



Road Trip to Nowhere

or

Fragging elves, man!

Mission title:	<i>Road Trip to Nowhere or Fragging elves, man!</i>
Mission log:	1-06
Mission Johnson:	
Mission reward:	2 karma
Participants:	Dr. Farsight, Jinx, Schneider, Vince

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1-06: Sallying Forth

Cogwhistle was left in dr. Farsight's apartment, hoop in the air. Whether he liked it or not, an enema was coming his way, and that was that. Schneider led the way to Skidz, her new set of wheels. Even the smell of sage wasn't completely aired out from it after it had been blessed by the moonshine runners earlier.

Skidz was an awesome ride. Though big and ungainly on the mean streets of Seattle (well, at least as mean as they are when you're driving through urban areas that are actually maintained, as opposed to either one of the Barrens), Skidz really came into his own when he hit the broken streets and alleyways of the Redmond Barrens. The extra-duty shocks made the ride as smooth as silk, and the oversize tires made short work of whatever that came under them.

As Skidz passed one particular street corner at the very edge of the Redmond Barrens, he suddenly became aware of an elf in a strange getup, drinking what was very likely red wine (oh, he sincerely *hoped* it was wine), and making a mocking toast to him while they drove by. As he turned around and asked whether any of the others had seen the elf, their questioning faces told him what he already knew – he had been the only one to see the strange elf.





And a strange elf it had been indeed. Even barring the fact that the clothes or armor that the elf had been wearing were highly impractical at best, there was also the fact of the strange half-white half-black hairdo and the jet black eyes of the elf. “A freak, a pair of spooky contacts, and eccentric hair dye”, dr. Farsight consoled himself with. At least he hoped that that was all there was to it.



The abandoned factory next to the open air transformer station looked more or less exactly as it had when they had left. The only exception was that the white car was gone. No trace was left of it, not even tire tracks, so it had probably not been eaten or anything. Probably.

Schneider decided to drive Skidz over the broken wall and into a clear space next to the abandoned factory. The heavy duty shocks and the rugged tires had no problems with the uneven ground, and ended up rakishly positioned at the edge of the site. Disembarking, Schneider and Jinx decided to scout the exterior again, while Vince was next to Skidz and dr. Farsight was in oversight. Then, the [drums started](#).

1-06: A [challenger](#) appears

It was clearly a psyops ploy to make everyone on edge. It worked beautifully. Everyone hunkered down in the cover of the brick wall and surrounding rubble, Jinx and Schneider positioned slightly above Vince and dr. Farsight.

Suddenly, out from a slight shimmer in the air, a person in outlandish armor appeared carrying an outlandishly long sword. Or, presumably it was a “him”, for the armor fully covered the person in weird lamellar complete with an extremely impractical helmet. For some reason, two sharply curving blades that looked wickedly sharp was placed on the helmet one on either side, and the crown of the helmet was exaggerated to the point that it looked like a small tower.



Arrogantly positioning himself in the middle of the street, the armored man started taunting dr. Farsight in Sperethiel, lambasting the company he kept, made some speculation as how dr. Farsight's mother made her living, and insinuated that dr. Farsight's real father would likely be the mail man – or perhaps the mail man's dog, if the rumors were right. The mellifluous, cultured tenor belied the sting in the words.

Momentarily at a loss for words, dr. Farsight quickly recovered and shouted back some speculation as to the size of his challenger's genitals, and a question to what the name of the challenger might be.

[“Lugh Silverhand”](#), the answer came unhesitatingly. Dr. Farsight made a mocking comment to the tune that “Lugh” was much the same as “Lucille”, but it seemed his heart wasn't quite in it. “For that, some pain.” Jinx felt a short jolt of pain in her head. She then decided, “ah, frag it”, and quickly retaliated. The soft *fwhumph* of her grenade launcher punctuated that decision.



1-06: Battle is joined

With superhuman reflexes, Lugh whipped his sword up and cleaved the grenade in two as it flew true. His action prevented the grenade from detonating in his face. It did not stop the grenade from detonating. Temporarily stunned, Lugh wavered slightly, steadying himself by leaning on the ridiculously long sword.

Vince whipped up his submachinegun, and unleashed a torrent of bullets. To his chagrin, the bullets just ping-pinged off Lugh's exotic armor. Ungainly it might look, but there was some serious protection there. A sharp, momentary flash of pain in his head underscored that there was more than one combatant on the other side. "Careful, mage!" Vince's warning went out over the team's tac comms.

Schneider let loose one carefully aimed shot from her custom pistol. Though Lugh was some 30-odd meters away, she still managed to hit him in the shoulder. Unlike Vince's bullets, this one penetrated and drew blood. The armor was good, but it wasn't *that* good.

Dr. Farsight smoothly nocked an arrow, and loosed it at Lugh. With preternatural skill, Lugh caught the thick arrow shaft with a gauntleted hand. He was about to triumphantly shout something when the oversize head of the arrow detonated in his helmeted face.

A flashbang, some pepper spray, a dash of Hyper, and a concussion grenade for good measure - dr. Farsight was particularly proud of this technological terror he had created in the form of an arrow. Sure, it didn't fly as good as a regular arrow, but it was extremely effective.

Lugh fell into a heap as a puppet with its strings cut. Vince quickly pulled down his ultrasound goggles and activated them. Invisible beams of ultrasound quickly started painting a three-dimensional landscape around him. Somewhere, there was a mage, and Vince wanted to have a ... discussion with that person.

It was Jinx that first spotted the magically cloaked mage a fraction of a second later, on a rooftop right across the road. Schneider and Vince managed to penetrate the mage's protection a second later, while dr. Farsight still couldn't discern the form of the cloaked mage.

The mage was a she. A beautiful, tautly muscled female elf in a weird, dominatrix-like outfit and a hairdo to match was cloaked in a spell that made her outline difficult to see. She gestured towards Lugh's prone form, and concentrated.

By some levitation spell, the armored form of Lugh rose into the air and swiftly moved away. Vince and Schneider decided this was unacceptable, and ran across the road - both firing furiously. Vince's full auto salvo didn't seem to have any effect. With a curse, he cybernetically released the clip of gel rounds from the submachinegun, and inserted a full clip of explosive hardball ammunition.



Schneider decided to keep pulling the trigger as she ran, figuring that even if she didn't hit, perhaps the distraction would help. The elf sorceress grimaced as one of Schneider's bullets embedded itself in her thigh.



Meanwhile, dr. Farsight still couldn't make out the cloaked form of the sorceress on the other side of the road. Deciding that he might as well make the floating form of Lugh his own, personal pin cushion, he calmly started nocking and firing shaft after shaft into the swiftly moving form of Lugh.

Jinx didn't mess about with the barrier that obviously surrounded the sorceress. Another soft *fwumph*, and a concussion grenade went off right next to the skimpily armored enemy elf. Whatever magic protected her did dampen the worst of the blast, but the sorceress went down to one knee – but refused to release the spell that kept Lugh afloat, still moving swiftly towards her through the air.

One final arrow flew from dr. Farsight's compound bow, and hit home. The spell carrying Lugh seemed unable to keep him aloft any more, and with a crash the body fell down and skidded across the road.

The banshee wail of the sorceress dispelled any illusions anyone had had about what just happened. With a swift gesture, the still shrieking sorceress buried her ceremonial dagger, her *athame*, to the hilt in her ribcage right below her heart. The hellblast that followed was her final act of defiance.



1-06: [Lighting up!](#)

Vince saw in awe as the charred remains of the sorceress crumpled to the floor – and felt as his aura was assaulted by powerful magic. His implants made him a poor conductor of magic, and his troll nature made him robust.

It was difficult to say which saved him in the end – technology, or nature. He felt some heat grow from his core, as if he had eaten some Thai-hot soy slop from some crazy street vendor. It was nothing compared to his companions. Dr. Farsight, Jinx, and Schneider caught fire from the *inside*, and immediately fell to the ground in three untidy, smoldering heaps.

With a speed that belied his size and betrayed his heavy augmentation, Vince quickly ran to each team mate in turn, and unceremoniously stacked them over his broad shoulders. Grunting under the strain, he ran into the abandoned factory building – and dumped the three still-burning bodies beside the tank with the worms and repugnant water.

With nary a moment's hesitation, he jumped in. If the worms managed to eat through his tough epidermis, so be it. His first thought was to save his friends.

Dunking each of his friends into the odious water, he quickly smothered the flames. Scraping off the wriggling worms as best he can, he then quickly but as gently he could, stacked them up on the floor next to the tank. He then climbed out of the tank, and started stomping and flailing in order to dislodge all the thread-like worms that had fixed themselves to him in the short while he had been in the water.

1-06: [Puppet moving, puppet master unseen](#)

Verifying that Dr. Farsight's DocWagon contract had been triggered, Vince positioned himself so that he could both watch his unconscious friends and the outside through the grimy window panes of the abandoned factory.

The first movement was so slight that he missed it. He could not miss it when Jinx [sat up](#) in a jerky movement, and rose to her feet – face slack, eyes closed. She started to shamble towards Schneider. Vince quickly interposed himself. With a spastic movement, Jinx' hand flew up, and *flames* shot out of it into Vince's face. The fire proofing did its job, and Vince's extremely resilient hide took care of the rest. Vince tightened his grip, and prepared to hit Jinx.

She went slack in his arms. Spooked, he carried the apparently unconscious form of Jinx at arms' length a few meters away from the others, and lay her down again on the factory floor.

He was still guarding against even the smallest movement when the DocWagon helicopter arrived some minutes later. Three figures fast-roped down from the hovering helicopter. Two were obviously soldiers, their augments obvious in their too-smooth movement. The third one was a burly Amerind, his full-face transparent gas mask a compromise between patient reassurance and necessary protection in the Barrens.



Vince made sure he made no sudden movements. “The contractors are here, and they’re all Awakened.” The DocWagon medic acknowledged Vince’s information with a curt nod.

The medic went over to dr. Farsight’s prone body. Suddenly, the medic’s head and upper shoulders took on the aspect of a fierce but caring bear. The DocWagon shaman pushed healing energy into dr. Farsight, making dr. Farsight’s jerk spastically as the magic did its work.

“Umm, one of the patients – that one over there – was up and walking just a moment ago, but it was as if she wasn’t all there...” Vince’s confused explanation trailed off at the bear shaman’s unconcerned look. “You sure you haven’t taken a blow to the head there, buddy?”

With a groan, dr. Farsight decided to wake up just then, burnt skin peeling from his face, showing the pink, newly regenerated skin underneath. The bear shaman quickly moved on to the next two patients, again summoning his powerful healing energies.

Jinx seemed uncommonly chipper. “Hey, girlfriend, how ‘bout a celebratory kiss?” She embraced a willing Schneider, and kissed her full on the lips. The bear shaman smiled as the two hurt – but still extremely attractive – young women had a short makeout session in front of him. With a gasp, Schneider passed out again.

Jinx braced her friend, and looked over at the bear shaman with a quizzical look. “Yeah, that happens sometimes – it’s just the spirit that hasn’t quite recovered from the bodily shock. She’ll be fine.” The bear shaman’s dismissal seemed to calm Jinx.

“You two should take it easy for a couple of weeks. And you,” he pointed at dr. Farsight, “you’re coming with me for now, and that’s final.” As a still confused dr. Farsight meekly followed the bear shaman to the waiting helicopter outside, Schneider came to a couple of minutes later. She seemed woozy, but fine.

The bear shaman cradled dr. Farsight in a rescuer’s harness, and was quickly winched into the hovering chopper’s passenger bay. The two DocWagon soldiers followed quickly, leaving behind a worried Vince, a woozy Schneider, and a still chipper but somewhat more subdued Jinx.

The ride back to dr. Farsight’s apartment in Skidz was a quiet one, and interminably long from Vince’s perspective. Something strange was going on, but he wasn’t sure what. Outside dr. Farsight’s apartment, they were met by dr. Farsight. He commented that rotors beat wheels through downtown traffic every day – but that they’d better be careful the next few days, as he was released on the condition that he rested.

They opened the door to dr. Farsight’s apartment, and was promptly met with some loud [funky jazz beats](#), and the sight of an unconscious and naked Cogwhistle that was being vigorously exercised by one latex-clad gimp nurse.