Datamuse 3 : 17

By : Mcpout

A short flash fiction that takes no more than 5 mins to read. Sometimes all that we see isn't clear...

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Datamuse 3 : 17

You say, "I am rich. I have become wealthy. I don't need anything." Yet you don't realize that you are miserable, pitiful, poor, blind, and naked. 3:17 Revelations.

The arrows screamed past Datamuse3:17 to thud harmlessly in the thatched shed behind him as he scrambled for cover on his hands and knees around the horses drinking troth that offered a small reprieve to the shower of shots raining down on him.

Grunting out of the imagined pain and exhaustion at the effort, he felt relief that his chaser was such a terrible shot, while worried all the time that his attacker would bring more enemies to his position now that they had finally located him so close to the prize he needed to end this conflict, once and for all.

Taking a moment to scan his surroundings he tried to pin point the would be assassin from his relative safe position as another shot attempted to end him from a different angle than before, as enemy reinforcements closed in on his location blocking his escape.

Unable to see were the shots were coming from but having a relatively good idea that one would be sitting at the natural rock formation in the trail above the enclosure he found himself pinned down in; reasoning that with the advantage of the virtual natural protection and the view it offered, thatâ s where he would be.

Using his rare map spell he had luckily acquired from his last kill he watched as the blue light of the magic launched straight up in the air above him in a shower of cascading sparks, spreading its intrusive light over the battlefield and revealing for a brief moment, the dire situation that he found himself in.

The magical light of the spell, allowed him to see his enemiesâ through the terrain as white glowing silhouettes, before they began to fade quickly from his vision.

Telling him that there was no reinforcements left on his side, that he was on his own and had now just broadcasted his position to everyone on the field in a blatant rookie mistake.

A quick head count, showed that there where still four of the enemy in the area, if none where cloaked that was, but luckily the other two who were roaming in the distance near his territory and were too far away at the moment to pose an immediate threat, telling him that he had a few precious moments before they could traverse the valley and ravines to get to his position.

If he could just despatch those two that were closing in on him fast after, then there was still a chance he could wrench this swore defeat into a victory.

A small challenge he didnâ t want to address till he cleared this area out first.

That just left for the moment, the one in the nest above him and the other that was purposefully making his way round the ravine in front of him while his friend kept Datamuse3:17 pinned in position with sporadic shots.

A Glance over his inventory showed that he still had one stun spore left and a vortex trap in support items, while only having eight bolts left in his multi-shot short ranged crossbow to go on the offensive with that was

looking bare with its almost empty quiver.

Wishing that he still had his usual trusted enchanted blunderbuss sniper rifle that had unfortunately already been emptied and discarded for extra speed, after his last encounter had wiped out his remaining allies and ammo in a frantic pitched battle that had left everyone dead but him.

Just then he heard the unmistakable crackling of a vortex trap going off in the distance as luckily one of the others must have triggered the trap he had laid earlier when he crossed into the enemyâ s territory. Knowing that it wouldnâ t kill them but leave them suspended in the air for twelve seconds helpless, buying him more valuable needed time to make his desperate move.

Thinking that it was now or never, he threw his stun spore high into the air and to the left towards the out crop of rocks where he knew the sniper was waiting. Tracking it all the while with his crossbow and shooting it at the zenith of its trajectory.

The two bolts making contact with the bag of herbs and magic, disintegrating it to shower down on the unsuspecting enemy, in a plume of glittering dust as he had just been rising to finish Datamuse3:17 off. Reacting as he came sprinting into view out of his cover of the feeding troth. Datamuse3:17 used the added reach of the exploding bag to make up the additional distance that he could have never made otherwise with the limited range of his secondary weapon.

He didnâ t wait to see if he hit the target, knowing that if he missed that this attempted rush would end very finally as he dashed towards the ravine where the other had been before, diving round the bend and firing at point blank range into the slower to react opponent, taking him clear in the chest in an explosion of blood and guts as the two bolts ripped through his target like he wasnâ t there.

At that range leaving no room for survival in the tightly packed ravine as the shots ricocheted of the narrow passage to splinter uselessly about the floor.

Not stopping, he allowed his dive to turn into a roll, bouncing of the wall with his left hand and springing up past the dead on his feet enemy who dropped to his knees behind him before slumping to the ground in a grunt, as the life left his body.

Knowing that every second counted as he made his way with speed and precision to the still hopefully dazed remaining target that was now only a few short feet round and up the bend from where he was.

All the while, desperately reloading the second last shot into his crossbow as fast as he could, attempting to close the distance between himself and his remaining attacker, reversing the roles between them of hunter and prey as he closed in.

Jumping up to the next level with a tremendous leap, he came face to face with the still recovering opponent who had thought he had him pinned for so long, taking in all the details in a split second as he charged the distance between them. Slamming into his target and lifting him clear over the out crop of rocks that for so long had been his shelter and now became his end, as he crashed over the ledge to fall to his death in front of where Datamuse3:17 had started a few seconds previously, the attacker crashing into the horse troth at an angle that no neck would survive, firing wildly the whole time, destroying the structure in a shower of stale water and splintered rotten shards as his body ploughed through the old wooden construction onto the unforgiving stone underneath.

Taking a moment to let his adrenaline levels drop he scanned the area to see if there was any more threats as he tried to decide his next move.

Two left.

He had two options left he reasoned, try and make a break for the enemy flag to capture it and return to his own territory, or finish off the last two hunters who he knew would be closing in on his position very shortly, knowing that whoever had triggered the trap earlier would now be free to continue hunting him.

Thinking that he could actually win this, he was distracted by something sailing past his head in a blur to clank ominously behind him down the only exit.

His shoulders dropping in resignation he turned to face the explosion as the shrapnel from the grenade ripped him to shredsâ ¦

Tom blinked in the light as the game scanner that had been reading his brainwave patterns to move in the game world, raised back up above his mechanised wheel chair.

Using the control stick to move the chair closer to the door, he rotated back to look at the Dreamstation before muttering.

â Fucking hackers.â

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