AW: Dizzy Pilots

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There's nothing like a good game of golf. However, as Hawke, Adder and Flak soon learn, its not a good idea to play it on the battlefield.

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Chapter 1 - Fore!

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1 - Fore!

One man stood before a window of a seemingly impenetrable fortress, quickly surveying the field. If his mask allowed him, he would be smiling at the sight before him. Before him was the entire battlefield he had planned out in case the war he would soon start, ever reached his borders.

The landscape was designed to give Black Hole a major advantage. Sturm's infamous pipes twisted and turned throughout the landscape. They protect the base from being invaded on all sides. Only three entrance points existed that allowed either Black Holes forces or any others from entering or exiting the fortress. Various cannons strategically placed to guard the main entrance's line of protection protected two entrances. The main entrance itself was guarded by two larger canons pointing... towards the base?

"Damn that meat-obsessed, Sesquipedalophobic fool" Sturm mumbled while he tried to rubbed his forehead in vain.

There was something else that guarded the main entrance. It was Sturm's most powerful asset. It was a weapon so deadly that it was given a name that symbolized its awesome power, regardless of its shortcoming.

The landscape itself was filled with forests and mountains. No force could easily maneuver its way towards the base's defenses without the terrain slowing their advance. Even then, they would have to deal with Black forces as they were built at the various factories around the pipeline perimeter. To tip the odds in his favor even more, many cites already had sworn allegiance to Black Hole and were providing it with the funds to manufacture whatever Sturm saw fit to defend the base. Squadrons of anti-airs, tanks, MD tanks were already guarding the fortress. Soon, Sturm's newest units would also stand ready to defend it.

The fortress appeared flawless. It was impenetrable. It was invincible. It-

"Fore!"

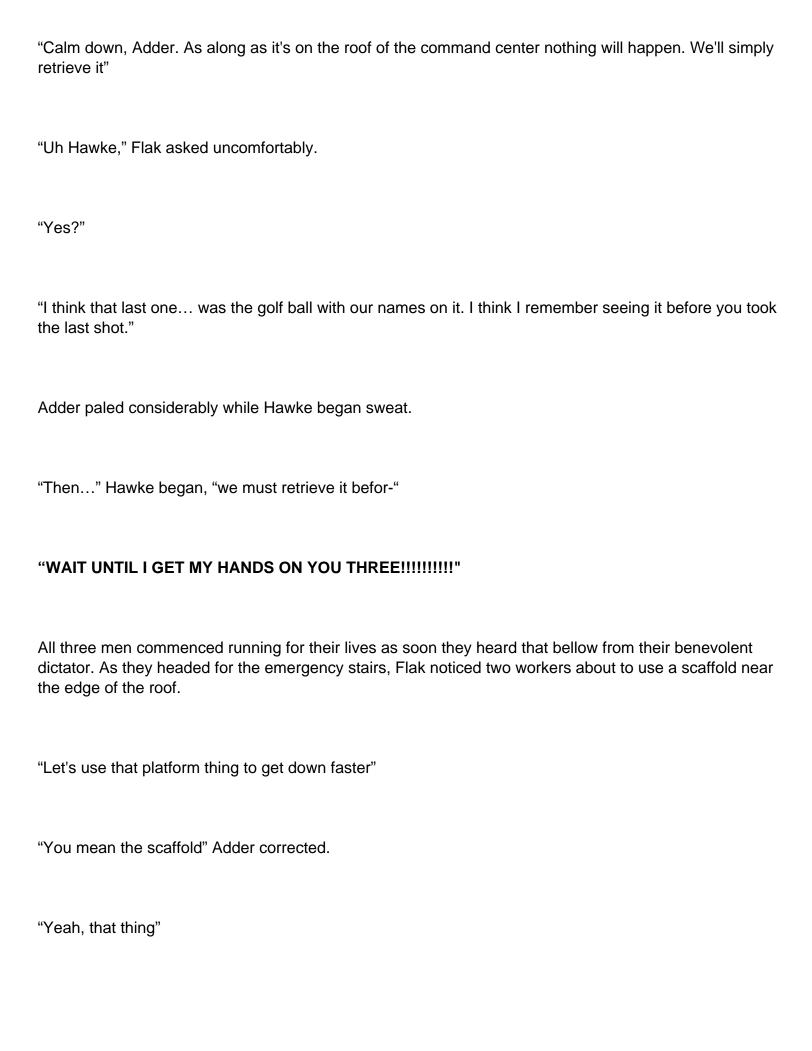


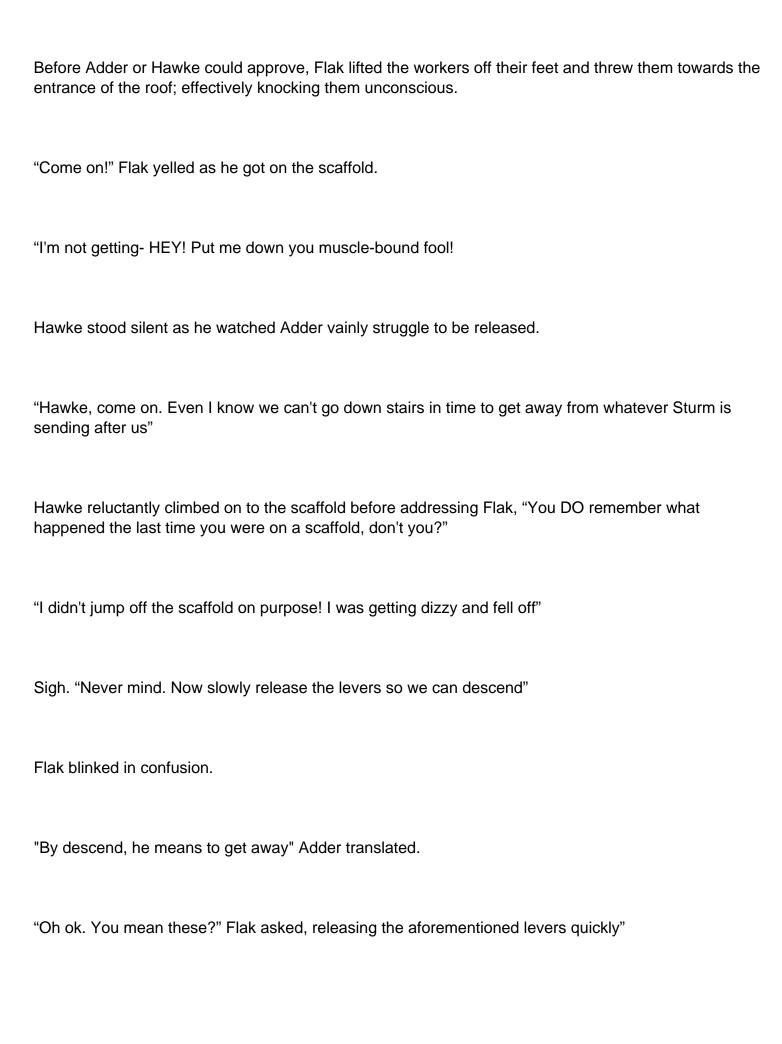


"THAT is your target"
Using his own binoculars, Hawke quickly saw where Adder was pointing. Hawke began narrowing his eyes.
"What's the matter," taunted Adder, "Is the hawk afraid he'll miss?"
Hawke turned to Adder. There was no way out of this but there was no need to give Adder the satisfaction of seeing him look doubtful.
"Stand aside and watch my golf prowess, snake"
Adder decided to ignore the insult. He had Hawke right where he wanted him. Even if Hawke did make the shot, it wouldn't be without its consequences. He wasn't going to allow Hawke to win his money without paying for it.
Hawke removed one of his gloves momentarily to sense the direction of the wind. Satisfied with his findings, he replaced his glove and switch golf clubs. He moved into position and look toward his target. He took a few practice swings before finally taking his real swing.
Whoosh.
All three men watched as the golf ball went upwards before beginning its descent back to earth.
It kept falling
And falling

Until
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Sturm sat in his office while going over his plans to take over Wars World. He had everything planned out. While each of his subordinates distracted the southern nations with their invasions, he would use the money stolen from the countries to supply his true aim. Wars world would pay for the humiliation they gave Black Hole during the last war. More importantly, Sturm thought, it would finally prove to the world that the Black Hole race was superior to all others. It was their god-given right to control the world.
There was nothing that could possibly happen to prevent his victory over Wars World this time.
CRACK!
"What-"
Clank!
"Arrgh!"
Thud!
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"No! Its not possible!" exclaimed Adder.
Hawke inwardly sighed with relief as he quickly remembered a detail Adder probably overlooked. Sturm hardly spent much time within the walls of the missile silo's upper levels. He was notorious for spending days on end in the underground levels of fortress. He gave no justification for his uncanny habit. Paranoia or phobia crossed the minds of his COs but none could verify them.
With this in mind, Hawke saw that there was time to retrieve the golf ball before any consequences could happen. Even if Sturm did find out about the golf ball, he could always blame it on this city's civilians. At the same time it would serve as a justifiable reason for Black Hole to claim the city.
Flak snapped Hawke out of his train of thought after busily looking for something among the golf gear.
"Uh guys?"
Adder and Hawke turned to Flak. Hawke was looking slightly smug while Adder had a scowl on his face. Even behind the goggles they were able to tell something was bothering him.
"I can't find the golf ball with all of our names on it"
Immediately Hawke and Adder began looking through the golf equipment for the golf ball. Among the ones they had with them, none were the one Flak claimed missing.
"That means we accidentally used it in one of our games," Hawke calmly stated.
"NO! Now we are going to get caught! We'll never get-!"







give to be waking up from this nightmare with Folgers in his cup. Adder simply stood as still as statue.
As the men waited to meet their fate, the lead anti-air drone suddenly spoke,
"Lord Sturm requires your presence in his chambers of command."
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To be continued