

A Tank's Worth

He woke up from his slumber. How much time had passed? An hour? He was not to sure. Slowly advancing forward, he surveyed his surroundings. A few squares lay in front of him, so he shot them to clear his view. His engines hummed back to life, his idle drones now speeding up and clearing nearby shapes.

The server was still quiet, only a few tanks were up. In the distance, ha saw the outline of what appeared to be a machine gun.

“My next kill” he thought, practically aloud.

He advanced, the back part of his carapace hitting against the server's glass floor. The machine gun, who was labeled with the RDT clan tag, did not seem to notice him yet. One of the bullets came near him, which he dodged with ease.

As he got closer, he stretched a bit, clawing his drones in all directions to establish his dominance. That is very important, in a competitive server like this. He only followed one rule, survival of the fittest.

He was about to ram his eight drones into the carapace of the puny tank, when he saw something in the near area. It was green, and shone bright, it's light illuminating the whole area. Green was a sacred color, as not many things could be found in it's dye. Rare shapes, that's about it. It was interesting, so he followed.

He winced as one of his turrets scraped a jagged line into the floor. Red chips of paint flew, fluttering down slowly.

“Damn it” he thought aloud, “someone could follow me now”.

As he hurried along, he reached the light, only to realize that it was merely a fragment of a rare shape. He was not yet disappointed though. He had gotten a thousand xp, and he saw another light, not to far. He stayed hopeful.

As he reached the second shape, he was rather confused. Besides the particle lied a short sign, which read “Why?”

Why was he? Because he had no better thing to do? For free points? Where does this trail, this connection, this path lead to? He was eager to find out. One shape led to another. Which led to another as well. This time the sign says “Are you worth anything?”

“Well yes, am I not? Aren't we all worth something? What is the issue?”

The next one read on it “Where do we go?” This was a thought provoking question, which made him stop and think a bit. Where would he go, after he died? Where?

He then realized the weird patterns of the shapes surrounding him. Almost in line, moving together. Weird. Almost falling a wall, really. Sadly, that's when it hit him. He then realized what was to happen, but now, it is too late.

A Booster came into view, and flanking him were two more. He froze, as if in panic. What was he one tank, to do?

“Come, Overlord, to destroy us?”

“Vanquish thee, and those your begotten!”

“And how will thine accomplish thine goal? To whither will you go now?”

“Martyred, for the good then! But yer teaming, it will fall.”

Now infuriated, he sent his drones at him, but to know avail. He dodged them, laughing snarkily, but that is not what killed him.

A Ranger, he was watching this whole scene. He saw MasterOV ram into him, but he recoiled, the Overlord, so he dodged him halfway. The Ranger took aim and shot, his bullet piercing the air. With one bullet, two died. And with their xp, he fled.

“Survival of the fittest” muttered the Ranger, under his breath, fleeing the scene.

“Survival of the fittest.”