

Chapter Eight

First Blood

"Just because a man is down, it doesn't mean he's beaten."

- Hollywood maxim.

The Revenge swung close to the little moon. Every operational beam weapon was aimed to evenly cover the area of the base. Rather than take a chance of missing the target with more concentrated fire, Krang had agreed with Murdoch to slag down all the surface installations and seal off any surviving underground works.

"Boss." Worrall quietly signalled to Krang, "There are no installations. There's nothing there."

"Too late, these lugs will never be able to change targets now. Are you sure?"

"Yeah. There's at least a hundred metres of rock in the way. They're dug in. No screens, one power source, two fusion lamps. I bet we won't even touch 'em."

"The boys need the practice. How long?"

"'bout half a minute."

"At least the planet will have something to think about." Krang opened the comnet, "Ready lads?"

There was a chorus of assent, and a few feminist protests.

"Get set, girls and boys, on the mark, let 'em have it!" Krang watched as the fire control computer counted off the last second.

The lights dimmed, the ship rocked, the fabric of space screamed as gigajoules of pure destructive energy leapt the two thousand kilometres between Revenge and Harry Napp's moon base. Three seconds later the trips dropped all eight remaining Mk65 batteries before the fusion plant could overload. Eight of Murdoch's pirates still sat in their combat stations, fingers jammed into firing triggers, eyes