

# The Helldivers

By : **Banitt**

The planet Koulou was found to have a huge amounts of Hardonite, a rock much like coal, but burns much slower, and does not come with the problems of pollution. The only problem is that there are billions of dangerous and hostile aliens on the planet of Koulou. \*\*\*\*\* A new elite unit known as E1, or Helldivers, has been created for the purpose of terminating the aliens and defending the precious Hardonite. Follow Barrett Taylor (Tazz) and the Helldivers on their dangerous mission on the planet Koulou.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Banitt](https://booksie.com/Banitt)

Copyright © Banitt, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## **Table of Contents**

Training Mission

The Scavenger

## Chapter 1: Training Mission

I looked down the sights of my A1011 assault rifle, and aimed it towards a Korean sniper that was standing on the top of a four-story building. He was just turning his head in my direction when I fired the weapon. It was a clean shot straight through the head. I heard Sgt. Petterson yell out from behind me, "Nice shot rook! I think I may come to like you yet."

It was four in the morning. We were in the middle of some damn country in the Middle East protecting the Iraqi's from the Koreans who had declared war on them for no reason other than power.

I had just finished my basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia only two months earlier. A few guys had come to the base for recruiting purposes for a new unit called E1, or Helldivers if you don't want to get technical. One of the guys explained to us that it was a new elite unit designed for, I quote, "Getting the job done right, fast, and with the least amount of casualties as possible."

Now, I myself had always liked to try new things, whether it be eating a new food, or possibly joining a new elite unit that would be fighting the most intense battles anyone had ever seen. So, of course I signed my name on the paper, and before you know it I'm in a poor, third world country fighting the whole god damned Korean army with only three other guys; and this was only my training.

"That was the last of them I think." Said Landers, our commanding officer. "The briefing said that after we finished with the village, we go up the mountain to the Korean outpost, and hold them off until reinforcements arrive."

Pvt. Henderson punched Landers arm and started walking towards the mountain. As he was walking away he said, "We'd better get ourselves a move on boys, that outpost is more than fifteen kilometers away from here, and it's all uphill."

We walked for seven hours, struggling to get up the mountain. Well, I was struggling anyways. "Hey Tazz, you must have put the setting for eighty instead of seventy-nine on your sleep number bed." All four of us laughed at that one.

Being the rookie had its downfalls. Actually it was nothing but downfalls. You were the butt of all jokes, you didn't know most of the guys yet, and when a firefight occurred you had no idea what to do because you didn't know how everything worked quite yet; but the guys tried their best to explain everything too me, and it didn't seem like they were frustrated at all.

All four of us stopped when we were almost to the top of the mountain. Landers turned to us, "Alright guys here we go. At the top of the mountain there is a man built valley. That is where the outpost is located.

"There is only one way into the valley, and it's just a small, narrow driveway. What we are gonna do is get in there, knock out the communications tower so that they cannot call for backup, establish a position somewhere with enough cover to hide behind, and finally sit tight and hold the fort."

Henderson lifted his sniper and said, "I'll take position at the top of the valley ridge and provide cover for you three."

"You got it." Said landers. Henderson turned away and started jogging to his position. Landers, Petterson, and I began making our way around the backside of the mountain to the entrance of the valley.

## The Helldivers

Landers was right about the entrance, it looked like a prius could barely fit through there. He kneeled down about fifty yards from the entrance. I thought it odd that there were no guards around. "Alright boys. When we go in there you two are gonna find a place to hunker down and draw the fire while I make my way to the communications tower and stick some C4 to it. Got it?" We both nodded, my helmet moving around on my head as I did so. "Alright then, lets get a move on than shall we?" The three of us whispered Hooyah as we stood up and started towards the valley.

I drew point, and looked around the corner through the entrance, I spotted four soldiers sitting on the porch of a wooden building, and six others were standing around in a circle paying hackie-sack with full gear on.

My rifle seemed abnormally light as I lifted it to my shoulder to take the shot. When I pulled the trigger nothing happened except a loud click. "Shit!" the six Koreans playing hackie-sack looked over in my direction as I struggled to get the clip into my gun. Finally it was loaded, but the Koreans had already grabbed their guns.

Shots rang out everywhere, most of them hitting the rock wall of the valley, sending dust and debris into my eyes. "God damnit Tazz!" Petterson yelled as he began firing at the Koreans with extreme accuracy.

Before I knew it the six soldiers were dead, and we were moving into the valley. Once Petterson got in he began running to the left, and Landers straightforward. I followed Petterson, and shot the four soldiers that were on the porch. More Koreans began filing out between the buildings, guns in hand.

As I ran, I emptied my clip, killing seven of the Koreans. They just kept coming! Petterson and I ran to a small, steel building that was secluded from the rest of the outpost. Petterson opened the door, and I went in making sure it was clear. What I saw in there was disturbing. There were four beds in the room with dead, and bloody bodies on them. In the far right corner was a large rack that held some sorts of metal tools. "Oh my God, it's a fricken torcher chamber." I said, fear obviously evident within my voice.

"Shut up man! Get to a window and make your self useful." I listened to him, and started shooting out the window nearest to me. I had shot over fifteen of the Koreans when I heard something explode. I looked over to the communications tower, which was slowly toppling over. Petterson slapped me on the back and said; "Now we really got to pick up the pace. We need to make sure Landers can get to us safely." I nodded, and continued shooting out the window.

I had only one clip left for my rifle when I spotted Landers running down the trail towards us. He was shooting like mad, and was just about surrounded by the Koreans, but he kept going.

When he reached the building he said, "These guys don't know what their doing! I saw one guy who couldn't even figure out how to shoot his gun!"

We fought for another hour before our reinforcements arrived. Sixty of our soldiers walked into the valley and cleared it out. A man in a black Kevlar vest walked up to Landers, "Your team needs to come with me, you're ready for the real combat." It was General Mason.

## Chapter 2: The Scavenger

Mason led us over to one of the buildings inside of the outpost. He set a folder full of papers labeled, Document E1, onto a table that was sitting in the middle of the room. He said, "Landers, I want you and your team to read over this document very carefully. Next Friday you are going to be flown back to the states and you will get a full briefing for this at the Pentagon. You guys don't know it yet, but you four are probably the most important people in this world at this point." With that he turned around and started for the door, but before he left he looked back and said, "Oh, and by the way, great job today." Then he was gone.

When we got back to the base the cooks were serving real beef. At first I wondered where it had come from, but the Henderson told me exactly where the cooks had gotten hold of it. He said in his monotone voice, "There was a cow that got caught in a barbed wire fence up the hill a little ways. A couple of guys went up there and shot it, and then they dragged it down for the cooks to make beef stew."

I asked him if the civilians would get mad that they shot one of their cows and he simply said, "Probably." Then he continued to stuff his mouth with food like we never had the conversation. Henderson was a tall black man in his mid twenties. He never did say much of anything, and when he did say something it was usually just straightforward with no other details.

Sergeant Petterson was the complete opposite of Henderson, aside from the fact that their names rhymed. He was a short, but very muscular man also in his mid twenties. He always had his hair cut into a short Mohawk, the Mr. T style. He also had a scorpion tattooed on the side of his head. That badass feeling overcame you when you saw him, and he was very intimidating. However, once you got to know him he wasn't so bad.

Finally, Landers was a born and bred leader. He was in his thirties, and was already a Captain. He just had that personality about him where if he told you to do something you did it no matter what. He was about six feet tall, and he had that look to him that meant all business.

"Tazz, Henderson! Get your asses over here! We're gonna take a look at that document the general gave us." Petterson called us in from a small, one room building that we used as an interrogation room for any Korean prisoners that we needed to get information from. Petterson was in charge of that, usually just looking at him would make the prisoners talk.

I got up and walked over there. Petterson was leaning against the wall to the left, and Landers was sitting in a chair studying the documents. He looked up and noticed we were there. He motioned for us to sit down and handed us each a packet of papers, including Petterson.

"Take a good hard look at this guys. This is serious stuff. I'll let you guys look at this for a while; I'm gonna go get myself some food." He slapped the papers down on the table and left. The other two began to read over the papers, I looked down at my own.

*E1 1st deg. Classified*

*The purpose for creating the elite unit known as Helldivers is not to fight against the North Korean Army; it is much more than that. Scientists, as you know, had discovered the planet Koulou more than ten years ago, but they weren't able to travel there until only just two years ago. When they got there they found a new type of metal called Hardonite that acts much like earth's coal, but the difference is that this new metal burns much slower and does not let off as much Nitrogen Oxides; causing less pollution.*

## The Helldivers

*The only problem with this is that the scientists could not reach the large deposits of Hardonite to bring back to Earth because of a hostile alien race that fires upon any human they see. This alien race is humanoid in nature. They are estimated to weigh three hundred pounds on average. They have blue, scaly skin, and golden eyes. These creatures are a threat to us because they are superior to us in technology and are very dangerous.*

*El's job is to travel to Koulou and help the scientists get to the Hardonite, and protect them and the base from the hostile aliens at all costs.*

Petterson and Henderson were already done reading by the time I had finished. "Wow," Petterson began saying, "that is not what I was expecting at all."

"Yeah, me either. I just hope to God they have got better equipment there than we've got here fighting the Koreans. I doubt our weapons would do any good against an alien that is farther in technology than we are." Both of them nodded, their eyes locked to the floor the whole time.

I decided to hit the sack. It was only nine o'clock, but I was tired and we were leaving for D.C. in the morning. At that moment, a part of me wished that I had never signed up for this unit, but what did I have to look forward to back at home? Nothing, absolutely nothing. I was just like all of the other guys in our unit; this was the only place we belonged.

An officer led the four of us to a lecture room inside of the pentagon. We had arrived in D.C. early that morning. A man in a silk suit with glasses hanging down from his undershirt was standing in front of a holographic screen with a picture of a planet on it. I guessed that the picture was of Koulou. It was like nothing I had ever seen before. It looked like a lush paradise, not some desert planet like earth was becoming. The wierd thing about Koulou, though, was that it's Landmasses were a dark purple in color. I wondered to myself how that could happen, but I figured the man would explain everything so I sat down to listen.

When we all had sat down the man in front of the screen began his presentation. "This planet here is Koulou." He said, pointing at the picture, "It is more than four light-years away, and has an atmospheric pressure of eleven point two. It has three moons called Arbiter, Haardysees, and Shum. It's moon Shum is almost identicle to earth aside from the fact that is much smaller than our planet."

"Our base, FOB Alcatraz, is on the Eastern side of the planet. On Earth that would be somewhere in the middle of the continent of Africa." He pressed a button on the clicker and the picture changed from a planet to a picture of one of the aliens? It was massive with big, thick arms. Its legs looked as if they could be tree trunks. It was dressed in some kind of armor and was also holding a gun at its side.

"This is a brute. That's what we call them. These brutes are what you four are going to be fighting once you get onto the planet." The man pressed another button and the screen turned black. "That's all we've got for you today boys. You will receive more additional information once you get onto the planet. Now your directions say that you are to go out to hangar fifteen, which is right outside the doors of the West wing, and board the ship. You leave for Koulou in fifteen minutes."

With that we left the lecture hall and went out to the hangar. We were all nervous; nobody said a word on our way out. When we entered the hangar I saw the ship that would be flying us four light-years from home, and it was absolutely amazing! It looked to be about a quarter mile long, and a couple hundred feet tall. It was a dull white in color, and the word scavenger was written on the side of it.

Petterson was obviously amazed by the ship also. He let out a quiet, "Hoooooly shit!" from under his breath. Suddenly stairs began to slowly unfold to the ground from under the ship.

## The Helldivers

We climbed up the stairs, Landers first, and entered the ship. It was dark at first, but then the lights flashed on revealing the inside of the ship.

Everything in there was white, even if there wasn't much of anything. All there was in the ship were about four hundred tube type things that a single person could fit in. All of a sudden four of them opened, and a women's voice started to speak.

"Hello, and welcome to the Scavenger shuttle. Step into the pods and strap yourselves in. We will begin our flight once everyone has been injected with Hydertoxin."

What was that? Hydertoxin? Injection? I looked over at the other guys but, but they didn't seem to be worried about it and were already getting themselves strapped into the pods.

"You comin' Tazz?" Landers asked me when he finished strapping himself in.

"Yes, I'm sorry sir." I replied to him, and walked into the pod. When I had strapped myself into the pod all of the doors closed, and a needle slowly came out from the side wall and injected me with something. I instantly fell asleep.

.

# The Helldivers

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 04:45:33