

# Project Ocean Blue

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*An anthro story I wrote. Told from the first person perspective of a mutant in a future earth. His people are being kept a secret from humanity and he must save them from a dominating human military.*

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<b>Chapter 1 - Genesis</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Experimentation</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Freedom's call</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - Open Water</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Chapter 5 - Precious Cargo</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Chapter 6 - Insurrection</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Chapter 7 - Liberty</b>	<b>22</b>

# 1 - Genesis

PROJECT: OCEAN BLUE

Prologue: Genesis

*"We hold life to be sacred, but is it so fragile that it can withstand no tampering?"*  
Chairman Yang, Sid Myers Alpha Centauri

November 28th, 2035

Life is a marvelous gift, but this gift can in theory. Be turned into a terrible weapon. This is the tale of just such an atrocity against life.

I awoke in a strange blue-green world, floating in a fluid of unknown consistency. *Where am I?* Was the first thought, but it was quickly followed by an even greater question. *Who am I?*

I could hear voices beyond my liquid prison.

"Look at those vital signs"

"They look strong, not like the others"

"Cross your fingers gents, this one could be it"

I reached forward, and my hand came into view. Blue on top, white underneath. Two didgets and an opposable thumb. A voice sounded in the back of my mind. *This isn't right, skin shouldn't be blue, life shouldn't start in a test tube, this is unnatural.*

More voices.

"Oh no!"

"What is it?"

"Its mind is racing!"

"Sedative, quickly, we can't loose this one!"

*Those voices, their outside this glass prison. WHERE I MUST BE!*

I raised my hand, and clenched it into a fist. I wound up and there, floating in the viscus liquid, let fly a punch at the walls of my glass world.

The glass exploded into a palisade of cracks, and then burst out in long, crystalline shards. Globbs of the fluid streamed over the floor and I emerged.

There were crys of surprise and shouts of horror as I crunched over broken glass and stood in the center of the sterile white room. A man stepped forward hesitantly. Pink skinned, scrawny, wearing a long, white coat and holding a clip board.

"What is this place, where am I" I demanded in my most menacing voice.

"Calm down sir, all your questions will be answered in time.

"But why am I here? What is my purpose"

"To serve your masters." came another voice. It was then that I heard a loud *"phttt"* sound, and felt

a stinging pain in my side. The world faded to black.

## 2 - Experimentation

### Chapter I: Experimentation

*"What is genesis? Put simply, it is life from lifelessness."*

Dr. Carol Marcus, Startrek II: The Wrath of Kahn

Antarctic Ocean

December 4th, 2041, 0800 hours

Course: due south

General Charels Marchank sat in the passenger cabin of the UH-17 Sea Hawk hurtling south towards the US Navy's most secure facility. The island of Kurgulen just off the coast of Antarctica. Well technically, the base was not on the island.

The Posiedon facility was a magnificent piece of engineering, the first true self sufficient, submerged structure built by man kind. It was the Navy equivalent to the airforce's Area 51, housing experimental submarines and probably the most controversial project in the history of the US armed forces, that is, it would be controversial if anyone knew about it.

The UH-17 landed on a helicopter platform that looked as though it had simply sprouted from the sea. The UH-17 was a strange machine, it had the body of a large attack helicopter, attached to either side were stubby wings and at the ends of these were engine pods powering small rotors. The engine pods could rotate giving the vehicle incredible mobility, and making it ideal for landing in such demanding conditions. Marchank exited the vehicle, and was greeted by a lieutenant and two armed guards.

"Hello sir, welcome to the butt end of the planet!" the lieutenant shouted above the roar of rotors and the howling of wind. "Have a safe flight?"

"Bumpy as always Brodey." Said Marchank unconcernedly.

"I assume you haven't stopped in for hot chocolate then sir." Said Lieutenant Nathan Brodey. "Follow me."

Marchank followed into an elevator at the edge of the helicopter pad. He stepped in along with the Brodey and the two guards and Brodey hit one of the buttons. The doors closed with a soft hiss and all four felt the butterflies of rapid decent.

The screen over the door began to flash titles as they passed level after level.

**LEVEL 1: Bridge**

**LEVEL 2: Recreation**

**LEVEL 3: Habitat Complex**

**LEVEL 4: Health & Sickbay**

**LEVELS 5 – 15: Subpen**

The elevator stopped at level ten, marked subpen.

All four exited the elevator into a truly awe inspiring artificial cavern. The elevator shaft was at the center of a massive ring which had to be at least six football fields across and at least six stories high. It was dominated by four massive cylindrical hulls and numerous walkways, rails and gangplanks.

Marchank smiled, "So this is where all the money is spent now." He commented dryly.

"You bet sir" answered Brodey. "Hey, Roberts" An ensign looked up from a complex looking control panel in an enclosed bunker.

"Bring over the Manti" shouted Brodey.

"You got it boss" called the ensign.

A sleek, blue and white, mini-sub was brought before the small group via a system of overhead rails. It looked like a jet fighter crossed with a manta ray.

"May I present the Manti Mark Two subfighter" exclaimed Lieutenant Brodey. "Fast, and lethal, she sports twin micro torpedo tubes, and a six barrel mini gun for surface combat. Deadly to larger ships like those old Tridents." Brodey gestured over his shoulder to the two aging nuclear subs behind them.

"Impressive" remarked General Marchank.

"You think that's good, follow me" said Brodey leading the group around a walkway and pointing to a massive submarine parked in a shallow pool beneath them. The thing looked at least four football fields long, it had a curved, and sleek design, obviously inspired by a shark. Even the tower was shaped a little like a shark's dorsal fin. It had a flattened deck on top with what were evidently two elevators for planes, like those on an aircraft carrier.

"USS Neptune" said Brodey. "The latest and greatest, not to mention, the only aircraft carrying sub since World War II."

Marchank drew in a gasp of pure amazement. "Incredible" was the only word that escaped his lips.

After the tour of the other three subs, two old tridents rusting at anchor and a relatively new Russian Typhoon class. The party of four returned to the elevator.

"Sir, you have obviously come to check on the ocean blue project..." said Brodey slightly hesitant.

"Damn right lieutenant." Spat Marchank. "Navy command hasn't heard an update in almost eight years! What have you been up to?"

Brodey shifted uncomfortably as the elevator doors closed. "Well... You see... we had to wait for the project to umm... to mature before you could make any kind of final judgment..."

"What do you mean mature? My predecessor conveniently forgot to tell me about the navy's little science project." Said Marchank as his voice rose and the lieutenant hit the button. "For the amounts of money we have been pouring into this facility, I'd better be impressed."

## **LEVEL 16: Docking & Defense Control**

### **LEVEL 17-19: Lab Complex**

The elevator stopped and the doors opened onto a serial white corridor with bright florescent lights.

"Follow me sir" said lieutenant Brodey. "Not far sir."

Marchank grunted noncommittally. "I should hope so mister."

They came into a large control room, also in the serial white colour. Several scientists watched LCD screens intently while still others walked about taking notes on various display cases containing specimens. But the most interesting feature was the large plate glass window which dominated one wall. From its slight tint, Marchank could tell that it wasn't true glass, but plexan. And from the lack of light coming through it, the window was probably mirrored on the other side. In short, they could look in, but whatever was inside couldn't look out.

"Dr. Strom!" Called Brodey, and a short, blonde man approached holding a clipboard.

He spoke in a timid, slightly rapid manner. "Hello lieutenant, general." He shook their hands. "You have come to see our progress with... them..."

"Yes, **them**." Hissed Marchank, becoming slightly annoyed.

"This way gentlemen" Strom gestured towards the large panel window. They walked up to it and looked down onto a scene that took Marchak's breath away.

They looked down on an enormous room, about twice the size of a standard gymnasium, but it was the rooms contense that shocked Marchank. Mutants, at least sixty of them, human mixed with aquatic creatures. Mainly sharks, but with a healthy scattering of dolphins and what appeared to be orcas. They sat around a serial white environment of cheap furniture, and harsh, white light. There appeared to be a few adjoining rooms, assumable bathrooms and other necessities. However, the sleeping, eating and living areas were all in this one huge room, everything within easy view of the scientists. "No *privacy*" Thought Marchank,

One mutant in particular caught Marchank's eye, a large, blue and white, anthropomorphic shark. Sitting at a table in the dining area of the huge room, between a large orca and a medium built dolphin. Then Marchank realized it wasn't the impressive creature itself that drew his eyes. It was the fact that the shark was staring right through the mirrored glass, right into marchank's eyes.

Marchank stared into the twin black marbles of the sharks eyes before he was forced to look away. He turned to Dr. Strom. "They can't... see us can they? I mean this is mirrored glass isn't it?"

Dr. Strom shrugged. "Define what you mean by they and what you mean by see"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well... The dolphins and orcas can't see us, but..."

"But what?" Demanded Marchank.

"You don't know much about sharks do you General? Well they have amazing senses: their eyesight is as good underwater as an eagles is in the air, their sense of smell can detect in the parts per billion, they can detect pressure changes with the lateral line all fish have, they can hear the sound of a struggling fish two miles away, and the one I am referring to, their sixth sense."

"Their what?" Said Marchank.

"Their sixth sense, sharks have the ability to detect the electricity generated by life itself. To that guy down there, you are lit up like a Christmas tree."

Marchank took another look into the large room, several of the sharks were now staring up at them, and the few that weren't were apparently describing what they saw to the orcas and dolphins.

"What's with the list of abilities? You scared of'em or something Doc?" Sneered Marchank.

"Permission to speak freely sir" Asked Strom.

"Granted"

"To be honest, yes they do scare me. Especially the big blue one who was staring at you. His name is Mako, and you could say he's their leader."

Marchank smiled sardonically. "Don't you think that's a little dangerous? I mean personifying these... things by giving them names? Next thing you know, you'll be campaigning for their rights."

Dr. Strom returned Marchank's stare. "For your information, we didn't name him, he gave it to himself."

Marchank looked back at the room, all the creatures had abandoned whatever they had been doing and were now gazing fixedly at the mirrored glass.

Marchank turned to lieutenant Brodey. "Can I speak with this... Mako was it?"

The lieutenant shuffled nervously. "I'd advise against it sir, the last poor guy we sent in to the meeting chamber... Well, came back with plexan shards embedded in him from the supposedly shatter proof window."

Marchank didn't flinch. "You've no doubt replaced the window?"

Brodey nodded. "Yes sir, but..."

"But nothing, take me there, I want to have a word with this Mako."



### 3 - Freedom's call

#### Chapter II: Freedom's call

*"I humanity a breath of life who lives in harmony with planet, or a vile cancer that must be exercised?"*

Lady Dierdre Sky, Sid Myer's Alpha Centauri

A name is a powerful thing. It reminds us of who we are. Most are given by parents, not mine, because I have none. Mine is Mako.

I sat on the cheap, white bench, in the massive living quarters of about sixty of my kind, we are as the humans call us: Mutants. We have also been called freaks, monsters and even atrocities. It was then that I saw him, the human behind the mirrored glass overlooking our little world. A bright, illuminated silo wet, amidst four other silo wets. He was staring at me, and I stared right back.

"There he is" I growled.

"Who?" Asked my companion, he too was a mutant. An orca, strongly built, a little over seven feet tall, plus a four foot tail. His name is Chinook.

"The general who is supposed to "evaluate" us" I answered scornfully.

"Oh, him" Said my other comrade, this one a dolphin, leaner than Chinook, and a little shorter. His name was Darwin.

Suddenly, a loud voice over an intercom system called: "Mako report to the meeting chamber immediately."

"Try not to loose it this time." Joked Chinook.

As I walked through our world of cheap furniture and even cheaper food I contemplated my existence. Just over seven years ago, I broke out of that glass prison, the first to survive. I was dumped here, in this white washed world. For the first week or so, I was just like they wanted me, docile and obedient. Then they made another, black and white instead of my blue and white. At first, we didn't know what to do, we simply went about what little there was to do. And then another, light blue and white, slightly skinnier than me or my black and white compatriot.

Then they crossed the line, they made a female, blue and white like me. A younger one to, where we had been born almost fully grown (10 or so) She was only seven. It was then that we made a pact. We would give ourselves names, to remind us of who we were, and how we were created. Mako, Chinook, Darwin and Magenta, the first four aquatics.

Now Chinook, Darwin and I are sixteen, Magenta is fourteen, and there is about sixty of us. The humans have pretty much stopped making more of us and are now focusing on regaining their lost control over us. But today I was going to strike a blow for us.

As I stepped into the meeting chamber, I saw my adversary for the first time. Like all humans, he was startled at my appearance up close. Apparently from his high vantage point of the control room, he had underestimated my height. Understandable since I stood at least seven feet high, and that wasn't counting the five foot tail with its sickle shaped fin that swished behind me.

"So" he began "your this Mako I've been told about."

"That's right."

"Do you know why you were created Mako?"



“Yes, to fight your petty little wars, which I won’t do”

“That’s right, now why won’t you help us?”

He talked to me like I was a three year old! This is starting to get on my nerves! “Because what you did was wrong, and we are just as entitled to rights as you are.”

“Wrong. You are not entitled to rights, those only apply to humans.”

“And why should that be?” I retorted.

“Because we created you.”

It was my turn to smile “Wrong, it is because we scare you. Humans are inherently scared of what is different, and we are very different indeed.” I shifted my position so I could reach the little metal lip under the plexan shield, there was something I needed.

“That you are!” shouted general Marchank. I also found what I needed, two shards of aluminum blind, the cheap kind they used to cover the plexan when they didn’t want us to see what they were doing.

“You are scared of what you created general, but we are most certainly not scared of you.” I slipped the two shards into the pocket of my prisoner’s uniform. “Goodbye” I turned and walked out of the meeting chamber.

“Hold it you! We aren’t finished” Shouted Marchank, but I had already gone.

Marchank turned to Dr. Strom, who had loitered behind him during the whole meeting. “Well!” The general demanded.

“That was almost cheerful for Mako.” Said Dr. Strom.

“Why is it that he is so disobedient? I thought you bread them to follow orders!”

“There is no way to do that general. They either follow or they decide not to.”

“Well maybe you should have thought about that before conducting this experiment” Bellowed Marchank.

“You don’t think I’ve considered the consequences?” Spat Strom. “If a breeding pair of these things escaped, we could be looking at the dawn of a new species. One that could quickly take over humanity as the dominant species of this planet.”

Marchank had no come back for that argument.

“So, how’d it go?” Asked Chinook, with more than a little grin on his rounded, black and white muzzle.

“Disgusting as always” I replied. “But I got it, all I need now is a diversion.”

“A diversion? What’s that supposed to mean?” Asked Darwin. I smiled evilly at him.

“Why are you two looking at me like that?” He asked.

Suddenly, Chinook stood up and declared in a voice that anyone with two grey cells to rub together could tell was acting: “Darwin, this is all your fault.” Before strait arming him in the chest and knocking him out of his seat.

As Chinook bent down and grabbed the dolphin by the neck, Darwin looked up at him and hissed “What the hell do you think your doing?”

Chinook smiled as though this was completely obvious “I’m creating a diversion, I suggest you fight back.”

It didn’t take long for the other aquatics to catch on and join in the fray, but the real pandemonium didn’t start until six human guards armed with tazers charged in and started trying to break up the mock fight. Only to have the target shift from Darwin, to them. Meanwhile I slithered off under the tables and chairs towards the electrified door that led into the main corridor.

Once there, I began to hack away at the dry wall on the right hand side with the shorter of the two aluminum shards. Finally making a hole through which I could fit my hand, ah yes, there it was, quite

large and insulated. The electricity main for this level of the complex. I sliced back the rubber insulation and placed it to one side. After that I bent the longer aluminum shard into a rough “U” shape, wrapped the insulation around the middle and leant forward until the ends made contact with both the power main, and the electrified door.

There was an explosion of sparks, and every light on the deck went out. There was sheer chaos, and I slipped down the hall, my sensitive eyes adjusting to the dark.

I found what I wanted, an air vent. Tearing back the thin metal grill, I began to slither up the vent. Finally coming to a vertical shaft with a spindly ladder on one wall. It was the main vent shaft that ran from the reactor core, all the way up to the surface of the ocean. But, I didn't need to go that far, next to me was a small plate which read: LEVEL 17-19: Lab complex. I climbed down the ladder until I reached the plate that read: LEVEL 20-22: Storage.

“How convenient of them to put the armory just below the lab.” I muttered to myself as I crawled into the adjacent vent and crawled to the grill. After a quick look to make sure there were no guards in the armory, I tore off the grill and proceeded to lock the door from the inside so as I would not be disturbed. I began to look over the multitude of twenty first century weapons lining the walls. I would take only the best.

First, I changed out of my prisoners uniform into a skin tight, neoprene combat wetsuit. And took a bullet proof, combat vest equipped with all sorts of gadgets.

A pair of VE-360 vision enhancement goggles, not that I needed them for much, but some of the features could be useful in the near future.

One MS-1000 Metal storm assault rifle. This boxy weapon had nine barrels arranged in a square and enclosed in a single metal housing with a high tech, blue laser pointer fitted to it. Metal storm weapons don't use traditional moving parts to fire their bullets. Instead, they use sequential electric charges to fire, allowing them a firing rate of twenty rounds a second. I placed it into a shoulder holster and slung it across my back.

Two MR-200 Mag-Rail shotguns in thigh mounted holsters. These used magnetic pulses to fire rails of depleted uranium, capable of ramming through two feet of solid steel.

A hologrid belt, which looked like a four point harness, like the kind NASCAR drivers wear. This was designed to allow aquatics to move, undetected through human settlements.

Finally, the crown jewel of the US army weapons labs. The Phoenix laser rifle. This weapon uses the most powerful military grade laser that can still be carried by an individual.

My arsenal now complete, I crawled back up the vent, slightly difficult due to the large amount of equipment I was now carrying. I climbed until I found the plate marked: LEVEL 5-15: Subpen. I tore back the grill and dove into the brightly lit room, Much to the surprise of the three technicians in the control bunker. I glanced around, and then my eyes fell on it. The Manti Mark two subfighter still sitting at the main dock. It was my ticket out of here.

Meanwhile, in the enclosure, Marchank had joined the humans along with another six, armed guards. He was shouting about finding the originator of this fight when one of the guards shouted in absolute terror.

“Hey! Where's the ring leader?”

Marchank's eyes hurtled around the scene: from the carnage left from the brawl, the hole punched in the dry wall, the still fizzeling electricity main and the wrenched open door.

His eyes fell on the crowd of aquatics. One in the front, a younger shark named Aniken, around thirteen, now nursing a cracked tooth smiled demonically. “Suckers.” He stated, still holding his tooth that would fall out soon and be replaced by another, that's one of the plus sides of being a shark, no dentist for us.

“Oh my god.” Hissed Marchank in an almost animal fury. “That cunning little fish, he put one over on us. OH MY GOD! Security teams, meet me in the subpen! We can’t let him out!

The elevator carrying the assault team of around a dozen guards and Marchank halted in the subpen and the doors slid open. Marchank's eyes opened in horror, too late.

My subfighter was already tearing itself free of its moorings and roaring off into the main pool.

“Holy crap!” He exclaimed as he saw what I was going for, the secondary bay doors. The three techies also saw it and dove into the elevator. Just as Marchank hit a random button on the console.

Meanwhile in the two seater cockpit of the subfighter, I punched the twin triggers on my control bars. Twin trails of vapor appeared from my sleek nose as two micro torpedoes launched. They impacted with crushing force, splintering the steel doors like matchwood. The massive wall of water seemed to hang in mid air for a split second, and then it came crashing in. Just as my subfighter blasted out into the open sea.

## 4 - Open Water

### Chapter III: Open Water

*Stepping out your front door is a dangerous buiseness*

Bilbo Baggins, The Hobbit

I was free, it didn't occur to me until I was at least two minutes away from the facility that I realized this. Where was I going to go? More importantly, how was I to get this liberty to my comrades still trapped in that prison?

Whatever I was going to do, I couldn't do it alone. I logged into the onboard computer and ran a search on anything concerning project Ocean Blue.

It came up, pages and pages of text, I clicked the tab marked Donors. A list came up of all the people and animals that gave genetic information to the project. First the animals, all sharks, dolphins and orcas. All dead, no good. Instead of names, they had specimen numbers, dehumanizing as always. Next onto the humans, starting with the males. All elite special forces, Navy Seals, Airforce Seventh squadron, Army green Berets, the marine core, and the ones the government wanted kept secret, majestic agents, the men in black. No sympathy coming from them.

So, we didn't have a father, but just maybe& maybe we had a mother. I clicked the tab marked female. A slightly shorter list popped up, clearly sexism wasn't completely gone from the armed forces& humans. Athletes mainly, gymnasts, sprinters, markswomen. But one in particular caught my eye. A biochemist, named Auna Blue. I clicked on the name. A blonde woman in her early thirties gazed out at me from the page. A brilliant biochemist, and an unwitting contributor to our creation. This was the only one out of all the donors that might help us, or at least hear my story.

I scrolled down until I found residence. Vancouver BC, Canada. I punched in the coordinates into the computer, set the autopilot, and leaned back to relax for the hours long trip from the butt end of the planet to the heart of human civilization.

Meanwhile in the meeting room of the Posiedon Facility, Marchank was furious.

By default, when I left, Chinook took command of our little community. Chinook is far more calm and collected than me, that's why the humans prefer to deal with him, but this trait frays nerves at times. He was currently reclining on the two plastic chairs on our side of the plexan shield. Idly playing with his tail flukes and generally driving General Marchank up the wall.

"WHERE DID HE GO!?!!" roared Marchank through the plexan shield, infuriated by the fact that Chinook was apparently not paying him any attention whatsoever.

"How should I know, I was in the middle of a fist fight when it happened remember?" Mocked Chinook, smirking to himself.

"I know perfectly well that the little fight you started was a diversion!"

"Do you honestly think Mako tells me every shred of information regarding his plans?" said Chinook still more smugly.

"Yes! You are his second in command! He tells you everything!"

"And I should tell you these things because? Darwin!" Chinook called to the dolphin who was leaning

against the wall near him.

"Yeah Chinook"

"Impersonate the good general would you? I'm too comfortable to do it myself."

Darwin instantly sprang to attention and began marching about singing about how superior humans were in an off key voice. I won't bore you with his lyrics but needless to say, I'm surprised that Marchank's head didn't explode right there.

"Stop that or I'll... I'll!" Roared Marchank.

"Or you'll do what?" Spat Chinook, finally standing up and looking Marchank squarely in the eye. "Come in here to enforce your will while the sharks mutilate every part of your body within reach? No, I'll call that bluff. You a soldier, you are afraid of death, where as we couldn't care less." Chinook turned and walked out of the meeting chamber, while Darwin launched into a verse on how Marchank's large revolver pistol wasn't compensating for anything.

Vancouver British Columbia, Canada

I slowed my subfighter as I approached the docks, I didn't want to leave a wake. Making sure not to surface before I found cover, I slowly backed the fighter into the space beneath one of the large docks. Then I surfaced, and began to prepare for the journey into the city. I engaged the holobelt, and watched in the glass as my shark's snout morphed smoothly into a tall, rather pale boy of sixteen. I shuddered, but this was necessary. I also made sure to slip one of the Mag-Rail shotguns up my sleeve. Better safe than sorry.

I then climbed out of the cockpit, and waded up to the beach, I only attracted a few looks, it wasn't every day a diver came out of the water without air tanks I reasoned.

After walking several blocks, I entered the city itself. All I can say is sensory overload man. I was used to the few smells of the sterile white room we lived in, and the occasional human visitor. But this was incredible. A multitude of smells hit me, fish, garbage, mass humanity. I also gave up trying to use my sixth sense, there were simply too many people. Vancouver had changed a lot since the pictures I had seen of the twenty ten Olympics. The entire city was made up of towering glass and steel towers, and the hydrogen fueled cars were bumper to bumper. I took another look at the picture I had printed out of Auna Blue. I had to find her.

I took what little knowledge I had about humans and applied it, coming up with the following logic: A) Humans eat large amounts of food, B) They have three meals a day and often in public places, C) Therefore, the best place to find a human is in a food court.

I found the largest public place I could, in this case, a mall. Hoping that my Keene senses would detect the presence of Auna Blue. Whether it was my senses, my hunting skills or just plain luck, I will never know, but I found her. She was about twenty, red hair, and was sitting at one of those internet cafe's that pop up like flies on a dead fish.

I approached, unsure of how to get her attention. She did it for me.

"Can I help you?" she asked, apparently humans aren't as ignorant as their military.

"Uhhh..." *STUPID! Answer her!* I bellowed in my head. "Yeah, our Auna Blue right?"

She smirked at me "Last time I checked."

"Can I talk to you, about something... Important..." Suddenly my eyes roved over something in the background, something that belonged on the short list of things that scared me. Majestic agents, now, they might have not looked like much to an every day human, in fact they are trained to blend in and leave next to no lasting impression on people. You just need to know what to look for.

First off, someone should really tell them that no one wears sun glasses in doors, unless you have an

eye condition that requires them. They always wear black, not the suits you see in sci-fi movies, but black none the less. They always travel in pairs and at least one of them is on a PDA at all times. I should probably tell you about the organization they come from, Majestic, the black ops arm of the US government. Possibly the best known secret service in the world, ironic isn't it? They are the ones the UFO believers have been talking about for years, the ones who don't exist.

It was my shark reflexes that saved us, I grabbed Auna by the shoulder and dragged us both under the table she had been sitting at, just as it was raked with hyper machine gun fire. Humans screamed and scattered, a little like pigeons scared by a pellet gun. Auna too screamed but there was no time to stop, I dragged her to her feet and shouted "Come on!"

The agents were wielding pistol versions of my metal storm rifle, these had four barrels arranged in a diamond shape and had a slightly lower rate of fire.

She obeyed, we turned a corner, just as another burst of fire shattered the glass front of a store.

"Which way's the parking lot?" I called over the bursts of fire.

"this way" She pointed and we ran, pursued by the two agents. Upon reaching the parking lot, I hurled myself and Auna into the first car with a window open I could find. It was a white beater of a car, but it was our only option at the moment. Out came my combat knife and I drove it into the ignition, please god let this work.

With a roar, the ancient gas powered motor sparked to life, and I jammed it into reverse, backing out of the space and nearly running the two agents down.

Out the exit ramp we flew, tearing down the street outside. Oh god, please tell me I didn't just hijack one of the few gas powered cars around today... Gas explodes. Auna had apparently recovered from her initial shock and turned to me "You had better have a damn good explanation for what just happened mister..." she trailed off, realizing She didn't know my name.

"Mako" I finished for her, "And I will explain once we find a safe place to stop, do you have... I don't know, a house or something?"

"Yes, its just a few blocks away." She answered slowly.

"More importantly, do you have a basement, preferably bomb proof." She stared at me as if I had just blown her mind. "Your joking right?"

"I wish I was"

She nodded, "I have a basement but why..."

"When we get there okay?"

A few minutes later, we arrived at the home of Auna blue, parked the car down the road and walked into the front door. She locked it securely, then led me downstairs to her basement. The house was tastefully decorated in a sort of Late twentieth century look. White washed walls, carpeting and sofas.

She led me into what was apparently a second living room, this was one of those split houses I guess.

We sat at the coffee table, at least I think that s what the humans call it and she fixed me with a glare.

Now, that explanation you were talking about.

I took a deep breath You remember, about eight years ago, you contributed DNA to a government study? She nodded I m the result.

She smiled So what? Your some kind of super soldier? You don t look so super to me, just a pale teenager in a diving suit.

I winced, I had completely forgot that I was still wearing a combat wetsuit. Well& This isn t exactly what I look like.

She smiled still more broadly, So you have some kind of cloaking device that disguises you as a pale teenager in a wetsuit?

It was my turn to smirk, she had no idea how close she hit the mark. Sort of, you want to see what I

really look like?

She nodded.

I should warn you, it is a bit of a shock.

I stood, walked to an open space of floor, took a deep breath and hit the concealed button to deactivate the holo belt.

## 5 - Precious Cargo

### Chapter IV: Precious Cargo

*A merchant cannot comprehend that which is priceless*  
Sister Miriam Godwincen, Sid Myers Alpha Centauri

If Auna could have leapt backwards through the couch, she would have. Her eyes expanded to resemble something out of a cartoon. Hardly surprising considering she was watching a human teenager expand into an anthropomorphic blue shark. When my transformation was over she managed two words: Explanation& NOW!

Well& we, that is to say the aquatics&

She cut me off: Wait, there s more of you wandering around in those disguises? She looked positively terrified.

No, we are confined to a facility in Antarctica. She looked a little relieved.

I continued: We were created by the Navy as the ultimate special forces. Picture it, divers that could go without oxygen, and swim at unheard of speeds. I told her the story of my escape from the facility, and tracking down of her in search of help.

She nodded, Okay, I get that, but how do I fit into this?

Your DNA was used, without your knowledge of course, in our creation.

And how many of you are there?

Sixty three, counting me.

One more thing, how do you do all this?

All what?

Read, search the web, pilot a vehicle I have never heard of& drive?

I smiled, Simulations. We were supposed to be special forces right? So we had to know this stuff, weapons specs, driving, reading, computers, basic education. Besides, we needed to know how to infiltrate human society without causing mass panic, hens the disguises. We are also born with twice the IQ of an ordinary human, part of our genetic makeup. Anyway, all we have to learn is how to implement our inelegance.

So, you think you are superior to humans? She asked.

We are superior in many ways, and yet we are kept prisoner, raised in what is effectively a test tube&. To put it bluntly.

Oh& Well if your so superior, why do you need my help? she asked.

I may be clever and resourceful, but I know squat about genetics. I answered. Plus, if a human is helping us, it will set others at rest that we aren t the ravenous, mindless, man eating monsters that the military would like us to appear as.

She still looked a little uneasy, but I was sure of what it was. After all, most humans weren t used to shark creatures talking to them about national security.

So she began nervously I bet your hungry after all that, you want something? Fish I bet. she finished with a thin grin.

I laughed, somehow that seemed to put her at ease, as if the ability to do something as friendly as laugh reassured her. Sure, I haven t eaten anything other than bland military rations for the last seven years, lead on.



After a quick meal of micro waved fish sticks, which weren't bad at all, we began to talk about liberating my people.

So, how are we going to do this Mako? she asked.

Do you have a piece of paper I could use? She nodded and returned a few seconds later with a piece of paper and a pen. I began to sketch the Posiedon facility, complete with labeled levels and the precision that we aquatics were bred for.

The way I figure it, there is no way we can go in through the main entrances, they will be on high alert after my break out. I drew an arrow to one of the lower storage levels. But, we could enter an unguarded room, and make our way up to the lab.

Auna looked at the drawing, and shook her head. And just how are we going to get through a solid wall?

I smiled and removed one of the items on the bullet proof vest I wore. It was a laser cutter, specifically designed to slice through sheet metal with no problem. This is our key, speaking of keys, do you have a car we can use, that one we took here wouldn't top fifty miles per hour.

In the garage, I'll get some things and we'll be off.

I turned to her, Thanks, for helping us.

Her eyes blazed, What they did is wrong, I feel it is my duty to help.

A few minutes later, a bright yellow T-zero, one of the first electric cars to make it to the open market, burst out of Auna's garage and tore towards the water front. Unfortunately, the Majestic agents were waiting.

Two black sedans, an armored truck, and a Comanche attack helicopter immediately pursued us, Vulcan mini gun blazing. Auna shouted over the roar of rotors, bullets and engines, We have a little company Mako.

I turned in my seat, No Kidding, I'll deal with this.

I raised the mag-rail shotgun and with the sound of metal on metal, magnetic fields reversed, and slammed the bolt of depleted uranium into the Comanche's tail rotor assembly.

With a crash, the rotor separated from the body of the helicopter and slammed into a tall skyscraper near by. The chopper itself went into a violent tailspin and drove its nose into the next building along, but the cars were still on us.

The two sedans came close, trying to box us in, I leveled the shotgun and the one on my side of the car and drove another uranium rail into his engine block. The result was instantaneous, The magnetic drive shaft of the electric motor blew out the front of the car and rendered the vehicle useless.

The armored truck closed to try and cover the opening, but too late. We arrived at the docks, by this point I didn't care about causing panic. Throwing caution to the wind we charged for the main dock, my cloak offline and my shark like features clearly visible to anyone with functional optic nerves. Headlines would later read *SHARKMAN DOES BATTLE WITH MEN IN BLACK*

Auna brought the car to a skidding stop next to the peer's entrance and we dived out. Charged down the length of the peer, boaters and merry makers scattering in our path. Auna looked around panicked, Where's the boat? I thought you said it was&

I cut her off, Hold your breath. She did, and I dragged her off the edge of the dock. We swam together, Auna's eyes closed tightly against the salt water and we piled awkwardly into the cockpit of the submerged subfighter. The canopy closed over us and the water drained, no sooner had this taken place than I grabbed the controls and jammed the twin throttles forward.

With a roar, the aqua-jets fired and the subfighter, much to the awe of the crowd, tore away from the peer hurling a twenty foot rooster tail out behind it. The machine gun in the back of the armored truck

opened fire, but we were already diving under the surface, safe from any projectile other than explosives.

With Auna taking huge gulps of air, either from the long dive or from nervousness. I turned the small ship south, back towards the hell hole from which I had escaped only hours before.

## 6 - Insurrection

### Chapter V: Insurrection

*Freedom of information is the only safe guard against tyranny*

Prophet Zakarov, Sid Myers Alpha Centauri

We approached Poseidon slowly, keeping low amongst rocks and out of their sonar range. Just like humans, they always ensure against something the size of an aircraft carrier, but fail to see the possible damage done by a lone fighter. The structure loomed before us, a giant tower constructed on the ocean floor.

I nudged my companion awake, she had fallen asleep around a third into the trip. Auna, its time. She stirred, and then sat bolt upright when she caught a look at what was just beyond the cockpit canopy. Oh my god, so this is where our tax dollars go. You re saying you lived on that thing for seven years?

I nodded, Home sweet home& sort of

She smirked as I piloted the Manti sub-fighter into a position along one of the outer walls of the complex.

I then reached under the seat and tossed a black package back to Auna. Put this on.

She unzipped the water proof bag and pulled out a similar wetsuit to mine, minus the holes for tail and fins. Do I have to? Can t you just dock or something? I mean, there s no where to change in here& I tried to restrain my grin, Don t worry, I won t look. Besides, if you don t put it on, the water temperature will freeze you within three minutes.

Once Auna was safely in the wetsuit, and breathing from a pair of SCUBA tanks, I opened a valve that would flood the cabin of the sub-fighter. I felt the cold move slowly up from my feet, up the length of my lets and tail, up to my chest and finally passing over my gills and then my head. Once the cabin was flooded, I hit the release button. The canopy of the subfighter pivoted upwards and I was at long last, truly in the open ocean.

I was free, Auna would later comment on how graceful my people were in the water. Unlike humans who swim with an awkward sort of kicking motion, I kept my arms and legs close to my body. Like all fish, I swam with a lazy S pattern, my powerful tail giving thrust, my dorsal fin keeping me on course, and the smaller pectoral fins on my forearms allowing me to turn like a fighter jet.

After a few minutes of what Auna would later describe as Showing off. I got to the mission at hand. Swimming along the outer walls until, using my Sixth sense I discovered a room without the ghostly silowets of humans in it. Removing the laser cutter from my vest and beginning the agonizing process of slicing a hole large enough for us to swim through.

Once the hole was created, it only took a slight push to dislodge the metal plate and allow sea water to flood the cargo bay on the other side. To enter, reseal the hole, and bolt for the exit onto the corridor was the work of an instant. We exited the room, taking a good three inches of water with us out into the corridor.

Auna removed her oxygen mask, So, where to now Mako?

I led her down the corridor, surprisingly we hadn t attracted any attention form the guards, after all, minor leaks in the cargo areas was not unheard of. We continued along the sterile white corridor until I found what I was looking for. A computer terminal built into the wall, I tapped the gell keyboard (An invention

that allows the keys to change along with what are displayed) until I found the map of the facility, and the all important You are here sign.

We were on level 21, the floor we wanted was several decks up, that meant one of two things, a long crawl through the air vents, or taking out two guards outside the elevators. I chose the ladder, I was currently in no mood to go crawling through air vents. But before I could go all animal on those two guards (clearly less than they deserved in my opinion) Auna put a hand on my arm. Please, don't kill anyone, at least not yet. I looked her in the eye, and then slowly nodded.

The guards on the lower decks clearly forgot to read the passage of the universal handbook of common sense that clearly states You snooze, You loose. Both guards weren't really paying attention to the world around them so it was a simple matter of sneaking around behind them and then performing a quick blow to the pressure point just below the base of their skulls.

Auna looked slightly shaken but she followed me into the elevator. Did you have to make that so& Brutal?

I smirked, Have you ever actually seen a shark attack? If you have you should know that I am capable of much worse, now could you be so helpful as to assist me in moving these& good people into the elevator?

She did and once we were all in the elevator I hit the button marked: L17 LAB. As the doors closed and the elevator began to swish up the shaft, I removed the metal storm rifle from my back and handed it to Auna.

What am I supposed to do with this? she croaked incredulously.

Point it level and look like you know how to fire it. I answered with a completely straight face.

I myself took the two Mag-rail shotguns from their holsters and leveled them at the doors. The doors slid open with a soft hiss, and my weapons were perfectly trained on the two guards just outside the elevator. Your weapons, drop them& NOW!

They both complied instantly, Turn around, slowly. Again they complied. I marched them backwards towards the metal doors of the enclosure. Through the flanks of petrified scientists. Once at the control panel next to the door I issued another order: Enter the unlock code, make it quick. The senior of the two (second lieutenant from the looks of his uniform) stepped forward, and with trembling fingers, doubtless thinking of what he was about to let loose entered the unlock code.

The thick steel door slid back, and for the first time, my people cheered. It was a wave of joyous sound and then they began to exit the little world that had been their home for seven years.

Meanwhile, the two guards and roughly a dozen scientists were cowering in one corner, completely petrified with fear.

I then shouted over the uproar: Form up!

The aquatics formed themselves into ten teams of six, while my two closest companions, Chinook and Darwin walked to my side. I began calling orders: There is an armory on the first storage deck, go two teams at a time and arm yourselves, then round up the humans. Our days of taking orders from them are over!

There was a second mass cheer and the groups began to file out, one staying behind as a sort of body guard. I then turned to Chinook, who was giving Auna a very cold stare. Calm down big guy, she's on our side. I said to the orca.

He looked her up and down, apparently satisfied he made a beckoning gesture to her. Would you mind helping me decipher the aquatic genetic structure. I thought it would be useful to know, incase your government installed a fail safe or two. Said the orca.

Uhhh& Sure answered Auna and followed my friend. Darwin meanwhile was, with the help of the six remaining aquatics to frisk the scientists and the two guards, confiscating anything metallic or electronic.

About an hour later, the teams began to trickle back with their human prisoners, also stripped of weapons or electronics. There was about the same number of humans as there were aquatics, General Marchank among them. They were made to stand in rows, like we had been, and then I paced up and down them, as our human captors had done.

I smiled as I approached the surly form of General Marchank. Well, well, well! The high and mighty General Marchank standing prisoner before me, how odd. It seems you weren't so infallible after all. He tried to stare coldly back, but he could not lock eyes with me. Something odd I have discovered with my dealings with humans. They cannot bring themselves to stare into the black marbles that are my eyes, besides the fact that I hardly ever blink.

He spoke at last, What exactly do you plan to do now? I heavily doubt that even you could kill us all without feeling a little guilt. This was a statement he instantly regretted.

I grabbed him by the collar of his jacket and slammed him against a wall, his feet were well off the ground so we were face to face. Be assured General that I have no sympathy for you, or any who serve under or above you. I would dearly love to be able to kill you myself, but that is my human half talking. Sharks only kill if threatened or in need of food. Right now I feel neither so. I turned my head back to my followers, none of whom looked like they would vouch for the general. I'm taking suggestions on what to do with all these humans. I called to the crowd.

There were several calls, some gruesome others lenient. For instance Aniken, the young shark who had been one of the first to enter the fray that bought me my freedom shouted. I say we put em in one of those old sub hulls and let them drift out to sea. Chinook on the other hand called, I say we lock them in the habitat, poetic justice at its finest.

I held up my hand and silence fell. Here is what I decide, on the helicopter pad there are three NAVY sea hawk transports. All the human military personnel will board them and head for the closest allied NAVY base. Somewhere in Australia if I'm not mistaken. They will not turn around, and they will inform their government to announce to the world what they have unleashed.

Marchank stared at me, Why aren't you getting rid of us, I smell a plot.

I smiled back, The great conquerors always leave some to tell the tale.

The humans were marched into the choppers and the three took off, just as I had said, they did not turn around and they did not stop.

We were now in complete control of Posiedon Station. And the world would know soon enough, that a new nation had been born. The nation of Pacifica.

## 7 - Liberty

### Chapter VI: Liberty

*Himself? You mean itself right?*

Ben Gannet, Stealth

The next day, I was admiring myself in a floor to ceiling mirror in what had once been the commanders quarters. Even if I am a six foot, anthropomorphic shark that most humans would run from at first glance, I have to admit that I am a little vain about my appearance. After all, if General Marchank is going to paint me as a psychopathic mutant on an unstoppable rampage for world domination, I might as well look the part right?

I was wearing one of Magenta's creations, she and Chinook had decided that if we were going to be our own nation, a few changes would have to be made. Starting with the flag that waved in the Antarctic wind, instead of the red white and blue of the Americas (53 stars if you are keeping count in the mid twenty first century) there was now a navy blue banner. Reminiscent of the old soviet flag except that instead of scarlet, it was blue and instead of a gold sickle and hammer, it had a silver trident and anchor. There was also now a coat of arms in the main dining hall, it featured a blue circle rimmed with silver, containing the same anchor and trident. Surrounding this were an orca, a shark and a dolphin, all swimming in a loop around the symbol. Beneath it was our motto: *Strength, courage and wisdom*. The third change was the lighting, instead of the harsh white light that humans seem to prefer, the lights had all been set to emit a neon blue colour, giving the entire station the feeling of being under water. The last noticeable change was our attire, Magenta had designed these uniforms by taking the navy blue human ones, stripping them of any markings and adding her own. These took the form of a silver stripe, running from left shoulder to right waist, and a matching belt like stripe. The crossed anchor and trident was on the stripe as well as on the shoulder. Also, holes had been cut for our dorsal fins and our tails, overall she had done herself.

Speaking of which, Magenta entered through the sliding doors at that moment. She smiled, How are they Mako?

I smiled back at her, Perfect, just perfect. She handed me a PDA like device known as a data pad, basically it is used to store and display useful information and is tied into the main computer of the station.

I looked it up and down, it was the list of jobs I had handed out, all had check marks next to them.

Exhalant, how are we coping with out the I put on a mocking tone Superior Human race?

Magenta smiled, and almost laughed, Fine, all systems are functioning normally, and the reactor is at ninety five percent efficiency, according to human records, anything above eighty is considered an achievement.

Suddenly there was a beeping noise from the computer mounted in the desk next to me. I reached over and hit a key to open the video channel, and Chinook's black and white face appeared. Mako, you had better come to the conference room. They've responded at last. I nodded, I'll be there in a few seconds.

Magenta followed as I exited the quarters and entered a corridor, several meters on we came to the elevators and we took one up to level two, where we followed another blue tinged corridor to a

conference room that had become the base of our hastily erected government. This took the form of a board of directors, each in charge of a separate element of our government. Chinook was head of our research efforts, Darwin in charge of social and morale issues, Aniken was my right fin for our armed forces (Around five at the moment), Magenta was in charge of external affairs (diplomacy) and one of Chinook's fellow orcas, Coho was in charge of our economy and supplies. I myself was of course chairman (err& chair fish I guess). We had a fair and democratic election of course, but it had been unanimous.

We entered the conference room to find the others around a large metal table, on the wall opposite the door was a copy of our flag and on the left was a large LCD screen that right now showed a view of what was apparently UN headquarters. A representative, a British man by the looks of it, was standing in the foreground. He looked very nervous indeed, understandable since he had to open negotiations with what was essentially another species.

We took our seats and he began in a nervous tinny voice: The United Nations addresses the mutants who have overtaken the American station known as Posiedon, state your demands.

I smiled, this probably gave my already fearsome features an even more menacing quality. Our demands? Well they are quite simple. We wish for equality with humans, the right to life, and total seventy over the continent of Antarctica. We also want a buffer zone between Antarctica and any human shipping or military.

There was an eruption of noise from the human delegates.

A few countries: Canada, and oddly enough, China. Were all for it. But others: America, France, Brittan, and other old world countries were dead set against it. There was one over reaching theme, they would not grant what they called Artificial beings equal rights.

Finally there was a call for silence, the administrator called that the matter would be put to the vote. A few tense minutes later, the votes were tallied.

They agreed to the possession of Antarctica, no one lives down here aside from penguins anyway. They also agreed that we should not be killed, we were classified as sentient life, and so were protected against genocide. However, they would not grant us equal rights, no matter how inelegant we were, they would still consider us animals.

The meeting ended with the American delegate declaring that we were still technically their property, this caused a second uproar as cries of racism echoed through the UN hall. Then the image was replaced by our emblem.

I turned to the others, Well, thoughts? Suggestions?

Aniken looked slightly dejected, You should have just let me juke them.

I couldn't help but smile coldly, Aniken, waging war against all of humanity is counter productive, besides, why give the good general the satisfaction? Anyway, is there any new business?

Chinook answered, Me and Auna have discovered a cash of viable embryos, apparently, the humans were planning on cloning a virtual army of us.

My smile broadened, Expellant, how many people can this station support?

Chinook replied, With all quarters filled, and the four submarines fully crewed, I'd say in excess of six hundred.

Get to work my good orca, anything else?

Coho stepped in, Yes sir, you might like this still more. He took from his pocket a small box and set it on the table. He proceeded to open it, inside was a small pile of pale blue crystals which sparkled in the neon blue light.

There were gasps from around the table, Magenta whispered to me, Aren't they beautiful? I picked one up from the box and held it to the light, Where did you find these Coho?

He replied, One of our perimeter patrols who were sweeping for human mines ran across a seem of

these along a near by cliff. It is my theory that this base is built on top of a massive diamond deposit, Antarctic Ice diamonds to be precise.

Chinook nodded, That s all well and good, but we will never survive in this world without an ally.

I considered this for a moment, then it clicked. Coho, can you get me two suitcases of these diamonds?

He nodded, Should be simple enough, what do you have in mind?

I smirked If the American eagle will not help us, then a certain golden dragon might.