

THE ESCORT MISSION OF HAVOL

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The Pandje Forest, Planet Kavol. 40,000 meters above ground level, the highest halo jump required of the U.T.E. paratroopers. Beta company was assigned to escort a Kavolkian ambassador to his awaiting Embassy, they had just jumped.

Gin couldn't see his fellow soldiers in the clouds apart from a lightning bolt hitting one of the poor bastards, killing them. He plummeted down towards Kavol's surface and assumed a position to hasten his descent. The ground got larger and larger, he pulled his parachute but nothing happened.

"Fuckin' parachute!"

Just then something fell next to him, it was one of the demolition experts, a female soldier named Vesta. Her mask had fallen off, she obviously suffocated to death, but her parachute was intact. Gin was about to take her parachute, but then he felt the cold circular shape of a grenade.

"Shit."

Vesta was in demolitions, she must have some sort of explosive kit with her. The grenades might go off when she hits the ground, they'll explode, might even cause a forest fire. Gin hugged the dead Vesta and tried to navigate, but 'wap!' his parachute caught on a tree. Below him he could hear blaster fire and screams of help both in common and in a foreign language. Carefully, he climbed down with absolute caution, absolute caution that is until a bolt of light whizzed past him and hit Vesta straight in the face. Her head exploded, skull fragments and brains were everywhere.

Gin ducked but still got splattered with blood. Shaken, he continued the climb down until he saw some sort of reptile dressed in the separatist guard hissing into a radio. Gin noticed it had an odd horn on its belt. He slipped his hand into his boot and pulled out a knife, it gleamed radiantly in his hand, he got into the position and jumped. The reptile only had time to look up before Gin's knife plunged into its face, right between the eyes. Blood spurted out from the serpent's wound onto Gin's face, he tasted the warm metallic blood, which he quickly tried to spit out. The reptile twitched its hands flailing around, then it wheezed until its chest contorted and it hurled up its insides.

A separatist soldier ran up near Gin, screamed and threw a grenade. Everything got super bright.

Gin looked around puzzled.

He could hear shouts muffled by explosions and blaster fire all morphing together. A blurry form ran up to him and shouted something to him. He couldn't understand what the person saying.

It lifted him up and escorted him across the forest to a tent. Inside the tent was very bright and Gin had to close his eyes. Through his blurry vision he could see two shapes talking. One walked to a table that inexplicably disappeared and reappeared but was somewhat see-through. It then lifted a box and took out of it some sort of light that seem to be attached to a string that was dangling from its arm.

Jefferson had been through many battles as a medical officer, a rank that afforded him many luxuries. He especially enjoyed travelling with the ambassador. He looked down at the debilitated soldier, the name 'Gin' clearly visible through the blood splatter.

"He's poisoned, probably from Kalacian blood," Jefferson said more to himself than to the soldier standing next to him. Jefferson rubbed his sweaty palms together and consulted with his medical notebook.

"Kalaz venom, Kalbe madness, ah, here we go, Kalacian blood. Use fermented egxel berry and inject into patient's heart".

He strode to his desk, opened a box full of syringes. He picked one of them and searched his cupboard until he found what he desired, a bottle of egxel wine. He poured himself a glass and filled the syringe with the rest of the bottle, then he ceremoniously drank from the glass and walked over to his patient. He knelt next to him and held a light up to Gin's eye.

"Pupils are already dilated. Going to have to give a full dose. Help me with his uniform."

They pulled open Gin's tunic, revealing his chest, then raised the needle above his head and plunged it down. Suddenly, 'Thump!!!', Gin punched him in the face even as his eyelids were still opening.

"Fuck!!!"

Gin, hardly aware that he was even alive, hurled his fist at the medical officer standing over him. He didn't mean to knock out the doc, he just woke up punching and the dude was in his way. He got up and faced the other soldier in the room.

"What's going on? How'd I get here? Are we under attack?" Gin's lips felt numb as he spoke.

The soldier leaned in, "Some rebels ambushed us, we have it under control. The only real issue was the Kalacians, they must have sent what 10, 20 of them. These guys aren't messing around, Kalacians are expensive mercenaries."

Gin recognized this Soldier, it was his friend Des.

"What's the sitch, Des?"

Des glanced out of the tent and smiled.

“It looks like they've surrendered, we should probably go out there. You can walk, right? I mean you can punch somebody so you can walk?”

“Ya, I think so.”

Gin looked outside the tent, there was a large circle of soldiers surrounding the separatist prisoners. The Ambassador stood in the center preaching some kind of bull crap. Gin couldn't believe how many people had died to protect that fool. The separatist leader, sitting at the Ambassador's feet, took the horn from his belt and blew it until every living separatist blew their horns as well.

Nothing happened, then the ground shook and pulsed until a fat hand burst up through it. The hand had six fingers each with its own giant claw. The hand was plump yet muscular. It grabbed at the ground, which shook even more until a gigantic head of meat and fat burst through the soil. It had two horns on either side of its head, the horns spewed out steam. The Ambassador screamed and ran into the dark followed by the majority of the soldiers. Those who remained were thrown onto the ground and raised their weapons at the creature. It had two black beady eyes and the front of its face seemed to cave into itself in a fleshy pit of teeth. The skin in the pit peeled back until more and more teeth appeared and a tongue shot out. The tongue had a mouth of its own and a second tongue shot out. This tongue had tentacles and it wrapped around one of the soldiers. The second tongue pulsed blue, yellow and black. The tongue seemed to drain all fat, muscle, blood, and water from the soldier, instantly mummifying him in the process.

Soldiers everywhere shot at the beast, unloading round after round but the beast didn't die. It just shut out its tongue, grabbed a huge amount of soldiers and put it back into its mouth which then closed like a fleshy sack. The monster looked around, was delighted to see many juicy entities, leaped forward, opened its mouth to the full extent and devoured eight nutritious soldiers. It extended its long tongue and feasted upon the glory of its hunt. But suddenly something burned on its fat sides. The soldiers were launching lasers at it. Emitting a strangled squeal, the monster's massive pores opened up and foamy white pus made steaming pools everywhere.

The remaining soldiers shouted for explosives but no demolitions officer responded, they were all dead. Gin suddenly remembered Vesta and ran to the tree where her body still hung, other soldiers followed.

When Gin got to the tree he was careful not to step on the Kalacian corpse, but fished his knife out of its skull, and used it to climb up the tree. The creature has started moving toward him and was getting closer, stretching its tongues and hissing. Most of the other soldiers made it up the tree but some of them were eaten.

It stopped to drink the blood from the Kalacian while still spewing out more white pus. The creature was considerably smaller now and was able to climb the tree. Gin was nearly at the top when the second tongue wrapped around it his boot.

“Shit.”

Gin slashed it with his knife, he could feel teeth into his shoe. He frantically pulled out his foot until it came out of the shoe, desperately climbed higher and higher. The creature was gaining on him. At last he got to Vesta's body he unbuckled her from the parachute and dropped her into the beast's open mouth.

BOOM!

Days later the Ambassador took credit for the heroic actions of those nameless soldiers who had fallen that day which lead to his inauguration as the permanent democratic leader.