Project Landship: Chapter 5

By: Vader

**Colonial Prison outskirts**

**1:45**

Everyone wasted no time and quickly scrambled behind the trees.

Instantly bursts of machine-gun fire whizzed by them and one Warden fell to the ground with gaping holes in his body. The half-tracks moved up on a small hill overlooking them and continued firing.

Instantly Wardens started dropping. Two were torn apart, their blue uniforms shredded with blood and lead.

Carmain stared at the bodies, old memories threatening to surge through him. Explosions, screams of soldiers, blood…

“*Get a damn grip on yourself you bloody mongrel.” he cursed.*

 He would never forgive himself if he did, HB forbid. He took a deep breath and focused. Felt the grenades around his waist. Threw them at one of the halftracks and muttered a prayer to HB.

The grenades rolled right at the base of one of the halftracks then exploded, tearing a hole into the track and the side of the vehicle and turning it into an immobile heap of metal. The second one then began moving back, retreating. It still fired machine gun fire at them, preventing them from pursuing it. In a moment, the fight was over just as quickly as it had started.

Everyone hesitantly crept out, then slowly walked over to the destroyed half track. Penguin walked to the door of it.

“Aha!” He shouted triumphantly,”They forgot to lock the halftrack.” He grinned.

Inside, they found fuel cans, materials, and machine gun ammo. If there had been anything else then it had been destroyed in the explosion.

“Well now that's been dealt with let’s move on.” Carmain shouldered his rifle.

But Penguin looked at the halftrack, observing the wreckage.

“What is it?” Rick asked.

“I think we can repair it, given enough time.”

Everyone looked at each other uneasily.

“We don't have the whole bloody day chap.” Whiskers frowned.

“It'll only take an hour or two.” Penguin insisted.

“We don't have *an hour or two.* We need to move *now.* That halftrack will be back, with backup.” Carmain warned darkly.

“Then I can stay here with a couple guys.” Penguin suggested,”If we hear anyone we’ll bolt.”

It was dangerous and could risk everything, but in the end they agreed that they'll need more firepower for the prison escape. With that Penguin stayed behind with the four Warden backup troops.

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Everyone climbed up to a hill overlooking the area. With the binocs Carmain looked at the prison.

It was surrounded by solid concrete walls that were topped with barbed wire. On each of the four corners were watchtowers, he could see spotlights on each of them ready to be used with soldiers on them, though they would only be used for nighttime. There was a single entrance to the prison through the gatehouse, which was swarmed by Collies and two flanking turrets.

“Well we’re certainly not breaking in.” Whiskers remarked, grimly surveying the scene.

“Can't climb, we could try blowing a hold in a wall, but our grenades aren't powerful enough, and it would immediately alarm everyone.” Rick pointed out.

“Thanks for the obvious.” Whiskers snapped.”I'm sure we would have *never* figured that out on our own.”

“Quiet.” Carmain ordered. Suddenly everyone could hear the noise of a truck coming. Carmain quickly looked at the road and sure enough, saw a Colonial truck rumbling along.

“Another prisoner shipment.” Carmain grinned,”I have a plan…”

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They had ambushed the truck while the Collies were changing the tire and took them out without problem. They freed the 6 prisoners inside, but they couldn't release them since they were behind enemy lines. So they told them that they could help with the mission or leave. The prisoners chose the wiser option. Everyone had put on a Colonial uniform from the Collies lying on the floor and the prisoners had taken a weapon as well.

“Now we just need to decide who'll drive.” Carmain said.

“I call dibs.” Rick raised his hand. Carmain tossed him the keys.

“Why can't I drive?” Whiskers complained.

Rick got in the driver’s seat while everyone clambered in the back. The truth was that he had never driven a truck before...but how hard could it be? He put the keys in the ignition and drive forward.

He had pressed the pedal right in the floor and the truck shot forward far faster than he intended. He yelped and took his foot off. He heard laughter from the back.

He gritted his teeth and tried again. He pressed the pedal slowly and tried experimentally finding the right speed.

The result was that everyone in the back bumped into the sides of the truck.

“Oh for God’s sake you’re just as bad as Vagabond!” Carmain complained.

This was going to be a long ride...

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The guard at the gatehouse was bored, he hated patrol duty and would have liked frontline combat better than this. He sighed and saw a truck driving along toward them. He frowned.”*That’s weird, we just had the last shipment yesterday.”*

The truck pulled along the gatehouse and the window came down. The driver was a lanky fellow whose eyes looked bored.

“Why you late?” The guard asked.

“We had a flat tire so we were a little late.” The driver explained.

“Where's the usual driver?”

“Well, uh.” The driver momentarily looked flushed. *Damnit Rick at least think of something*! “The other driver’s...sick. I'm his replacement.”

“Mmm, ok.” The guard was suspicious for a moment, but then waved them on. *What's the worse that could happen.*

The gate lifted open and they drove through. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

“And that's why I told you guys to let me drive.” Whiskers muttered.

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Krazy waited anxiously outside his cell. It was right after lunch and he had finished before Mark, who was a slow eater. He looked around for any signs of him, but he wasn't there. Only two guards, who were passing through the corridor. In the background he heard the noises of the prison. Occasional screams and shouts punctuated the air. The guards of course didn't exactly help with stopping the violence. In fact sometimes they beat certain prisoners, specifically Wardens.

For a brief moment, he wondered how PUG was doing, glancing at the tattoo he knew was branded under his sleeve. They were probably debating whether to help rescue their leader or not.

He was snapped out of his thoughts when Mark finally arrived, panting.

“Where the *HB* have you been?” He demanded.

“Calm down man. I ran into some nasty guys back there.” He glanced behind him,”Let's just say they’re not too happy.

“What happened?”

Mark was about to explain, but then they heard footsteps down the hall.

Sure enough, there was a group of prisoners rounding the corner and approaching the pair. They leered menacingly as they walked. Krazy looked behind them. There was a second group of men coming down.

They were trapped.