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7640

Through the Looking Glass

prompt: What if your character appeared on your doorstep?

Earth

Mako's Apartment

The steady clack, clack, clack of typing on a computer keyboard resounded through the apartment as the man's green eyes stared at his monitor. His fingers dashed over the keyboard in quick bursts of speed followed by no movement. Each flurry of motion signaling the next stage of his thoughts completing just enough to take action. Large white headphones rested on his head the right earphone pushed back behind the ear, so he could keep a sharp ear out for any sounds the sleeping children made from their room upstairs.

Outside the wind picked up quickly causing the man to get up from his glass desk. Parting the curtains he looked out the back sliding door of the apartment first. The darkness of night was the only thing meet his gaze at first. Then he noted the flicker of light across the other apartment buildings, tree moving in the wind distorting the street lights. Moving to the front door he unlocked it, opening it slowly and only enough to peer out. Seeing strange white and yellow lights emanating from the parking lot he opened the door a bit more. His view of the lights increased he noted a figure in black robes with what looked to be lightsabers, walking in circles. A bolt of electricity sparked from the figure and into one of the cars.

"Nope," the man said to himself as he quietly closed the door, relocking it. Going upstairs he noted his wife sleeping on their bed. looking first at the battle ready sword in the closet, he quickly decided to leave it. Instead he grabbed his 9 millimeter pistol and made sure the three 19 round magazines were loaded. Slipping the two spare magazines into his pocket walked back downstairs with his weapon and the third magazine in hand. His military training showed as he slid the magazine into the pistol, slapped the bottom to ensure it was seated correctly, then racked the slide to chamber the round.

He noted that the wind had died down again as he closed the apartment's door behind him. The figure was still walking slow circles around the parking lot, every now and then striking out with one of his blades, and cutting chunks out of the cars unfortunate enough to be in his way. the man was obviously confused and dangerous. Somehow he had gotten his hands on two real lightsaber. The man considered this as he fell into the combat shooting position his body knew all too well. Shoulders rolled forward, knees bent, legs moving slowly, spine straight and leaning slightly forward. He lead with the pistol, a firm grip on it with both hands. His adrenaline pumped into his blood, and he felt the rush again. The world seemed to slow, colors grew more vibrant. taking a deep breath he aimed carefully as his slippers touched the pavement. 30 meters, he could hit the target, hold fire, 20 meters, easy kill. Find center mass, exhale,

breathe, steady, exhale, squeeze. The crack of the pistol shattered the silence of the night. No time to think of it, slowly release, breathe, exhale, squeeze. Keep pushing forward, repeat. The figure seemed to dodge the first few rounds, the orange lighting revealing a surprised look on the insane man's face. Click, reload, release magazine, turn gun, let it fall. left hand already on new magazine, slam home, rack slide, fire.

"Don't care how you got here, I made you, and you are too dangerous to let stay alive here," the man said as he looked down upon Mako's face, squeezing the trigger and putting his last round into the insane man's skull.