

MISFORTUNE AT MANHATTAN

By: Daniel J. Everhart
(During The 72 Hour TF2 Jam)

Chapter 1

Mann up, ladies!

The red scout stood atop a pile of crates in the edge of the industrial building. His body showed a young, incompetent young man heavy in athleticism, but his face showed a different story. They were of an old man, tired and having seen too much. Although all was peaceful, the scout knew that trouble was on the way. It had been. For months.

A blu heavy sat next to him, his prized possession, Natasha, in his lap. This place used to be a pointless fighting ground, with the reds and blus constantly fighting each other. For what reason? For their employer's rivalry. It seemed that everything was pointless. The reds stole the blu's intelligence, the blus stole the red's intelligence. The red's demoman died, next day, a new demoman would fill his place. But since then, they had lost all contact with their employers, and gray mann's massive robot army had started attacking. The two sworn rivals had but their differences aside, and started fighting with each other. Blu medics healing red heavys, engineers sharing blueprints and strategies with each other.

"You know, I miss red heavy." Scout looked down at the heavy, "I guess we all do."

It had been almost harmony, well, as close as harmony came to beating up robots with baseball bats. One wave, had changed it all. The red medic and heavy had sacrificed their lives, to save the rest of them. The medic had advanced on the giant robot soldier, his medic gun creating a healing wall. The robot had shot at the medic while the heavy pierced it's armor with his minigun. Soon enough, however, the medic's shield had run out of charge. The poor medic was blasted into

bloody bits. "You... You. Killed. DOCTOR!" The heavy had shouted, practically smashing the minigun's trigger. As the robot fell, it shot a last rocket, what the engineers call a critical rocket. It smashed into the heavy, incinerating every last atom of him. Leaving a crater in the concrete floor, next to the bomb hatch. The bomb had fell 2 feet from the hatch.

The blu scout had died atop of the shipping container from the old boat. He had stopped a robot engineer from setting up a teleporter up there, but had smashed himself multiple times with what he called the boston basher. He had bled out atop the containers, with no medic to heal him because the blu medic was busy with the red soldier, and the red medic was busy being dead.

The blu spy had died sapping a sentry buster, the red soldier was crippled by a giant robot falling onto his knees. The red demoman had slipped on a banana peel into an exposed area of gears and pipes. The red sniper was sniped by a robot. Wave 4 was a sad day.

That left the remaining team, 1 medic, 2 engineers, 1 sniper, 1 demoman, 1 scout, 1 spy, 1 soldier, 1 heavy, and 2 pyros.

The team stood at the ready, grimacing at the thought of fighting another robot.

The sentrys were wrangled, the sniper was scoped, the pyros were fired up, the medic was charged, the scout was tensed, the heavy stood, the demoman was sober, and the spy was disguised. They would never be ready.

The speaker cracked.

"THE ROBOTS ARE HERE, PROTECT THIS FACILITY!"

The mechanical whir of the engines to lower a slant for the robots over at the tank was deafening. "Welp, see you all in hell!" Shouted one of the engineers.

“5... 4... 3... 2... 1...”

Chapter 2

Ze Überbot has a bomb!

“Doctor!” “Charge Now!”

“Spy’s sapping my sentry!”

“BOMB!”

The engineers immediately brought out their wranglers and aimed for the robotic scout with a bomb strapped to its back. The scouts ran in packs, causing a loop of scout gets killed, and then another scout behind it just picks back up the bomb.

“It just ain't right.” The red engineer told the blu engineer. “They should be protecting the scouts, not pushing forward?” Asked the blu engineer. “Right. And that’s not all.” The red engineer paused. “It seems like their just clearing a path, and just to sacrifice all the current forces to just move the bomb a little bit further.”

“Wait, that would explain the generic, short term army composition.” Connected the blu engineer. “Right, Heavies in front to tank, soldiers in the mid section to dish out the damage, and scouts in the back to carry the bomb.” “But what does it mean?”

“I think I know.”

The blu soldier stepped into the light, near the dispenser to heal his hurt arm. “What do you think it is?” Asked the blu engineer. “I think something m-uuuu-ch bigger coming.”

Almost on cue, the medic screamed “Über-bot!”

“Those are all Über medics. They’ll pop fully charged Übercharges one-by-one, giving the giant soldier a constant stream of Übercharges, rendering that robot invulnerable.”

“How you know so much?” Asked the Blu engineer. The soldier walked over to the blu engineer and put his hand on the engineer's shoulder. “Sometimes, you just learn by working in the art of... TRICKERY!”

The red engineer quickly realised the situation and yelled “Duck!”

The blu engineer ducked, but he was too slow. The robotic spy's butterfly knife missed his back, but sliced off his right hand like a hot knife on butter.

“Damn it, damn it, dam-”

The engineer's sentries quickly pivoted towards the spy, knocking the poor blu engineer onto the ground. They made quick work of the rotten gearbag, and resumed wasting rounds on the invincible soldier.

“Gahhh...” The engineer cried out in pain, but quickly scooted back to his dispenser. The dispenser rapidly healed his hand, but it grew back as a scab rather than a hand.

“Welp, I've always wanted to try this.” Grunted the blu engineer, pulling out a mechanical arm. He dug it into his scab, and it hooked up to his nervous system.

“How does that work?” Asked the red engineer.

“No time to explain, we got one hell of a robot to wrangle up and throw back down to hell.”

“PYRO!” Yelled the sniper

“Mmum? Asked the blu pyro.

“I need you to use your air-blast to remove the medics from the giant soldier.”

“Mhy Moud Mi Mesa mife?”

“Ahh, ju-just get the medic on you. Tell the heavy to hang out by the dispenser. It's built for a reason.” “I'm going to need some clear

headshots, but I can't do a single bloody thing till you take care of the bloody Übercharges, alright mate?

"Mmmif"

"Great"

With the medics gone, the engineers were able to deal large amounts of damage to the giant. The medic had the pyro Übered, and luckily the giant robot soldier was tracking him. The spy would sap a clump of medics, while the pyro blazed them into the scrap metal they were made from.

The sniper was able to headshot the majority of the time, and with each headshot, an epic explosion was formed. The heavy stood behind the sniper, killing any robot that tried to surprise the sniper.

Finally, all of the scouts were killed, but a much bigger problem had emerged. The giant soldier picked up the bomb.

Chapter 3

Security Alert!

The giant soldier walked under the concrete catwalk, and out of range from the sentries.

“Moving out!”

“Heavy load coming through!”

The giant soldier walked up the metal stairs, and walked towards the concrete shipping bay door. “It’s going to open ze shipping door!” Yelled the medic. “Ze robots could load in through ze opening, closer to ze Mann Co. facility!”

“MOVE! SHELL!”

The two pyros and the heavy ran to the giant soldier. The two pyros deflected the rockets with their airblasts, while the heavy emptied his weapons on the giant.

They destroyed the giant, but the second round of robots were right behind them. The red pyro and the heavy squeezed their canteens, Übercharge canteens. The robot huntsmen’s arrows bounced off them like springs, but the blu pyro owned no such thing.

An arrow shot straight through his air tank, causing decompression to happen inside his suit. His pressurized air blasted him into a wall, and he started shaking violently. A large splat sound was heard, and blood started pooling out of the air tank as the heat resistant suit folded into an impossible lump.

The heavy and pyro ran.

“Mmmmm... Mymo ms med”

“Yes... Pyro is dead...”

The second wave soon secured and controlled unloading and shipping station A.

“Security alert!”

As the robots transmitted to their tank that the shipping station was secured, they were frozen, and able to be picked off easily.

“That wasn’t getting any lighter”

“Whooo, that was heavy”

The engineers set up their sentries just outside the building, on a choke-point that would kill almost all troops except more giants.

Close to all the transmitting robots were destroyed, the few that survived were protected by terrain or where hidden.

Bhhriiiiighhhhhhhiii

The steam pipe bellowed, and robots started spilling out of the exit.

A giant heavy was with them.

Luckily, it had no medics, but it was still a big problem.

“Tucker down, boys. We got ourselves a giant to kill” said the blue engineer with the face of death.” “Now, quit fooling around and put on your hardhat, and get to work.” Whispered the red engineer.

“Alert! A sentry buster is in the area!”

“Darn.”

Chapter 4

Practical Problems

The red engineer ran with his blueprints and metalwork in a small toolbox practically glued to his chest by his sweat. Hopefully the blu engineer is having better luck than I am... He thought.

The blu engineer ran with his sentry gun folded onto his back, the only thing firing was it's rockets, the ammo for the dual miniguns had long since run out. Hopefully the red engineer is having better luck than I am... He thought.

"Ow"

"Oof"

"Gah"

The engineers had run into each other, and the two sentry busters were closing, fast.

The red engineer quickly swiped his toolbox and started running again, but the blu engineer wasn't so fast. He had to grab his sentry backpack, and fold it's straps on his back.

By the time he finished the straps, the sentry buster was mid-detonation.

The horrible bomb on legs exploded, taking out the other sentry buster, and, the blu engineer.

He was on the ground, twitching ever so slightly. Half of his face was showing bone, and he didn't even have bones to show he used to have legs. A tear in his stomach made a pool of blood around him, eventually being clogged by one of his internal organs or a piece of his rib cage.

"Gehh-Urgd... Aghaz"

The red engineer ran over, kneeling over the blu engineer. "You okay?"

The blu engineer's one remaining eye squinted.

"Okay, okay. That was rhetorical." I gotta get you some help, man." "It... Its... too lat-" The blu engineer's body violently shook, and he coughed up more blood than the red engineer even knew was in the human body.

"MEDIC!"

The medic was over there in a flash, but he knew that it was too late. "He has lot too much of his blood, it vill be too lat-"

"Less talking, more healing!"

The medic ubered his medigun, putting it to the max heal setting, but all it did was repair his skin and bones.

His legs became stumps, and his head was just a sagging pile of flesh. His robotic arm was still there, but two of its fingers were gone, and the other three were bent beyond repair.

"Bury me... Bury me in my ranch..." Splatted the lump. "Don't talk like that, you'll be fine, right, doc?" "Doc?"

"He'z lost too much of hiz blood. My medi-gun could never heal zhat."

The red engineer plopped down his dispenser and his sentry. "You're not dying on my watch. Doc, keep on him."

"Vhat? Zhere are dying comrades out zhere, and you vant me to just stay here, and vatch everything unfold?" "Yes" "Vell... Huhhhh... Fine." "Schweinhund."

Chapter 5

Back to the plot

The scout, heavy, and pyro held off the horde, while the spy backstabbed the giant heavy. The sniper and demoman held a perimeter, and made sure no troops bast the imaginary line of doom.

“Im gonna kill ya, and I’m just gonna keep killing ya, and you’re gonna be dead, because I killed ya” “Demoman, are you drunk?”

“Nah... Ha... Heh... Her... You’re drunk!” “Demoman, Im not drunk...”

“Uhh... A little help here?”

The scout and heavy we’re cornered by a horde of robotic pyros, their flames just missing them by that much.

“Ahh... Thats rubbish... Sorry, mate!” The sniper cocked his sniper, and blasted through three pyros in one blast. All three exploded, taking down other pyros with them.

The demoman launched some pipe bombs, and blew up the rest of the pyros. “You’re welcome.”

Then, suddenly, a group of three giant soldiers emmerged out of the docking and shipping bay.

“RUN!”

The mercenaries ran for their lives as crit rockets exploded behind them, one nailing heavy straight in the foot. His corpse was catapulted over the scout, demoman, and sniper into the ocean.

“RUN!”

They turned the corner just in time, rockets blazed past the corner, exploding the concrete wall bordering Mannhatan. “Oh... Well... OH GOD!” Scout breathed “Engie... Uhh... mmm... You look... Umm... Great. Not-Not terrible... Looking... g-” “Damn it boy, just shut

your mouth and put your head in the game. The deadly game... For our lives.”

“Mice Mep Malk, ‘Moach’ ”

“Look we gotta jus-”

“Security alert!”

While the mercenaries had been jabbering, the giant soldiers had captured the second docking bay. “Move, schnell!”

The red engineer grabbed the blu engineer, and the rest ran for their lives. But, the medic stopped halfway through.

“Pyro.”

“Mhat?”

“Ve fight together.”

The pyro nodded, and walked over to the medic.

“What the hell is going on?” Asked the scout. “An act of bravery, and sacrifice.” Replied the blu engineer grimly. “They’re doing what they must.

Chapter 6

The final stand

Once they all piled into the Mann Co. building, scout had to ask.
“Where’s spy?”

“Damn, I honest don’t have a clue...”

“An engineer bot has teleported in, destroy it before it builds a
tele-”

“The engineer bot is dead, but there is still an acti-”

“Teleporter destroyed”

“Oh. There he is.”

The red engineer set up both his and the blu engineer’s sentry,
the demoman set up all of his sticky bombs, the sniper coked his rifle,
and the spy uncloaked behind them.

“Gentlemen, It appears our end is near.” “If you have any loved
ones, let's hope you can visit them in the afterlife, because we’re all
most likely to die.”

“Spy, It’s not gonna be like that. We’re gonna survive this, we ca-”

BOOM!

“Crap”

The spy disguised as a robotic medic, and ran out into the field.
“Remember” He had said to the sniper “as soon as I sap them, you start
firing. The sapper will only work for a certain amount of time, so make
the best of it.”

The robots went down, and the sniper started firing. One of the giants turned around, and squashed the disguised spy into something that flatlanders would see.

“Sniper! Get down!” The dismembered blue engineer jumped in front of the unsuspecting sniper, taking the crit rocket. I looked like the engineer glowed as he hit the rocket. His body got flung right next to the dispenser.

“Engie! Noo!” The red engineer cried. “Don’t worry, engie... I’ll avenge you.” He pulled out his wrangler, and added to the sniper’s damage.

One of the remaining soldiers dropped, leaving one.

It launched a crit rocket. It destroyed the two sentries, and knocked the red engineer straight into a wall, breaking his legs.

Unable to do anything, the engineer watched helplessly as the sniper was blasted into smithereens by the soldier, and approached the bomb hole.

“You want some of this, tough guy?” The scout hit his baseball into the soldier, but it gave no reaction, then just kicked the scout. He flew through the roof of the building.

BOOM!

The sticky grenades blew up, and flung the soldier backwards. It quickly recollected itself, and just blew up the demoman.

It slowly walked towards the bomb hole.

Suddenly, the spy appeared, and he pocketed his strange golden watch. He tackled the soldier as it was prepping the bomb, bringing it to the ground.

Realizing he had no real weapon, he knew what he had to do.

He grabbed the bomb and popped open the top. The soldier reached for him, but he quickly dodged. He looped a wire around a wire in the bomb.

“Gentlemen, it’s been a good life.”

“Spy!”

“Don’t ruin this moment. I can fulfill my dream, of dying a hero.”

“Goodbye, everyone. See you all in *Heaven*.”

He cut the wire, and blew himself and the giant soldier up.

The deafening explosion was relentless. The engineer could feel the heat on his skin as the dust settled.

Suddenly, he heard coughing.

“I need some doggone help!” Cried the blu engineer.

“You’re alive?” “Long story...” “I have time... Lots of time...”

Chapter 7

Epilouge

“So, when you jumped to save the sniper, you popped an Übercharge canteen?”

“Yeah. Pretty risky.” Laughed the engineer. “But what I didn’t calculate for, was the aftermath. It was pretty lucky that I landed next to the dispenser. It was able to heal all the cuts and bruises I got from slamming into the wall.

“You know what?” Asked the red engineer, shifting through the rubble.

“What?” “I could make you some new legs and a new arm, and possibly a new face, with the technology for your robot hand.

“You think so?” “I know so.”

The End.

Thank you for reading my story.

It was made for the 72 hour TF2 Jam.

This story was officially published on the 8th of August, 27 minutes after midnight.

I am a long time TF2 Fan and plan to make more stories for the future bi-annual TF2 Jam.

This is the first time I've done this, so hopefully it's not trash.