

Andrew Johnson

*Program Initialized

Project: Perseus

Armacham Technology Corporation

Model: X4A71

ID: 0054H

Designation: Series P3 Special Armored Trooper

This isn't another drill, thought unit 0054H as his consciousness snapped into existence. The last time he had been activated was a routine training exercise- one of the many he and his identical squad mates had undergone to keep their bodies fit and healthy during times of dormancy. As soon as he woke, he heard it. He wondered if he was the reason that brought him out of his dreamless limbo. The bloodcurdling scream that had pulled him from his sleep state echoed in his head.

As he looked around, he saw that the other prototypes had heard it as well. One by one, they were awakening, guns at the ready. All of a sudden, he heard him. An urging whisper resonated inside his head.

You are a part of me. You will do as I say. I am in danger. You will come to my aid. She has returned. They all deserve to die.

The Voice was back- The Voice that had haunted, had tormented him since his inception- The Voice that made him not an individual, but a part of a greater whole- The Voice which he was powerless to resist. This Voice was the one that told him to fight, to kill, to take the left hall, to dive behind the desk, to fire his weapon. It was the voice that dictated his every move. This time, however, it was different. It wasn't the cool, controlled sound that barked orders at him during every drill. This time there was a definite sense of panic, of urgency to it- one that made 054 more than uneasy.

054 noticed without surprise that his firearm was already in his hand- a 10mm HV Penetrator- one of The Corporation's latest prototypes. He had only fired it at dummy targets, watching with mild interest as the bolts flew from his gun to the rubber soldiers, impaling their fake torsos and nailing them to the wall. He had never used it on a live person, but he had a feeling that that was about to change. Without warning, The Voice spoke again.

I am in detention block 001. She has freed me. There are many guards. You will come to my aid. You will kill them. They all deserve to die.

He didn't need to hear anything else. What he had to do was clear. His legs and those of the soldiers around him broke into a run, moving outside of his control. He had no idea of where detention block 001 was, nor any real desire to go there. But that didn't matter. He would bring him there.

Sure enough, as they left the barracks and approached an intersection of corridors, his feet moving under him decided to turn right, then another right, then left, then right again. He and six others boarded a lift. The soldier nearest to the console pressed a button, and the lift hummed to life, moving them silently and effortlessly to wherever it was they were to go next.

054 stared through his helmet. The Corporation had given him no actual openings to see through, but rather a computer display linked to fluorescent green optical sensors in front of the helmet. The screen gave him a digital video feed of what was going on outside the helmet, and projected some readouts onto it. He couldn't remember the last time he saw the world with his own eyes- the helmet had been locked over his head almost immediately after his creation. He had known no other purpose than that which he was produced for. Serving his master as one of the many clone soldiers was the only role he knew. The elevator brought itself smoothly to a halt. Detention block 001. An empty corridor waited in front of him. His master, and those who were keeping him, was around the next corner. The others were lightly armored and could move much faster than him. They charged ahead and 054 lumbered after them, his weapon raised and ready in his hand. This was the only life 054 knew, but it was one he lived for. He stepped around the corner, and entered the fray.

As he rounded the corner, he saw that the security guards assigned to his master had had time to set up barricade in the corridor leading to the cell block. There were two guards with their guns set up on a pair of overturned couches at the end of the hall. By the time he got there, they had cut down four of his six squad mates, with the other two retreating back around the corner. The defenders here posed no threat to 054. As they set loose with their firearms (the same submachine guns that his fellow soldiers used), their bullets pinged harmlessly off of his thick armor plating. Without particular enthusiasm 054 raised his gun and (you will kill them) began to fire. The first shot felled one of the guards, sending a bolt through the space above his left eye. The second two went into the chest of the second guard, propelling him backwards and into the wall behind him, pinning him upright. 054's first kills. It was a gruesome sight, but 054 was not particularly affected- it was what he was made for. He plodded past them, putting them out of his mind, and continued with the operation.

The rescue went smoothly. His master's breakout had caught the security guards by surprise, and they as a result had little time to defend against the onslaught of 054 and his brethren. His master had been very pleased with the operation, and even more pleased to question the prison administrator. 054 didn't understand why his master ate his captives, but he knew that, after every interrogation, he left with a great deal of new information, and with that came new orders. After he had finished with the administrator, his master had instructed him and the others to escort him to a water purification plant, where they were to protect him as he sought out the others who he wished to interrogate.

They went to the plant via helicopter- one of the several that the company had purchased, and were ordered to disperse throughout the plant and the surrounding area.

They wish to stop us. They are sending soldiers. They do not know what she is. She will take care of them. All but one. You are to seek out and kill him. They all deserve to die.

054 didn't know who she was, and didn't particularly care. All he knew was that there was soon to be an intruder, and he was to kill him. He slid down the helicopter's drop line, and once again his feet started moving on their own. He heard faint gunfire as they carried him to an abandoned office building next to the plant, and stopped in a corridor in front of a pair of double doors. He immediately heard his master's voice again.

She has killed them. All but one. He is coming. You will lie in wait. You will kill

him. They all deserve to die.

He guessed that whoever it was he was supposed to kill would soon be coming through these double doors. He supposed he would ambush him, bursting through the doors as he heard him approaching. He didn't particularly care who this person was. All he knew was that he had his orders, and that following them was the only purpose he had known. He heard gunfire outside the doors. Taking a deep breath, 054 raised his weapon, charged through the doors, and met his destiny.