

New Recruit

By James Overton.

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NOTE: in my future history of SHADO the Moon Base is led by a succession of nasty power hungry commanders. In their failed quest for conquering the aliens they now prey on new recruits and the weak.

I hate to be the one to tell you, and if I had it any other way you'd be the first one to hear about it, so here goes: As a new recruit I think your performance ranks down there with the lowest of them all. And that's not as bad as it sounds. Well, I suppose it is isn't it? But we have to start somewhere and at the bottom is you. Now, your communication skills are suffering badly; you rate (again I say this) at the bottom of the pile. There isn't an officer, including myself, who in the past hasn't had to repeat important commands to you, and then in every eventuality they are either ignored or misinterpreted. You have either bad hearing or poor judgement. If you're a complete poor performer I would suggest to you now to resign from active duty and perhaps work in programming, or technical; they need the least amount of effort and hardly any participation on your part to communicate. That's up to you.

Actually, I lie.

On my desk I have a complete list of incidents that have occurred since you first joined the Moon Base crew. Need I remind you what you have done or do you think I should just go on? Right. Now, I've had a few difficult recruits in the past and I've tried my damndest to be fair. And as being in command of this base it is up to me to put it to people like you just why the hell you're here. Why are you here and not someone with a little more custard up top? Can you tell me? Of course not. You're not even listening to me; you're seeing my lips move and understand I'm pissed off at you, but for understanding me; you're out there in the craters pissing in your environment suit because you don't know any better. And why can't you understand me?

Why?

Because you have this little voice inside your head that's saying: piss on HIM. It's as arrogant as an alien and it's laughing at everyone in SHADO. It's a pig. A curly tailed bull shitting piece of work that doesn't think; it vomits. This is you: a worthless toad that's come up on the supply ship with the intention of spewing over everyone. Oh, you won't say anything and you surely won't do anything to make us suspicious of you. No, you'll sit on your seat and just glare at us and not listen. But what you haven't counted on is me, have you? Did you think I wouldn't notice something? I didn't. That's why I knew something was up.

I don't like you. And you don't like me. The only difference is I can do something about it. You can't. You sit back and listen to me or face a firing squad. No one will listen to you now, they'll listen to me, and I'll be saying: "this worthless piece of shit is holding us back in completing the mission." The crew will nod their head in agreement and they'll say "YES SIR! THIS PIG DESERVES TO DIE". Hatred is an easy word to live up here with and it's easier to live with when you're in charge.

You have one choice. I've assigned you to the next mission to the alien planet. There you will do what you were born to do: die. If you had a choice it would be either going to the planet or facing me with a gun pointed to your head. Both lead down the same path and each

outcome you're still dead. Get it?

Okay, I see you're a little scared and possibly you've shitted your pants. You're wondering why I'm picking on you; why you're here and why I'm about to send you on a suicide mission. But do you want to know what I'm thinking? No? NO! You're not thinking remember? Your mind's a blank fucking page. But! I'll tell you what I'm thinking. I'm thinking: What's the next bastard going be like and is he going to be a shit head like you. Is he just going to sit there, eyes blank and DEAD but staring at me as if there were life in them. And the smell. Is he going to smell like you. Is he going to sit there and just STARE!

YES! He will.

NEXT!!!