

The Snipe

Though the Cycler rifle's rate of power or cylinder cooling doesn't compare with the DLT-19D's, the Cycler has the DLT beat in firepower. Distance is irrelevant. A target could be willed to be struck. Sometimes one had to guarantee the right amount of force struck that target.

Raistline Majere pulled the DLT-19D back onto his shoulder, leaning forward to see the enemy running by in his targeting screen. Each target's warm body wandered through his sight, walking aimlessly, none the wiser that they stood in the cross hairs of a high powered rifle. Annoyed, Raistline pulled his face away from the rifle to give the valley a wider scan with the naked eye. He was beginning to wonder if his target had given up, quit to something easier.

An AT-ST stepped forward. The "chicken" walker took a few trepidatious steps at first, then plunged faster through the snow once the driver developed a better feel of the vehicle. As the walker stepped out of view three imperial troopers could be seen coming from the cresp of a hill behind where the walker stood. An officer stood behind the snow troopers, barking commands of inspiration. At his command they charged forward with more energy than fresh cadets, a mini gun turret guarding their flank. Their refusal to zig zag their run to cover revealed how green the troopers truly were to combat. Raistline ignored them and tracked the officer.

The officer rolled behind the cresp of the hill, his snow covered uniform blanketing him from view. His head reappeared first, then the rest of his body as he ran behind three more snow troopers. This time the officer followed the troopers into battle, screaming commands to the soldiers. The inspiration he bled onto them with his voice seemed to increase their vigor. Two fell before rebel "scum" fighters. As the remaining soldier stepped forward the officer dropped another gun turret and rolled to cover. While the rebel tracked his target the newly placed gun turret made three quick shots. The rebel soldier fell.

Even from this distance, Raistline could feel the fear emanating from the remaining trooper. Glued to his targeting viewfinder, Raistline watched as the officer came to the trooper. After a few words of inspiration an obvious new wave of vigor flooded the soldier. He started scrambling up the snow banked hill, in search of the next rebel.

Letting the soldier go, Raistline let the gun scan back to the officer. Snapping a button on the side of the riffle twice he zoomed in on the officer's chest. ThouJoker was scribbled defiantly over his name plate, though the id number 2956 remained unmarred upon the soldiers chest. Firing four quick shots at his target, Raistline was rewarded with a head and body shot. He let himself breath for a moment in celebration, then slowly to not attract attention, Raistline slid to the left roughly four hundred yards and prepared for his Consul Zappius Wight to respawn. One should not camp in the same spot too long if sniping spawners.