# Static

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## \*Chapter 1\*: Static

-[Static-

Receiving data…..

Processing…Processing…Processing…/..…eeesssss…siiiiiiin.n.n……

Data transferred. Orders received.

Primary directives

1. Protect Robotropolis at any cost.

2. List of targets provided by superior offers are to be terminated at any cost.

3. Attain any information possible about resisting colonies, and report back to Dr. Robotnik.

Targets

1. "Princess" Sally Acorn

2. Maurice "Sonic" Hedgehog

3. Miles “Tails” Prower.

4. Scarlett “Bunnie Rabbot” O’Hare

Any of these targets are to be eliminated on sight. Any others found should be taken in if possible, however should there be no other option offenders should be killed immediately.

They’ll be taken care of, Doctor.

-[one-

A click followed by a mechanical whine. His presence is definite; this is fact. Sounds can be picked up a mile away. Sight range is just as far. Thermal vision kicks on, accompanied by another whine, and I can see his body heat advancing towards me at a rapid rate.

Finally the time has come.

A loud whirring noise accompanied with an underlying hum, and my jets activate.

It will only be a matter of time before our pathways collide.

Estimated time: Thirty seconds.

Sound being picked up from targets. Recording….

Twenty-five seconds.

Rewind. Assimilating. Playback.

“Ow! Sonic, I think I sprained my ankle!”

Analyzing…

Fifteen seconds.

Speaking target recognized as Miles “Tails” Prower.

Ten seconds.

“Can you make it little bro?”

Five seconds.

Second speaking target identified as Maurice “Sonic” Hedgehog.

Four seconds.

Three seconds.

“Yeah, I th-“

Out of time. Rushing between two trees, because the focus was set on the fox, a surprise attack was permitted.

Target number one: “Princess” Sally Acorn.

-[two-

ink so”

And that’s when it happened. Suddenly Sally flew forward into the center of the group, a big blue figure digging its claws into her back, the slim, sharp fingers cutting through her soft fur and skin. They wrap around the helpless girl’s spinal column, tearing it out in one swift easy movement. Blood sprayed out in a ridiculous fountain, as the eyes of the attacker began glowing a bright red.

-[three-

A magnificent fountain of heat emanating from target number one, target number two starts shooting at me: Maurice “Sonic” hedgehog. Projectiles bouncing off of me, hardly leaving dents, I quickly advance towards him as

-[four-

Sonic did the only thing he could think to do. Jumping into the air, legs tucking into his chest, Sonic gave his best shot at buzz sawing through his foe; a feeble attempt to say the least. Instead of tearing into the robot, the robot tears into him, quills and droplets of blood flying in all directions.

Sonic fell limply to his metal counterpart’s feet, and the robot took this opportunity to stomp on the hedgehogs neck. A spurt of blood, and a short hack before he is silenced for good.

-[five-

Target number two: eliminated.

Target number three sighted, however target number four seems to be protective of target number three. Seems eager to intercept my attack, shooting her projectiles at my impenetrable surface. Launching myself at target number three, I’m closer to it than target number four is.

-[six-

Claws extended, the robot’s momentum caught Tails off guard. There he was, a deer in headlights as projectiles went passed him in all directions, finally to have two robotic hands grab his head from behind. The momentum and grip alone snapped the young fox’s neck, the robotic hands tearing through the weak flesh. Bone snaps in the hands of metal.

Bunnie’s jets propelling her toward the gory mass that the robot stands before.

-[seven-

Target number is a class one threat. Proceed with extreme caution.

Half of the torso and three limbs are that of a roboticized officer. Exercise extreme precaution.

Target face, neck and upper right torso.

-[eight-

Scarlett’s right fist landed the blue robot right on the side of the face, knocking Metal temporarily off balance. It lunges for her, its claw tearing into her shoulder, and a high pitched scream ripping through the silence. Her jets kick on and she tries to propel herself backwards, but the robot latches onto her, digging his metal fingers into her shoulder, and back.

Scarlett kicks her legs wildly, sending them into an awkward , and landing them into a tree.

-[nine-

Severe damage detected.

Target number four took most of the damage, being the first to hit the tree.

Target number four lays motionless before me, immense puddles of heat escaping various parts of her face and torso.

Target number four still exhibits signs of life. Target number four must be terminated at all costs.

Target number four is

s

t

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a…l..e…

SY.…M RE..Q.…EN…TS N….O.T. .B.E.I.N.//G. .M/.E…..T…………….

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSS……………/……/………/…………/……………/………………/……………/…………/…………...I…LU.R/Ee….

-[ten-

Scarlett brought her metal fist to the side of it’s head, cracking the eye lenses down the middle, and cutting out the red glow. Scarlett was still panting, staring at her dead opponent in absolute shock. This was just supposed to be a routine mission but… things suddenly went to shit.

She didn’t even know where the mission was to be carried out. Even if she did, she was too weak to carry on by herself. Her mechanical limbs groaning as she forces herself up, and begins to limp back towards Knothole.

She falls to one knee, cough up blood onto the grass before her. She started to cry. She couldn’t help it; it absolutely could not wait any longer. What she had just been witness to was far too hard on her, so she started sobbing.

Right there in the middle of the forest.

So close to Robotropolis.

She hated herself for not being able to save them She blamed herself for the deaths of her comrades, and more than that. Friends.

Suddenly she notices the big red stain in the snow before her. Seeing her own blood in such quantities made her throw up.

Suddenly her ears perk up to the whirring and buzzing of Robotnik’s metal soldiers.

So she started to run, or tried to, to put it more accurately. Limping away, she could only get so far before the spotlight hit her.

And that’s when the alarm sounded.

-[fin-