

# War Games

By Light\_Eco\_Gal

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*This was an English assignment. We had to write a short story and I really like the way it turned out :)*

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**Chapter 1 - War Games**

**2**

# 1 - War Games

**BANG!** A shot whistled over my head missing me by mere millimeters. I crouched lower behind a large dead tree stump, but I knew it was no use. I had been spotted.

Holding my breath, I sprinted out from behind the stump. The enemy opened fire again.

I dodged and twisted away from the shots aimed at me. In reality it was probably pure luck that I wasn't eliminated then and there.

I went into a slide, skidding across the ground and into the safety of the bushes.

Then it fell deathly silent. The wind whistled through the tall gum and pine trees that held the colourful chirping birds. In any other situation, I guess the scene would have been described as peaceful, but I had no time to take in the scenery.

I made my way through the undergrowth, mercilessly crushing small plants under my boots. Blackberry bushes and thistles scratched at my bare arms and legs.

Hoping that my camouflage shirt and shorts let me blend in enough to keep hidden, I forced myself forwards, trying to ignore my thumping heart and spinning head.

The snap of a twig sent me diving into a nearby patch of bracken in a desperate attempt to hide. I gripped my twin pistols tighter, squeezing the triggers slightly.

I tried to get ready to fire and flee, but I felt frozen to the spot like a rabbit under the spotlight.

Another twig snapped, this time accompanied by a rustle of leaves. Someone was close. As the source of the noise came into sight I gripped my pistols tighter in each shaking hand and aimed it. It was & a magpie. A stupid little magpie!

Sighing, I lowered my guns. All that panic for nothing. But my relief was short lived.

I think he went this way! An enemy shout echoed through the trees.

I held my breath again and prepared to run. Then the idea hit me. It was so simple, so obvious.

If I kept running it was clear I was going to be caught. I was a sprinter, not a long distance runner, so it was inevitable. But, if I stayed where I was, not moving and barely breathing, there was a chance that they would pass me by. Then I would be free to attack from behind.

Victory didn't seem impossible anymore. I could still turn the tables in my favour and then my teammates wouldn't have fallen in vain.

I lay still, trying to concentrate on slowing my thumping heart and rapid breathing.

The loud crunch of boots got close and closer until they had caught up to me. They stopped, probably only for seconds, but it seemed like hours. All four of them scanned the surroundings and, to my horror, paused when they saw my hiding place.

I was shaking so much that I feared I was making enough noise for them to locate me. I started having doubts. What if I'd kept on running and gotten away or gotten the jump on them some other way? Would it have been better than this stupid plan?

One of them walked over to another and whispered something in their ear. The guy nodded, before shouting, Ok team, move out!

Thank God, they hadn't seen me. I was safe for the time being.

As soon as they were completely out of sight I started breathing again. It had been close, but I was still

alive.

Now I had to put the second stage of my plan into action. So the chase continued, but this time I was the one doing the chasing. I had the upper hand. Or so I thought.

I followed them as closely as I dared, keeping my eyes peeled for any opportunity to strike. It was difficult to keep hidden, as cover was growing thinner. On a couple of occasions I had to dart across a clearing to get the next gum tree, blackberry bush or patch of bracken.

Then it happened&

The group stopped in a clearing beside a huge pine tree. One guy made a hand gesture and split from the group wandering behind the giant mud brown trunk. I noticed that it was the same guy who had been whispered to before. He was probably just going to scout ahead, I rationalized, nothing for me to worry about since I was safely behind. Also, with one less enemy to take on this could be easier than I thought. This was my prime opportunity for an assault.

I gripped my pistols tightly as I surged forward, breaking cover. I looked into the eyes of the enemy, expecting to see the slow realization and despair that had filled my teammates' eyes when they had been eliminated. Instead I found their eyes sparkling with happiness. Like the expression someone gets when they pull off a successful&

Ambush! I cried to myself, skidding to a halt. It probably wasn't the smartest thing to do, but my brain had replaced all rational thought with fear.

I looked up into the branches, and there, grinning broadly at me was the fourth enemy. With his gun raised and pointed right at my face.

I froze. My legs refused to move no matter how hard my brain urged them to. Even if I could have moved, it was already too late. He opened fire.

Head shot!

I coughed and spluttered, wiping the water from my eyes. I dropped my two water pistols, which fell to the ground with a clatter of plastic.

My shirt was saturated and sticking to my skin, not very comfortable.

The three guys by the tree punched their fists in the air and did a victory dance. We won! We won!

Shut up. I grumbled, You only won because you had Jake on your team! I pointed to the guy in the branches.

Jake just smiled while the others continued their victory dance. He dropped his super soaker out of the tree, letting it fall, and followed it close behind.

Oh come on, don't be such a sore loser, Sam. He smirked, But if you insist on being that way, we can go grab the other losers and play another round.

Fine, I smiled. But this time you're going down. Way down!

Jake just chuckled. I wouldn't get your hopes up&