

# NECRON

## PART 4

### MAKING AMENDS



BY OLIVER STRONG

Alg '16

**Necron (part 4)**  
Making Amends

**By Oliver Strong**

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Other books in this series:

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Part II-Necron: Fortunate Son

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## Chapter One

A machine descended from the heavens pulled and pushed by Mother Nature's turbulent will. Machines being a force of finite power do their best when buffeted by nature, a force of infinite power. The struggle between these entities, one inexhaustible the other intelligent, results in something we call navigation.

Obscured by forest undergrowth the machine opened, two figures exited its jaws. Perhaps relativity gave the impression one was short? Either way that man was certainly taller than any she'd seen previously. His costume changed colour, morphing quickly from jet black to match surrounding foliage.

The other, perhaps a woman, bore a large backpack whilst holding a small disc aloft as if searching for something, perhaps a squirrel or a flock of birds?

These beings didn't resemble her overlords. Could they be Drax? Evil beasts which came for naughty little girls in the night.

She moved in closer creeping through undergrowth so she might eavesdrop. Crawling to within ten metres no sound could be detected. These creatures with outward construction of a human communicated in silence, a telepathic alien race? Her father had spoken of such a thing during nights around the campfire.

Eva crept as close as dense bush would permit. Suddenly the shorter alien, who up until now had searched the skies, snatched its rifle and trained the barrel directly on her head.

'Freeze!' came a voice, a human voice, 'hands to the heavens and stand, slowly.'

The tall one spun around to examine little Eva as she rose from the bush, a naughty girl of no more than nine years of age.

'Name!' demanded the short one its voice definitely feminine, 'I said name!'

'My name?'

'Last chance, give me your name or I pull the trigger!'

The tall one jumped in, a sound emanated from the sides of its mask, 'She's just a kid, take a chill pill.'

'Watched plenty of good men die to smiling kids on Gliese 581 ... while you were joyriding the solar system.'

'Whatever dude!'

'Eva, my name's Eva.'

The short one examined a panel on her wrist, 'She's clean.'

'Who are you?'

'I ask the questions Eva. Why'd you creep up on us?'

'I was playing in the forest when I heard some funny noises.'

The short one turned to the tall one, 'I told you to cut the music.'

The tall one pulled its helmet off. Eva recognised a human face his skin a strange shade, eyes an unnatural grey.

'The Captain put me in charge of this mission remember?'

The short one laughed, 'Sure he did.'

'What's that supposed to mean?'

'It means you couldn't run a lemonade stand and everyone knows it, so he sent me along to make sure the job gets done. Like say preventing an enemy, camouflaged in the undergrowth, from blowing your nuts off?'

'Whatever,' he smiled at Eva and squatted down, 'don't worry about her, she's always like this. You can go home now.'

'Wrong again numb nuts, she stays with us, if she alerts the natives we're screwed. Take her in the Bird and make sure she's restrained. Can you manage that?'

'I'm the officer here remember? I give out the orders.'

'After we get back in one piece you can bring me up on charges.'

The short one had a very forceful personality especially for a woman, that's if she was a woman or even human.

The tall blond haired one took Eva by the hand through a hatch into a big black machine. He sat her down then searched through some supplies.

Eventually he pulled out a protein bar. Eva had never seen anything like it. She was used to eating broth cooked up on her camp's meagre rations.

He opened the plastic covering, 'There you go.'

'What's that?'

'A snack, it's got vitamins and it's high in the right proteins,' he smiled, 'I'm into body building.'

'You build people?'

'Just myself, this provides all the required nutrients.'

Eva took a small bite.

'Tastes good?'

She nodded, 'Is this how you got so big?'

'I guess. That and all my family are big.'

'No-one here's big.'

'You all short, like Zeng?'

Diana's voice boomed from behind, 'You just told her my name you idiot!'

Clarke groaned, 'Sorry dude.'

'Secure the girl with gas and put your helmet back on.'

'Gas? We can't gas a little girl!'

Eva looked up, frightened for her safety, 'I won't try to get away, I promise.'

'Sorry kid.'

Clarke stood up blocking Zeng, 'We ain't gassing Eva and that's an order.'

Diana required a superior officer to break protocol and true to form Clarke was having none of it.

The short Chinese lady maintained a hard cold exterior while relief resonated within, 'Fine,' she marched outside the Bird.

Clarke turned to Eva, 'We'll be back soon, just sit tight and eat all you want,' he put a hand full of protein bars next to the skinny little girl and watched her leap upon them.

Walking through the woods Zeng scanned in all directions, 'This way.'

Lieutenant Eric Clarke pointed an N-13 rifle, fully automatic with fifty rounds of depleted uranium, observing undergrowth for any movement.

On reaching the forest edge a field rolled below to meet a small camp.

'It's down there,' stated Zeng.

'Let's check it out,' ordered Clarke.

Two figures appeared from the woods, chameleonic skin changing colour from one moment the next. First confusion then panic set in as these strangers neared their abode.

Upon entering a small camp a group gathered to meet the Marines. A priest stood strong, cowering population grasped his skirt as if for dear life.

Townfolk were skinny and dishevelled. Diana tried to fathom why since they were surrounded by lush green fields and beautiful blue skies. She couldn't put her finger on it but something about this place was familiar.

'Who are you that disturbs our peace?' enquired the priest.

'My name is not your concern Father, I'll be gone soon.'

'What of Eva is she your concern?'

'The kid's safe, she'll be released as soon as I'm done here.'

'What other sins, besides kidnapping, agree with your kind?'

'Just answer a few questions and we'll be out of your hair Father.'

Pat Barnes noted the short stranger referred to him as Father recognising his status in the community. She wasn't as alien as his flock feared.

'Then tell me what it is you seek ... short one.'

Diana stopped dead staring through her pitch black visor into the priest's eyes, 'You've got a big mouth Father.'

'How should I address you if I know not your name?'

'You can call me Specialist Zeng.'

'What is it you specialize in?'

'We're searching for a large deposit of thorium 229m.'

The priest smiled, 'Beneath this very ground,' he gestured to a dishevelled mass, 'these poor souls mine it every day.'

'And where do you store the ore?'

'It is not our ore.'

'Explain.'

'We mine in return for food. The thorium is not ours, this land is not ours,' he pointed into the distance toward a sky-lift connected with a large rectangular Drift in low orbit of the planet, 'it is theirs.'

The people looked in bad shape, some had disfigured limbs many displayed twisted hands as if an evil torturer had experimented on them for his own gratification.

'I'd get a better job,' stated Clarke.

'We do not mine out of choice. Once a month our masters come to take their ore leaving us with enough food to carry on another month.'

'Why don't you just go somewhere else?'

'We suffer our burden for in heaven we shall receive our wages, in Christ.'

Clarke felt his face burn with anger but before he could say something stupid Diana cut in, 'So where's it stocked?'

'The benefit of our toil lies beneath Port Lomond in large vaults. If you don't mind my asking what does Necron want with slaver thorium?'

The multitude whispered the name Necron. They seemed to have little to no knowledge of the universe outside this mining encampment.

'That's none of your business.'

'Whatever happens in this town is my business. Have you come to steal our bodies or perhaps you wish to enslave my flock?'

'I'm here to investigate thorium deposits. You people can go to hell for all I care.'

Father Barnes laughed.

'Did I say something funny?'

'We're already in hell my child.'

'Well that's not my fault is it?'

'Do you not empathise with these poor people? Did your nation not suffer under fallout after the war? Did they not live in menageries for the spectacle of unaffected? Did they not waste away, waiting to be released from a cursed body, cursed by political aspirations to write history? Remembered for turning millions of souls into a sterile horde who if they cried as one the world might tremble!'

For a moment Diana felt emotion, now she understood her sense of familiarity. When she was a little girl the scarred and dishevelled were herded into fallout cities, since none desired to mix with the freaks nuclear conflict left behind. Diana's family fought to get out of a post nuclear hell, ending in her death and a new life on Necron.

'I'm sorry Father but I need to locate that thorium.'

'Eva?'

'Fine I'll return her to you,' she looked at Clarke, 'Bring the girl back.'

'Sure thing.'



As Eva ran into her mother's arms Diana spoke through her Marine issue helmet, 'Thorium?'

'As you wish,' said the priest, 'But your friend must remain here. He's far too large to be a miner, and you, you'll need a change of clothes.'

Diana removed her helmet and combat suit, towns folk gasped at her figure. A grey demon, human yet not, a creature sent by a higher being its purpose unclear.

She slipped into a set of rags, covering her face with a long piece of cloth traditionally worn by desert folk.

Father Barnes led her along a set of rails toward the main city, 'That's Davingrad. He renamed the city after himself, egotistical asshole ... pardon my language.'

'Why not use the train?'

'Tracks transport thorium, troops, slaves, nothing more. It'll be an hour or two before we reach the outskirts.'

'Seems pretty pointless constructing a rail system for such short distances.'

'Moving a metric tonne of thorium can be dangerous. These rails spread to mining camps like a disease infecting this God forsaken land.'

'So how'd you end up here?'

'It is of no consequence.'

'Those people in the camp are infected with radiation poisoning, some more advanced than others but not you. Added to that you're the only person over fifty years of age.'

'You don't miss much do you Specialist?'

'No I don't Father,' she waited for an explanation.

'I came here for the good of these people.'

Diana shook her head.

'Do you doubt my words?'

'They'll be dead in five years and if you hang around for too long you'll join them.'

'If that is so are you not damned? Cursed to live an empty existence just as those miners? At least they get to die and move on, you are trapped.'

'Let's concentrate on the thorium.'

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