

AW: Dizzy Pilots

By Archfiendgeneral

Submitted: August 1, 2005

Updated: August 1, 2005

There's nothing like a good game of golf. However, as Hawke, Adder and Flak soon learn, its not a good idea to play it on the battlefield.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Archfiendgeneral/18292/AW-Dizzy-Pilots>

Chapter 1 - Fore!

2

1 - Fore!

One man stood before a window of a seemingly impenetrable fortress, quickly surveying the field. If his mask allowed him, he would be smiling at the sight before him. Before him was the entire battlefield he had planned out in case the war he would soon start, ever reached his borders.

The landscape was designed to give Black Hole a major advantage. Sturm's infamous pipes twisted and turned throughout the landscape. They protect the base from being invaded on all sides. Only three entrance points existed that allowed either Black Holes forces or any others from entering or exiting the fortress. Various cannons strategically placed to guard the main entrance's line of protection protected two entrances. The main entrance itself was guarded by two larger canons pointing... towards the base?

“Damn that meat-obsessed, Sesquipedalophobic fool” Sturm mumbled while he tried to rubbed his forehead in vain.

There was something else that guarded the main entrance. It was Sturm's most powerful asset. It was a weapon so deadly that it was given a name that symbolized its awesome power, regardless of its shortcoming.

The landscape itself was filled with forests and mountains. No force could easily maneuver its way towards the base's defenses without the terrain slowing their advance. Even then, they would have to deal with Black forces as they were built at the various factories around the pipeline perimeter. To tip the odds in his favor even more, many cites already had sworn allegiance to Black Hole and were providing it with the funds to manufacture whatever Sturm saw fit to defend the base. Squadrons of anti-airs, tanks, MD tanks were already guarding the fortress. Soon, Sturm's newest units would also stand ready to defend it.

The fortress appeared flawless. It was impenetrable. It was invincible. It-

“Fore!”

Whoosh.

It was also the ideal for practicing golf swings. Three men within one of the fort's neutral cities to the right of the missile silo watched as a golf ball launched past the forts' main defense, finally landing on the roof of a commander center of a very large missile silo.

The man with white hair turned to his associates,

“Gentlemen, I believe that's game”

The other two men threw money at their feet upon seeing the man's shot through pairs of binoculars. The more slender and clownish-looking man quickly responded to the white-hair man's claim,

“That was a lucky shot, Hawke!”

“There is no such thing as luck, Adder” Hawke responded calmly “Only skill. Now pay up”

“Awww. I really wanted that money to get a new helmet,” stated the third man.

“Flak, nobody cares about your damned helmets” Adder snapped angrily.

“I care about them”

“Fine! Nobody ELSE cares about your helmets. Happy?” Adder asked sarcastically.

“Not really”

“Too bad!”

“Enough,” Hawke intervened, “you two owe me ten thousand G”

If it were possible, Adder's already deathly pale face lit up. “Tell you what, Hawke. Let's have one more wager. It will be double or nothing”

Hawke remained silent. His face gave nothing away.

“You make this shot and I'll give you twenty thousand G. How about it, Hawke?”

Hawke still remained silent. Adder saw he would need to bring out the big guns.

“Just imagine how much coffee you can buy with that”

“Name your target”

Adder smiled as he saw how quickly Hawke choose to consider the new wager. He knew Hawke wouldn't turn away from a challenge... given the right incentive. All that was left was to give Hawke a target that even he couldn't make. As he looked around the playing field however, he noticed there really wasn't any target that Hawke stood a good chance of missing AND wasn't out of reach. His eyes however rested on a single spot in the command center of the missile silo.

“THAT is your target”

Using his own binoculars, Hawke quickly saw where Adder was pointing. Hawke began narrowing his eyes.

“What's the matter,” taunted Adder, “Is the hawk afraid he'll miss?”

Hawke turned to Adder. There was no way out of this but there was no need to give Adder the satisfaction of seeing him look doubtful.

“Stand aside and watch my golf prowess, snake”

Adder decided to ignore the insult. He had Hawke right where he wanted him. Even if Hawke did make the shot, it wouldn't be without its consequences. He wasn't going to allow Hawke to win his money without paying for it.

Hawke removed one of his gloves momentarily to sense the direction of the wind. Satisfied with his findings, he replaced his glove and switched golf clubs. He moved into position and looked toward his target. He took a few practice swings before finally taking his real swing.

Whoosh.

All three men watched as the golf ball went upwards before beginning its descent back to earth.

It kept falling...

And falling...

Until....

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Sturm sat in his office while going over his plans to take over Wars World. He had everything planned out. While each of his subordinates distracted the southern nations with their invasions, he would use the money stolen from the countries to supply his true aim. Wars world would pay for the humiliation they gave Black Hole during the last war. More importantly, Sturm thought, it would finally prove to the world that the Black Hole race was superior to all others. It was their god-given right to control the world.

There was nothing that could possibly happen to prevent his victory over Wars World this time.

CRACK!

“What-“

Clank!

“Arrgh!”

Thud!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

“No! Its not possible!” exclaimed Adder.

Hawke inwardly sighed with relief as he quickly remembered a detail Adder probably overlooked. Sturm hardly spent much time within the walls of the missile silo's upper levels. He was notorious for spending days on end in the underground levels of fortress. He gave no justification for his uncanny habit. Paranoia or phobia crossed the minds of his COs but none could verify them.

With this in mind, Hawke saw that there was time to retrieve the golf ball before any consequences could happen. Even if Sturm did find out about the golf ball, he could always blame it on this city's civilians. At the same time it would serve as a justifiable reason for Black Hole to claim the city.

Flak snapped Hawke out of his train of thought after busily looking for something among the golf gear.

“Uh guys?”

Adder and Hawke turned to Flak. Hawke was looking slightly smug while Adder had a scowl on his face. Even behind the goggles they were able to tell something was bothering him.

“I can't find the golf ball with all of our names on it”

Immediately Hawke and Adder began looking through the golf equipment for the golf ball. Among the ones they had with them, none were the one Flak claimed missing.

“That means we accidentally used it in one of our games,” Hawke calmly stated.

“NO! Now we are going to get caught! We'll never get-!”

“Calm down, Adder. As long as it's on the roof of the command center nothing will happen. We'll simply retrieve it”

“Uh Hawke,” Flak asked uncomfortably.

“Yes?”

“I think that last one... was the golf ball with our names on it. I think I remember seeing it before you took the last shot.”

Adder paled considerably while Hawke began sweat.

“Then...” Hawke began, “we must retrieve it befor-“

“WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!”

All three men commenced running for their lives as soon they heard that bellow from their benevolent dictator. As they headed for the emergency stairs, Flak noticed two workers about to use a scaffold near the edge of the roof.

“Let's use that platform thing to get down faster”

“You mean the scaffold” Adder corrected.

“Yeah, that thing”

Before Adder or Hawke could approve, Flak lifted the workers off their feet and threw them towards the entrance of the roof; effectively knocking them unconscious.

“Come on!” Flak yelled as he got on the scaffold.

“I'm not getting- HEY! Put me down you muscle-bound fool!

Hawke stood silent as he watched Adder vainly struggle to be released.

“Hawke, come on. Even I know we can't go down stairs in time to get away from whatever Sturm is sending after us”

Hawke reluctantly climbed on to the scaffold before addressing Flak, “You DO remember what happened the last time you were on a scaffold, don't you?”

“I didn't jump off the scaffold on purpose! I was getting dizzy and fell off”

Sigh. “Never mind. Now slowly release the levers so we can descend”

Flak blinked in confusion.

“By descend, he means to get away” Adder translated.

“Oh ok. You mean these?” Flak asked, releasing the aforementioned levers quickly”

“No waiiiiiii-”

The scaffold quickly descended down the building. Floors were being passed in seconds. Hawke and Adder tightly held on the handrail as Flak kept himself from moving by holding on to the levers.

“Slow it down!” Adder yelled, “Pull the levers back!”

“Ok” Flak yelled, pulling both levers back into locking position.

Sparks started appearing on both sides of the scaffold as the cables were being forced be held into place. The scaffold slowed down just enough to pin an officer who unfortunately stood beneath it. The sudden stop caused Adder to flip over the handrail and onto the pavement. Hawke and Flak shook their heads to regain their senses. None paid attention as the officer yelled to be released.

“Help Adder” Hawke stated as he jumped off the scaffold, “ We're still need to get out of the city”

“Come on, Adder” Flak began as he stirred Adder to wake up, “We gotta go!”

Once back on his feet, the three men ran down the streets occasionally pushing civilians out of their way. As soon they reached the city limits, a squadron of anti-air drones stood in their path. The three men immediately halted. Judging by the unique markings, they were Sturm's personal units. Each anti-air had red-orange Vulcan cannon barrels as opposed to the normal black ones.

Sweat began forming on three men's foreheads. None of the three would be able to override any command these units were given. And their abilities as COs could not prevent their doom.

All they could do now was see their lives flash before their eyes. Flak reminisced about the different meats he had eaten in his life while Hawke thought about the different brands of coffee. What he would

give to be waking up from this nightmare with Folgers in his cup. Adder simply stood as still as statue.

As the men waited to meet their fate, the lead anti-air drone suddenly spoke,

“Lord Sturm requires your presence in his chambers of command.”

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

To be continued