

Micro Chronicles
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Micro And You - What You Need To Know

The Digital Age; gamers all around the world have been unknowingly involved with this since the creation of early dos games; to truly Pwn, to have “über micro”, is just the beginning. When one mentally pushes themselves to the limit, it becomes apparent of the overlying powers that reside in all gamers, and the few chosen who manage to master these gifts. These elite athletes of the cyber age, so in tune with their mental trained abilities, developed the true skill of Micro. For the shooters, their weapons were the flash guns, and over time both factions kept pushing forward these technologies; to the untrained it's just a simple variation of a controller; to an fps micro soldier it's a deadly weapon. For the thinkers, or rts players, their hands, although weapons, are not completely ruled out. Their micro does not require it. The perfectionists amongst the micro adepts have been known to use both, but the dedication required for this is significant, even to the extent of 15 years straight of training with only the glowing light of a monitor to focus on.

These are the micro soldiers and over time, many of the modern day clans: the armies were formed. All was well for a time, and figureheads arose in this new age underground society. The Master, an adept in his field, is one notable character; Hexpar, for the early shooters, and Stripe, to name a few.

In the early days, the use of these new found micro abilities went unchecked, and eventually full scale conflicts arose, first in the 8 bit wars, one that was fought on early net systems, arcades, and of course on the streets; the losses on both sides were significant, and being the first real conflict, any and all guidelines for a “good game” had been ruled out. It was cutthroat. This cyber age had manifested itself into the world, and this conflict raged on against these, for the most part, unknown enemies.

The Big Bad, his real history unknown, was pinned as a prominent leader in this particular war. Not yet leading, but fighting there against the master; although the clear objective of this negative force is, even today, still largely unknown, the pwners of The Big Bad's modern day forces, have grown to incredible strengths, and are spread out all over the world. In an attempt to once again stop these forces, the master, and other sects of gamers have tried to gather information; but for the most part, it is still unknown.

Although Records on this era are for the most part scarce, it is known that the 8 bit wars were provoked by the master and his students, along with the parallel big bad army reaching a point of perfection with their micro abilities. At this modern day, with still no clear motive or actions, the only logical reason for this war and the continuation of the conflict, can be greed and power. As many clans battle, so do these two sects; The Master for the good of gaming and for skillful Pwning, and The Big Bad, fighting for superiority and supreme power of his own. Even when not in full scale conflict it's a constant ghost war with recon gathering, infiltration and sabotage, online and in RL.

At the conclusion of the 8 bit wars, at the Miyamoto peace conference in Tokyo, it was agreed by both parties that the use of micro in public would no longer be acceptable and would be kept to the games on which they trained. Although micro “skirmishes” did occur, there has been no direct conflict up until these last few months of 2006, with The Master massing his armies, and The Big Bad seemingly doing the same; conflicts have been made in open public and it is feared by many that another war is looming just over the horizon. With so many soldiers training on both sides, and portable weapons such as DS', PsP's, advanced keyboards and light guns, the technologies are there, and the troops know how to use them. The next war will be a bloodbath that will rival even the legendary 8 bit wars, as well as the Midnight Alpha Skirmishes of 1996.

Although The Master's Prodigy, The Pwnerer is seemingly pro enough to combat the majority of the front line cyber soldiers and micro adepts, being trained in private by the master himself, and even being rumored to have beaten The Master in a micro duel on one occasion, the rest of The Master's armies will not be put to false use; there is always knowledge to be gained, and sabotage

missions to be performed. Vex111 is one notable adept of micro in The Master's forces; strong in the fields of fps, he is clearly a perfect choice for these recon missions. After all, he is top of the ladder in Splinter Cell...

Chapter I - Covert Counter

"Pwning n00bs all for the glory of micro, all a bunch a bullshit if you ask me, but then again that's why they sent me, ain't it? Downtown Toronto, One Fortress, a horde of trained agents, and I have to find the maps to critical BB faction locations in this area. Oh! it will be in his office, just roll on in and take it when they move out! GTFO, my humble Sai Master."

Lighting a cigarette with a simple flick of his wrist against his Zippo lighter, in his jacket pocket, Vex111 casually strolled down the street towards the target location, eyes constantly in motion to see if anything was out of the ordinary. He was a slim man, 5'4 in height, and dressed in black trousers with an untucked, white collared shirt, and a grey jacket that came to his waist. His eyes were a pale green, and his hair cut short. He was a young guy, only 17, but The Master had picked him for this operation, based on his covert skills. After the recent micro battle The Pwnerer had in the back alleys of town, the investigations had been pushed to priority. They had an idea of where they were located, and that led them to this place. But as for other locations in Toronto they had no idea.

Inhaling deeply, and then out through his nose, he pondered the situation. *"So, as I'm told there shouldn't be anyone expecting me, so as long as I don't n00b out on this, it should be easy getting in; a simple rush to the front, steal the tech upstairs, and bounce outta there. They gave me the intel. on the layout of the place, but as for how many are actually there...They were in the dark about it, so I guess I am too. Damned fog of war! n00bness if you ask me, but as they say."*

He Casually clasped one hand against the other in a spanking gesture, two or three times, before moving his hand up to tap against the inside of his jacket's inside pocket, to check if his Nintendo Light Gun was positioned correctly. He was a man of the classics, and never really went for the newer models; he always thought the best accuracy came from the smooth shots. He flicked the smoke into the sidewalk, and walked around the corner of the block, onto Lance St. It had some graffiti under it that read 1337 St. He smiled to himself, and looked up at the building at the end of road.

It was a large building, and he appreciated the fact it had no gates. He could see two guys that looked about the same age as him, posted near the obvious entry, but other than that, it looked pretty clear. *"N00bs need to get some countermeasures up in this ma'."*

Either side of the building seemed to have pine trees growing to the side of them, and he figured this would be the easiest way to get in since he had to get to the top floor anyway, and if they didn't have any defense about he would presume the windows would not be locked, and even if they were he could handle it. He treaded lightly as he walked over the courtyard grounds, and to the side of the building, carefully scanning the area with his eyes, for cameras or infrared trip lines that would set off some alarm that would surely bring everything this place had, to his position. He found none, but he silently lol'd a few times, and figured splinter cell had thought him a good thing.

Swinging up onto the tree above him, and then to the first window ledge, and then with the same motion up to the next level, he came to the top window, crouching on the ledge with his back as close against the tree as he could. He was glad that there were no lights here, otherwise anyone that had been in that room would have seen him. The information he had been given about the building was that the lans were set up on the bottom floor, and given the fact that it was night time he assumed they must be downstairs attempting to pwn something. The window, as predicted, was not locked although the

room wasn't much bigger than an office cubical, and seemed to be storing lan cables and desks. He paused for a moment, listening to hear if anyone was in the outer corridor, his ear against the door; when he couldn't, he went to turn the handle and heard a soft "click" as it wouldn't fully rotate.

"*Shazbot! It's locked.*" Mumbling to himself, he pulled his Light gun out of his pocket and closed his eyes, concentrating on making this shot as silent as possible. He let one micro shot fire into the lock; the tiny blue flash in the room resulted in the pins slipping inside the lock, the handle gave way, and he opened the door.

Holding the gun in his right hand, he carefully moved along the wall of the hallway. It seemed to stretch out a ridiculous length to him. He was trying to get to room 42, and as he worked his way along the corridor, he came to room 40, and it dawned on him that this was too easy for such a critical location. Either way, The Big Bad was not in the building; that much he knew. He moved to the door, and not surprisingly, it was locked. With the same motion as in the storage room, he silently blasted the lock, and the door came open without struggle. The room had a large, long table and windows at the far end. On this table was a laptop, powered off, and the roof closed, he approached it and pulled out his USB key, booting the laptop up, and putting the key in the slot. When it came to the log on screen, it asked for a password; he smiled.

"*Hmmm I wonder if it's, 'I'm a gay fag who wants to lick vex's ballz'!*" he murmured to himself and closed his eyes, placing his hands on the keyboard, and began to furiously type different combinations. A blue glow emitted from his hands as he did so, and the speed at which he typed in these number and letter combinations was incredible; although this password was tough, it didn't take him any longer than 10 minutes to crack, and when he did, he casually made a flicking gesture with his hands, whilst wiggling a few of his fingers, and pronounced in a victorious manner, "*pwned!*" From here on it was slightly more difficult, and he expected it to be honest. As much of a n00b he really thought these guys were, he didn't expect them to leave the file named as "*map to secret BB Forces locations*" sitting there right on the desktop. After finding several interesting files -- even one on some of the most frequented online hacks that the BB Forces used -- he eventually found the file in the directories, and moved it to the USB flash drive. He didn't think he would have time to check the map out right now, and he was right after powering down the laptop, and making sure it was the same as he found it.

He approached the door only to hear two screaming voices: "*Hax! Hax! Hax! That n00b was damn aimbotting me!*"

A gruff voice replied, "*Err don't you aimbot, n00b?*"

The deep, somewhat pretentious voice replied, "*Well yes, but ... only for... training purposes. Anyway, let's check the database and find out what he was using.*"

The gruff voice let out a grunt, and the footsteps moved toward the door, and vex let out the word "*shazbot!*", slowly, and pulled out his light gun again, and pointed it towards the door as the two turned the handle; surprised that it was not locked they entered the room only to see vex crouched on the desk with a grin on his face.

"No ... This is Hax!"

He let off two shots at each man, quickly, before diving across the room for a better angle on the two unknown cyber soldiers. The taller soldier managed to dodge the micro bullet, but the shorter was shot dead square in between the eyes, and fell to the ground, unconscious instantly. The taller man dressed in black, pulled out a Sega Phaser, and blasted shots towards Vex who was currently pressed against the far left of the wall of the office. The red micro balls hit either side of him, and he could feel their heat sizzling against his arms. With a barrel roll across the floor, he got cover behind the large table, and fired a few shots over it before hearing a long, deep, extremely over exaggerated, laugh, and thought to himself: "*that could only be Deathstriker ... should have known he would have the key to this room*"

Deathstriker moved quickly to the left side of the room in an attempt to flank him, and shot

three more blasts off at him, one hitting his left arm and sending it completely numb. Vex moved from behind the table, his position now fully open, and sprinted to the left, in a fake out, before diving to the right and firing a shot at Deathstriker's left leg. It hit, and he let out a low growl as his free hand grabbed at it. He returned fire inaccurately, in rage, and Vex felt the micro ball just skim past his ear as it missed. He was fine but he was also blind: the micro ball was having a flash effect on him; he could see but everything was blurred for the moment.

Deathstriker, using this to his advantage, sped across the room, limping slightly, and towered above Vex who had stumbled backwards from the force of the micro bullet passing so close to his face. In a simple motion he rolled to the side, and as he did so, he kicked Deathstriker's legs out from under him, and he stumbled forward, not falling, but losing balance. Vex' eyes went wide, and he ran towards the wall and along it sideways, firing off a number of shots at Deathstriker. One hit him directly in the back. Deathstriker froze from this, but refused to go down.

"Man, he's got balls, I'll give him that," Vex quickly thought to himself.

Deathstriker swung his body around, still slightly paralyzed from the direct shot against his spine, and shot at Vex who was now on a descent off the wall. He aimed at the position in which his body would land on the decline, and fired off a whole volley of shots. The light once again temporarily blinding Vex, but not actually hitting him, he was not paralyzed. Vex rolled through the volley after its impact to avoid being hit again, and landed to the side of the table, and in one clean motion aimed up and at Deathstriker. But at this point Deathstriker had already sent two shots off which hit Vex' right hand, in a full blown surge, sending it numb and rendering his gun useless. He let out a scream for a second at the pain of the micro bullets hitting him, before launching his aching body at Deathstriker.

He was caught off guard, and was easily pushed back against the wall; his head collided with a large muffled clump, against it, and he was for a moment sent into a concussion from the force, slowing his reaction time considerably. As his head did hit the wall, he let out a large shout that would have surely alerted all the others in the building. Vex darted across the room using this temporary concussion as a time for a counter against any others. He glanced at the other body that was passed out, still in the hallway, and slammed the door, dragging one of the chairs in front of the handle, and hoping that would do the job. Before he had time to think of his next move, Deathstriker still slumped against the wall, aimed up, and fired a volley in his direction. He dodged nearly all of them, but two more of the micro bullets hit his torso, just above the waist. The string was enough to make him want to give up right there and then, but he did his best to grit his teeth, and just let out a low growl. He stumbled, slowly at first, before regaining focus and moving over towards the window, and opening it. It was a long drop, but he had no choice at this stage. He could now hear the others moving up the hallway in a sprint, and it wouldn't take long for them to get through the door, not to mention his now useless Light Gun was destroyed, and he couldn't even finish off Deathstriker.

He Opened The Window, and as he prepared to jump and roll out of the impact on landing, he heard that stupid laugh from Deathstriker, as a full focus micro bullet hit him square in the back, propelling him forward and out through the two story window, unbalanced and not landing the way he wanted to. Vex was now falling to the ground with only a few milliseconds to get his roll into position, his legs wounded from the fight, and a horde of guards alerted behind him. He was hit by a micro ball from one of the posted guards out the front at the bottom; the red ball wasn't large, but it sent his chest numb, and propelled him upward for a moment. He cried out in pain before gravity took hold of the map again, and quickly started speeding towards the concrete path and two guards below him again.

Dazed and confused, he tried his best to aim his feet as he managed to turn his body upright. In doing so, he quickly came down on the shoulders of one of the micro soldiers, hard, sending him to the ground, and as he did so all the impact pressure was forced through him. As Vex pounced off the guard's shoulders, and landed gracefully on the concrete walkway next to the other micro guard who

was now looking at his friend in astonishment, 3 more guards piled out into the courtyard from the main entrance, and Vex dived towards the other soldier he had knocked down and stole his gun, a PS2 Namco light gun. Not very effective, but it would do. He unmercifully then fired 4 shots, at point blank, into the fallen guard, and then another two at the other, still standing, sending him flying back against the courtyard wall.

The three guards that had ran out front, took up strategic positions at the other end of courtyard, and fired off shots periodically in his direction. Vex lay low against the fountain wall, crawling across the ledge of it, until he got a visual of the first guard. He carefully took aim, closed his eyes for a second, and then sent a fully focused clear shot straight at his head. The micro ball moved fast, and left the guard no time to move; it hit him square in the head and sent him flying. Vex jumped up and sprinted and dived towards the shrubs positioned at the other side of the fountain, taking cover once more before watching six more guards rush out the main entrance. He could now hear Deathstriker screaming upstairs, "*Rush him!*"

The guards all moved together across the courtyard, to his position behind the shrubs, tactically going different directions to flank him on either side. As they approached him, he rolled through the shrubs, and to the other side, firing off two quick bursts at the guards, hitting two whilst the other guards returned fire. Still rolling across the ground, he managed to dodge them. He then spriggged himself up and to his feet, in one motion, and began to sprint back towards the building, and ran along the perimeter of the wall, towards the opposite side of the building. Red micro balls flashed, just missing him by inches every time behind him, and he focused and let the micro boost his speed. As he approached the far end of the courtyard, he focused and spiraled up into the air, and fired off another volley of shots, forcing the guards to slow their pursuit and take cover or be hit. One chose not to and was hit in the chest, sending him flying back off his feet. The others halted for a moment, and as Vex landed out of his spiral, he continued running towards the perimeter fence of the building that would lead him to the side alley which he hoped would give him some cover to escape.

He approached the fence and swung himself over it, using the branches of the opposite tree to where he came in, to fling himself over the fence. As he landed, crouching, and pausing for a few moments to compose himself, he could still hear the others quickly approaching his position. He looked back at the high brick fence, and then forward to the back alley he had landed in. He started to quickly move towards the ladder, up to the roof of the buildings of the alley he was in. As he reached the bottom he saw one of the guards fling themselves and land in the same manner as he did on the other side of the wall. The guard quickly fired off a few shots at him, all missing, but startling him before he quickly started running towards him sending off shots as he ran. Vex ducked and strafed back and forth as he ran further up the alley, looking back only to send off counter shots before once again focusing and turning right to run up the wall, gaining height in a parkour manner, and then leaping back towards the guard. He sent a volley of shots off at the guard and landed in front of him, grabbing him and shooting him square in the chest at point blank before throwing his now unconscious body to the side and sprinting back up the alley, the way he had come towards the ladder.

He climbed quick and fast, but as he approached the top of the ladder, more guards poured into the alleyway, and fired shots off at him. Three hit him in the back; his vision went blurred and he slumped against the ladder, almost loosing his grip but for sheer determination forcing him to keep climbing up and onto the roof. As he slumped his body onto the roof, he looked back over, and fired off a volley of shots before surveying his new current position, unaware if any hit. He assumed it would be only a minute until they were up here. He saw the descending ladder at the other side of the next rooftop that lead down into the main street. From there he could disappear into the crowd, but he had no way of getting there. As he stood there, composing himself and thinking of how to move, he heard the clank of

the first of the guards approaching the top of the ladder.

He thought back to his prince of Persia days, and although he considered it crazy, he had no choice; this mission was too important for him to be caught. He closed his eyes for a single moment, before sprinting with micro infused speed towards the edge of the rooftop, running up the sideboards of the air conditioning vent that approached the edge. He ran, and as he approached his full speed he flung himself over the edge and towards the other rooftop. The first of the guards climbed over the top of the ladder and fired off multiple shots at Vex as he was propelling through the air. Shifting his bodyweight forward, he had now hit the maximum height he would have gained from the jump. He looked down, and could see the ground, 18 stories below him, and was now descending, over the gap, rapidly towards the other rooftop, red micro bullets being fired at him from behind, and a USB flash drive tucked safely in his pocket. The Master's mission depended on this. His life now depended on this. To Pwn or not to Pwn; Micro or no Micro, he was falling fast...
