

Alias: B.C.

By Skullnbones999

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This is my story of Alias: B.C. I know what ur thinking, and no it doesnt stand for Before Christ, it stands for Baseball Cap. The Dude's Real name is Brian Cornea, yes the part of ur eye.

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Chapter 1 - Through the Scope	2
Chapter 2 - New Recruit	3

1 - Through the Scope

Greetings, my name is B.C., I live in a time where baseball caps are shunned from society.

I heard a ring in my ear, the awakening of my evil. "God! Loud-@\$\$ alarm clock." Or just the signal to start my day. My real name is Brian Cornea; yes it is like the section of the human eye. Now, about me, most blanks would say I'm normal, oh and blanks are the so-called 'normal' people of this 2019 city. The truth is, if you look at it, I am kinda normal. I go do my job, hang out with friends, stuff like that. There is one thing strange happening here. There have been several murders going around, where all of the victims are shot in one place; the cornea of their eye, and even stranger than that, the killer has only been glanced as 'a guy wearing a baseball cap', and I'm the only guy in Crania city that wears a baseball cap, but no one knows that. You could probably guess who the killer is, so yeah it's me. My job is as a gun-4-hire, a hit man. I consider all of my targets as 'hits through the scope of my P-SG1'.

"Watch out for me" he said as he loaded the rifle. "you might be next". Then a shot rang through the air, and as quick as the noise of the shot made, one more went down. "Ah, Bullseye" Brian Whispered as he started running down the stairway. Yep, Just another average day for the infamous Baseball cap Killer, or better known as B.C.

2 - New Recruit

Chapter 2: New Recruit

The door of B.C.'s apartment swung open as he entered the room. "Well, home sweet home" B.C. said as he sat down, exhausted yet again from his last job. "Ah, one more blank not to worry about" the only sympathy shown from the ruthless killer. "Let's see what they got on me now" he mumbled as the T.V. Sparked to life. On the screen, the headline read 'Another shot down by the Baseball cap Killer' "The Story is still the same" he sighed as the screen flickered off. As the infamous criminal crept into his room, he noticed a small paper airplane lying quietly on his bed. "Great, probably another hit" he said as he unfolded the note. It had read:

2400 Chorus Ln. Wednesday 4:23 PM

Target: White Male, Dark brown mullet, Punisher shirt, Black pants

The Usual manner a hit is planned. He put down his rifle, then laid down on his bed, waiting for tomorrow to slink into his life. Darkness crept into his eyes, with dreams of bloody murder replacing the blackness, and in very short time, the killer dozed off.

B.C. had casually crept up to his hit-spot, as usual. He readied his P-SG1, breathing heavily. Trigger-Happy, he spotted his target, but as soon as his finger reached the trigger of his gun, a different shot rang through the air, then the target went down. Confused, B.C. turned around, to be staring down the smoking barrel of a scoped M-16 assault rifle. He glared at the wielder of the firearm and said "Nice shot, newbie". "Mind if I join you? Infamous B.C.?" the newbie asked confidently as she pulled out a new clip for her gun. "Not at all, miss." He said to the woman. The woman re-loaded her M-16 and put it in her bag. "What's your name?" B.C. asked her. She replied "Oh, my name is Sapphira headshot." As she pulled the hood of her blue jacket down, revealing her cherry red hair, and emerald green eyes. "Ah, beautiful and deadly. MY kinda girl." B.C. said to Sapphira. Sapphira giggled at his compliment, smiling happily. B.C. picked up his P-SG1 and put it in his bag. "Welcome aboard, new recruit" B.C. said as he walked out of the building with Sapphira.