



Schneider and her new wheels

or

General Lee much?

Mission title:	<i>Schneider and her new wheels or General Lee much?</i>
Mission log:	1-05
Mission Johnson:	
Mission reward:	
Participants:	Schneider

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It was almost endearing, the enthusiasm that Vince showed at the prospect of Schneider acquiring a vehicle that could accommodate his humungous frame. *Almost*. She still resented him ushering her out the door of dr. Farsight's apartment to seal the deal. Granted, taking public transportation was probably fairly uncomfortable in addition to inconvenient for him, but his treatment of her still rankled slightly.

She went over to her own place. Better to get some privacy for what she was about to do. Flicking open her phone, she dialed a number she knew by heart. It didn't ring more than twice. If she got an answer, it never rang more than twice. "Hey chummer, whatchoo doin'?" "Not you, that's fer sure." That usually got a chuckle.

Slip was Pep's brother. And Pep was Schneider's oldest friend. Not 'acquaintance'. No. Friend, as in "I know everything about you and you know everything about me" type of friend. And maybe, the friend back in high school that one ... experimented with, when one wasn't sure of anything.

"So, I've been, like, looking for a set of wheels..." "Yeah, I got that the last time you asked about a car or something. I think I have something for you, and I think it can even accommodate that huge troll-san you're running with these days..."

It was an older van, a Land-Rover 2048. Not exactly new. But, it was roomy – and it wasn't exactly *stock* either. Apparently, it had been running moonshine and awakened plants up north, over the border to the injuns. And, it had gotten made – *hard* – on the last run, which meant that whomever the previous owner was needed to get rid of the suddenly scorching hot van. Which, of course, meant buyer's market. One fragger's misfortune, another fragger's bread or however that went. It did mean that Schneider could pick it up for a song. And Slip had already changed the VINs and stuff, so it shouldn't be quite as solar hot as it was when he got it.

"I do need Pep to jazz it up a bit, though." "Yeah, in your line of work I figgered. I've already talked with Sis, and we've come up with a few things that we think you'd like. Heck, I think I can magic up a paint job on the car too, if there's anything in particular you want."

In the end, the van came out great. It already had a nitrous boost installed as a turbo boost to its synthahol engine, and was somewhat armored. The suspension was also upgraded with heavy duty shocks, something that came equally in handy in the rough terrain up north – but also when loaded with a huge troll. The troll-size bench seat and the equally oversize seatbelts installed was special. As was the Kevlar III blankets along the sides of the passenger compartment for extra protection.

Schneider's favorite modification was a tossup between the custom, pink-on-dark-pink flames paint job or the three Colt Manhunters with two extra clips each hidden away in magnetic boxes in the interior of the car. One beneath the dashboard on the driver's side. One beneath the passenger seat. And one in the ceiling of the passenger compartment, aft of the cabin light. *Skidz* was ready to rock.