

# *Walk Beside Me*

*Story by Vixxy Fox*

*Song by Wirez*



**Walk Beside me  
Take my Hand.  
Lest the Darkness Take Me  
You understand.**

**Walk beside me  
Into the night.  
I cannot see  
Unto the light.**

**We're together  
Just you and I.  
At once and only  
Within my eye.**

**I see you hold me  
Just you and I.  
At once and only,  
Within my eye.**

“Bogey inbound at 2-5-0 miles; angels 45.”

“Copy.”

Against the noise of flying the radio transmission sounded weak and scratchy. Control’s voice was a reverberation in the bottom of a tin can. It represented the miles between and a political appointee safely tucked into a concrete reinforced bunker watching a radar screen. Their face would be alive with the reflections of green light making them look inhumanly iridescent. The pilot thought of this person with disdain.

“Inbound unfriendly,” a new voice told the pilot. It was clear, soft, and feminine. “Two Three Zero miles and closing. Shall I arm the weapons?”

“Wait one,” the pilot instructed. “I want to keep the signature low.”

“Beginning countdown. Weapons ‘HOT’ five seconds after zero time.”

“Copy.”

On his head’s up display he saw his altitude to be 56K feet. This would give his weapons a downward track to the bogey should it be necessary.

“Forty seconds to ‘ARM’. Inbound unfriendly has fired two sparks. Suspect Type 50 vertical launch. Arch over and time to impact one minute ten seconds. Shall I take evasive?”

“No.”

“Fox Ten, Fox Ten,” said the scratchy tin voice, “You are released to engage hostile. Inbound strike noted, inbound strike noted. Dispatch with prejudice, over.”

“Copy.”

The jet flew on but did not change course.

“Time to impact one minute zero seconds. Time to arm thirty seconds.”

The pilot did not respond. Flight noise was such that hearing would have been impossible without his flight helmet.

“Sparks confirmed type 50 long range missile eighty five percent effective in accuracy. Time to impact fifty seconds.”

“Cease countdown. Range to target?”

“One hundred eighty miles.”

“Arm weapons.”

The weapons reticle came to life in the HUD bearing a small black X with a range marking quickly unwinding next to it.

“Armed and hot.”

“Fox Ten, Fox Ten, stand down; do not engage... Washington instructs do not engage!”

The pilot ignored the tin voice. “Is it possible to have a radio malfunction?” he asked his aircraft.

“Affirmative,” the female voice responded. Sparks time to impact thirty seconds.”

“Fox Ten,” came the call again but it was cut off in a wave of radio jamming static.

“I wasn’t aware they had that capability,” he said with just a hint of humor in his voice. “Lock two and three. Program doozy loop.”

“Ready.”

“Fire.”

“Fox Three, Fox Three,” she responded, indicating the missiles were away.

As soon as this was reported the pilot applied afterburner and went vertical intending to take out the sparks. That done and he would continue over in a high altitude loop while performing an Immelmann which would put him back on a return course to his ship.

As he did this a second sun blossomed in a nuclear thunderhead of silent noise; the middle of which he flew directly into.

For a moment he saw her face and smiled. If he could have said anything at all, he would have told her, “I always wondered what you looked like.”

Man and machine were then fused together in an unfair purification and death that all warriors understand but never truly expect to happen.



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