

Advanced Warfare

—Matthew Ng


















You start to feel a little bit queasy from being cramped up in the air-vent, and you decide the better option is to wait for the Iron Chef to leave, and proceed from there. Staking out the building from your previous position behind the bins, you wonder what approach to take. You can confront him, but then again it is probably not so wise to confront a man wielding a bad-ass katana.

Before you've had time to assess the options, the door has already opened and the Iron Chef is on the way out. You have to act fast. Before you really know what you're doing, you've jumped out in front of him, waving a celery stick you found behind the garbage in defiant fashion.





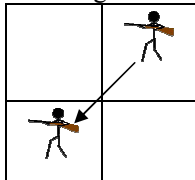
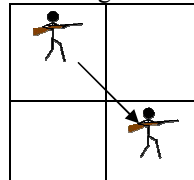
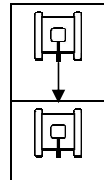

All in one moment, the Iron Chef notices you, attempts to throw a punch, and then darts off down the side of the building. You take off in hot pursuit, running on adrenaline. Down an alley. Round the corner. Through someone's back garden. Even though he is still wearing that baggy ninja costume, the Iron Chef proves to be quite the athlete, and you're soon trailing him by several metres. Suddenly you both burst out into the open, faced, for the first time, with the majesty of Sydney Harbour. As the Iron Chef reaches the water front, he strips out of his ninja outfit and plunges head-first into the sea. You arrive, panting, at the same spot, just in time to see him powering away across the bay, sporting that same pair of bright-red underpants. This chase is well and truly over.






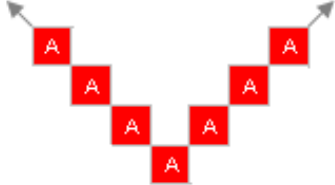
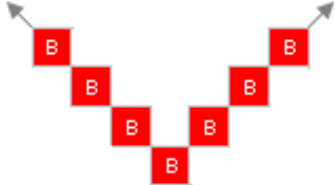
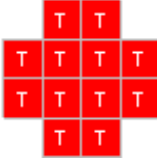
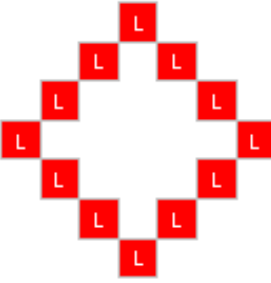
Frustrated at letting him slip through your fingers, you realise that the ninja outfit lying at your feet may offer a chance to redeem something from this trip. Rifling through the pockets of the trousers, your search turns up nothing but another envelope. Examining it, you find it completely blank except for "SCRT MSG" printed in one corner on the front. Just for a moment, standing there on the harbourfront surrounded by well-dressed couples going for a stroll, you start to feel like the odd one out. And as you take a peek at the contents of the envelope, this feeling only gets worse.

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 50HP	 50HP				 70HP		 75HP	
		 100HP	 55HP		 25HP		 50HP	
	 60HP			 55HP	 45HP			
			 60HP	 100HP				 50HP
		 60HP	 110HP					
						 50HP		

It's your turn...

Unit				
Movement	Diagonal 	Diagonal 	Vertical 	No movement 

Weapon	#	Area of Effect	Damage		
					
Stun Bomb	1		10	5	10
Electron Cannon	1		20	25	50
Anti-personnel strafe	1		10	25	50
Bust-a-tank beam	1		0	50	5
Teratonne Nuke	1		50	25	5
Landquake Missile	1		50	20	0