

Wow 32

Chapter 32: 100m Moving Target

[Feedback from the commission: Handcrafting experience +18.]

[Current handcrafting experience 18/100, mastering "Level 1 Handcrafting" upon reaching 100 points.]

[Feedback from the commission: Trapping experience +5.]

[Current trapping experience 5/100, mastering "Level 1 Trapping" upon reaching 100 points.]

[Feedback from the commission: Insight +0.1.]

What sort of imagination are the players using?

Traps? Planning to trap a pack of wolves?

Bai E felt some relief; it seemed his previous admonitions had been heard.

The method doesn't matter as much as the execution.

"Focus!"

As piercing as an eagle's gaze, the moment Bai E became lost in thought, the stern-faced instructor rebuked him.

"I know you stood out in this morning's training, but do not forget the duties you are responsible for on the battlefield. As a sniper, you need to provide appropriate fire support to all comrades in need! Not only for your squad, but for everyone within your range. Hence, constant, concentrated attention is essential."

Bai E's face became serious and he saluted sharply in response, "Yes, sir!"

The instructor, with three silver stars on his shoulder, glanced indifferently at Bai E's figure and said nothing more.

He had volunteered to be the instructor for this group of artificial human soldiers... or more specifically, Bai E's instructor.

He was well aware of what had happened in the morning.

In his opinion, the only possibility for achieving such results in the physical tests was clear—

These dimwits had once again muddled their innate talents.

He had the records of Bai E's initial performance with firearms right out of the cultivation chamber in his hands.

11 points in physique, 10 points in insight, 10 points in reflex, these were obviously the stats of cannon fodder talent.

A true sniper should have unique advantages in either senses or reflexes, and his initial shooting scores were not particularly impressive either.

The old team leader was too hasty... placing him directly into the special forces with such results could easily provoke criticism from political rivals.

He had to correct this mistake.

Either show enough strength or... start from the bottom in a junior squad.

After glancing at Bai E's straight posture one last time, the instructor paced lightly in front of the group of 20 artificial human soldiers.

"Today, your training is about rapid-response shooting."

Simply put, moving targets.

The instructor casually picked up a rifle nearby and pressed a switch.

About a hundred meters away, three objects of different speeds were suddenly launched from different directions.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Gunfire merged into a continuous echo, with the rapid and brisk sounds of full-auto mode, the three hit objects shattered into pieces in mid-air.

After the simple demonstration, the instructor turned back and his gaze swept across each of the 20 artificial human soldiers who were watching him.

"See that? That is your training for today, hitting the moving targets before they touch the ground. Completing all three hits counts as one set, and each of you must complete at least 10 sets... Remember, you only have 2 hours. Compared to ordinary soldiers, you consume more of the city's resources, so you also have to bear a more severe responsibility."

His tone lightened slightly, the instructor's gaze finally rested on Bai E.

As an instructor, he had just a bit of privilege to give special attention.

"As for you, as punishment for your distraction just now, and upon the special force's request..."

The instructor stretched out his right hand, "50 sets!"

[Side quest triggered - Shooting]

[Shooting: You are actively challenging your limits. A 100-meter moving target is relatively difficult.
Quest requirements: Complete effective shooting 0/50 sets. Quest reward: Universal experience +50.
Countdown: 1 hour 59 minutes 59 seconds.]

Bai E's face was expressionless as he loudly replied, "Understood, sir!"

"Very good."

Overestimating one's abilities.

But commendable for its bravery.

This was the first time Carlos felt a hint of satisfaction with this special case artificial human soldier.

"Now, begin the training!"

Bai E picked up the rifle and went to his shooting position.

This was also a shooting range, just larger and more versatile.

Once the switch was pressed, after a 3-second delay provided to prepare, three moving targets would be launched.

During the instructor's shooting, Bai E had already observed the characteristics of the moving targets.

Their speeds varied, their sizes uneven; in short, there was no clear pattern to rely upon.

The only trick is to finish all the shots within 3 seconds.

The time it took for the slowest moving target to be launched and hit the ground was about 3 seconds.

...

Complete three effective shots within 3 seconds, yet the burst mode of the recruits' rifles assigned to us has a firing rate of only 1.2 rounds per second, leaving very little room for error.

As for the automatic mode... with a higher firing rate comes greater recoil and harder-to-control trajectories, clearly not something that the new artificial humans can handle.

Clearly, all the training objectives set by the instructors have been honed through a combination of past experience and precise calculations.

Compared to the new recruits' test, changing from fifty meters to a hundred, from stationary to moving targets, the difficulty has increased by leaps and bounds.

Bai E took a deep breath and activated "self-restraint".

The excitement and tremble in his body faced with the challenge calmed down, and the confusion towards the unknown was suppressed.

All for the sake of achieving the goal.

He pressed the switch.

3...

2...

1...

Three targets shot out in different directions, each tracing a different trajectory through the air.

Bai E, concentrating intently, naturally visualized their upcoming paths of movement in his eyes.

Three clear parabolas intersected in his view.

Bai E raised his rifle and fired.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

[Successfully hit moving target, Light Firearms Mastery experience +2.](Stacked)

[Current Light Firearms Mastery experience 139/1000...]

Off by one?

Bai E, having put down his rifle, had a slightly focused look in his eyes.

This unexpected feeling... quite simple?

All the various abilities on the panel are numbers, and their effects seem to be some kind of instinct, Bai E had no idea to what extent his current abilities could take him.

It just felt like the moving targets at 100 meters... weren't that difficult.

...

"Click!"

The flint sparked, and kerosene blossomed with an acrid scent.

Carlos lit a cigar, waiting for a good show.

The awkwardness of the new recruits always brought joy, as if seeing oneself in younger days.

So far, very few new recruits had managed to complete the shooting objectives on time during their first training.

How difficult it was to complete three effective shots within 3 seconds?

As soon as the moving targets were launched, one had to react quickly to their source and decide the shooting order – that was the function of the "Reflex" attribute, determining how much time could be saved for the actual shooting.

The "Insight" attribute then determined the observation of dynamic vision, along with the prediction of the trajectories and spatial imagination capabilities, mostly a manifestation of mathematical thinking, which was the most important part of the process.

Only after these comes the actual execution of shooting, which is the control over the firearm itself, such as proficiency in shooting skills.

A combination of these three abilities, complementing each other, is what it takes to achieve the final goal of three effective shots within 3 seconds.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

The intermittent gunshots rose chaotically, as the launched targets flew all over the sky.

Occasionally, Target disturbed by a bullet's trajectory looked like a miracle.

No new recruits had managed to complete even a single set of effective shots at the beginning of their initial training, let alone 50...

"Hiss~"

Hot hot hot!

Carlos was startled as the cigarette end burned his mouth; he paid no heed to the cigar, only his gaze shockingly fixed on the field.

All hits?

No, one was missed.

But it grazed the edge.

An early anticipation by just a hair's breadth led to a near miss.

Was it skill or luck?

Looking at that exception pondering something, Carlos's look was uncertain.

It should... be luck, right?