

Blood Gultch

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Halo battle storys. Mostly done in first person point of view. It's not finished yet. Tis the first chapter. Just 2 describe the situation. Next battle is all war and blood. Enjoy

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Isaiah/51007/Blood-Gultch>

Chapter 1 - Down time

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1 - Down time

The cracks ran along the pavement. Growing larger and spreading out more, populating more space as they filled the empty black, no longer flat rock. Pieces of pavement and debris littered the ground...

“John...” A distant, light female voice, softly making an attempt to revive him...

The red color of lifelessness pooled in the many thousands of smoking potholes and craters, mixing with the mud and sewage water. The metallic taste of death, catching on the low rolling winds.

“John...” Again, the voice reverberating inside his head, echoing, a wave of energy with every spoken syllable.

The smell of burning tires and car paint, forever staining the air with their hard, heavy, destructive taste, and black acrid plumes of smoke filling the air with every wisp of wind.

“John, don’t die on me here. I’ll get board in this suit if there’s nobody to talk to.” This time, a little bit louder, a familiar voice none the less.

He lifted his eye lids, like 100 lb weights, little by little... The sound of the suits life support and sensors alarms blaring in his head. A little blood was splattered on the inside of his helmets visor. His head throbbed with every twitch and movement of his body.

“Oh. Good. You’re all right. Vital and physical analysis complete, analysis reveals only a minor concussion. I was begging to wonder if you were going to come out of that one. You took quite a fall there.”

John groaned. “Aww, man! That one hurt...you don’t have to worry about me Tanna.” (tau-na) “I’ll be all right”

“Yah but were both in this together. If you go down I go down with you.”

The plumes of smoke turning the light blue sky and happy clouds a little gray. From the corner of his eye he could see he could see the cars and blood splatters surrounding him. He could see the all the destruction surrounding him. All the dead bodies. Slowly he rolled over onto his right side. With another groan, bending his left knee and pivoted his leg. He brought his entire leg forward, sliding it on the pavement and glass shards surrounding him and filling the streets around him. He stopped a second to take a breather. Laying there on his side while Tanna jabbered away on what she can pick up with her sensors, he took a deep breath and with a grunt he lifted himself up on palms and knees. Leaning little to one side a little he took the weight off his left knee and brought his boots sole into contact with the hard pavement. From there he leaned on his left leg now, balancing himself out with his arms and

stomach, he slowly stood, swaying a little but finally came to a stand.

He was a man of 7'3" and wore a crimson orange battle suit. The battle suit had a number of emblems on it. One very particular emblem was a paw with the number 117 going through the center and underneath that was an emblem of a needle with the name "Tifitian Clinics" running along the syringe. His armor was full of dents and dings, dirt, black spots, and charred pieces of metal, and splatters of blood were all over his armor. His helmet had a tanned out visor. On his back was a small light weight battery pack that had a life span of about two years before having to be recharged. There was also an in suit air recycler that would recycle air for 90 minutes. He had a com link and heads up display wired into his visor. His suit could also connect to Tanna, the AI that John was issued after being fitted with the suit. John heard that she was supposedly the best AI out there which he soon learned the rumors were correct. The inside of the suit was lined with a gel like substance that regulated his temperature and molds to fit his body's natural features. The suits gel helped regulate his body temperature and acted like a cushion against the armors hard interior.

"John?"

"Yes Tanna?"

"I have discovered red and blue team. Oh and you have a call from one of your teammates."

"Ok, patch it through."

"John! You F***ing idiot! Why the hell did you do that?! You almost got your self killed!"

"Hello Ailita. How are you guys holding up at base?"

She growled over the intercom. "I'm doing fine. But there are a lot blue commin this way. I'll try and pick off a few before they get here and leave the rest to the others. Just hurry up and get your @\$\$ back here! You're the best that we have and we could sure use another Spartan around here!" There were a number of shots fired and some screaming. "Hurry up!"

"Ok! I'm on my way!"

There was a low beep signifying the end of the conversation.

"Tanna."

"Yah John?"

"Which way is base? My men need some assistance."

"Head North for about a quarter mile. There should be the edge a low hill. You can scope out the battle field from there. It would be best if you did that before you walked strait into a bullet."

"Thank you Tanna."

John started on his way, stopping every so often to survey, check his sensors, and listen for any particular sound. When he finally reached the hill he could already here explosions and battle cries.

Suddenly the com link clicked on.... "John! Where the hell are you!!! We need you here! Now! Like today would be nice!"

"Yah. I'm on my way."

He began to sprint North for about a quarter mile. He quickly covered it and came to a hole in a mountain. He entered and followed the whole to the end. He came out onto a trail that led to a another hole. To the right of the trial was a cliff side. To the left was just a large twenty foot drop. The drop leveled out onto the scared battlefield. He followed the trail through a mountain side and eventually came out onto yet another ledge. This ledge over looked his scarred, burnt, dented, chewed up base. Atop the small base was a portal that took him half way across the battle field. He could see Tanna atop the base. She was laying down with her rifle setup and shooting away.