

Small World

Chapter 11: The City Where Anything Can Happen

A couple hundred kilometers away from the Area Unknown military base...

After a couple more hours of driving down the desert road in his uncomfortable position on the floor of the car, David noticed through the driver's side window a large sign wreathed in blinking white light bulbs passing by which read in bold lettering of the Earth English language 'Las Vegas'.

"David, welcome to the Entertainment Capital of Planet Earth," Jack said, a lopsided smirk on his face.

"Las Vegas? Why here?" David inquired, puzzled, "Are you planning on placing some wages in the hopes of acquiring currency?"

"Oh, we're not here for the casinos, kid," Jack informed, "I have a little something else in mind."

"And what if the local authorities discover us?" David then asked, "I highly doubt it's very common on this planet to see non-human lifeforms driving an automobile..."

"Don't you worry about that, kid. I've got it all covered," Jack replied confidently, as he began steering the vehicle off the road and onto the sandy plains of the city's outskirts, "Let's just say, the Las Vegas PD are going to be a bit preoccupied for a little while..."

"With what?" David asked curiously.

"This," Jack said abruptly. The former human commando then suddenly opened the driver's side door of the car, firmly gasped David's paw in his, and duck-rolled out of the vehicle, dragging his astonished comrade with him.

David just sat and watched in dumbfound as the car sped on with no driver until it crashed into a large telephone pole, black smoke beginning to spew out of the hood soon after. After a few more moments of uncomfortable silence, the glasses-wearing Ferren scientist slowly turned his head to face Jack, and asked blankly, "O-kaaay... now what?"

"Now, we get the hell out of here," Jack responded bluntly, as he quickly turned around and darted off into the bustling nearby city.

Letting out a frustrated groan, David hastily followed suit.

Meanwhile, back inside the Area Unknown military base grounds...

As soon as the detachment of six troopers had traveled close enough back towards the military base to receive communication signals once again, the lieutenant withdrew a black, rectangular shaped device from his belt, and pressed a button on it. The device crackled with static for a moment, before a familiar icy male voice demanded from it, "Report."

"Mr. Jefferson, the subjects have escaped again," the lieutenant responded slightly nervously, "They managed to commandeer one of the training vehicles; a red nineteen ninety-four Corolla. They were last seen headed in the direction of the city of Las Vegas."

"So, those vermin think they can hide in Sin City, do they?" the Jefferson pondered out loud. After a brief pause, the Agent instructed coldly, "This has just become an undercover operation. Lieutenant, I suggest you change into something a little more... formal."

Meanwhile, back in Las Vegas...

After another couple of hours of traversing through the shadowed back alleys of the city, David and Jack came to a large stadium-sized building surrounded by thousands of humans dressed in a wide variety of costumes. Written on a long white canvas banner hung over the entrance of the building were the Earth English words in bold red lettering 'Space Con'.

Stopping to crouch down in hiding behind a dumpster at the end of the alley, Jack turned to whisper in David's ear, "Kid, welcome to Las Vegas City Space Con. The one place on this planet where people like us can actually blend in."

"How do you plan on getting inside?" David inquired quietly, crouching behind the dumpster next to Jack, "Won't we need tickets or something?"

"Oh, don't worry, kid. It's actually a lot easier than you may think. Just follow my lead," Jack responded in a hushed tone, before discreetly scurrying off towards the bustling crowd of costumed people.

With an exasperated sigh and a shake of his head, David hurried on after him.

Meanwhile, on the outskirts of the city...

Four adult human males, all clad in light blue jackets and black pants, were gathered around a dark red coloured car which had its front end smashed into a telephone poll. As the four men busied themselves with thoroughly examining the vehicle with various devices, they failed to notice two more men donned in black government issue suits, red ties, and black sunglasses, approaching the scene. One of the two suit-wearing men, who had pale skin and short black hair, came to a stop just a couple meters short of the wrecked car. Loudly clearing his throat, the brunette man spoke up, "Officers."

One of the four officers, who wore a large beige fedora in addition to the rest of his uniform, was slightly overweight, had peach coloured skin, and had a bushy grey mustache on his face, turned to glare crossly at the two intruders. However, seeing the black flip booklet containing a golden shield-shaped badge with the letters 'C.I.A.' engraved in it held out in front of his face, the officer froze on the spot in stunned silence.

"What seems to be the situation here?" the dark-haired government agent asked coolly as he re-pocketed his badge.

"Well, we were just going to classify this as a regular traffic collision," the fedora-wearing officer began in a slight southern drawl, "until we saw the bullet holes in the back. We're running a licence plate check on it now to see if it might've been stolen."

Leaning down to glance at the licence plate above the rear bumper of the car, and recognizing it, the dark-haired agent said calmly, "No need. We'll take over from here."

"Did you find any clues as to who was driving the vehicle?" the second agent, this one with slightly longer, amber-coloured hair, inquired in an equally collected tone.

"Nothing much. Just some dog tracks in the sand," the officer replied, pointing down towards two sets of paw prints leading into the city.

The brunette agent then suggested, "You four go have a break and play some rounds at the slots. Just leave the rest of this investigation to the professionals." As soon as the officer snatched the bundle from his grasp, the agent quickly turned around and began making his way into the city, his partner following suit.

Retrieving a small, black, rectangular shaped device from within his jacket pocket, the brunette agent brought it up to his ear, to hear a familiar, chilling voice demand from it, "Report."

"Mr. Jefferson," the dark-haired operative responded, "we've tracked down the stolen training vehicle, but the subjects are nowhere to be seen. They must have already fled into the city on foot-or... paw, rather."

"Good work, Lieutenant. Begin your search immediately," Jefferson instructed, "And remember; no noise, no mess. Is that understood?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Jefferson," the lieutenant replied, before deactivating and re-pocketing the device.