

Ruby 2

Chapter 18 – East Sea Fleet

“Call it magic, or telekinesis, or even good old fashioned witchcraft. She felt for the power within the ocean and used it.”

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There is no ideal time to lose a member of your family. For Ruby the timing was awful and she was just glad that only Baba Yaga and herself appeared to have felt it happen. Barely minutes away from dawn. A dawn bringing the likelihood that not everyone would survive the day. Could there be a worse time to realise Kurt had taken his own life ? Baba Yaga held her head in her hands and became Kallina once again.

“You felt it too ?” Asked Kallina.

“Yes, though only just. Like a whisper that I almost ignored.”

It wasn't unexpected; Kurt had often talked about allowing his unnaturally long life to end. Ruby felt the mood in the camp, happy that there was no sudden outpouring of grief. They'd have to know of course, but later, probably once they were all back home.

“I think he only wanted us to know.” Said Kallina.

The sun was beginning to make the clouds glow in the east, dawn was almost there. Ruby noticed Kallina was crying and held her hand.

“I'm so sorry Kallina. I barely knew him really, but you were lovers for centuries.”

“On and off Ruby, with Kurt it was always on and off. He had his view of how things should be and he expected everyone to agree. If I didn't, the arguments used to be so fierce. Not that I'd have had him be any different..... the fire in his soul when we argued..... it used to take my breath away. Does that sound crazy ?”

“No it doesn't, my relationship with Jurgis was very similar.”

“He hit you though ! Kurt was never like that.” Said Kallina. “Why did you put up with it ? You could have turned the bastard inside out.”

“Not then, that part of my gift hadn't woken up, or hatched, or whatever you want to call it. I did hurt him once though, after he'd taken a swipe at me. I yelled at him and something followed the yell. His face scrunched up in pain, as he stepped well away from me. I hurt him, in his mind. No idea how I did it and we never talked about it. The swine never hit me again though.”

The first ray of sun hit the nearby woods and there was colour in the world again. The dawn brought everything back to life including a noisy dawn chorus from the local bird population.

“We're being melancholy Ruby, reminiscing, which is normal and natural at times like this. A few more years and we'll only remember the good times.”

“I'll tell you something I've never told anyone else.” Said Ruby. “I hate even admitting it to myself. But those times with Jurgis, when we crossed the line from love to hate and back again. Now those seem.....”

“The only times you felt really alive.” Said Kallina.

“Yes, yes, you understand.”

“Call it love, lust or even some form of Stockholm syndrome.” Said Kallina. “It's more common than you might think, in troubled relationships.”

Their temporary camp was coming to life. People checking weapons, putting on clean clothes and one on the flashes Ruby had bought, to indicate friend from foe.

"I'd like to talk for longer." Said Ruby. "But there is a battle ahead of us."

"We will talk for longer Ruby, once all this is taken care of."

Ruby hugged Kallina, just a brief hug and a kiss on each cheek.

"Go south Baba Yaga and do what you do best."

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It was still the previous evening in London. George Polandrous was actually at home before bedtime, his TV turned on purely as background noise. The BBC news still carried articles on the mystery explosion in China, with a special in depth report to follow on Newsnight.

"They'll probably blame little green men." He muttered.

For a wealthy man, George lived fairly simply most of the time. Microwaved frozen pizza was going to be his supper, with the remnants of a bag of salad, which was two days past its use by date. Wine was his one indulgence, a large glass of expensive merlot.

'.... reports coming in of an attack on the police in China....' Said the news.

He had the TV volume on very low, low enough so that he could eat and think without being irritated by it. The microwave beeped at him a few times. George poured the sad looking salad over his pizza, hoping it wasn't too far out of date. A sip of the excellent merlot restored his positive attitude and faith in his supper. George picked up glass and plate and walked through into the lounge and sat in front of the TV.

'...Fatalities have been confirmed. Police in China came under sustained attack, in the City of Harbin....'

There was a picture of an orange postal van on fire. George muted the sound while he ate, watching the pictures of the Chinese police in their paramilitary uniforms. The scrolling bar on the screen said there had been four fatalities, but didn't say how many of those were police officers. He sipped his wine and picked up the remote to find something mindless to watch for an hour or so.

"That's better."

An old quiz show from the eighties, one that involved throwing darts. Perfect escapism to let his meal settle down before bedtime. George finished his glass of wine, resisting the urge to fill it again. He put the TV on standby and punched in the code on the alarm system to activate its night setting. George went to bed, hoping to get a full eight hours sleep for once.

"Oh shit !"

Three am and his phone was ringing. His handset in the bedroom was flashing at him, but he could hear the base unit ringing in the lounge. He ignored it, assuming it was a wrong number or an over enthusiastic telesales guy. A minute or so later the caller tried again. By then George was awake, looking at his phone.

'number unavail'

"Fuck you then."

He was tired and annoyed. There had been a few wrong numbers a month or so before. A drunken guy wanting to speak to his ex-girlfriend in the early hours of the morning and obviously getting the number wrong. At the third call, George picked up the phone.

"Hello."

"Juniper Larch Swallow Jupiter." Said a voice. "A delivery is on its way to you by bike. Will be with you in about an hour. Your hands only."

The caller was gone, a female voice using the simple four word code, which meant she was talking for Foxy. They seemed to deliver most things by hand, probably because no phone was safe from interception. As for the internet and email ? His head of security had likened it to shouting secrets across a crowded room.

“What have you done now Ruby ?” He mumbled.

By the time he’d made some coffee and toast, the guy delivering the package had arrived. A young guy on a motorcycle, who looked just like any one of the thousands of bike couriers in London.

“Mr George Polandrous ?”

“Yes.”

The delivery guy seemed to examine him for a few seconds, before looking at his smartphone. Satisfied he had the right person, he handed over a thin brown A4 envelope. No signature required, the man simply nodded and left. George hadn’t dressed properly, still wearing just a gown over his pyjamas. He poured some fresh coffee into his cup and opened the envelope, letting the contents fall onto the kitchen table. A note, not signed but probably from Foxy and two poor quality black and white pictures. Someone had written Peter O’Grady above one of the pictures, but George knew the face.

“Why were you in Harbin ?” He muttered.

George didn’t recognise the other face, but he assumed it was another of the mercenaries hired by Terry. He read Foxy’s note, which didn’t tell him much. The photographs had been sent through diplomatic channels, as the Chinese believed the dead men to be British.

‘We haven’t given them a name for Peter O’Grady George. Eventually they’ll discover he served for several years as a member of the UK’s armed forces.’

As for the other dead man ? It appeared no one recognised him. George seemed to recall Terry introducing him to a man of Greek origin, called Garth. He wasn’t certain though and felt no need to pass his vague memory onto Foxy.

‘The Chinese seem to think it was a botched bank robbery. They didn’t capture anyone, so we must assume the rest of your team in China are on the run.’

George quickly scanned the rest of the note and there was no mention of Terry. That was good, Terry would probably go to ground and take the survivors with him. Nothing at all about Serge and Ruby’s precious young adults.

“Maybe they split off from Terry and his people ?”

It was frustrating not knowing more, but things could have been far worse. The men Terry hired were hardly angels, bank robbery wasn’t that farfetched an idea. Foxy’s note ended with;

‘Suggest that as far as possible, you insulate the Polandrous Foundation from any possible fallout. The Chinese might discard the bank robbery idea and dig deeper.’

Insulate, what a wonderful word for selling off his assets in mainland China. He had already had his people quietly and slowly selling things off, but doing it quickly might cause problems. Haste was almost an admission of guilt. He used his smartphone to text Penny, his PA and his head of security.

“Meeting re overseas assets. My office at 9am.”

George finished his coffee and went to shower and dress for the day.

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Sarah had been feeling a bit neglected for a while, a feeling she wasn’t used to. Her language skills hadn’t really been that useful since they’d climbed into the freight car in Tumangang. She’d tutored Sophie in the right words to tell the train driver, but that had been her sole contribution to the team

effort in days. She wasn't the only muggle on the trip, Murad had no super powers and neither did Olga. She'd been telling Ruby her doubts, as she'd been helping her into a bullet proof vest.

"But Murad and Olga have warrior skills and I fall over getting things out of the fridge."

"No Sarah, we're not having this conversation now."

Ruby was deliberately being brutal, pulling the vest far too tight, actually hurting her. Sarah felt even more useless, wondering why Ruby hadn't left her beside the rail track somewhere. She tried to stop tears forming and failed.

"It was different before Ruby. We were all together then, the old gang."

Ruby stopped pulling at her and gently helped her put on a jacket over the vest. It was well past dawn now, the others were gathering in their pre-designated groups. Charlotte seemed to pick up her mental state and gave her an encouraging grin.

"I do understand." Said Ruby. "I wish Serge was here and Spider, but things are different now. We're no longer a simple group of friends, we're responsible for a few precious young adults now."

"If you want me by your side I'll be there Ruby. I just don't have any battle skills."

"That never worried you before. You're just missing people and I miss them too. The old gang, the way it was, the group chemistry."

"Yes ! You understand." Said Sarah.

Ruby hugged her, not the reaction she'd expected.

"We have a battle to fight Sarah. One more negative comment and I will punch you on the nose. These are our people now, our family. This will be the old gang once we get back home."

"If we survive."

It was sort of a playful thump on her nose, but it still hurt a little.

"Ow !"

"No more Sarah ! I want you and Murad close to me. You'll have to trust me as to why, as I'm not completely sure. The same reason I've been carrying an old gold brooch in my pocket. Call it my intuition if you want, but I want you to stay within three feet of me until this is over. Agreed ?!"

"Ok Ruby, I'll behave."

"Good, now where is Murad ?"

Murad wasn't far away, nibbling at a nut bar that came with their ration packs. He was looking south, towards the East Sea Fleet Base.

"Clouds, dark clouds forming." He said. "Baba Yaga is about to introduce herself to the naval base." He already had a Kalashnikov rifle over his shoulder. He gave one to Ruby and offered another to Sarah, who simply shook her head.

"Take it." Said Ruby. "Your hand gun might not be good enough today."

She'd had training in how to use it from Olga, they all had. Sarah slung the assault rifle over her shoulder and instantly felt more like a warrior. Ruby helped her fit the headphones and camera for the comms system, showing her how to turn it all on. At first Sarah just heard static, then Charlotte was telling her team that they were about to move north.

"We'll move out after the others." Said Ruby.

Sarah wasn't religious and considered herself to be something of a lapsed agnostic. She said a quiet prayer though, to whoever might be out there, listening. There was exciting, which was good and terrifying, which wasn't. Attacking a secret research base in North Korea, fell into the category of truly terrifying.

"Come on, stay close." Said Ruby.

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Baba Yaga was a good twenty five miles away from the East Sea Naval Base. She was hovering, over a thousand feet above the ocean, using her gifts to tap the energy at the edge of space. She was building a ring of energy, just as Trudy had done in China. Baba Yaga was older though, knew a few tricks that Trudy had yet to learn.

“Now you will pay for Patrick’s death.” She muttered. “You will suffer.”

Modern technology works perfectly on nice dry sunny days. It doesn’t do so well in rain and storms and may not work at all during electrical storms. Some of the best high tech weaponry ever designed, simply refuses to work at all during extreme weather conditions. Baba Yaga was busy creating just those conditions.

While her vortex of energy continued to build, high up above her, she pulled in the energy in the lower atmosphere. Ultimately less impressive than a megaton blast, the effects were quicker, more immediate, shock and awe on the quick. Clouds first, as the weather front appeared out of a nice fine day. She was too eager, too keen to begin.

“Patience you old fool.” She chided herself. “Let it build !”

More energy, dragged in from the surrounding area, pulling down the temperature, adding strength to the storm front. Dark dangerous looking clouds now, hanging over the naval base, just about visible on her horizon. Baba Yaga was good at a lot of things, but not patience. Oh no, she sucked at that. She forced herself to close her eyes and wait for a good long five minutes, while the forces of nature caught up with her designs.

“Good, good.”

Her tropical storm was hitting the base. So far it would probably just about be strong enough to gain a name, if it was in the Caribbean. Tropical storm Baba Yaga. Enough wind to keep all but the keenest pilots on the ground, with enough lightning to give their guidance systems a hard time. It was building though, soon everything would be kept on the ground, apart from her of course. Next the sea was going to become her weapon. Baba Yaga raised herself to fifteen hundred feet. She had no intention of creating a wave anywhere near that high, but those kinds of forces were difficult to control. Plus she hadn’t created such weapons very often and last time the wave had travelled miles inland.

“It must be kept well clear of Ruby.”

The sea was the same as the air high up in the atmosphere; the tiny particles were the generators. Tiny particle rubbing against other tiny particles, as they rose up on warm currents. Multiply all that rubbing by hundreds of billions of particles and you had almost limitless amounts of energy.

Mankind might never learn how to harness that power, but Baba Yaga knew how.

Call it magic, or telekinesis, or even good old fashioned witchcraft. She felt for the power within the ocean and used it. At first the bump in the ocean below her was barely discernible. It grew though, at a fairly fast rate. As it began to grow, it pulled water away from the naval base; making it appear as though the tide was going out. Going out a long way, further than it had ever gone before. Ships would be resting on the silt and sand. Baba Yaga couldn’t see the details, but she knew what was happening. There wouldn’t be panic, not yet, but there would be the start of a suspicion, that they were under some kind of attack.

“Higher, Higher ! Come to me.”

The wave grew, as Baba Yaga drew energy from the ocean for miles around her. Sluggish currents were speeded up, warm water dragged up from the depths. When the hill she’d created in the ocean reached about four hundred feet high, she stopped building it. She knew from past experience, that it would continue to grow to five hundred, maybe six hundred feet. That was enough, more than

enough to destroy the East Sea Naval Base. Timing mattered, even with the almost unimaginable forces she was commanding. Baba Yaga felt for Ruby and knew she was moving north. The time was right, the moment had arrived. The tropical storm was perhaps a little too fierce now, but the plan had allowed for some of the wind and rain to batter the research facility.

"A little wind and rain will help." Ruby had told her. "Just don't overdo it."

Overdo it ! Easy to say if you're not the one trying to hold a five hundred foot wall of water in place and control a localised hurricane. It was becoming too much for her to control, the wave had to begin its short and destructive journey.

"Now ! Now !" She yelled.

Baba Yaga didn't simply release the wave; she pushed it forward, using the waters of the surrounding ocean to push it on its way. Like an athlete, she pushed her powers to their limit, feeling the strain on her already damaged mind. Partly she wanted to punish the nation that had killed one of precious children. Mainly though, she revelled in an opportunity to use her gifts, to crush and destroy an enemy. It was like being able to shout again, in a world where she'd had to be quiet for centuries at a time. Russian legends talked of her cackling, but it was more of a screech really. Baba Yaga followed the wave she'd so carefully created, screeching as it bore down on the naval base. Not that anyone there would have heard her, above the alarms and general panic.

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His command covered far more than just the East Sea Naval Base, yet he'd been coming there every morning for quite some time. Pyongyang knew his movements of course, he had to report his position at all times and often account for his motives. Even as Taejang, Fleet Admiral of the East Sea Fleet, he wasn't above being tested on his loyalty to the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. There would be informers too, those that would gladly see him fall, purely for their own personal gain. The Taejang had one major point in his favour though, he was old enough to have experienced real warfare.

"Bring all the helicopters back to base." He ordered. "There is no point in losing them to the storm."

"Yes Taejang, immediately."

He looked through the thick Plexiglas observation window and knew the storm wasn't natural. Maybe he'd been around Kwan too much, but he knew Ruby and her people were about to begin their attack.

"This isn't the season for storms." Said the base commander. "It seemed to come out of nowhere."

"It will pass commander, it will pass, as all storms do."

He had to be their rock, it seemed to be about eighty percent of his role. A fleet that clung to the coastline, rarely if ever going far out to sea. His men were good and reasonably well trained but to him they were all untested. People behave differently under fire, it was impossible to know who'd perform well and who'd panic and become a hindrance to their own comrades. There were military exercises of course and test firing of various weapons, but to the Taejang, his forces remained untested by being under fire from a real enemy.

He knew deep down that the storm wouldn't abate and the day of testing had arrived. He moved to the rear of the operations control room and looked at the radar screen. As he suspected, the storm debris was turning it into a snow storm. Ruby was blinding them before the attack. What attack though ? They were terrorists with few people and only the weapons they could carry.

"The sea !" Someone shouted. "It's going out, vanishing !"

He looked out of the window, just in time to see one of their attack helicopters crash into the harbour. They only had a few of the new helicopters and even fewer trained pilots. Losing even one was a tragedy.

“Stay at your posts !” He shouted. “Fetch my coat, I need to see this for myself.”

They feared him, which was good. Obeying his orders without question just might keep them alive and the ten thousand or so men on the base. One of his guards almost fell over, in his haste to bring him his coat. The Taejang opened the thick steel outer door and felt the full force of the storm.

“With respect sir. You’re putting yourself in danger.”

“I need to see this vanishing ocean.”

One of his guards with the courage to question him. Good, he knew at least one of them wasn’t going to freeze when the attack came. He had trouble keeping his feet, as the wind tried to push him away from the harbour. Lightning now, almost unheard of at that time of year. The Taejang wasn’t a young man and his body was becoming frail. It was natural, just a fact of life. It still annoyed him though.

“Help me ! I need to see the harbour.”

It must have looked ludicrous, a Fleet Admiral being helped by no less than six guards. He didn’t care though, they managed to get him next to the harbour wall and safely up against a guard rail. He was frightened now, though not for himself. Half of the fleet was moored at the base. Everything from small patrol boats, to several large cruisers. All of them were now resting on the silt, sand and mud at the bottom of the harbour. One had even ripped apart the concrete harbour wall, as its mooring chain had pulled itself free of the steel moorings. It was insane, but the Taejang was well read, he knew it wasn’t impossible, just rare. He also realised his death was now unavoidable and not that far in the future.

“This can’t be happening.” Said one of his men.

“Quiet !” He snapped.

He’d read about the Lisbon earthquake of seventeen fifty five and the tsunami that followed. The Taejang had been only a child then, reading a history book that was now probably banned. It had stuck in his mind all those years though, the vanishing sea. In Lisbon, those that survived the earthquake had rushed to the harbour, hoping to be rescued. Instead they found the ocean had vanished, leaving a sea bed covered in wrecked ships and debris. Then the ocean had returned, as a wall of water that moved faster than a galloping horse. He knew what was coming, before one of his guards saw it in the distance.

“Taejang, Taejang ! Please we must go inside.”

“Be quiet ! Make peace with whatever you believe in, just do it quietly.”

There was no fighting the wave that seemed to reach the sky and stretch right across the horizon. A wall of water that seemed static now, but was really hurtling towards them at speed. There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. The Taejang was pleased though, none of his guards panicked. They remained with him as the wall of water hurtled towards the naval base.

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Sophie didn’t mind the wind and rain, she knew it helped give them cover. Olga was quite close, with Charlotte just a little in front. She knew where everyone was though, even without the high tech comms system. They glowed in her mind, like bright orange flares, trudging towards Kwan and his secret research facility. If Sophie was worried about anything, it was the effect the rain might have on her precious bazooka. It was now strapped across her back, like some gigantic samurai sword. She changed her direction slightly, walking closer to Olga.

“Should I put the bazooka back in its bag ?” She asked. “I’m worried the rain might damage it.”

“It’s Russian.” Said Olga, as if that was all that needed saying.

Sophie looked at her for a few seconds, hoping for a little more information. Olga turned and grinned at her.

“It has to work in everything from baking sun to winters when diesel fuel freezes in the tanks.” Said Olga. “Everything from torrential rain and mud, to the ice and snow of a Siberian winter. Did I ever tell you about why the Kalashnikov has its famous bark ?”

“Yes Olga, many times. Because of the built in tolerances to work in a huge variety of different climate conditions.”

“And would you like me to tell you it all again ?”

“No Olga, not particularly.”

Olga kissed her on the cheek for no apparent reason, something she did quite regularly.

“It is Russian Sophie, it will survive a little wind and rain.”

She trudged on through the mud, hearing a large calibre weapon being fired in the distance. There was no agitation from her friends, nothing being said on the comms system. Olga merely shrugged at her, as the weapon in the distance fired again. It had fired another four times, before Eugenie reported on what was going on.

“The road goes through a gap in a steep embankment. They have an armoured vehicle, probably an APC protecting the entrance with a large calibre gun of some kind. Every time they see one of us, they pop off a round in our direction.”

Olga stopped walking and Sophie did the same. They had orders not to bunch up too close together. Lau had been with Eugenie and his voice was the next to be heard.

“Some sort of turret on the APC, with a single heavy weapon.” He said. “We could work our way round, but this looks like a good time to use Sophie’s bazooka.”

Olga was smiling at her, as Sophie felt her heart beat a lot faster. Not from fear but from pure excitement.

“On our way.” Said Olga. “Any sign of troops supporting the APC ?”

“None.” Replied Lau. “I ran across the road and no one fired at me.”

Olga led and they quickly found the road and then the earth embankment. It was about thirty feet high, a fairly low tech outer defence ring for the facility. Eugenie was half hidden in a large buddleia tree. Lau was on the other side of the road, peering over the top of the embankment.

“Well, now we’ll know if it was worth carrying that all the way from Vladivostok.” Said Eugenie.

Lau was in her ear again.

“Tell me when you’re ready and I’ll draw them away from you.”

Sophie looked at the embankment and decided that using her levitation gift was far nicer than trying to climb it with the bazooka on her back. She kicked forward and lifted herself up at the same time. Not quite perfect, she collided with the embankment about five feet from the top. Better than climbing it though.

“Please work.” She said, fondling the huge Russian bazooka.

Sophie carefully opened the ammunition bag, folding back the extra plastic, she’d used to protect the missiles from the elements. She loaded the missile and a small green light told her the weapon was ready to fire. That was it ! That was one of the reasons she’d fallen in love with it. Not high tech, just load and fire. She wanted a quick look at the target though, before Lau did his thing.

Sophie carefully peeped over the top of the embankment. The APC was large and painted with green and yellow camouflage paint. It was some distance from her, but still well within range.

"I'm ready." She told Lau.

He began firing his Kalashnikov at the APC. Useless of course, the bullets merely bounced off the armour plate. He'd caught their attention though, the turret turning to fire at him. Sophie looked in the eyepiece of her weapon and placed the crosshairs on the turret. That was it, no lock on, no guide by wire, you just aimed and hoped. Sophie pressed the trigger and hoped.

"Wow." She muttered.

The roaring sound had been like having a tornado on her shoulder. A fraction of a second later the missile was on its way, hitting exactly where she'd aimed. The APC was torn apart, its own ammunition adding to the orange fireball as it blew apart.

"Yay for Sophie." Yelled Lau.

Olga had clambered through the mud to be near her, assault rifle at the ready.

"Well done Sophie. I knew I was right to let you buy that."

"Bbbut you didn't.... I mean.... Ruby said....."

Too late she realised Olga was joking. She had to join in with Olga's laughter. It was a high point in her life, something she'd never forget, but they needed to move on.

"We'll wait for Eugenie and Lau to move forward." Said Olga.

Those few minutes were agony, waiting to get close to the APC she'd destroyed. It was her first kill. Maybe her only chance to use the massive bazooka. She wanted to see her handiwork, close up.

Eventually Olga led them through the gap in the embankment. The APC wreck was burning fiercely.

"Not too close." Said Olga. "There might be ammunition waiting to explode."

They crept past the burning wreck, the flames and destruction she had caused. There had been soldiers in the APC, but it was a case of kill or be killed. Sophie just wished she could take the wreck home and mount it on the wall, like a hunting trophy.

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Kallina was always there, even when Baba Yaga was let completely off the leash. Baba Yaga was like a God from Norse mythology, all shock and awe with no conscience or concern about consequences. Kallina was always there though, keeping everything within mission parameters, or at least exercising some control. More a split personality than two separate personas, Kallina was always dominant. The problem was that Kallina was rarely on more than nodding terms with sanity.

Baba Yaga held herself high above the tsunami she'd created, high above it and slightly behind the crest of the wave. She saw the mountain of water pick up several beached ships, rolling them over, adding them to its destructive power. She didn't notice the Taejang and his guards; they were now insignificant to her main goal. Kallina was there, whispering somewhere in the back of her mind.

"The attack helicopters have to be destroyed. They move too fast, sneak in and out of a battle. There is a chance that they might kill the children, our children."

The naval base was close now; the front edge of the wave picked up a patrol boat and slammed it into the harbour wall. The Taejang was almost certainly killed then, saved the horror of meeting the five hundred foot high tsunami. Large cruisers, small patrol boats, even the base refuelling tender. They all became more flotsam and jetsam, unintended battering rams to use against the East Sea Fleet Base.

As the full force of the water hit the base, everything above ground was destroyed. Concrete walls inches thick, defence turrets surrounded by armour plating, barrack blocks, even the mess hall. It all became just rubble and pieces of twisted metal. The water then, filling underground rooms, showing no mercy as it drowned hundreds and continued to fill every space.

"No ! There's no escape for you." She yelled.

Destroying the base was good, it made her feel exultant and made her head spin. The attack helicopters had their landing area beyond the base though. Two rows, about twenty of them, all shiny, expensive and new. One was in the process of trying to take off in hurricane force winds, the crew obviously risking everything to escape the tsunami. Baba Yaga didn't need to do anything, the wave hit the helicopters, destroying them as it touched the delicate craft. The pilot trying to take off, actually veered off course in the wind, flying straight into the wall of water.

"It is done !"

Her part in the plan was finished, everything accomplished. Baba Yaga wanted to move north, but the part of her that was Kallina knew that wasn't a good idea. Ruby wanted to meet Kwan, perhaps join forces with him. If not, there might be a way of saving some of his gifted people, the ones like them. Baba Yaga just wanted to kill and destroy, but Kallina held her back.

"The base, they won't all be dead."

More waves were still arriving, still covering the bay in sea water and debris. There would be lots of smaller waves, she remembered. Something to do with fluid dynamics, that she'd understood once, but had now forgotten. Baba Yaga hovered and waited. Below her was a scene of total destruction, but she knew war, had seen Russia invaded twice. Once by Napoleon and then by Hitler and his Blitzkrieg. There had been a city, pounded for days by German artillery. Nothing was standing at the end of the bombardment, even the churches had been levelled. She'd watched though, as soldiers had appeared out of the rubble, appeared in their hundreds. Those soldiers had eventually taught Hitler the folly of trying to invade Russia, as they had taught Napoleon.

Patience wasn't her strong point, but she would wait, while Ruby finished her business with Kwan and his research facility. Eventually the water would subside, probably quite quickly. She knew that a surprising number of men would survive and appear out of the destroyed naval base. Baba Yaga reached for the vortex of energy, which had been quietly building in the upper atmosphere. It needed a little attention, it needed more energy. When the water had gone, she would bring down the thunder and remove every trace of the East Sea Fleet Base.

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