

Meet The Family

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A short story in need of chapters.



Published on
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"Easy does it, you little bligh'er... Just a tad bit more...."

Lou's eye was levelled steady with the centre of the sight's crosshairs. The target, a BLU soldier, stood out from the otherwise desolate and dry landscape. High within the safe confines of his post though, the Sniper found the heat of the day wasn't helping at all. Being suffocated from the sweltering weather was a burden and each sip of water from his flask only left his lips all the more dry. In truth, he had been following this single soldier about with his scope for some time now, unable to pull the trigger. His vision had lost focus, allowing it to remain for mere seconds before straining his eyes to the point of a splitting headache. But he forced himself through it with a rough rub to them, removed all clothing aside from his pale blue undies, ironically enough, fanning himself softly with his hat. He couldn't miss this shot. The Scout was relying on him. Once more he steadied... Just enough to-

RING! RING, RING!

"Good Lord!" Startled by the sudden tone and vibration against the wooden floor, he lowered himself to hide behind a larger beam to the blotched barricade he had previously been watching through. The gun was set gently aside as he scrambled on his hands and knees to frantically search the pockets of his vest and the front pocket's of his shirt. Til he came across his pants at the bottom of the pile of clothes and even then he struggled to grasp the phone from within them. The soldier had his eye on the tower now... But not for long.

"BONK!" The word was just audible but strongly familiar. So much so, it brought a smile to Lou's face as he bought the phone to his ear and pulled himself back onto the crate to sit, tugging on his trousers with his free hand.

"Mum? No, it's not a bad time. Ye, I remember that you and dad were comin' down tonight. Dad's not coming? Why?"

"Eeeh, Campa van!" Richie barged through the door with a bloody titanium bat swinging in one hand as the other clamped onto the sniper's shoulder, causing him to grimace and hiss between his teeth at the pain the young runt's yelling caused. Rich just looked to his now sweated hand and wiped it on his shirt with a disgusted expression, *"Didn't think I'd make it, did'cha?"*

"Shhh! Can't you see I'm busy?! --Wha? Yes, mum. He's a friend, mum. No, He's... Working at the mome-" The conversation was cut short as Richie cheekily snatched the phone away with a grin that would put the cheshire cat to shame.

"Oh, hey mrs. B! Say, Lou hasn't told me his last name. I mean it would be rude not t'know, right?... So, uh...? NO, really?! Pfft! Oh, no- no I'm not making fun of it. Yeah, I understand. Ah, I don-- No, listen, I-! You did?! It's kind of you, but-- But? Heh, sure thing...I'll tell him. But I'm sure he won't like it."

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