, mildly spiced strong distilled alcohol and headed towards the lavish stairway to second floor of his mansion. All of sudden his personal mobile phone ringed. Monrey took it lazily and checked the caller. – Sir you have a call. Caller: unidentified. Voice only. – Hello. Monrey answered little bit of surprised. It's very uncommon for him to receive secret calls, but in era of hologram calls voice calls means that either the caller is hiding something or is having so primitive phone that they don't support holo calls. – Hello. Is this Mr Morgan Scraba, CEO of Scraba BiiTRAN co? Said somewhat synthetic voice. – That is correct. And who may you be? – What name I carry is totally unimportant but you and your little business is. We understand you are very busy man so this won't take long of your time. You been contacted by Mr Shagwa earlier this night about vehicles related project Wild Duck. We want you to withdraw your company from that project, resume the publicly accessible loyalty program for anyone who wants to join and finally get rid of Gawa's fist gangsters under your payroll and protection. Sinister voice spoke. – You think you are scary? Monrey laughed – Who

exactly you think you think you are!? Making demands like that to CEO of Scraba co? – All we want to normalize the situation and you and your thugs stop harassing innocent civilians who just want to live their lives. If you refuse, we have to take necessary actions which would result something very regretful to you this night. – Lisen, I have hundred guards and 90 Craba security system here. Do you actually believe you can do something to me? Once this number been tracked your kind of lowlifes and terrorists are dealing with justice! Monrey laughed – I take it that your answer is refusal. Please note the two earlier incidents that happened instead of your magnificent security. – I don't listen nor obey your kind of low criminals. After the sword hanging from ceiling and that oversized chopper made into my bed I have tripled the security here. Just to warn you. Once this number is found out there is no place in this planet where you can hide! – We understand. Thank you very much. Your funeral service thanks you for your decision. Call ended and Monrey turned around heading back downstairs and towards his car. – Cursed you! Monrey shouted – I teach you mess up with might of Scraba! This is now third time! Just you wait when I find out who you were, there will be six Overseers behind you faster than you can say "SAND"! He dialled the number to Department of Public Security, and directly to its head Shagwa himself. –Shagwa, It's me! THEY are getting really bold now. They called me this time and threatened me. The call came from secret number. Analyse the transmit location by signal info and get those lowlifes. – Did they demand anything? – That I should cease the ABI vehicle support to law enforcement and disobey my grandfather's advice and resume the questionable loyalty program without any restrictions. Monrey said. – Ha! That's ridiculous. Of course, you made it clear that businessmen and politicians of Idrana do not negotiate with terrorists? – Of course, sir minister. I'll be arriving your office in 20 minutes. Pass my call information further and demand callers identification based on national security. I'll coming to hear results. – Understood. Good bye. Before they were able end the call hologram message popped up: – Sir, you have incoming call who wants to join your ongoing call. Caller Ranhag Kinjaa FTR. – Well what's research division have going on? Monrey said surprised. – Merge calls. On the other end of the phone Ranhag sat in his limo sweating and breathing heavily. – Call established! Spoke synthetic voice and holograms of Monrey and Shagwa appeared front of him. – Hey Ranhag, what is it? You have odd time to call. – Monrey, Shagwa Great you both are at reach! Ranhag spoke still panting heavily. He saw Shagwa looking at him question in his face and Monrey who just exit his mansion heading towards his car. – Monrey, our lab is being raided. They came out of nowhere and stormed the whole building. I managed to save WD project files and one search drone hard drive. You have to see the video it recorded. – Wait wait, what project files? What drone? Shagwa asked. – Dammit Ranhag! Monrey shouted while sat into his car. – Sir Minister, It's about prototype hunting the Bladrons. – Y-yes sir, sorry sir! Ranhag apologized. – I think they know about the drone. I-i-it was pure accident but I managed to get it inside some sort of underground compound. Very big, very high tech. Looks like major Bladron base to me. Bikes, cars speeders, mechas and at least half thousands of troops. We need to analyse the video to determine the exact location of this base. Im on my way to your mansion. Ranhag had just finished his sentence when he saw dark shadow appearing just behind monrey and without warning poor mans head was swiftly covered by pitch black fabric that looked like a pouch. Muffled sound escaped from Monrey when he tried to remove but was stopped by sound that was something like swift metallic slash followed by splashing sound of liquid. Black pouch was then removed from the shoulders of Monrey leaving his headless body to hologram call and only sounds Ranhag was able to hear was steady humming of engine with running sound of water... or something. – Monrey? Monrey?!

Ranhag yelled to his phone. From the phone heard the sound of opening and closing of cars door and then sharp electrical whistle. Then loud ill sounding bang came and the hologram call to Monrey's car cut. "Signal lost. No connection" was only message he got next to Shagwa's shocked face holding a hand on his mouth. – Oh no! Zrage, drive to Brochena Military Base as fast as you dare! – Yes Sir! Replied the driver and limo engine started to roar. Houses and parked cars passed them quick as the limo headed toward the Idrana Central command base of Biitran. Shagwa looked at the hologram of sweating man who tried to look behind of any possible pursuers but the road was nearly empty. Then all of a sudden Black pouch appeared to picture and trapped Ranhags head inside, then the familiar cutting sound came from the speakers and pouch and its content was removed. From the roof window of Ranhags limo jumped out a black figure holding a night black pouch on its hand. The figure landed softly to street and quickly vanished into shadows of nearby park. Limo kept driving away for a moment engine roaring before bright pillar of flames erupted from opened roof window. The call between Ranhag and Shagwa ended permanently while the car quickly covered by flames for a moment before all small and light in the car burned to ash in violent and strong explosion that knocked broken every window in kilometre radius. What remained of the limo, was only brightly yellow burning wreck of metal and random materials. Black, heavy smoke rose up against blue sky and somewhere wind carried the red sand from the desert. Then single flashlight of camera blinked and the dark figure disappeared into shadows. Shagwa slowly closed the phone. Chills ran through him while he walked away from the window. Splash still ringing in his ears. Shagwa knew all too well what it caused because he had heard it before. His predecessor, Senator of Biitran, Monrey Scraba and latest Ranhag. All called him just to let him hear that same sound and next they someone will post a picture of headless Monrey and Ranhag to local newspaper. – Biitran have never been safe but now it had taken a step to worse. He said to himself. – What's the matter with the Special Advisor Andrew?! He specifically addressed that the actions would be best for the country but I see just endless series of incidents, displeased people. Entire districts slipping out from government control. And more importantly. What's exactly that Project WD? Is scraba hiding something from the government?