

Small World

Chapter 5: Area Unknown

After taking a moment to recover his senses from the shock of the scene he had just witnessed, David responded meekly, "Um... would you mind... getting me out of these restraints first...?"

At that moment, the male human reached into one of his jacket pockets, and withdrew from it some sort of small, round ended bar-like object. He then flicked his thumb down on a tiny switch on one end of the device, causing a short, sharp metal blade to suddenly flip out from within it. As the human then brought the blade down towards him, David closed his eyes tightly shut and cringed once again, expecting the worst. However, feeling the dull end of the blade simply brushing against the fur of his left paw as the strap restraining it was quickly cut loose, Doctor Gray opened his eyes once more to look at the human, and asked timidly, "Wh-who are you...?"

"Agent Jack Spader, CSIS. But you can just call me Jack," the human replied as he continued the process of freeing David's other limbs with the small, multipurpose blade.

"David Gray... Doctor... David Gray..." the Ferren scientist introduced slightly uneasily in return, stretching his paws a bit as soon as they were loose.

"Funny..." the human, Jack, remarked with a light chuckle, "I didn't expect giant mice from outer space to speak English. Or have English sounding names."

"Well... I, um... I've been studying your languages, you see..." David began to explain, standing up and hopping down off the surgery bed. "My granduncle was the first of our kind to intercept one of your television transmissions, and ever since then our race, my family especially, has been examining a multitude of other transmissions your planet has beamed out into space, learning more about your ways, in the hopes that our two species could someday meet in person. It... didn't exactly go as I had expected, though..." After a moment, the Ferren added, "As for my name, that's just what it sounds like translated into your own language. In my native tongue it's pronounced '*DivvahdAY GarrAH*'"

Jack snickered. "You're right. David does sound better."

David then took a brief look around at his surroundings, to see that he was inside a small, concrete room, with sturdy metal shelves displaying various pieces of medical

hardware lining the walls. As his eyes soon fell on the limp, motionless form of the female surgeon sprawled out on the floor near the bed, Doctor Gray then looked back up at Jack, and inquired somewhat awkwardly, "Um... is she dead..?"

"Nah, she'll be fine," Jack dismissed nonchalantly, "She just needs a little rest. And... a new... neck." After swinging open the thick metal door to the room once again, and waving David forward, the human soldier urged, "Now come on. I doubt it'll be very long before the security in this place finds out something's up."

Just then, suddenly remembering something, David began frantically looking all around him, exclaiming in panic, "Wait, my glasses! Where are my glasses?!"

"Forget about them! There's no time!" Jack exclaimed hastily. "You can just get new ones, can't you?"

"No, you don't understand!" David persisted. "They belonged to my granduncle! He gave them to me while he was on his death bed!"

"What do you think your granduncle would have cared about more? The glasses, or your life?" Jack then lectured in a serious tone.

Hesitating for a moment, David requested, "...Just give me five minutes."

"Two minutes." Agent Spader allotted firmly.

After a few moments of searching, David exclaimed in dismay, "I can't find them anywhere in here! They must have carted them off somewhere!"

At that moment, Jack then leaned down towards the body of the surgeon, reached into her left lab coat pocket, and pulled out from it what appeared to be a pair of black framed, round lensed glasses that were a bit too small to fit a human's head. Presenting them to David, Spader asked dryly, "These what you're looking for?"

Accepting the piece of eyewear from the human and donning it, Doctor Gray said flatly, "...Let's go."

As he hastily yet cautiously followed after his human rescuer down a large number of winding halls and corridors, which seemed to be constructed from the same type of concrete as the surgery room, David turned to Jack, and asked, "So, why are you helping me, anyway? And what exactly is this place?"

"This, my furry little friend, is a secret government facility buried deep under the Nevada desert known as Area Unknown." Jack began to explain. "I was sent here by my agency to investigate some shady activities going on here in the past few years. My mission was to hack into their data archives, and download enough information to blow the cap wide off this place. But I decided to take a slight detour when the data I downloaded told me that there was a... *captive*, inside the building.

After a moment, a thought occurred to David, and he gasped in shock, "Nevada desert...? You mean... I'm on Earth?!"

"It took you this long to figure that out, kid?" Jack asked sarcastically.

"But... this is impossible!" David argued. "Ferrina is over twenty solar years away from here! Even if that spacecraft had ported me all the way over here in a suspended state at nine tenths the speed of light, I should be more than double my age right now! How long was I unconscious?!" Just then, however, upon hearing a soft beeping noise from somewhere close by, the Ferren asked, "What's that sound?"

Reaching into one of his jacket pockets, retrieving from it what appeared to be a small, black, plastic looking rectangular wafer shaped device with a glowing display screen on one side, and taking a close glance at it for a moment, Jack responded, "The facility's silent alarm's been tripped. They know we're here. We need to hurry."

At that moment, however, a loud, rapid succession of banging sounds was heard. Upon taking a quick, cautious glance around the corner of the adjoining hallway to the three way junction he and Agent Spader were currently in, and seeing five humans in full black military gear and masks crouched a short distance away, aiming and firing their metallic, handled narrow barrel shaped weapons at him, David quickly ducked behind the cover of the corner again, and yelped in alarm, "They've found us!"

Drawing two of his own, smaller, single handled hollow cylinder weapons of his own from the belt around his waist, and handing one to David, Jack instructed in a serious tone, "Cover me."

"Wait, what do you mean cover you? Is this a gun?!" the Ferren squeaked in aghast.

"Yes, it is." Jack affirmed bluntly. "And by cover me, I mean keep a lookout down the other hallways, and if you see any more of those security troops coming, point it at them and pull the trigger."

"You mean you want me to SHOOT PEOPLE?!" David shrieked.

"What'd you think I expected you to do, play spin the bottle with it?!" Jack shouted back in frustration.

"But... I'm a scientist! I don-"

"Just DO IT!!"

David reluctantly nodded, and began peering down the other two corridors, holding out the weapon shakily in his paws. At that moment, Jack carefully crouched down just to the edge of the corner, and pulled back the top of the casing on his handgun, before suddenly duck-rolling out into the open corridor, firing multiple shots towards the security troopers. In moments, each of the troopers one by one collapsed to the floor in a heap before having the chance to return fire. As soon as the noise in the hallways settled down, the CSIS agent slowly rose back to his feet, dusted off his cloths, and remarked casually, "Well, that wasn't so hard."

Just then, however, the loud '*BANG*' sound of another gunshot was heard. Almost immediately, Agent Spader grunted in pain, and began cradling the left side of his lower abdomen with his hand as thick, red fluid began dripping from the area.

Upon quickly whipping around, and seeing another security trooper crouched several meters down the opposite corridor with his weapon pointed at him, David hastily fumbled to take aim with his own firearm, before pulling the trigger. Gun still held out unsteadily in his grip, the Ferren scientist then just began staring wide eyed in stunned silence as the trooper let out a muffled cry of agony, curling up in a fetal position and tightly grasping the area between his legs.

Noticing this too, Jack turned to glare at David with a disgusted frown, and asked in a strained voice, "Dude... did you just... shoot that guy in the junk...?"

"I...! I wasn't trying to...! I didn't know that was where humans' reproductive organs were located...! I just did what you told me to do!" David squeaked in defence.

"*Right...*" Jack muttered sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

Noticing Agent Spader grunting and doubling over in pain once again, pressing his hand down hard on the lower left spot on his abdomen, which was now gushing even more with the crimson coloured fluid, David exclaimed in alarm, "Jack, you're injured!"

"Don't worry about it, kid..." the soldier assured between clenched teeth, "It's just a flesh wound..."

"That's a lot of blood for a flesh wound, Jack!" David pointed out worriedly. "You need medical attention, and fast!"

"There's... no time..." Jack wheezed painfully, "A backup squadron... could be here... any minute..."

"And you could bleed to death just as quickly!" David argued urgently. "We need to find an infirmary of some kind in here!"

"You're a doctor... can't you just patch me up...?" Jack asked, managing a weak smirk.

"I'm not that kind of doctor!" David retorted. "And even if I was, that wouldn't necessarily mean I would be versed in human anatomy! We at least need to find somewhere we can hide from the security while we try to stop the bleeding. Where's the closest room to here?"

"Well... on my way down here... I passed by an entrance to a laboratory of some kind just a little ways down that way..." Jack informed, pointing down one of the corridors. "But I think the door's sealed by a high level security encryption..."

"It'll have to do! Come on!" David urged, attempting to drag the injured human back to his feet.

With that, Jack began hastily limping after David down the hallway in search of the room he had mentioned, leaving a thin trail of blood behind him all the way.