

Terrorist or Freedom Fighter

Bullets and spells ripped through the sky, the deafening roar of explosions nearby. Dust and smoke fill the air, while body parts and blood get flung all around. Meta-humanity is dying in this room, only the sapient creatures, as they are called by these meta-humans, are alive to relish in the victory. Knowing the time of response for Knight Errant, the leader of this group shouts to his men, "Time to go!"

They put down the last of the security force with spells to the face, then move to the extraction point. They were trusting in their decker, a Technomancer known as Shala, to wipe the electronic signatures of their attack. The only thing that will remain is a bloody wing print left over the body of the target.

Today is Jillian's turn to earn his red wings. He had his first kill, so he moved over to the body and leaned back into the blood. His wings soaked up the liquid, turning them red. He worked his wings until they were covered, then walked over to the wall and leaned back against it, leaving a bloody copy of his wings.

The rest of the team cheers. Then the leader yells out, "Move now." They all slipped into the air vents and started flying along the well marked pass, heading up toward the roof.

The team made it out of the roof just as a pair of K.E. VTOLs come in and hover over the roof. Neither one noticing these small creatures flying down the outside of the building.

The team moved down to street level and moved into a nearby vehicle. They slipped away before the streets could be locked down. No one ever suspected this Ford Americar as having anything to do with it.

They all made it back to the safe house, where a celebration was already going on. This was a rare day, not one of the pixie team members died. That was a first for the veteran leader. He did like the rest of the teams and only went by the position names. It was done this way so if anyone vanished, they would not be missed. Only Leslie knew anyone's names, and she knew them all.

"Boss, you gona get some of this elvish wine? I'll pour you a thimble full."

The leader turned and saw it was Scout talking to him, "Sure Scout." He smiled at the young pixie, "I can use it to try and forget the faces of those that didn't come home from other missions I lead."

That put a dampener on the crew. The boss through back the thimble and headed up to his office. A small room that was in a plastic house in the attic.

Just after Boss left, Leslie spoke up, "Good job boys. I heard no one was hurt, other than drain. That is amazing seeing it was such a high profile hit. It was so high profile that it is already playing on multiple news agencies, even the one owned by the corp."

She turned and turned on the Trid. <And with the murder of CEO of Preston Pharmicuticles, a wholly owned subsidiary of Aztechnology, the company vows to continue to be a leader in cancer reasurch and magical augmentation of medicine.>

<It is rumored that his hit is just like the last three, completed by the terrorist organization of sapient creatures that call themselves> the news anchor air quotes <Redwings.>

Leslie turns off the Trid. "They are now calling us terrorists, murderers, and fraggin creatures that need to be put down. I say we live up to their names. We are terrorists in their eyes. We are murderers to the families of the people that we kill, and we are creatures, like every other living animal on this planet. We are no different from the meta-humans that rule this planet. Do we not bleed when hurt? Do we not die? Other than pixies, do our bodies not lay there for someone else to find." Everyone cheered. She continued.

"Our goals haven't changed, we still want all of Meta-humanity to acknowledge all sapient life as part of their groups. We want the same rights as everyone, to be able to work, live our lives, raise families, marry, devorce, and just live." The elven woman looked at a sasquatch that was in the room, "and to love the ones we want to love."

"I know I have all the rights of every other meta-human on the planet, but all have frowned at me for falling in love with, as they say, a critter." she looked at her husband again, "I promise to fight for you all until either they grant you freedom and rights, or I die trying."

The room exploded into applause and shouting. All supporting the founder of the Redwings. She looked around the room, "I am also proud to announce a promotion. He isn't with us right now, but he will no longer be in the field of operations. He is the oldest pixie to be a part of the Redwings, and the most successful. His losses are far less than other leaders and he will now be teaching the leadership portion of the training facility for the Redwings. Boss is now to be addressed as either Teacher or by his name if he is willing to tell you. He has earned the right to have his name. Make sure you congratulate him next time you see him."

She smiled even bigger, "Now, let the party commence!"

Sounds of revelry and joyful banter carried long into the night.

The next morning Leslie came running into the safe house main room yelling to pack everything up. We were moving to SH3 (Safe House 3). Instantly everyone started packing. Within 10 minutes the house was empty.

Then she took a box of papers and chips and scattered them around the safe house. This 'evidence' would point both law enforcement and corporate investigators in the wrong direction. Then they took samples of hair that was saved for this reason and spread it out around the house.

Finally, everything took less than 15 minutes, we moved out to the new safe house. That one had been burned somehow. It could have been a decker, or a mage tracked a signature. Whatever it is they were taking precautions. Each person went through no less than 3 mana barriers to help mess with our astral signature. Then, those that could, took a mix of public transportation away from the safe house and got picked up in a car to be delivered a couple blocks away where they were expected to walk the rest of the way. For those that couldn't, took the sewers. The pixies, we flew. The naga and others had to wade through the dreck.

First thing that happened was we all got through a cleansing spell. Don't want that gunk in the safe house. It would smell too much.

We got everything set up in about 30 minutes and were fully operational in less than 45 minutes. We were getting good at jumping the TOC (Tactical Operations Center). No one was sure how Leslie got her intel about the burned safe houses, many suspect the rich benefactor who is funding the operation. Others think she has a piece on the side who works for Knight Errant (KE).

Most people that know Leslie, know she would never cheat on that sasquatch. She is truly in love with him. That is why she fights for all sapient critters. She wants it to be legal for them to be married. All indicators point to the benefactor that only Leslie has met. The only thing Leslie would say about the benefactor is that she is wealthy beyond even some of the largest corporations. The money keeps the Redwings well equipped and well trained. It even helps in recruiting for new members.

The news was not always good. A German safe house was hit with a full complement of commandos still inside. A shape shifter was captured and all 5 pixies that were inside were killed.

A team in Russia also was killed off when trying to infiltrate a government building. They flew into a laser net that was not visible until passing through. It cut the team to ribbons.

One of the teams in Chicago lost a few members when they moved into a corporation to plant some evidence of wrongdoing for testing on pixies when the CEO transformed into a bug. It was not expected and the team had to fight their way out of a hive.

But for all the failures, there are always successes. Neo-Net, Brocéliande Forest (France), and EVO all issues Sistem Identification Numbers (SIN) to most sapient creatures. Tir Tairngire (Oregon) issues criminal SIN's to pixies and other sapient creatures. These steps seem small, but acceptance starts small.