
Space Scavenger Key !!TOP!!

The vast space was apparently divided into four sections, three on each of three walls. In the centre was a kitchen with a massive stove; three tabletops around it, and a cuspidor in the wall. Partly concealed by boxes of supplies and clothing that hung from the ceiling, a hand-carved table, with two chairs, stood in the centre of the space. On the floor was a large can of gasoline, a water-filled cask of butane, and a two-man tent. Near the door, a large, boxy bed sat on four legs; its cover was a tarp, flat lay heaped in one corner. A stack of firewood was stacked near it, guarded by a two-man tent. The bed was freshly made up, its linens smooth. Next to the door, a blocky bed, with blankets piled on the top was set up. A smaller bed, covered by a mosquito net, sat next to the blocky bed. On the walls were the usual paper-covered walls, covered in a collage of pin-ups, along with religious posters. Some of the posters were impossibly old, and bore the logo of The God Who Shall Not Be Named. And everywhere were the books, crammed in every available space. Still looking for a door, Karl entered the kitchen. A single, disembodied eye slowly scanned the room. It was one of those plastic heads, which told the tale. The top of its body ended in a large, round, red button. A blonde woman with brown eyes, a slim middle-aged body, and a tiny smile, perched on the shoulders of the gigantic plastic man. She faced the wall, with her back to the occupant of the area. On the desk, a small, sleek, grey box which Karl couldn't identify lay alone. The eye stopped moving as it finished its scan. It snapped, sending a hologram billowing out in front of the angel, to hover over the table. "You're awake then?" The image warped slightly as the woman sat down. "Good to see you're still alive." Space Scavenger key "Yeah, I guess," Karl replied. "What do you want?" The Angel's new body rocked a little. "Do you need my help? No? Fair enough. We can take this one. Meantime, why don't you have a look at

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@ ". Suffocate me," he rasped, "you can't carry me out of here that way." The first man turned slowly in his work-blasted hands. He jerked his thumb at the Marine. "What are you waiting for, Lieutenant?" To the left in the window. "I've got her tied up in the sack." The sailors followed the veteran's stare. The flesh-and-blood woman tied to the stretcher hung in the line of flames, black hair streaming out like the tongues of serpents. A few seconds later the sheet of fire lit up her face, eyes bulging, features in shock. Then she was gone. The flames took her in an explosion of blood and bone. The old sailor's eyes closed. It must have been a genuine accident, thought Astero. He released his hold on the key and moved quietly to the entrance and watched the priest. He looked as if he might be sleeping. There was nothing else to do but circle the block. The old sailor moved towards the stairs, hugging a briefcase. The bronze key hung from his belt on a plastic tie. @ Long dead @ "Open the door!" He was watched from the kitchen window by Lieutenant Astero as the metal key worked in the lock. Behind him the steam-pipe hissed and spluttered, filling the living room with a thin mist. "This is the last time. The last time." @ Space Scavenger key @ "Yes!" he crowed. He stepped back into the hall and the steel door swung open. The smells of stale air and dust were replaced by a new one. The sweet smell of burning. He swept the room, quickly changing the layout of the furniture. But the Marine blocked the door and it would not open. This was too easy. The heat drove him back to the kitchen. He moved a chair in front of the room. Another to block the door. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and began to hammer at the door. The rectangle of hot metal burned through his skin. He did it over and over again. @ Long dead @ @ "I'll burn in my own fire. I'll not be burned in yours. My word on that. And you know I'll keep my word. You know that." "No!" The old sailor's fists were clenched 3e33713323

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