

Killzone Excerpt: The Island (Day 183)

by Shan Shaikh

He was already up before the sun could cast the usual large, black blanket over the island's tropical trees and paint pictures within its jungle. Killzone's routine, in the morning, had become instinct. He stood underneath the waterfall washing away the old cover and earning a better one. When he finished, he dried himself up with the cloth found back in the med bay, seeing as the usual cloth was "misplaced". Having to dry his hair had become more of a hassle now. Sometimes he would get lazy and let it dry on its own. Lodged deep within the curls of his beard were pieces of his last meal; fish and mango. The beard was very irritating seeing as it was very hard to find a stone sharp enough to cut it off. The hair on his head was much easier to adjust. He had already cut it twice.

As he walked back to camp, to begin his plans for the day, he heard a sound. A rustle in the bushes. He stopped. He didn't turn his head, or move any other part of his body. With his eyes he looked left, right, up, and forward. He continued to walk, not saying a word. The noise was definitely startling, but the experience of the island sharpened his emotional response to a point where serenity and fear feel the same. He walked down the familiar path to his camp still looking left, right, up, forward, left, right, up, forward. Killzone had familiarized himself with the sounds of the island, but this was different. This is why he continued to move about very keen like. He looked left, and saw the waterfall where he bathed every morning, as well as the cliff where he attempted suicide. He continued to move. He looked up, and saw the creeping trees that created a beautiful covering for the inner compartments of the island. He continued to move. He looked forward, and saw his camp nestled inside a small crater on the island. He continued to move. He looked

right, and saw the shore where 4 Dreadlocks stood approximately 9ft tall, accompanied by a group of Swift Runners, Snipers, and two Goars. He stopped. They looked up at him with a face recognizable to anyone. A facial expression of complete shock. He didn't move, and neither did the squad of ferocious remote soldiers. After the seconds of realization, Killzone reacted. The squad began to unload their weaponry unto the beautiful landscape of the island. Killzone rolled one direction, gaining cover behind a rock. In a matter of seconds Killzone went from being the calm and gentle human, to the expertly trained beast he once was.

After examining the mental image of the squad, he had obtained within seconds, he made his plan. There were 14 contenders in this fight to the death. 9 of which seemed to be pushing his left side. So if he went right, he could catch the 5 off guard and then proceed to eliminate the others. Distraction doesn't seem to be needed, but disorientation is key. "Ready, go." said Killzone before he risked everything for the death of the invaders. He moved right, immediately catching the attention of 2 Swift Runners and the 3 Snipers. He charged one Sniper and slammed the barrel of the weapon towards its face, breaking its nose and removing its helmet. While that Sniper was disoriented, he quickly shot both Swift Runners in the leg, making their only advantage a disadvantage. This immediately caught the attention of the Dreadlocks and Goars. They began to shoot at whatever they saw move faster than what they were used to shooting. All of this was happening in a matter of seconds. Killzone shot a Goar in the head, grazing the other Goar. As one Swift Runner charged him, he swung the weapon towards its chest, making a loud crushing sound; the sound of ribs being broken. Both Killzone and the swift runner had broken at least 2 ribs. Killzone was stunned, but was not out. Before he could land a shot on a Dreadlock, he was shot multiple times, sending him back a few steps. He moved quicker. He finished off the other Goar and Sniper. The sound of helicopters was zoning in and out of Killzone's ears. As the Swift Runners made their approach Killzone pushed

forward. He pulled the trigger two times. One shot pierced through one Swift Runner's chest. The other shot pierced through the skull of another Swift Runner. By now, the helicopters were already in landing position. Bullets and plasma shots were being sent back and forth. Since the Dreadlocks were distracted, Killzone made his move. He began to bash the head of one, leaving a very useless contender. A Sniper began to shoot Killzone from the distance. This pulled the attention of one Dreadlock to Killzone. The Sniper continued to shoot at Killzone before its vision was blinded by the glowing of a plasma shot that soon destroyed its facial structure. The Dreadlock stood in front of Killzone. Behind it stood 3 more Dreadlocks fighting off the rescue reinforcements. Killzone stared into the barely visible eyes of the flesh eating monster. Killzone was shot and had broken ribs, but stood in front of the Dreadlock like it was a fair fight. As soon as the Dreadlock made its move, Killzone reacted. It reached for his leg, but Killzone pulled the trigger wounding its arm. It then grabbed his torso, lifting him high off the ground. It clenched its fists, crushing Killzone's ribs even further. Killzone let out a yell that sent the population of the island's birds skyrocketing off the giant rock. So loud, it muted the sound of gunfire. As the Dreadlock stood there with Killzone in its hand, Killzone pressed the end of the barrel to its chin. The Dreadlock, in shock, threw Killzone across the shore. There was a loud bang, but before Killzone could see anything, he was already on the floor bleeding like someone had cut him open.

He just closed his eyes, and thought nothing. Right before he was almost completely removed from the world, he heard familiar voices. "Do not fear death Killzone. Embrace it with all your might. You have not failed us...you've done well my brother. You have done well."

