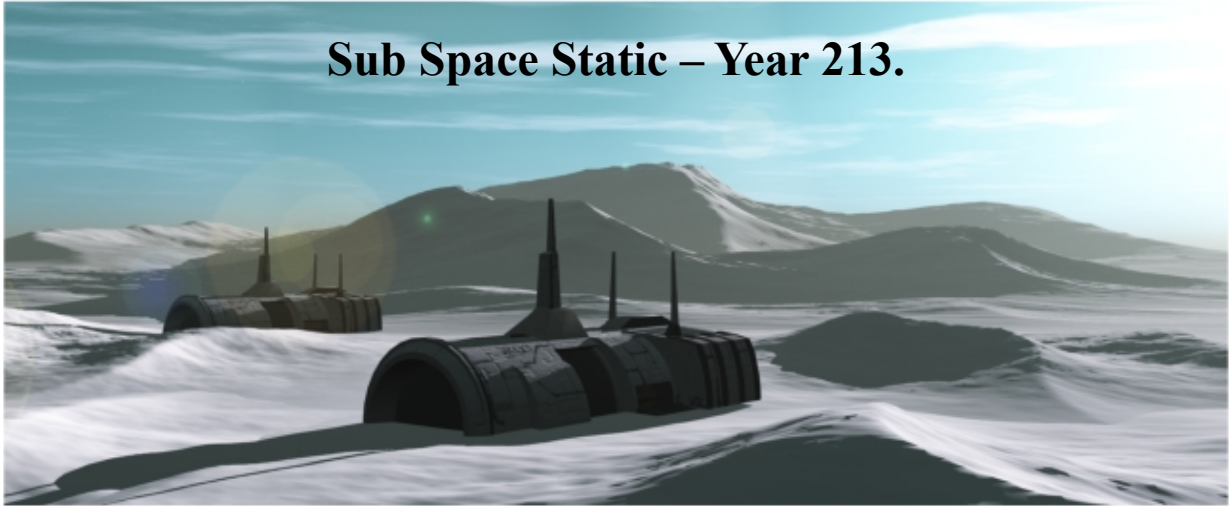


Sub Space Static – Year 213.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.2.1

All Change

The savage winds of change are howling through the halls of the wolves this week with the shock departure of Magnus, leader of the Dewiek Nation.

The reasons for this departure are as yet still unclear, but what is certain is that the departure of the reigning High Lord of the Wolf Packs has created a power vacuum at the top of the DEN hierarchy, which will no doubt be filled in typical Dewiek fashion with copious quantities of booze and blood.

We here at the SSS headquarters salute you, our fuzzy faithful friends, and your psychotic alien ways.

Dark Rumours

Unsightly rumours have surfaced regarding some sort of ancient evil that has fallen into the hands of the Emperor's Inquisition branch of the Brotherhood.

Some say this evil is a supernatural beast that has been held in suspended animation since the days of Old Earth. Conflicting reports suggest that it is actually the result of some sort of Architect inspired genetic experiment that has gone very badly wrong.

Others say that it is simply The Stig.

Why Can't We All Be Friends?

Erstwhile businesswoman extraordinaire Mona Luvsitt has this week been holding a series of seminars on Where All The Love Is.

Perhaps surprisingly the answer did not in fact turn out to be 'The Jiggly Room'.

Strange Transmission

The Inter-Galactic News-room has received an odd transmission this week:

G'loo slithered onto the captain's chair and contemplated what had gone on before.

He/she/it could still feel the presence of The Exalted One; it felt like the aftermath of a star going nova. Half a cohort of the Immortals had perished in his divine anger at the loss of the Temple.

The keepers had prostrated themselves in front of the fiery presence in order to satisfy his hunger but to no avail. They perished as well.

Only when The Great Shepherd ritually severed a Great Sutak, did the rage of The Exalted One calm.

It likely saved the Gre'altuk from total destruction.

The Great Shepherd had then ordered a mobilization of the horde.

G'loo considered the opportunities this presented.

The Elevation to the height of Immortal, holy warrior and defender of the holy Temples hidden throughout the universe on different Altuks, was within reach.

The Horde was mobilizing faster than it had before. The anger of The Exalted One was motivation to get things done; even the Fel'Tuk mating was cancelled. A whole generation of Gre' lost.

Old Gre' were being put into service to fill the pods. Veterans of past wars, some missing lesser Sutaks blasted off by photon fire. Some have met the bipeds before and know of the fight they will experience once the horde is revealed.

The bipeds will all feed The Exalted One's fury. There is no doubt of that but many Gre' will perish.

Soon, the call will come soon.

The Temple had fallen to the bipeds of the Confederacy. Fleets of their ships had blasted the defense, the dishonor of the Immortals was clear as waves of their troops and robotics had invaded the holy place. The Temple had fallen quickly and precious knowledge had been lost.

Soon, the call will come soon.

Unfortunately the signal came in on an unknown carrier wave, and our crack teams of elite reporters have yet to ascertain the origin, however, reporters have been dispatched, and hopefully we will have more news soon.

Flagritz News Special

Our thanks to our be-tentacled colleagues of the Flagritz Universal News for a bumper crop of FUN Flagritz reporting this week:

The Empire reports that the Feral Felini have been rounded up within the Crusade system. The Empire will also question these beings as to the fate of the Millions of Flagritz that lived within this system before the attack.

A new world order is rolled out by the newly formed Flagritz government with a single-minded policy, this being the capture and enslavement of the feral felini for the good of the world economy and the empire.

While few of these natives will be of any use to a base, they will have use for their civilian overlords.

Update

Feral felini have been tracked down and while there have been fights and deaths, some were caught by civilian forces. A few have even been allocated for processing by the base.

Imperial Homeworld News

News to rise the Flagritz on the Homeworld this week as the first Felini of the thousands taken within the Battlefield system have been transported to Fornfell. Seen my many as they were moved in chains to an Imperial Holding centre, what goes on within this holding centre few know.

Breeze within the Zephyr system

Two large forces are heading to the last hold outs to restore order to this world.

Vanus system

The Empire has imposed order on this system

Investigation/Palus/Political Structure/FLZ Offer of Direct Aid/211.14

Having an experienced officer in the negotiations proves prudent as he points out that offering to directly attack opponents of the natives would be extreme folly. It is one thing to supply them with weaponry but as an alien species to enter the conflict, this would be seed and conquest and could in turn unify the rest of the world against the FLZ and their puppets.

Now that the natives are advancing the best option would be exhaust both Security and Government - thereby imparting both legitimacy and the means to enforce it.

Knowledge has been added to the information archive.

Update 212.33

Legitimacy to the cause of the faction supported by the Empire is achieved through the exhaustive use of Government and Security. Together these produce the first grounding for a stable government. One of the key policies of this government is the quiet removal of detractors and opponents to prisons.

The leaning of the Empire can expand this process to include minority groups and enemies and other undesirables for off-world transport as slaves to the Empire.

Investigation/Palus/Political Structure/FLZ Offer of Direct Aid/Government

The government is still very much fledgling and unstable as they wrangle over internal politics. They are however becoming something of a force to be reckoned with amongst the squabbling factions due to government and security techs.

The use of economics (8639) will establish the government faction as the primary financial centre of the world. Then three months later they should be in a position to trade with off-worlders. Note though that it is still likely that there will be acts of sabotage against any base on this world once it starts merchandising.

Update 212.39

Economics is exhausted in order to put in place the foundation of a fiscal structure spanning the world, replacing many localised currencies and exchange rates.

Over the coming year this will increase the government's control over the economy and therefore the population.

GCE Take A Clobbering

Date: 213.1.5

Location: An Aurum Concurus, Agripeta system, Halo periphery

Today a CNF battle fleet targeted all ships and positions in orbit of An Aurum Concurus.

A GCE squadron of 11 warships drew the totality of the CNF fire. GCE ships Metamorphosis (a 70HH carrier) and My Love My Life (a 75NH sensor ship) were destroyed, and several of the other warships were damaged.

This heroic action by the outnumbered and heavily outclassed GCE force allowed all the unarmed ships to escape damage, not to mention the various starbases and outposts on the planet's surface.

The CNF commander has already apologised for the human error that led to this tragedy, and reparations have been offered.

Registration Deadline Approaches

The deadline for registration of positions within Confederate space is this weekend, and all sentients are reminded that failure to register will almost certainly earn the fury of the entire bloc of Empire affiliations, rendering the guilty party with virtually no safe systems to exist in.

The news obviously has no vested interests in this, but we urge all who may be affected to register with the Confederate leader as soon as possible as the consequences will likely be unpleasant.

A Very Ulian Christmas

The Ulian Stellar Nation have been celebrating the Christmas period as only genocidal alien thugs can ' by indulging in that favourite Krellish pastime ' Smashing Krell Stuff To Bits.

The Ulian ground assault troops that have been in action against various Krell installations throughout the Storm system have continued offensive operations against a number of Krell outposts but ran into stiffer than expected resistance as the Krell dug in and fought back, necessitating the calling in of reinforcements from off-world.

The Krell outpost Mighty Cheese was the scene of particularly fierce fighting, as a days long battle was eventually concluded in favour of the Ulians.

We understand the Ulians then went on to celebrate their victory, but in the interests of everybodys sanity, we are not at liberty to disclose the details.

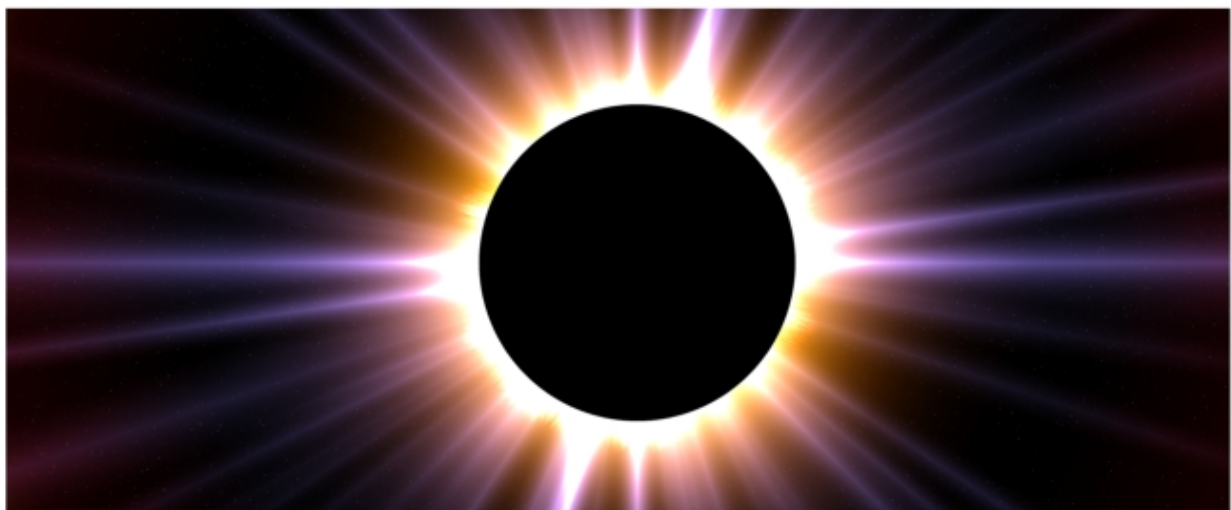
Coreward Arm

Some trading news has arrived from the newly discovered Coreward Periphery, where it appears as if the largely insular inhabitants are initially a little uncertain of all of these new strange sentients turning up in their space and offering to sell them the oddest selection of merchandise.

Prices are understood to be disappointing, although this will surely wear off as the inhabitants of these new systems discover just how much they need new footwear and strange Aquaphib tentacled rubber suits.

More Coreward News

The FET exploration corp are reporting that there is increasing competition throughout the Coreward Arm as speculators and miners are starting to flood in looking for rare ore deposits. Although they remain confident of reaching their own set targets for mineral exploitation.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.3.1

Halo

The usually quite quiet and peaceful Halo Periphery has sparked into conflict this week when Confederate ground forces launched a daring and unexpected attack against the DTR facility Opera Base on Mei Mei Mei. During this assault the Confederacy also deployed a brand new never seen before troop type ' Human Assault Infantry

A force of several thousand Confederate troops moved in for the attack:

Round 1: 810 Human Assault Infantries - 78 [1620] damage
6 Human Crew - 0 [6] damage
192 Human Mercenaries - 10 [384] damage
321 Human Soldiers - 56 [1284] damage
4 Human Veteran Crew - 0 [8] damage
698 Human Veteran Mercenaries - 124 [2792] damage
171 Human Veteran Soldiers - 56 [1368] damage
17 Light Tank mkIIs - 39 [425] damage
1 Salyut 'sam' Houston - 0 [10] damage

Unfortunately for the Confederacy they ran into stiffer than expected resistance from the Detinus Republic, who wiped out the attacking force to a man before the sun had set on the battlefield. Detinus casualties are reported to amount to 23 souls killed, and a loss of 21 light tanks.

Raiders

A squadron of GTT heavy cruisers has intercepted the DTR Freighter 'Githy Is A Tool' in the Badlands system this week.

The freighter was able to dump cargo and flee.

Outpost Busted

The busy DTR raiding squadrons have been in action again this week, wreaking destruction on the IMP mining outpost Peg Beta in the Pegasus system:

IMP Peg beta (50414) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 28 BUNA (36247) - 18671 [22837] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 111 GREYHOUND (99015) - 12198 [15280] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 14250 [18112] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 21048 [26324] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 19875 [24411] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 KIEV (50397) - 13692 [17067] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL xxx LAE II (54804) - 15606 [19348] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL xxx BOUGAINVILLE II (67548) - 16056 [19236] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 17946 [22499] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 RENDOVA (30229) - 18419 [22836] Damage

It is not known how much of the outpost was left standing, but the report seems to indicate it likely suffered extensive damage.

Meanwhile 6 further Empire mining facilities in the same system have also come under heavy attack by the DTR.

More Outposts Busted

Two more Empire mining facilities have come under attack from DTR vessels:

GTT Harlequin Wag Mine P1 (87352) - Outpost
Scints: 35.8
Targeted by DTR CL 194 GRAYLING (5566) - 12809 [15974] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 RUNNER (52575) - 12173 [15975] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 SHARK (20730) - 6282 [7909] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 PICKEREL (38408) - 12624 [15749] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 TRITON (76620) - 10912 [14287] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 TULA II (59844) - 59945 [67760] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 CISCO (99636) - 11552 [14962] Damage
FET Harlequin Wag Mine S2 (7314) - Outpost
Scints: 35.8

Targeted by DTR CL 194 SMOLENSK II (34431) - 66281 [66000] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 WAHOO (89336) - 7312 [7312] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 GRUNION (30962) - 6974 [6974] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 YELNYA II (82279) - 10395 [10395] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 ARGONAUT (77575) - 4448 [4448] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 AMBERJACK (67003) - 5569 [5569] Damage

Raiders

GTT raiders have intercepted and destroyed a DTR freighter in the Venice system, close to the location of the recent major battle.

Diplomatic Hiccup

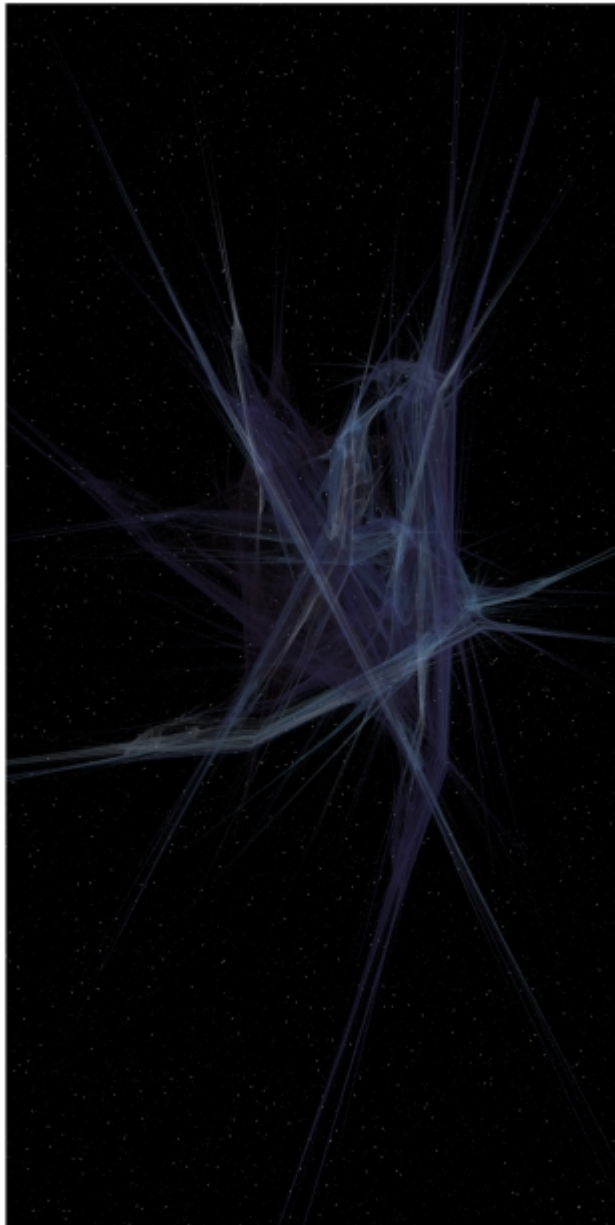
A recent DTR Senator's use of the phrase 'Death to Tyrants!' has sparked a small diplomatic incident with the Felini this week, who were driven to enquire as to exactly why the Detinus Republic was proclaiming death for their leader.

For those who might be new to the Peripheries, the leader of the FEL is designated 'Tyrant'.

DTR diplomatic staff were quick to launch a thorough committee hearing regarding defining precisely which 'tyrants' they were referring to, but wanted to make it clear they in no way intended to refer to the FEL Tyrant.

China

GTT strike forces have destroyed a small DTR platform located in deep space in the China system.



Battlefield

We have received the following report from Flagritz news sources.

Fighting broke out again this week within the Battlefield system when a large Felini ground force attacked one of the Imperial held outposts within the system taking around 10% of the outpost on the first day of combat. By the second day the attack was running out of steam as Imperial forces more or less stopped any further advances within the outpost on the second day. By the 3rd day it was clear that Imperial forces had mustered and in a counter attack pushed the Felini forces out of the outpost.

Leading the attack were 500 Feline Veteran Soldiers

After three days of fighting well over 1000 Felini were dead with the few survivors being left to die at the edge of the outpost. It is understood at time of press there are no survivors.

GTT Press Release

The GTT press office have issued the following statement:

The Board of Directors of the GTT have voted to elevate Salvatore Kong to the position of Security Director. Mister Kong is the half brother of

General Koenig Kong the previous Security Director who perished under a massive hail of Antimatter Missiles in the recent Battle of Venice.

Antimatter missiles are officially listed as WoMD and are banned under interstellar treaties.

Newly minted Director Kong solemnly vowed to uphold the highest traditions of the GTT and to actively pursue redress for his brother's death at the hands of WoMD wielding DTR.

The office of the CEO,
James Stryker

DTR Response To GTT Press Release

SSS reporters have contacted the office of the Detinus Republic Magistrate to seek clarification on allegations from the GTT that the DTR have violated Interstellar Treaties in their use of Anti-Matter.

The Magistrate clarified that according to the EEM the Tau Ceti convention outlaws the use of nuclear weapons, but that Anti-Matter is not itself a nuclear weapon, being that it is Anti-Matter, not Nuclear.

Further:

- 1) These Anti-Matter weapons were deployed in deep space very far away from where any civilians may have been harmed.
- 2) Their deployment was fully compliant with all DTR laws and regulations governing conduct in the Venice system.
- 3) Anti-Matter is not 'officially listed' on any interstellar treaty anywhere.
- 4) The DTR are not signatories to the Tau Ceti agreement anyway.
- 5) The Imperials were technically in violation of the Tau Ceti convention when it transpired their patrol commissioner was running a piracy operation.
- 6) The HLQ have admitted to using PIR positions to attack platforms in the past - also arguably in contravention of Tau Ceti convention.
- 7) The GTT PD Roland has also found to be supporting piracy - also a violation
- 8) The DTR position is that the HLQ useage of Meklanisation procedures violates the 'acceptable treatment of civilians'.
- 9) Kanji - the ultimate rogue element - sourced his nuclear weapons from the FET. The FET were never willing to share details of what kind of stockpile Kanji had taken with him... the DTR consider this to be implicit support of rouge elements and feel the FET are possibly also in violation of the Convention.
- 10) The DTR are currently assessing the evidence for Norozov Holdings self-styled 'cartel organisation' to be classified as a rogue element.
- 11) The DTR are certain to send puppies and flowers the next time the Empire invades Venice, please come again.

Scout Destroyed

A lone DTR scout has been destroyed in orbit of Squamata in the Skye system by Confederate forces.

Special Report - FUN News

Our colleagues at the Flagritz Universal News service have a fresh news injection directly into our brains. Once again our thanks go out to the Flagritz for their wholesale evil alien overlord brutality contributions.

Breeze update

Control of the Southern Urban Continent now seems to be total

Special Action/Breeze/Distribute Civilian Weaponry/212.51

10kmu civilian weaponry are handed to coordinators amongst the newly appointed flagritz ad hoc government. These are be transferred to civilian militia and security forces in order to maintain flagritz control of the urban sectors following the removal of native resistance.

An Imperial force reached the Central Urban Continent

Special Action/Breeze/Enforce Imperial Will/Central Continent/213.1

The troops extend across the urban sector, destroying buildings, forcing possible rebels out into the surrounding urban sectors. The troops encounter points of resistance - these would have no doubt been used as staging points if left to fester.

All in all the back of resistance is quickly broken.

A Larger force is now close to the Northern Urban Continent.

Planet improvements Twilight systems

A number of Planets within the Twilight systems have been improved over the last few Months, these are the Planet Life in the Day system as well as the Planet Awakening within the Dawn system. Within the main Twilight system the Moon of R101 also has been Improved with new Hive and Flagritz being seeded onto the Moon.

a Number of Techs were exhausted.

Planet Improvements Core systems

The Planet Latebra within the Fossilika System has also seen the building of an urban sector and seeding of 150,000 Flagritz as well as a number of Techs being exhausted. This on top of the work being done to end the Ice Age within Animula and terraforming Maereo.

Maereo was a project started a long time ago but still has problems

Orbital Scan/Maereo

The orbit of the world contains the standard range of civilian satellites used for world communication. These are fairly old models and have been here for a long time. Some have shut down or are running well below standard operating parameters. It is clear that this is a backwaters planet that has been neglected long before the Empire collapsed.

The sensors also pick up a weak magnetosphere and a steady trickle of outgassing as the atmosphere steadily boils off into space.

Special Action/Maereo/Open Contact/Atmospheric Failure/206.3

Any terraformed atmosphere unless perfectly stable will require some sort of addressing and modifying over time, especially one that does not have a gravity well capable of keeping an oxygen/nitrogen atmosphere. On this world it was due some more plants and various other bacterial agents required for continued stability. These are not massive problems and regular trade would have invariably provided the necessary products but the lack of trade and native industry has meant that there has been a steady degradation. Fixing the atmosphere either requires the construction of terraforming complexes or some kind of terraforming plant.

Action:

Given the low number of flagritz (18000) here, the obvious difficulties in terraforming, speak with the locals about why the old empire did it - if this system was just a transit point, why was the trouble taken? There must be a reason for such an expense - especially if there is no bases here.

As a transit point, ask if there are any ships that were left stranded here in the collapse of the old empire?

Special Action/Maereo/Reason for Terraforming

Rumours of genocide against the first sentient species to rise up against the Empire are almost as old as the Empire itself. For those in this system the planet Letum is a constant reminder. This planet was terraformed after the Letum were first encountered. It was later used in order to ensure that interplanetary vessels could conduct their campaign against the Letum with impunity, wiping the entire species out and then rewriting the history books to remove all mention of them where possible. That was hundreds of years ago and even on this world there is little information remaining on the factual events.

Special Action/Maereo/Civilian Contact

The representative of the FLZ firmly commits the Empire to establishing a presence on the world and improving infrastructure and planetary environment. This said, should unforeseen circumstances manifest that means that the Empire cannot achieve these ends, then it is assured that the civilians of the world will be given passage (if desired) back to the populated realms closer to the home world.

This proves agreeable to at least two thirds (the isolationist xeno seem content to stay if not threatened).

As for where to place a base, they know of the vast metals deposit in sector {23,18}.

Action:

Speak with the flagritz government on Maero about what the empire used to previously terraform the planet and is any of it still left (either terraforming satellites, or if they know the source of any biological life that would help)

Investigation/Maereo/Previous Terraforming

According to the planetary ecologists, the planet was terraformed a long time ago through the use of various plants that were adapted to cold carbon dioxide atmosphere but produced large amounts of oxygen. Once the atmosphere reached specified oxygen and carbon dioxide levels the plants die off. As this was such a long time ago, there are no plants remaining.

They have no idea where the original plants came from as all this happened generations ago.

Action:

Study the planets eco-system and try to identify the plant spores used to terraform the planet (if they still exist in the atmosphere, then checking near the venting atmosphere is likely to show a concentration of them as they are sucked out). This is to id where they came from and how many, etc are needed to rebuild the atmosphere

Investigation/Maero/Atmosphere/Spores

Some samples are taken from the troposphere and checked for spores and pollen. There is very little present but from the samples analysed the team discover that these are associated with the swamp regions of the world. The plants are those that seem most resilient to low temperatures. It is likely that these are the species that have survived the longest or have adapted the most to the changing environment and therefore cultivation of the plants that currently exist is not likely to enact a change in the current atmosphere.

The team however are able to catalogue the spores and may be able to find out which species of presumably swamp flora they came from presuming they know of a planet within the Empire with swamps.

Action:

Continue to speak with the locals, telling them the empire is trying to rebuild the planet, but it looks like it will take time as the plant spores needed appear to be from swamps...yet no swamps exist in the empire (so far discovered). Do they know of any? being on the transit spot they must have picked up some gossip about other imperial planets?

Investigation/Maero/Atmosphere/Spores/Origin

The team, having collected a lot of spores from the atmosphere of the world, consult with the civilian authorities on the world explaining that saving the planet will take time and that any information regarding the plants would be useful. In response an amateur botanist from the world first of all seems disappointed that the captain does not immediately know which world the plants may have originated on and secondly questions the validity of examining species that are still living on the world even though it is no longer breathable! He suggests that with his guidance they should be able to collect some samples of spores and pollen from the flora that existed during the terraforming of the world. He will meet the team in crust sector {11,16} as this used to be covered in vegetation according to old planetary maps.

Investigation/Maero/Crust/Terraforming Plants

The team meet with the amateur botanist in what appears to be an endless expanse of frozen soil with black patches of dead vegetation.

The botanist explains that it has been like this for a few years now although even when the empire was active breathing out here was difficult, not unlike being up a very high mountain.

After some banter there is a short period where core samples are extracted from the ground, thawed and seed, spore and pollen samples are extracted and classified.

Analysis is undertaken in order to determine which were prolific at the time of the atmospheric changes bringing about a breathable atmosphere.

The flora has a great deal in common with vegetation found on Audentia in the Animula system. Both are adapted to a cold environment although there are obvious genetic differences.

It looks like strains of plants were adapted to grow here.

Investigation/Maereo/Crust/Terraforming Plants

729mu genetically modified plants from Audentia are seeded onto the surface of the world.

A free special action can be issued in 210.40 (once month after seeding) to determine initial progress and whether any further immediate action is required.

If this proves satisfactory, a second action can be issued in 211.36 to determine the planetary situation and progress of the modified plants.

Investigation/Maereo/Structures below Ice {27,23}/Late Terraforming

The temperature of the world continues to rise due to the seeding of the adapted plants, though it is unlikely that this region will be free of ice for some years. Even then it is probable that the remains that are trapped under the ice are badly damaged. There is also the risk that the rapidly melting ice will form lakes behind ice barriers. When the barriers eventually fail, the water will drain rapidly down these valleys, ripping away everything that exists here.

A civil engineering project to protect the site could be achieved through the use of 50 rock structure modules present in this sector. After this, an exhaustive archaeological survey (7040) could give a lot more details on what is present and salvageable.

Investigation/Maereo/Crust/Terraforming Plants

729mu genetically modified plants from Audentia are seeded onto the surface of the world.

A free special action can be issued in 210.4 (once month after seeding) to determine initial progress and whether any further immediate action is required.

If this proves satisfactory, a second action can be issued in 211.36 to determine the planetary situation and progress of the modified plants.

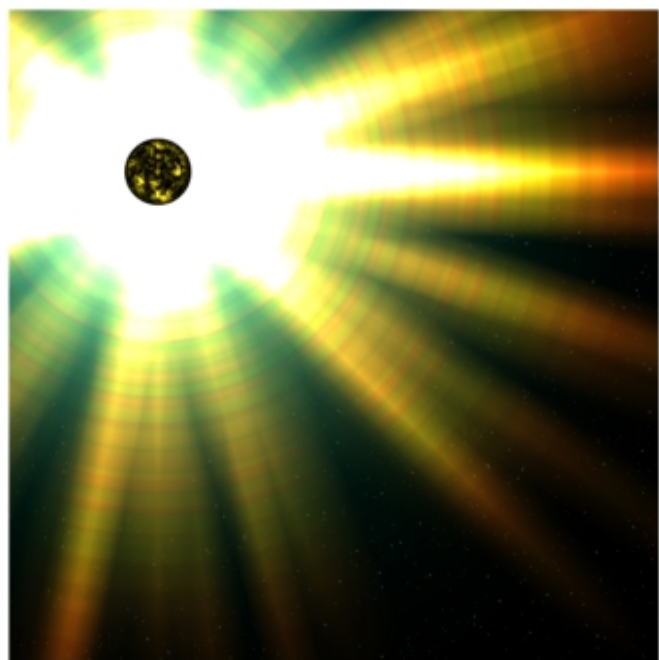
Update 211.45

The atmosphere has reached dynamic equilibrium and has become breathable, though the plants are slowly dying. Modifications to the planetary infrastructure have been made.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

Investigation/Maereo/Crust/Terraforming Plants/Long Term Prognosis /211.45.4

The plants are dying and it is expected that given a decade or so the temperature will have steadily dropped so that the planet starts to head once again back into an ice age. The reason for this is not clear but may be the reason why the previous attempt to



terraform the world failed.

The use of synthetic greenhouse gases could boost the temperature and some efforts could be made to determine why the plants have failed (exhaustive use of terrestrial flora tech) and try to remedy it.

For the moment however there is the option of simply ignoring the issue.

Special Action/Maereo/Cultivate Sector {6,17}

100 structural modules, 1k alien plantlife, 5k civilians and 5k livestock are used to cultivate the sector.

Modifications to the planetary infrastructure have been made.

GM Note - plantlife is required to make it cultivatable but is not a life item and therefore does not contribute to the 10k requirement.

Special Action/Maero/Seed Civilians/212.24

8250 flagritz civilians are seeded onto the world. Along with them come 2500 of a lesser race who are quickly assigned jobs of a less salubrious nature. It is certain that within months most of these beings will have committed some sort of crime ensuring that they get long sentences of indenture (effectively enslaved).

Greenhouse gasses are being shipped in and the project is ongoing with plans to ship in terrestrial Flora tech in the next few weeks once a spare ship can be found.



Special Report - The Tau Ceti Agreement

Special Action/History of the Tau Ceti Convention

The original convention was written at the end of the Rebellion. Both sides having reached a situation where the Confederacy could not win, while the Empire were not in a position to push the advantage decided to call a truce. The exact details cover removal of Confederacy forces and supporters from the Empire, through the system of the expanding RR-Lyrae star into a group of systems that eventually became the Inner Empire.

The convention banned the use of nuclear weapons. This covers all targets. It also stated the illegality of supporting of rogue elements (termed pirates).

There are also chapters covering the acceptable treatment of civilians.

All factions (military and civilian affiliations) signed the convention within the Inner Empire and this policy was taken to the Peripheries where it was introduced to new factions as and when they were met.

The convention has since gained a new chapter concerning the neutrality of Kastorian space, but is otherwise fairly close to the original.

Officially, only the Empire and the Confederacy are signatories although the code of conduct expressed within the convention is broadly accepted by alien governments including the Detinus.

Special Report - What Is Anti-Matter?

Crack SSS/IGN reporters have obtained a tech manual for AM Missiles from a secret government research lab:

AM Missile (3000) - 1 mu

Antimatter is very explosive when it comes into contact with matter and must be contained in magnetic bottles. An antimatter missile contains a number of grains of the substance that react with matter when the containment is broken.

If the target is not covered by an ISR field it will deliver 100 strikes at 500 damage instead of 1.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.4.1

Scandal As IMP Viceroy Implicated In Murder And Assassination

Shocking news has broken this week as the Imperial Viceroy Lord Githyanki has fled office in the wake of shocking reports regarding his collusion in alleged large-scale corruption, assassination and murder when he took control of the IMP some years ago.

The following press release has been issued:

News has reached our offices of a dispute at the most senior level of the Empire, with Viceroy Darth Githyanki having fallen from favour following the release of apparent sections of his memoirs, even though Githyanki has since claimed the work to be entirely one of fiction.

Emperor Lysander presided over a heated debate regarding alleged corruption infesting the very senior level of Imperial Office citing murder, sedition and interfering with the process of Viceroy selection. It is believed however, before any investigation could be instigated the Viceroy, who was described as being rather cross, threw down his Imperial Seal of office and stormed from the chambers with his entourage in tow. Whether this was an action designed to spare further shame for the empire is not clear, but what is clear is that the Imperial's seem to be absent a Viceroy.

Githyanki himself, last reported to be seeking the council of Duke Gregor Konstantin, was understood to have left on his personal Flagship with all haste, claiming that he had been set up, his present whereabouts remain unknown.

As to who released the alleged memoirs this is also unknown as is their intention in doing so, some have made the suggestion however that it was the settling of a long maintained grudge by a party on a personal crusade to rid the Imperial's of the stench of corruption of which Viceroy Githyanki was apparently at its heart.

More News as we receive it.

New IMP Viceroy Announced

Transmission from IMP Command

With Immediate effect, I, Jack Jones, have been promoted to Viceroy.

Any communications IMP related are to be forwarded to me, and not the member of the previous office.

If you had any agreements with the previous office, please forward these to me, and I will look into said agreements, before making a judgement.

Jack Jones

Flagritz News

This week saw the Homeworld of the Flagritz building 10 Cultivated sectors to help solve the food problems on this planet. A large number of ships are now being used to ship food from a number of nearby planets and systems.

Update

10 cultivated sectors established, converting underused urban sectors. Improvements to life demand have been made and due to increased internal food production, a further improvement to system claim support has been made.

Over 60,000 troops this week moved in to the Northern Continent on the Planet of Breeze. This was the muster point for the Army of Breeze before it was destroyed. Out of the 10 urban sectors in this belt 3 were destroyed. This now brings the total of urban sectors turned to ruin to 5, one in the Southern Belt, one in the Central belt and the three this week.

Special Action/Breeze/Enforce Imperial Will/Northern Continent/213.2

The troops extend across the urban sector, destroying buildings, forcing possible rebels out into the surrounding urban sectors. The troops encounter points of resistance - these would have no doubt been used as staging points if left to fester.

All in all the back of resistance is quickly broken and control of the world is now fully established.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

>TU 5: Damage (Troop) {10} {1500} {points of resistance}

points of resistance caused 5029 (9000) damage.

Damage Report:

1 Assault Tank (833)

748 Flagritz Mercenaries (600)

803 Flagritz Soldiers (603)

24 Light Tanks (821)

2 Light Tank mkIIIs (822)

The Atrox system

Special Action/Atrox/Sentient Life

A quick scan of the system reveals emissions from Ftagnh, the moon of Atrox B within the thick asteroid belt.

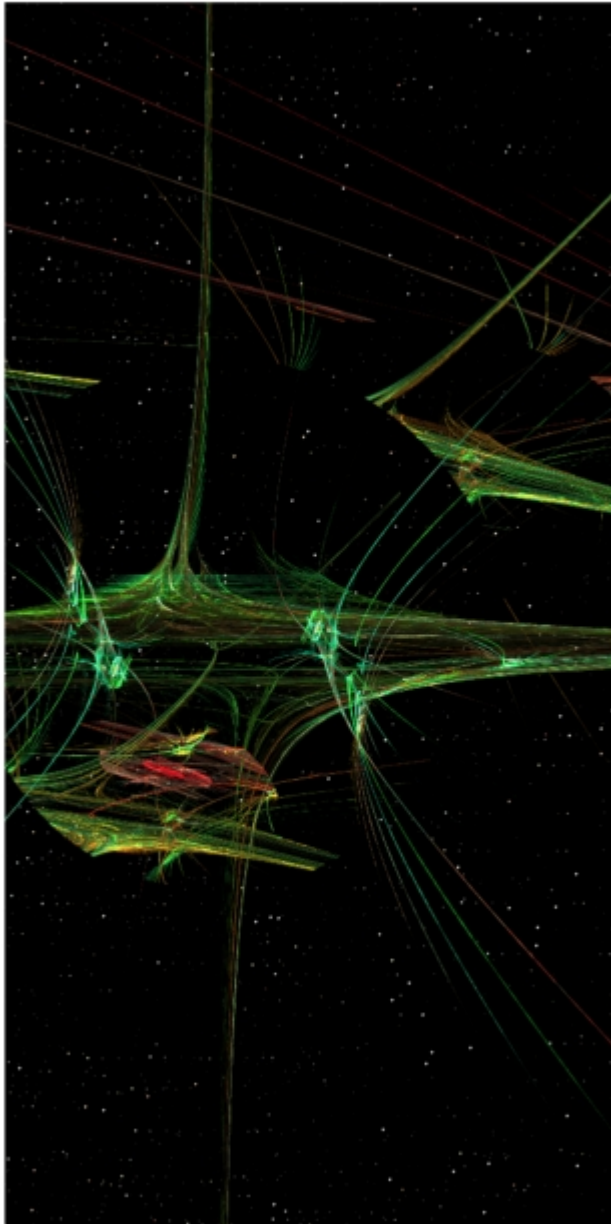
The emissions are clearly Flagritz, old-empire though the noise from the belt and giants means that getting more than garbled signals is not possible.

Investigation/Atrox/Asteroid Belt/Safe Passage

As the belt and the giants orbit the primary star, they have different orbital periods. Atrox A for example orbits slower than the belt and the belt slower than Atrox B.

What this means is that the gravitational well of the giants on the belt effectively funnels the asteroids into their belt zone, but prevents them from accreting into a world.

The scan of the belt indicates that it appears to be fairly opaque throughout and quite dangerous (average damage about 1250).



Investigation/Atrox/Asteroid Belt/Evolution

From orbital data picked up a basic model is produced that shows the asteroid belt to be between sixty thousand a three million years old (very rough).

If the younger limit is used, then it is expected that with the current stellar output, it will start to collapse under radiative pressure such

that it should be a modest selection of large asteroids in around twenty-five thousand years. At this time, the belt will no longer pose a navigational hazard.

Suffice to say, for the next few centuries, there will no significant change in the density profile of the belt.

Investigation/Atrox/Asteroid Belt/Communications

Scattering of emf as it passes through the asteroid belt means that observing through the belt is difficult on account of the noise.

Interference of this nature us not unusual, though the thickness of the belt in this case means that only simple data can be collected, such as planet maps and the certainty of a civilian population.

It is likely that an attempt to communicate with the population from the far side of the belt will prove fruitless.

From the planet, the belt probably looks like a thick star-field as it reflects the light from the systems sun.

Investigation/Atrox/Asteroid Belt/Safe Passage/Plot Course

The team study the paths taken by the recent ship and older ones by the shuttles.

These are then correlated against the various rocks noted during the passage through the belt.

They discover, as they had suspected that very few of the rocks are in the same relative location to when they passages took place. Rather than think of a belt as a single entity, think of it as millions of

individual rocks. Each has its own orbit and each orbital period is based on its semi-major axis. Only when two semi-major axis are the same will the two objects retain their relatively positions. For a belt therefore everything is changing. The inner objects are rotating faster than the outer objects. This means that gaps are always opening and closing. What makes it even harder to calculate is that each of these rocks influences nearby rocks as they pass by through their weak gravitational fields. This means that even though the overall field will contain the majority of the rocks, slowly accreting them over millions of years, they will also deflect their paths so that they follow precessional oscillations. All in all, only moving through incredibly slowly using reaction drives rather than fairly random ISR drives is feasible.

Special Action/Ftaghn/FLZ Arrival/210.5

The captain and the crew are given a warm welcome by the official committee - such as it is. This though turns to speculation of more important visits in the future, once it is revealed that this is little more than an exploration vessel. The issue with safe passage through the belt is brought up - something that they try to forget about, it now being some years ago. Essentially though, they moved through very slowly using shuttles and taking many months per trip. Many thousands died, but they thought that all contact with the Empire had been lost and their old location was no longer viable.

Raiders Strike

Detinus Republic raiding squadrons have struck again against Empire assets, this time attacking three IMP/GTT outposts in the Misre system:

IMP Misre Bime I (25502) - Outpost

Scints: 2.4

Targeted by DTR CL 194 GRAYLING (5566) - 15797 [17661] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 SHARK (20730) - 7589 [8750] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 GRUNION (30962) - 15969 [18673] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 PICKEREL (38408) - 14311 [16199] Damage

IMP Misre Bime II (98649) - Outpost

Scints: 2.4

Targeted by DTR CL 194 ARGONAUT (77575) - 7358 [8339] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 WAHOO (89336) - 17466 [20362] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 RUNNER (52575) - 15655 [17887] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 TRITON (76620) - 16526 [18561] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 CISCO (99636) - 16237 [18899] Damage

GTT Misre Bime Mine T2 (40391) - Outpost

Scints: 2.4

Targeted by DTR CL 194 AMBERJACK (67003) - 3335 [4017] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 YELNYA II (82279) - 5547 [7560] Damage

Faery

Empire operations in the Faery system have continued as IMP scout forces located a small previously unknown DTR asteroid mining facility.

A force of 20,000 Imperial Naplian Mercenaries, clearly in no mood to run into unexpected trouble, mobbed the facility and captured it in short order.

It is understood a sizeable stockpile of Fibrillium was captured along with the base.

Clarification

The Editor would like to point out that a report in last weeks edition incorrectly cited the office of the DTR Magistrate as being the source of the Detinus Republic's response to a GTT Press Release.

The statement did not come from the DTR Magistrates office, and instead came from an un-named DTR source.

We apologise for any confusion this error in our reporting may have caused.

Scout Destroyed

A lone GTT scout has been destroyed whilst entering orbit of DTR Scuba Station in Arachnid.

Raiders Strike

The busy DTR raiders have been in action again this week, hitting the orbit of Peeper in the Kasmer system:

IMP Kasmer Peeper I (6391) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 13680 [13680] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 NYMPHE II (16173) - 21160 [21160] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 DRESDEN (25489) - 21375 [21375] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 EURYALUS II (91205) - 3520 [3520] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 GUERRIERE II (46550) - 18904 [18494] Damage
IMP Kasmer Peeper II (9337) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 15240 [14960] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 JUNO II (27377) - 18403 [17583] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 BOADICEA II (49721) - 17818 [17818] Damage
GTT KasPee Mo -e (13204) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 5677 [6640] Damage
GTT KasPee Mo -e (39408) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 112 AMAZON II (62995) - 20039 [21970] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 NEREIDE (19814) - 20100 [22374] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUERSTADT (70147) - 12879 [14404] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 WAGRAM (97121) - 15418 [17161] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC SEDECIM (64880) - 14480 [15120] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 MAGICIENNE (91765) - 19657 [22071] Damage
GTT KasPee R (8243) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 99 MARENGO (11975) - 15117 [15117] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 AMPHION II (60903) - 18730 [18730] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 BORODINO (21489) - 22837 [22837] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 4240 [4240] Damage
GTT KasPee T -C -e (93697) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUSTERLITZ (78792) - 20856 [24074] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 LOIRE II (93156) - 20844 [23489] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 NAIAD II (96489) - 19626 [23387] Damage

The DTR vessels are understood to have escaped without damage.

One More Raid

And as if three operations in one week wasn't enough, the DTR raiders have struck again, this time in the Curly system:

IMP PC-23 (54338) - Outpost
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 1485 [1920] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC SEDECIM (64880) - 1576 [1920] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 BORODINO (21489) - 24318 [27449] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 DRESDEN (25489) - 21342 [24186] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 3750 [4460] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 3905 [4440] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 MARENGO (11975) - 14912 [16916] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUERSTADT (70147) - 12878 [14651] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUSTERLITZ (78792) - 20283 [23175] Damage
> Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 3658 [4000] Damage

Another Correction

Last week we reported that Human Assault Infantry was a new type of infantry in the Peripheries, but thanks to an enlightening letter to the Editor, we have learnt that this type of infantry has been around for a while, just not widely deployed.

Human Assault Infantry (685)

Tech Manual Assault troops have much heavier armour than other troops. They are designed to be the first in or the last out. The added energy and requirements of this armour means sacrificing some of the heavier weapons enjoyed by soldiers.

Assault infantry are considered as soldiers for the purposes of promotion.

Security Factors 16

Our thanks go out to our knowledgeable readers.

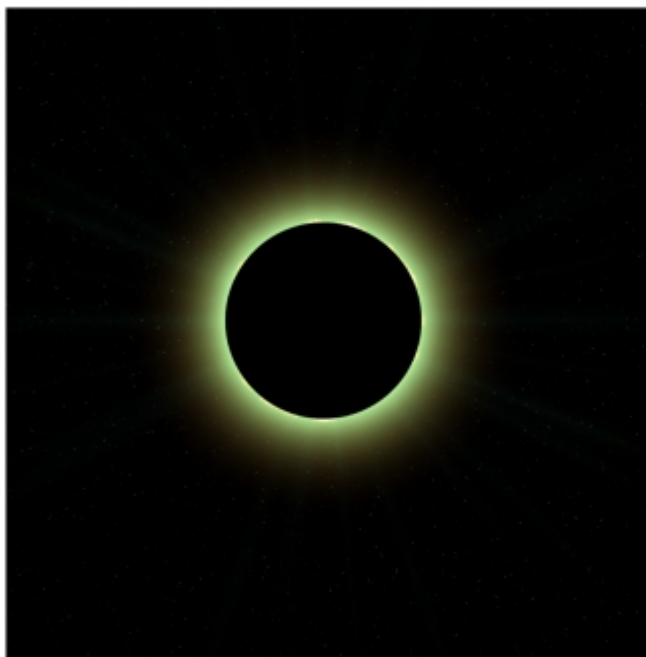
Brotherhood Thought Of The Day - Sponsored By Staykleen Polish 'I can't believe the bloodstains are gone!'

Fear the alien
Fear the unbeliever
Fear the heretic
Fear the idolator
Fear the traitor

Exaltation through bloodshed
Exaltation through mutilation
Exaltation through pain
Exaltation through suffering
Exaltation through purging

Cleanse the soul
Cleanse the individual
Cleanse the world
Cleanse the race
Cleanse the galaxy

- Excerpt from the Archzealot Quetzalcoatli's 193 best seller "The Place of Faith in the Galaxy - Death to the Heretics!" Recently reprinted.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.5.1

Business As Usual

The hunt for Lord Githyanki, the now missing leader of the Imperial Services who was recently implicated in assassination and other crimes, appears to have been abandoned this week with the transition of power to the new Viceroy.

How dedicated the Empire will be towards hunting down such criminal elements is questionable, with the Emperor Lysander apparently quite happy to turn a blind eye during past similar historical abuses of power at the upper echelons of the Empire hierarchy – an organisation that has for some time now been dogged by scandal and criminal controversy. There has been no official statement from the Imperial Court of Lysander.

Pirate Large

Having recently returned to the space lanes, Pirate Large (the one-time Imperial Patrol Commissioner) has begun wreaking havoc.

However, he has not had it all his own way with a reported attack against a Flagritz vessel in the Daggern system has proved:

PIR The Rancid Pig (78716)

Incoming Fire from PIR Boarding Party (78716)

Round 1: 290 Warbot mkIVs - 0 [2320] damage

588 Human Marines - 0 [1176] damage

4 Human Veteran Marines - 0 [16] damage

Round 2: 227 Warbot mkIVs - 0 [1816] damage

446 Human Marines - 0 [892] damage

4 Human Veteran Marines - 0 [16] damage

Round 3: 158 Warbot mkIVs - 0 [1264] damage

305 Human Marines - 0 [610] damage

3 Human Veteran Marines - 0 [12] damage

Round 4: 99 Warbot mkIVs - 0 [792] damage

181 Human Marines - 0 [362] damage

3 Human Veteran Marines - 0 [12] damage

A second attack by the surviving pirates resulted in the entire pirate boarding party being wiped out by victorious Flagritz defenders, who were only disappointed not to have a few more prisoners to tickle in that loving Flagritz razor-sharp way.

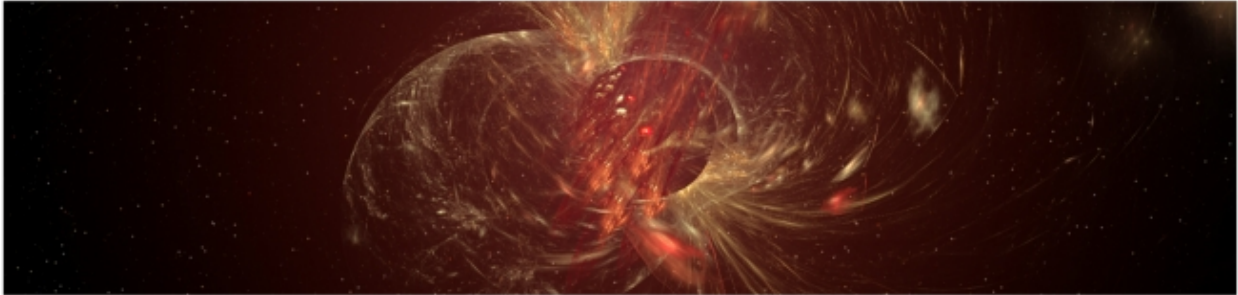
The presence of large quantities of Mark IV Warbots has again raised eyebrows, as it appears Pirate Large continues to have access to high mark cutting edge equipment.

Missing Moon

Travellers are warned as to the possible occurrence of a missing moon somewhere in the Coreward periphery that ghosts in and out of existence on navigational computers.

Some claim the moon is simply an error in nav-coms computer code, others claim it actually does exist, and holds some clue to the lost abandoned ancient cities of the Architects.

We here at the Inter-Galactic News-room couldn't possibly speculate.



Dewiek Press Release

In the past two moons DEN freighters visiting the Kastorian Free trade base Archipelago have been destroyed by hostile action.

Initially a 'lost' CNF fleet destroyed one of my freighters at date 51.1

DEN F Commercial (71620) - Ship
Barge Class Freighter {No Armour}
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

Several days ago (4.3) two more freighters were destroyed in the same location by a Brotherhood fleet.

DEN Dewiek Nation Cargo Trader (68787) - Ship
Gothic Hauler Class Freighter {No Armour}
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!
DEN FF KGIV (90847) - Ship
Cheetah Hauler - 25lh Class Freighter {No Armour}
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

The Nation is not interested in hearing the latest excuse or accepting offers of compensation. We are interested in protecting our traders and dealing with aggressors as we see fit.

DTR Raiders Strike Again

In celebration of the new Viceroy, the Detinus Republic have continued their assault against the Imperial war machine with two more strikes against IMP mining facilities:

Location:

Curly (141) - {Alpha,11} - orbit of Pi XXVI (4479)

-----Battle Summary-----

IMP PC-23 (54338) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 1485 [1920] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC SEDECIM (64880) - 1576 [1920] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 BORODINO (21489) - 24318 [27449] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 DRESDEN (25489) - 21342 [24186] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 3750 [4460] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 3905 [4440] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 MARENCO (11975) - 14912 [16916] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUERSTADT (70147) - 12878 [14651] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUSTERLITZ (78792) - 20283 [23175] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 99 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 3658 [4000] Damage

IMP Peg beta (50414) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 28 BUNA (36247) - 18671 [22837] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 111 GREYHOUND (99015) - 12198 [15280] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 14250 [18112] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 21048 [26324] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 19875 [24411] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 KIEV (50397) - 13692 [17067] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL xxx LAE II (54804) - 15606 [19348] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL xxx BOUGAINVILLE II (67548) - 16056 [19236] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 17946 [22499] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 RENDOVA (30229) - 18419 [22836] Damage

FET Exploration Press Release

We can confirm that the wormhole in Tramoss does exit to the Halo periphery.

Ancient Aliens On The Move

Rumours have surfaced that TCA ships have engaged and destroyed a Dewiek trader in the Dewiek Home Periphery - the HEX affiliation, whose system it is, has allegedly been having 'conversations' with them and the trader was unfortunate enough to be passing through at the time.

Special Report – FUN News

More from the Flagritz this week.

Major projects within the core systems of the Empire this week as Imperial planners put forward the longer term goals to move over 2 million lesser forms of life to suit the Empire. It does seem that these beings may not be fully on board with the plans but a aid to the Planning dept did say "that is why we have the nukes in orbit"

Special Action/Breeze/Urban Ghetto

Establishing a ghetto for the native naplians in this urban sector will take take approximately two months after the exhaustive use of 100 structural modules, 50 military modules and security tech. This will keep the infrastructure such as food production facilities working despite the new restrictions on movement.

It is likely that the continued removal of civilians will increase civilian resistance.

It seems that the Empire has a number of planets within the core systems that lack the ready made labour force that the Empire likes to use.

Special Action/XXXXXX/Needs

This is a backwater colony that has been wildly out of touch for a long time. They need media and education tech for a start.

After this, a few million slaves (or at least natives that they can enslave) would be satisfactory.

Some terraforming would also be useful in order to improve the life (infrastructure) demand.

After all that, then more civilians would be useful in driving up the trade demand.

A number of projects are ongoing within the core systems that have been reported within the last few weeks.

Establish a new labour force within a new system

Special Action/XXXX/Establish Slavery/213.2

10k civilian weaponry is passed out to the flagritz population and security is used to ensure that that the new regime is established. This regime ensures that XXXX, especially the new ones are brought up in a life of slavery for the overlords of the world.

Resource ID: XXXXX

Product: XXXXXXXXX

10 % Drop: 10 Complexes

Quantity: 500

Weekly Change: 50

Week after week the Empire moves closer to taking control of what Imperial planners consider an important system within the Core systems. A lot of work over the past two years seems about to pay off as the new Government seems tied to the Empire and willing to support the claim for system. Planners have been asked what if the new Government tried to bite the hand that feeds them

"that is why we have build the baseships"

Another group of planners put forward plans for the Education of inferiors

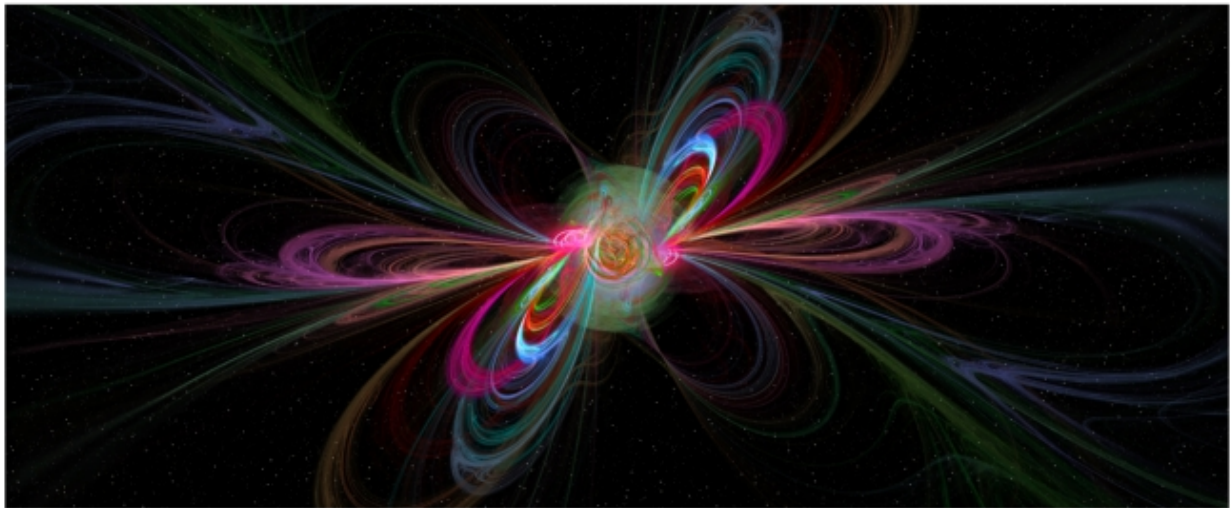
Investigation/XXXX/Natives/Education

The civilians of XXXX are classed as natives. While they can use many hi-tech objects such as tanks and various weapons that have been acquired from the Flagritz, they simply do not as a species understand the technology. If something stops working due to a fault, they have absolutely no means or knowledge of repairing it. In many cases they cannot even make the ordnance that is required for the object - their factories cannot produce the required material quality or even forge the various alloys that higher civilisations take for granted.

The slaves taken from the world often do not even recognize what common everyday objects are and have difficulty with maths, programming, co-ordinates and even fundamentals such as time and literacy.

Research into training is feasible, converting native slaves to sentient slaves is feasible though few would consider it commercially viable and many Flagritz would be opposed to the idea on moral grounds - 'educating inferiors?'

These planners have been moved to plan removing ore from a mine with a large pick and a whip at the back* only joking FLZ lord over others to do the hard work, they do the paperwork within the mine



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.6.1

Ulian News

A transmission from the normally highly secretive Ulians has been received across the sub-space static this week, as the Ulian Supreme Leader Krumong Mok has made a rare appearance on camera.

The transmission is understood to have aired following the weekly Ulian Live Execution Highlights Show (DEATH TO ALL TRAITORS!) in response to rumours of violent assemblies and mass sabotages at the USN Starbase Tyt Prime.

Displaying the dapper military uniform so beloved of cheerfully psychotic overlords, Krumong Mok had the following to say, 'Due to the ever-increasing need to support our vigilant military forces defending our homeworld from the ever-present threat the genocidal alien races, drastic measures must be introduced, less the shield shall fall, and our race follow the Umbarians into oblivion. After due consideration, the following measures have been decided, and will be effective from the start of the next work-cycle

Work-team leaders and above will be responsible for ensuring the delivery of their teams targets, and failure to achieve these will lead to demotion, and punishment for the ENTIRE team. Ordinary workers will now work for sustenance and half existing pay. No worker of any grade may desert their directed employment on pain of capture and enslavement. The punishment for a team leader will be summary execution. That is all'

Despite a heavy crackdown on reporters, SSS investigative teams nearby have reported that the proclamation, which essentially converted some 50,000 employees into indentured servitude, has resulted in large scale riots and a small amount of damage to the Starbase before security forces were able to crack down and clear the streets.

Dewiek Declare War On Detinus Republic?

Relations between the DTR and the DEN appear to have totally fallen apart this week, with the war drums being banged loudly by angry Dewiek.

The incident appears to have begun when the Wolf Lord Oatka posted the following message:

-Lords, brothers, hunters, cubs and those that trade

Following direct sabotage by the human republic and/or it's agents within the Acrux Star System against multiple Star Bases of the Elder Nation a great status has been placed upon them.

The DTR are now Prey to all hunters within the Dewiek Home. The DTR will surrender and hand over all positions currently within the Dewiek Home along with Ambassador Bug Rogers, who's head is wanted on a stick.

The Nations hunters are free to engage the republic as you find them, friends of the Nation are welcome to hunt for sport should you so wish.

The status will be reviewed once all positions within the Dewiek Home are transferred.

So a new hunt begins, The Detinus Hunt. Run food run.....!

However the 'direct sabotage' actually turns out to have been the result of the DTR finding out the following information regarding the whereabouts of upwards of 16,000 elite DTR troops that they had been expecting to receive back from the Dewiek as per their amicable handover agreement regarding the Starbase Respite, but which the Dewiek instead announced had been 'sacked' instead.

Only, this was a lie, and the troops had not in fact been sacked:

Special Action/Cyclops/Human Troops/Betrayal by Nation

Word reaches the humans at the base that they have been utterly betrayed by the Nation. Instead of being restored to the Republic following the amicable transfer of Respite to the care of the Nation, instead they have been removed to this base. As they are still in contact with humans at Respite and through them Detinus ships in the system have received instructions to evacuate the base immediately.

There is also word that quite a few human employees quit in disgust.

Special Action/Respite/Human Troops/Betrayal by Nation

Word reaches the humans at the base that they have been utterly betrayed by the Nation. Instead of being restored to the Republic following the amicable transfer of Respite to the care of the Nation, the Republic was informed that they had been sacked. As they are still in contact with Detinus ships in the system have received instructions to evacuate the base immediately.

As they formed the entirety of the security, the base is renamed on the way out. There was no means to extract the crew from the platform, but they are also quite pissed at the situation.

There are also understood to be significant transfers of materiel agreed via PA, which have all been cancelled, with the Dewiek apparently making off with a substantial amount of DTR goods that were also supposed to have been amicably returned.

The Dewiek have for their part denied this, although SSS reporters have spoken to many ex-DTR troops who have confirmed the story. So is this a case of the Dewiek sensing weakness amongst the DTR and making a demand for everything and the kitchen sink with the knowledge that the DTR cannot risk war? Does the new leadership of the DEN have a hidden agenda to bring the Dewiek into the war alongside the Empire? Have the DTR had enough of being pushed around and will they push back? Only time will tell.

Confederacy Declares War

The CNF have announced an official declaration of war against the Detinus Republic this week. Which comes as something of a surprise given the CNF have been fully engaged in a total war of annihilation against the DTR for some considerable time now.

The ways of politicians are sometimes a mystery to us.

The one question this now throws up is the situation the BHD might now find themselves in, given they are officially allied to the CNF, are they too now at war with the DTR? And has this affected the hitherto nervous peace that has existed between the DTR and BHD?

TEK

A new affiliation calling themselves the 'TEK' has been formed within the Peripheries, announcing their presence with the following message:

Salutations,

The TEK are a fellowship of scholars dedicated to the pursuit of higher learning.

We offer friendship and peaceful relations to all governments, societies, corporations, religious orders, collectives and independent sentients.

Whilst our means for direct interaction are currently limited, we would welcome dialogue with interested parties to aid further understanding.

Additionally, we would gratefully receive any donations that would enable our endeavour: Scientists who are surplus to requirements or exploration craft in particular.

We would also welcome access to interesting phenomena and locations worthy of further academic examination.

If you have any questions I would be happy to address them here publicly or in private.

My most humble best wishes to you all.

TCA

Multiple disturbing reports are coming into the SSS/IGN newsroom this week regarding multiple sightings of TCA warships moving all through the Peripheries.

We have seen at least 5 confirmed sightings of these leviathan 400 hulled living ships in several systems including the Capellan Periphery, the Dewiek Home Periphery, and the Trans-Spiral Periphery. Which suggests that whatever the TCA are up to, it is apparently pretty wide-spread and encompassing.

We have also had one report of the TCA attempting to engage a position in combat, but we unfortunately have no further details at this time.

Info-Burst.

For those new to the Peripheries, the TCA stands for Terran Colony Annihilators, the name attached to a race of sentient vessels whom, during their first encounter with humanity, wiped out a Terran Colony, thus coining the term 'TCA'.

It is not actually known how this ancient alien race refer to themselves, and indeed they remain mysterious, apparently connected in some intimate way to the Architects - that even more ancient and mysterious alien race who appear to have laid the ground work of the Stargate network, not to mention having seeded much of what passes for 'intelligent' life around the Peripheries.

Some say the TCA and the ARC are engaged in a millennium-long civil war, each seeking to annihilate the other through their use of strange exotic super-weapons and their proxies amongst the younger races of the Peripheries - the humans, the kastorians, the Dewiek, etc.

Either way, their machinations and purpose is clouded in doubt and uncertainty, but neither ARC nor TCA seem to show the slightest compassion when it comes to wiping out all those who stand in their way.

Suffice as to say, if you spot an ARC or TCA vessel, think carefully before approaching.

Scout Destroyed

A lone Confederate scout ship has been destroyed by DTR forces in the Aquarius system.

New Leadership?

There appears to have been a change at the top in the Brotherhood, with Brother Lucien taking over the reigns of this years winner of the Galaxy's Favourite Monolithic Alien-Hating Religion award.

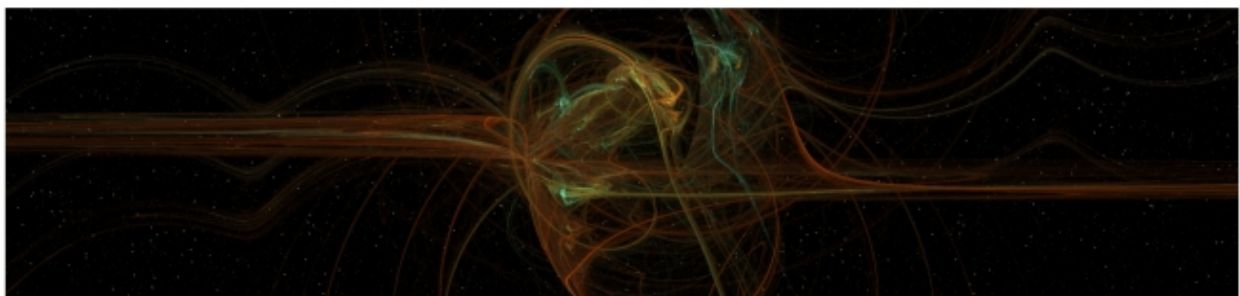
(Beating out stiff competition from the Ulian Church.)

Empire Attacks

The Empire has been in action in the Arachnid system this week, launching a series of attacks against small DTR mining facilities.

A small scale ground assault against the DTR base DEN of Fantasy is currently underway, with losses reported on both sides, but the DTR currently maintaining control.

Meanwhile an outpost in Abyss has been captured by the GTT, and an outpost in Arachnid. Both of which are understood to have been small mining operations.



DTR Attacks

Elements of the DTR Stellar Armada have made a sortie in force against the Confederate base Bedlam Sales in the Arachnid system.

Approximately 75 DTR cruisers entered orbit and opened fire against the facility, quickly silencing the defenders guns before withdrawing.

There were no losses amongst the DTR attackers, while the CNF base took light damage

Confederate News Network Broadcast

We have received the following news report from the Confederate Naval Forces:

DTR refuse exchange of prisoners

The Confederate Advocate General Jean Parisot offered the DTR an honorable exchange of Captains and it was refused.

DTR Speaker of the House of Lords Leonore Sylvansight:

"Exchange agreements are unlikely to take place while conflict lasts.

We have a reserve of many, many skilled officers - we suspect that the empire is running short and is struggling to raise the \$10k training fee for new naval officers."

Apparently the DTR think that Confederate Forces are so active building their 200 and 300 hull warships that they can't afford to buy Captains.

The Confederate News Network (CNN) has asked the Advocate General for a comment on this.

Advocate General Jean Parisot:

"It is typical for the Detinus to think that they are better planners than everyone else. It is part of their character, arrogance and conceit is a trait recurring amongst the Detinus Leaders as is the urge to bully and dictate to the other peoples of the peripheries.

They have used their military might to conquer and spread fear amongst Empire citizens, most recently with their use of anti-matter weapons and through their continued support of the known terrorist called Kanjii.

The CNF ship yards are glowing hot from churning out a great many ships from our huge stockpiles of hulls. However like the Detinus, we have lots of experienced and trained Captains waiting to assume control of one of our fine Capital ships. A shortage of Captains and stellar was not my reason for offering the exchange.

It just seemed the decent thing to do.

It will be interesting to see how the DTR captains will respond when we tell them that the Detinus care so little for them, that the Detinus consider them redundant and easily replaced and therefore see no need to let them go home to their families and friends.

War is cruel that is a fact, but I think it is important that we do not lose our humanity, our dignity or our civility. War is only as cruel as we permit it to be.

The Detinus seems eager to take the war to the next stage.

They have done so in space by their use of antimatter.

CNF forces have been very careful not to engage DTR civilian assets and in fact have not declared formal war against the Detinus. Yet the Detinus reciprocated by assaulting CNF civilian assets in Arachnid this past week, thereby forcing us to respond in kind.

They have refused an honorable exchange of officers, something otherwise common in past human wars.

Their next steps will likely be mass executions of prisoners, the use of AM on planetary targets and other terrorist attacks on the civilian populations of the Empire.

Rest assured though, we will stand guard and do our best to defend our citizens and liberate those who are already suffering under the yoke of the Detinus military junta.

That will be all."

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.7.1

Noctollis

Travellers to and from the Dewiek Home Periphery have run into a fairly major problem this week as it appears the Noctollis Stargate has been closed.

Whether this is the result of natural processes, or the rumoured interference of the TCA, nobody seems to yet know. However, it now means the primary means of transit into the DHP is now via the Empire-controlled Dyson wormhole.

So quite how the Dewiek will take it that access to their space is now controlled by a bunch of alien-hating Empire humans, remains to be seen. I'm sure it will involve love and kisses. It is valentines week after all.

The Empire for their part have issued the standard warnings that anybody who isn't cleared for transit should stay well away from their Dyson wormhole.

TCA

Following up on last weeks rumours of multiple sightings of TCA vessels in several peripheries, our newsroom has received further reports of at least one vessel being destroyed by the TCA. Further, reports have come in of sightings of a TCA vessel at the Twinkle Stargate, where it was reported to be interacting in some way with the Stargate on a sub-space level.

Elsewhere, indications are that the long cold war between the ARC and TCA is indeed turning hot, with rumours of TCA vessels engaging the ARC in battle, although our reporters are yet to get our hands on any first-hand witness reports.

Ulian News

No news is good news! Traitors!

Pirate Large Spanked Again

More bad news for pirate large, as hundreds more pirates have died:

From the Office of the GTT CEO:

Pirate Large made a huge mistake this week when he attempted multiple boardings of the GTT Q-Ship: MegaCorporate Pride (39698). It is believed that his entire boarding party of 465 Human Marines, 82 Warbots mk IV and 46 Warbots mk III were slaughtered down to the last man and Bot. The GTT had no loss of life.

The GTT ship had been noticed in the system of Acropolis by the spotter ship: PIR SHIP EYES OF LARGE (69118). The boardings were attempted by: PIR Eagle Tar Rip (98669).

MegaCorporatePride will be returned to base for renaming / reregistering to ready it for future boarding attempts by pirates seeking to live on the wilder side of life. Pirates are requested to exercise some patience while this is accomplished. They will soon get their crack at the Q-Ship when it sorties once again.

James Stryker

New Craze Sweeps Peripheries

The popular Detinus Republic tv show 'Blame Bridge' has sparked a new craze throughout Republican space, as contestants compete to find the most bizarre and unusual thing they can blame on Admiral Bridge.

We approached Emperor Lysander regarding the true parentage of the heir being carried by his reportedly pregnant wife, but the palace refused to comment.

Detinus Republic Objects To Confederate Statement

The DTR have requested the following clarification to be printed in response to the Confederate press release:

SSS from 213.06.1

Quote:

Advocate General Jean Parisot:

[. . .]

-CNF forces have been very careful not to engage DTR civilian assets and in fact have not declared formal war against the Detinus. Yet the Detinus reciprocated by assaulting CNF civilian assets in Arachnid this past week, thereby forcing us to respond in kind.-

Total nonsense.

The CNF attacked DTR civilian assets prior to this pious proclamation. Below is the first of five consecutive days of attacks by CNF forces on a DTR outpost in Agripeta that is as civilian as you can get. (Happy New Year!) Opera Base was exploiting two severely depleted trade goods deposits and attempting to maintain a market for TRN ships.

And the CNF attacked a few freighters for good measure.

No return fire, and the CNF kept attacking for four more days.

Arachnid

The Empire has continued mopping up small DTR outposts in the Arachnid system this week, with reports that two more small mining facilities have fallen to EMP troopers.

Included in this is the DTR outpost Den Of Fantasy, which was an old DNA outpost that was being held in trust for the DNA should they ever reform, at which point it would be returned.

It remains to be seen if the Empire will honour this agreement. Although the reformation of the DNA does not seem likely with Mad Max long since departed from the Peripheries.

Take Over

Garcia Enterprises have taken over the ARH in what is understood to have been a peaceful buy-out of the company.

DEN Scout Destroyed

A single DEN scout ship has been destroyed in the Arachnid system by the DTR when it violated a no-fly zone.

The state of play between the DTR and DEN remains tense, with rumours suggesting the Dewiek and their new DOM allies might be about to unleash a massive military strike upon the DTR-

- again.

Historians may remember how badly that went for the DEN/DOM last time around when they turned on the DTR while they were still close allies, but this time with the DTR sorely pressed by the Empire, the outcome of the DEN/DOM once again launching a war against them could be different. Only time will tell.

Flagritz Valentines Message

Plenty of love
Tons of kisses
Hope someday
To be your brutal overlord.

Ancient And Unknown Alien Valentines Message

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Die in screaming terror
The Architects are coming for you.

Hive Valentines

My love is like a soft soft proboscis
Penetrating your oesophagus.
It blooms in spring,
Grows in summer,
And bursts from your chest,
Like gentle raindrop kisses.

Detinus Valentines

With a flush upon its petal tips;
For the love that is pure and sweet
Has a kiss of desire on the lips;
And a boot full of anti-matter,
In trust for all your ships.

Empire Valentines

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And jackboots march forevermore.

Brotherhood Valentines

All humans are warned that valentines display disturbing levels of heresy and impurity of thought, report for emergency prayer intervention. All non humans are warned that any form of romantic entanglement is, actually, check that, all non humans are heretics and unbelievers anyway, and must be purified with fire!

Personal Statement By DTR Governor Bachman

I see the CNF publicity machine the SSS has put more CNF rhetoric out this week !

I'm also intrigued that the CNF are the ones brokering a prisoner exchange and trying to denigrate the DTR who have our hands full fighting off the aggressive intent of 8 other affs. To put our ships in harms way moving prisoners around in current war zones seems very irresponsible and harmful to the prisoners that would be involved, especially our brave DTR troops !

What really annoys me though is that in the first battles within Straddle the CNF played on the DTR's long time allied status with the CNF with the hope of fixing what was broken by the CNF betraying the DTR at the battles of Straddle and Adamski, and asked for one of their captains and crew to be returned to them. What did they offer in return for that. Nothing, nada, zilch, bugger all !!!! At the time they had no DTR prisoners and weren't willing/able to even get any from the IMP/FET/HLQ/GTT from their battles with us. So what did the nasty big bad DTR do ? Yep we did the altruistic thing and handed over Voodoo Sam to the



CNF along with his crew in exchange for nothing but goodwill !

I was ordered by my political supervisor to allow a ship to enter Straddle under a ceasefire to extract Sam and his crew and hand them over to my superiors for safe handover to the CNF. I did my duty and Sam returned home.

A completely different image to what the General Advocate would portray of the DTR and would have you believe. This and a host of other good deeds we've done in the past are looked over by the CNF and others and conveniently forgotten to then say "oh the DTR are bad as they don't want to do an exchange!" Where did that goodwill get us ? The CNF turning up to take over a large base and its platform in Arachnid and attacking in other DTR systems !

You didn't want to exchange any DTR prisoners back then, you didn't want to work to get access to any from the EMP back then so don't come crying now General Advocate that your ships have finally started to see action and some of your crew are also captured. You were quite happy for IMP/FET/HLQ crews to languish in jail back then and I guess your recent offer of an exchange is for their officers as well ? Or are you saying that if we give you all CNF prisoners we've retrieved from the recent battles you will return all DTR prisoners you have within the EMP ?

I hope that readers of the SSS and sentients of the peripheries will see the hypocrite that General Advocate Jean Parisot is and what lies he tries to spread. The DTR have ALWAYS treated prisoners of war well and we will not be changing that stance, the same can not be said of Confederate parties ! The DTR have not used AM against populations or worlds and this stance will not be changed. Look to yourselves and allies as to where barbaric acts are perpetrated, we've not mekkanised a sentient being, can the Confederates declare the same ?

Long Live the Republic,

Richard Bachman, Governor of DTR Primus Inter Pares

Special Report

We have received a report from a Starcaptain who wishes to remain anonymous, who bravely closed with a TCA vessel and obtained a detailed scan:

>TU 300: Detailed Scan {57526}

Scanned:

TCA SHIP PLAYFUL EXECUTION (57526) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tea Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Aff: TCA

LifeForms: 1

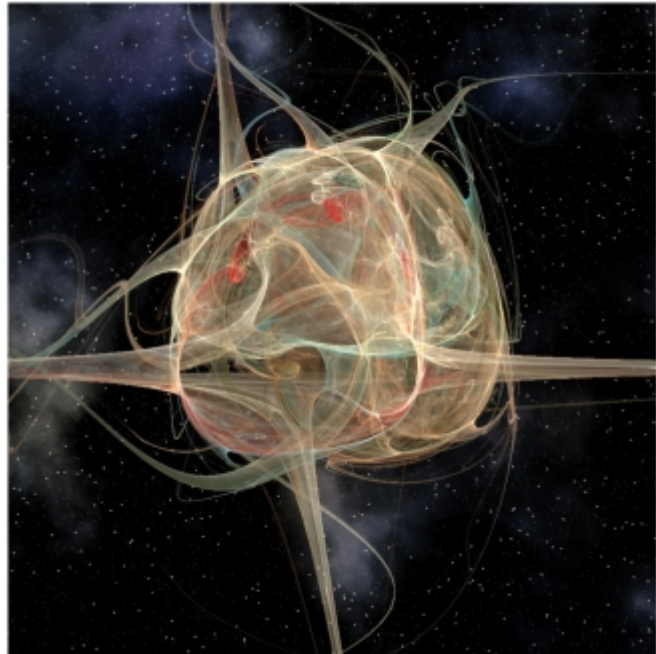
Class: Tea Adult

Hulls: 400 Heavy Organic Hull mkIIs (89)

Armour: 503 Armour Plate mkIVs (453)

Hull Damage: None

Max Boarders: 2512



INSTALLED ITEMS

1 Battle Bridge (101)

8 Bunks (98)

64 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)

16 Jammers (112)

2 Jump Drive (175)

32 Scintillator mkIV (128)

16 Sensor mkIV (106)

32 Shield Generators mkIV (122)

64 Shields mkIV (118)

32 Targeting Computer mkIV (110)

40 TCA ISR Drives (120040)

8 TCA Plasma (120041)

32 Thrust Engine mkIV (163)

16 Tractor Beam mkIV (343)

The captain is quoted as having responded to this encounter with, 'AAAAAAAAAAAAIIIEEEEEEE! RUN!' Before successfully fleeing the location.

Special Report - Blast From The Past

The Editor had this cross his desk this week, so for the benefit of starcaptains who might be new to the Peripheries, some history from several years ago:

Special Action/Dual Between DEN Silvermane and HLQ Baron LiQuan/210.33

The Dewiek towers of the human though strangely the Baron looks calm as they enter the clearing.

Before even eyes have blinked it is over. A lunge from Silvermane carries him the length of the clearing. How the baron managed to move away so fast and avoid death is unknown.

Blood dripping from the claws of Silvermane reveal that the Baron despite his superhuman speed wasn't fast enough.

A taunt from Silvermane and a taste of blood seems to make the huge dewiek recoil and it is at this instance that the Baron retaliates.

His fist sinks into the chest of Silvermane and the sound of crunching bones are heard by all.

It is over - less than two seconds - and the baron walks away from the dead dewiek, without so much as a scratch.

DEN result (from same fight):

Special Action/Dual Between DEN Silvermane and HLQ Baron LiQuan/210.33

After a night of fasting - always good to enter combat lean and hungry, Silvermane steps into the newly cleared arena.

A change in the wind brings the smell of the human to Silvermane's nostrils.

The Baron has recently eaten that much is clear, but something else, something that tugs at the back of his mind, something primeval and wrong.

The Baron is looking cocky - well he will soon have a smile, from ear to ear. Silvermane can almost taste the Baron's blood.

But no fear - either he is stupid...

Stripped to the waist, the baron steps up - he is looking a lot leaner than his recent holo-images.

Wasting no time Silvermane leaps for the disabling gouge for the eyes The Judges are still looking where he was when he makes contact with the Baron, but the Baron has slipped sideways and it is a glancing blow.

Blood is on Silvermane's claws as they circle and no longer looking quite so sure. Silvermane raises the bloody claw to his tongue to taste and mock.

The taste screams wrongness and he can almost hear the howl of his ancestors warning of ancient enemies. His focus returns too late as his ribcage collapses inwards.

As he sinks to the ground already dead, his last telepathic scream to his crew - Beware, Meklan!

Confederate Press Release

The Detinus Republic admit Imperial Ownership of Straddle

The star system known as Straddle was until some years ago an Imperial system until a force of DTR ships and ground forces conquered the system. Under the terms of the common wealth treaty the system was to revert back to Imperial control.

From the treaty:

2. The DTR will transfer the Straddle (177) system claim to an Imperial nominated Star base. This transfer also includes the planet Boomerang.

In a recent public debate Justice Lorna Archer, DTR Magistrate, answered: "we claimed Straddle ON BEHALF of IMP as part of this agreement."

The conclusion must therefore be that the Detinus Republic accepts the Imperial claim but refuses to turn over direct control of it to Imperial forces.

Advocate-General Jean Parisot's questioned the Magistrates reasoning: ". . . in the treaty you accepted they really belonged to the IMP, otherwise why would you accept the terms of the treaty?"

To which Justice Lorna Archer answered: "They were terms for peace."

The Detinus Republic was recently offered peace where the conditions included the return of the Straddle system to the Imperial forces. The belligerent mood of the Detinus Magistrates does not leave much hope for a peaceful solution any time soon.

The Detinus Republic wants talks with The Emperor . . . oh the hypocrisy.

Detinus officials have recently stated their wish to negotiate with the head of the Empire directly.

DTR Speaker of the House of Lords Leonore Sylvansight: "So if there are negotiations to be made, I wish them to be conducted directly and between Heads of State."

However, Detinus military forces have on numerous occasions attacked and destroyed CNF diplomatic envoys attempting to make peaceful contact with the Civilian Government of Tate, this in a system not even claimed by the DTR.

Apparently peaceful diplomatic contacts can only be made if it is the DTR who requests it.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.8.1

Bloodbath In Venice

Empire forces have this week inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Detinus Republic merchant navy, as a large combined EMP fleet intercepted over 100 DTR freighters in the core Detinus system of Venice.

With a very significant proportion of their combined fleet, the Empire warships engaged the fleeing freighters and it is understood the engagement rapidly turned into a turkey shoot with almost the entire DTR fleet being wiped out.

A response from the DTR Stellar Armada the following day failed to bring the EMP to battle, as a few brief exchanges of fire lit up the expanding debris fields from the massacred freighters.

House Stork shamans, speaking from Falencia, have observed as to the perils of naming something the 'Fleet Of Doom', lest doom indeed overtakes them.

Meanwhile, SSS reporters have learnt that the fleet was under the control of Speaker Of The House Sylvansight herself, who has as of this time not made any public statement. We do however understand that the flags representing the myriad races who form the Republic at the Detinus Senate building have been flying at half-mast today.

Pirate Large Spanked Again

Following last weeks warning regarding the sighting of a Pirate Large vessel entering the Solo system, it seems as if a Dewiek strike-fleet has successfully brought the pirate ship Royal Guard to battle and destroyed it.

In typical Dewiek fashion, there are not understood to be any survivors.

Mysterious Note

An anonymous note has been left in the SSS offices with no clue who left it - it looks like a page crudely torn from a notebook or diary, filled edge to edge with tiny handwriting in dark red ink. Well, it looks like ink...

imagine a vase imagine a fine china vase imagine imagine a star system a star system is a fine china vase the universe is a vase imagine gently holding gently holding blind imagine a man blind and deaf holding a vase tap him on the shoulder don't tap him on the shoulder what if he drops it what if he drops it what if it drops him what if he is it what if i am the vase what if i am it the it what if it dreams me what if it saw gently holding it DONT DROP IT DONT drop it no no fools fools claudia said they should never have listened claudia was a fool boltzmann was a fool he never understood didnt couldnt wouldnt understand how could he know how could we know we should have known what if he notices it awakes what if it sees us the star the system the universe all unravelling silver threads like a piano they said like a piano if only they knew they never understood oblivious to the danger they tooled the tech what did they do resonance it resonates it all resonates the vase if only it knew if it knew we were here if it knew it would be the end it must die but did it ever live was it ever not how supernova supernova would all be fine they said from their safe base far away what would they know what does far away mean it all RESONATES it observes it observes and makes it so but what if it observes us what if what if it quantifies the potential collapse the wave function miaow quantifies tells the vase what to believe tellls the vase what to be super dense material they said older than the universe they said older older they never understood has no meaning it must be stopped it must be stopped dont drop the vase must NOT MUST not if it sees if it sees if it sees what then stopped within the planck length must never see must never see must never see

Ulian's In Action

The Ulian security forces have been lax in their security protocols again this week, as SSS reporters have been able to observe first hand the battle for the Krell base Carthage in the Storm system.

A force of always enthusiastic Krell mercenaries working for the Ulian's cheerfully stormed the Carthage defenders, only they ran into stiffer than expected defensive fire and were cut down in droves.

Or 'Went Down Krell Style' as it is sometimes referred to.

Ulian officers are understood to have been somewhat disappointed by the performance of their native army, and promptly set about looking for some innocent civilians to step on.

DTR Press Release

Advocate General Parisot,

I see from the recent SSS article the notion of treaties and binding claims of signed documents is not understood by you and so our earlier conversation on the subject of Straddle has been completely misrepresented with you making the false conclusion;

'The conclusion must therefore be that the Detinus Republic accepts the Imperial claim but refuses to turn over direct control of it to Imperial forces.'

I will try to explain once more and only once more as if you make false conclusions again I can't continue to correct you, that will be your failing not mine.

Straddle was and is under the protectorate of the DTR. The DTR have invested lots of time and infrastructure helping the inhabitants of Boomerang in Straddle and protecting them from fires that used to ravage them on regular occasions. This hard work was even recognised in the Commonwealth Treaty as until the IMP built a claiming base or nominated another base to do that everyone recognised that Boomerang is a DTR enclave regardless of any system claim. As I stated previously as part of the treaty the DTR were bound to terms to claim on behalf of the IMP, that we did.

The Empire then felt the need to tear up the treaty, claim systems in the IE away from the Commonwealth and attack DTR positions in Straddle and Adamski with the ultimate goal of taking complete control of the systems, removing DTR positions, to claim for IMP and to subjugate the people's within those systems. By tearing up the treaty those terms binding the DTR to claim Straddle for IMP are no longer in force and so the claim can revert back to where we were before the peace treaty, I.e Straddle is a DTR claimed system, pure and simple.

The Empire don't have altruistic intents for the inhabitants of these systems and just want to control resources and people by force. What have they done for the people of Boomerang? Nothing to help their health, education or security. Recently they have been setting fires to try to start the very disasters that the DTR have worked to avoid ! In Adamski whereas the DTR were living in harmony with the Aquaphid government and local people the GTT came in and invaded the government buildings forcing the aquaphids to flee the surface of the planet !

So not only has the Empire tearing up the Commonwealth ended peace for humans it is having real impacts on others that are within the systems that the Empire is trying to takeover by force. Within the peace treaty all they needed to do was build a base, add a claim and live peacefully alongside everyone else that was there including the DTR, other affs and the native inhabitants of the relevant systems.

Justice Lorna Archer

Fetlock

A single DTR freighter (perhaps the only one they had left?) has been boarded and captured by the GTT in the Fetlock system.

GTT Press Release

Press release from the office of the CEO:

The GTT is pleased and proud to announce that Heart Of Darkness rises from GTT Starbase HQ on monday and enters into orbit. Heart of Darkness is our first 300 HH warship and will make its maiden run to Angara for finishing off. This magnificent warship constructed out of mark IV Hulls and Armour ushers in a new age for the GTT. She demonstrates our commitment to remain at the forefront of technological innovation.

Heart of Darkness will be soon followed by sister ships.

Our allies are invited to share the pride in our achievement. Our enemies should be afraid; very, very afraid.

James Stryker

Peace?

Surprising news has reached our news-room this week as we understand high level talks have occurred between the DTR and the IMP regarding bringing the war to an end and signing a peace treaty.

A rumour that was apparently confirmed by the following Confederate press release:

Confederate News Network

The DTR refuse peace.

The Empire has offered the Detinus Republic peace with the only stipulation being that the systems previously conquered by DTR be returned to the Empire fold. The expansionist Detinus Republic has refused the offer thereby continuing their aggressive war of consolidation. Leaders of the peace loving Empire vow to continue to destroy DTR fleets attacking Empire assets throughout the peripheries.

The CNN has asked Advocate General Jean Parisot to comment on this recent development: "It just goes to show that the DTR have no real interest in a peaceful solution to the war. For all their talk about peace they have no real intention of sitting down and negotiate in good faith. I blame Bridge."

In other news, there is a report of an Empire fleet ambushing a DTR fleet of military transport destroying over 100 ships with the loss of none. You have to look far into the history of the peripheries to find an equally successful raid into enemy territory. Congratulations to the Empire crews for a job well done.

Our reporters have however learnt that the terms of the peace demanded by the Empire were significantly more than the return of systems previously conquered by the DTR being returned to the Empire fold, and included an almost complete capitulation of the Detinus Republic and the surrender of major starbases and the entire Arachnid system, with the EMP refusing point blank to return the Faery system, or indeed to give up anything.

It is understood the DTR found these terms impossible, and there was no room for negotiation. So it was not so much a case of the DTR 'refusing peace', more of the DTR refusing to perform a complete abject surrender to the conquering Empire juggernaut.

Special Report - Do Humans Ever Shut Up?

The TEK have been kind enough to conduct an investigation into the thorny problem facing the Peripheries today - Do Humans ever shut up?

I will treat this as a philosophical question and consider the following:

- a) There are billions of humans on dozens of worlds.
- b) Humans have had access to global media for at least 300-400 years.
- c) Humans have had Jump / ISR travel for at least 180-200 years.
- d) Nexus is a communication medium that utilises the same sub-space broadband information relays as Jump / ISR travel.
- e) There are about a dozen active voices on the Nexus at any one point that can be identified reliably as human.

Therefore, in conclusion most humans are very quiet.

Now, if I may wonder aloud, with perhaps a hopeful idea you may answer, what is (to borrow a colloquial Terran phrase) "your beef" with humanity?

I have found in my experience humans are the most diverse and interesting species. The fact they try to justify their conflicts in terms of morality, history and culture shows an amazing capability for self-deception or the belief in the utter stupidity of every sentient who has mastered the technology to hear their voices.

Either case is worthy of celebration. And further study.

Special Report - The Commonwealth Peace Accords

As we sometimes face questions from captains new to the Peripheries about the circumstances of the end of the last great DTR/CNF/CIA/BHD vs IMP/FET/GTT war, and the forming of the Commonwealth, we have accessed historical documents in order to bring you the full signed text of the Commonwealth Peace treaty:

Peace Accord

On the 10th November 2007 the following parties came together to discuss a solution to the current conflicts and a way forward to ensure there is a lasting peace for all humans in the Inner empire and other peripheries.

Geoff, Richard C and Willie - IMP PD, VPD and Research Minister

Ted - FET PD

Dave - HLQ PD

Ewan - CNF PD

Chris - BHD PD

Luke - CIA Operations Director

Nik and Thomas - DTR PD and VPD

Affiliations Bound to the Peace Accord

The following affiliations are bound to this peace accord:

The Detinus Republic (DTR)

Brotherhood (BHD)

The Confederate Forces (CNF)

Confederate Intelligence Agency (CIA)

House LiQuan (HLQ)

House Schwartz (HSZ)

House Vehrenberg (HVB)

Imperial Services (IMP)

Galactic Trade & Transport (GTT)
Frontier Exploration & Trade (FET)

This peace accord is divided into 3 phases which build on the previous phase as trust between parties grows.

Phase 1: Official Ceasefire

Within 1 week of all affiliations ratifying this peace accord, a joint public announcement is made announcing the official ceasefire between the aforementioned parties.

This official ceasefire will last a period of 3 months from ratification allowing all sides to gather the documents and information required for the next phase of the peace accord.

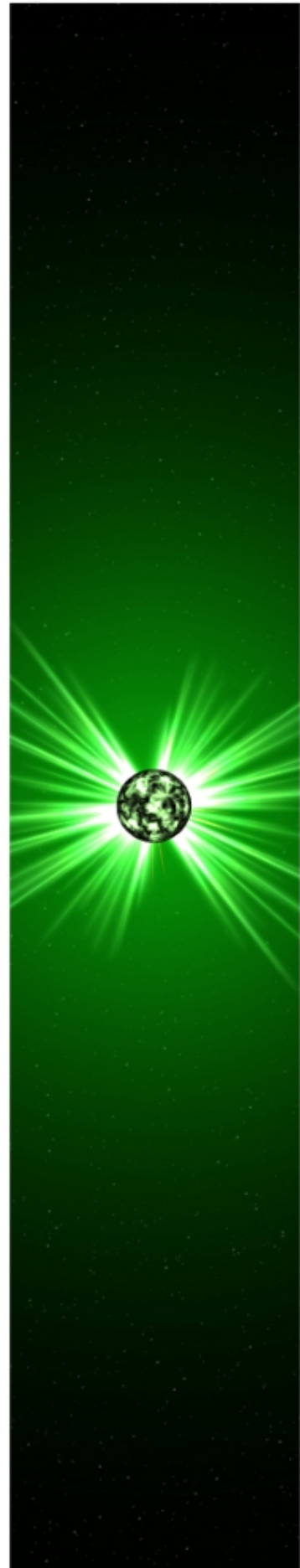
During this period, active enemy lists against signatory affiliations will be cleared from all positions with the possible exception of those positions which reside in declared restricted areas and restricted knowledge systems.

A final version (or late draft if necessary) of the Laws governing the former Stellar Empire systems (Inner Empire and Inner Confederacy) will have been agreed upon by all signatory parties.

In order to gain trust between signatory parties, all assaults will be immediately stopped.

1 week before the end of the official ceasefire, all signatory parties will forward the following documentation to all other signatory parties:

1. A list of all systems which are claimed on their behalf which will be a part of this peace accord. Note that all systems which formed part of the former Stellar Empire (Inner Empire or the Inner Confederacy) are automatically included in this treaty.
2. A list of restricted areas in the aforementioned systems. Restricted areas cannot be for any area which are considered a choke point to access other systems or areas. Likewise restrictions are exceptions to the norm and not widespread or wholesale lists of planets/areas in a particular system.
3. Position numbers of Starbases or Outposts that reside illegally. Such outposts/Starbases are considered temporarily registered with the understanding that the majority will be granted permanent registration and allowed to continue exploitation of ores and/or goods in accordance with the system law. If specific outposts cause serious problems with the legal system owners then negotiations to solve such an issue will be undertaken.
4. Starbases and hidden outposts built within the former Stellar Empire have their position number, planet and system declared. Hidden outposts only need to have the system and position number declared.
5. The position numbers and associated ore/resource IDs of all DTR, BHD, CNF, CIA, HLQ, HSZ and HVB Starbases or outposts in Adamski (150) are declared. This is to facilitate the transfer of the system claim during phase 2 of this agreement. All outposts and Starbases are immediately considered legally registered under IMP Law after the system claim transfer and that resource exploitation is approved.
6. The position numbers and associated ore/resource IDs of all DTR, BHD, CNF, CIA, HLQ, HSZ and HVB Starbases or outposts in Straddle (177) are declared. This is to facilitate the transfer of the system claim during phase 2 of this agreement. All outposts and Starbases are immediately considered legally registered under IMP Law after the system claim transfer and that resource exploitation is approved.
7. The position numbers and associated ore/resource IDs of all DTR, BHD, CNF, CIA, HLQ, HSZ and HVB Starbases or outposts in Stockton (140) are declared. This is to facilitate the transfer of the system claim during phase 2 of this agreement. All outposts and Starbases are immediately considered legally registered under IMP Law after the system claim transfer and that resource exploitation is approved.
8. The position numbers and associated ore/resource IDs of all IMP, GTT and FET Starbases or outposts in Eden (127) are declared. All outposts and Starbases are considered legally registered under the future system owner's Law



(see last paragraph of the Peace Accord Trust period) and the exclusive exploitation of associated ore/resource IDs is granted unless the ore/resource ID has been registered for another Starbase or Outpost already.

9. The position numbers and associated ore/resource IDs of all IMP, GTT and FET Starbases or outposts in Monk (3) are declared. All outposts and Starbases are considered legally registered under the future system owner's Law (see last paragraph of the Peace Accord Trust period) and the exclusive exploitation of associated ore/resource IDs is granted unless the ore/resource ID has been registered for another Starbase or Outpost already.

10. Operatives and/or agents can be declared.

11. All signatories will present this agreement to the civilian government of all planets in the former Stellar Empire (Inner Empire or the Inner Confederacy) where they have Starbases with merchandising complexes and ask for the civilian government support of this treaty to the extend that the civilian government will sanction any signatory breaking this treaty with a full trade embargo. All signatories also need to do the same for any new Starbases with merchandising complexes constructed in the future in the former Stellar Empire (Inner Empire or the Inner Confederacy). A transcript of each instance needs to be sent to the Triumvirate Council within 4 weeks of the Starbase construction.

Phase 2: Peace Accord Trust Period

This period lasts a period of one year, but can be shortened all signatory parties agree to the new period.

The former Stellar Empire systems shall be known as the Commonwealth and shall have a non executive head of state and a council of government which acts in it's name. Excepting that the Detinus and Wolf systems shall be under direct DTR control

The Confederacy and Imperial factions will recognise Emperor Lysander as head of state and all other signatory parties will acknowledge this. The Detinus Republic will recognise The Speaker of the House of Lords as head of state and all other signatory parties will acknowledge this.

The Triumvirate Council of government shall be comprised of the PD of the CNF, PD of the DTR and PD of the IMP. These will represent their factions views and the stance/vote/opinion of the PD can be derived by whatever is appropriate for that faction, for example it may be a vote by the senate of the DTR for the DTR PD or the Confederacy Triumvirates majority view for the CNF PD etc..

The council will vote on any issues that require a decision within the Commonwealth. This might be resolution of a dispute, a planning application for a Starbase or exploration permit and so forth.

All decisions by the Triumvirate Council are required to be unanimous in order to be passed.

All systems mentioned in the documents filed during the Official Ceasefire become part of this Peace Accord. This means that all signatory affiliations must abide by the laws which govern the system, be they Confederate, Detinus or Imperial. Once a system is named and included in the agreement it cannot be withdrawn.

Any new system discovered in the former Stellar Empire is automatically included in this agreement. Knowledge of such a system, including transfer of information to allow access to such a system, has to be declared to all parties in the Triumvirate within 4 weeks of discovery.

Any systems which are not named in this agreement but which are claimed on behalf of one of the signatories can be added to this agreement at any time. To do so, an application is made to the Triumvirate Council which if agreed upon and after a period of 2 weeks to allow any hostilities to stop, comes into force. At this point in time the system is part of this agreement and the rules and conditions of this agreement come into force (such as transferring system knowledge if applicable).

The Imperials grant the DTR and Confederacy access into and out of Eden via the Solo-Eden Stargate

All signatories shall permit access to their declared systems by all other signatories for the purposes of Transit and Trade, excepting access to declared restricted area.

The Imperials agree to only defend Dewiek Elder Nations (DEN) assets within DEN claimed territory and further agree to not defend anyone except the DTR in orbit and the orbital quad of Erodium in Noctolis (61) as well as the orbit and the orbital quad of Axis Nadir in Acrux (119).

Within 1 week of the peace accord trust period starting, the following points will be fulfilled:

1. System knowledge of former Stellar Empire systems unknown to other signatory affiliations will be transferred as affiliation knowledge. This knowledge is transferred on the understanding that it can be withdrawn at a later date if this peace accord collapses.

2. All political goods, such as Detinus Media, will be legalised in each others territories. Any goods which have previously be banned will have an announcement that such good has been legalised for sale, consumption, transportation etc.

Between 2 and 3 months of the peace accord trust period starting (or such other period as might be mutually agreed between the signatories), the following will points will be fulfilled:

1. The DTR will transfer Outcasts (1821) back to the GTT. The Starbase can either be transferred as the complexes currently stand at some agreed compensation for the newly built complexes or the Starbase is transferred in the same state after the DTR captured it. The inventory report will be comparable to the Starbase after capture unless otherwise agreed.

2. The DTR will transfer all Straddle (177) captured assets that still exist back to original owner

3. The IMP will transfer all Monk (3) captured assets back to original owner

4. The CNF will claim the Trinity (122) system on behalf of the Commonwealth.

Between 5 and 6 months of the peace accord trust period starting (or such other period as might be mutually agreed between the signatories), the following will points will be fulfilled:

1. The DTR will claim Adamski (150) on behalf of the IMP - the DTR will be granted permission for exploration, to build outposts and/or Starbases and exploit ore/resource IDs in that system in accordance with the new system laws.
2. The DTR will claim Straddle (177) on behalf of the IMP - the DTR will be granted permission for exploration, to build outposts and/or Starbases and exploit ore/resource IDs in that system in accordance with the new system laws.
3. The DTR will claim Stockton(140) on behalf of the IMP - the DTR will be granted permission for exploration, to build outposts and/or Starbases and exploit ore/resource IDs in that system in accordance with the new system laws.
4. The IMP will claim Eden (127) on behalf of the BHD - the IMP will be granted permission for exploration, to build outposts and/or Starbases and exploit ore/resource IDs in that system in accordance with the new system laws.
5. The IMP will claim Monk (3) on behalf of the CNF.
6. The change of a system claim explicitly means that the laws of that system have changed and that the system message in that system will be modified. The exception to this is the Planet Boomerang in Straddle which will remain an enclave under DTR laws until part 3 of the peace accords.

Phase 3: Peace Accord

After a period of one year, or such other period as might be mutually agreed between the signatories, it is assumed that trust between both sides has grown to such an extent that conflict will not arise in the future. As such information transfers and system claims are finalised and the human populations across the Peripheries can look forward to a peaceful future across mankind.

As such, within 1 week of the Peace Accord beginning, the following points will be fulfilled:

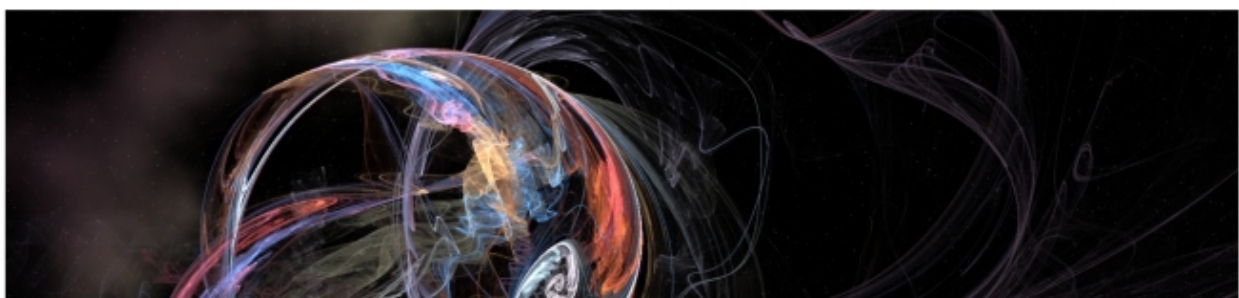
1. The DTR will transfer the Adamski (150) system claim to an Imperial nominated Starbase.
2. The DTR will transfer the Straddle (177) system claim to an Imperial nominated Starbase. This transfer also includes the planet Boomerang.
3. The DTR will transfer the Stockton (140) system claim to an Imperial nominated Starbase.
4. The IMP will transfer the Eden (122) system claim to a Confederate nominated Starbase.
5. The IMP will transfer the Monk (3) system claim to a Confederate nominated Starbase.
6. System knowledge previously transferred as affiliation knowledge is transferred as political knowledge.
7. Starbases and outposts which have not already been declared in another's territory can be declared. Such a declaration can happen any time after the peace accord trust period begins and includes the following information: Starbase/outpost name, position number, location (both planet name and location on planet) and system. If the Starbase/outpost is a hidden installation or is in a hidden location, the outpost information is transferred as political knowledge within 4 weeks of declaration. Ore IDs and resource IDs which are being exploited are also declared. Whilst the Starbase/outpost is legalised on declaration, the exploitation of any ore/resource needs to be approved via the standard approval method.

Signed on Stardate 208.9.2 (February 27th, 2007):

- Admiral Lord Simms, Imperial Viceroy, on behalf of the Imperial Services (IMP)
- Lord Angus Sivar, Speaker of the House of Lords, on behalf of the the Detinus Republic (DTR)
- Zuvoro Norozov, FET CEO, on behalf of the Frontier Exploration & Trade (FET)
- Roland, Corporation CEO, on behalf of the Galactic Trade & Transport (GTT)
- Samuel Toridan, Director of Confederate Intelligence, on behalf of the Confederate Intelligence Agency (CIA)
- Thomas S Jackson, Supreme Commander, on behalf of the the Confederate Forces (CNF)
- Naz Kodrix, BHD Pontiff, on behalf of the Brotherhood (BHD)
- Baron LiQuan on behalf of the House LiQuan (HLQ), the House Schwartz (HSZ) and the House Drake (HDK?)

Outstanding Signatures:

- Baron Vehrenberg on behalf of the House Vehrenberg (HVB)



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.9.1

Ulian News

Spurred on by unflattering reports in the news media last week, the Ulian nation have redoubled their efforts against the Krell base Carthage in Storm.

After a couple of drops of 1000-odd troops, and 800-odd light tanks, the battle began to look more favourable. The Ulians have extended their brutal alien thanks to the salesmen of GCE Anthe, for making this assault possible. In consequence, the award of the Ulian star cluster (third class) has been awarded to the being known as Jeremiah Phillips. The arrival of additional troops via drop pod secured for the Ulians a victory, and the Ulian Expeditionary Force is now in charge of the facility.

A facility that has been described by some eye-witnesses as a festering cesspool of filth, craters, rotting bodies, and out of control cannibal gangs.

- much like the rest of the planet Storm then.

DEN News

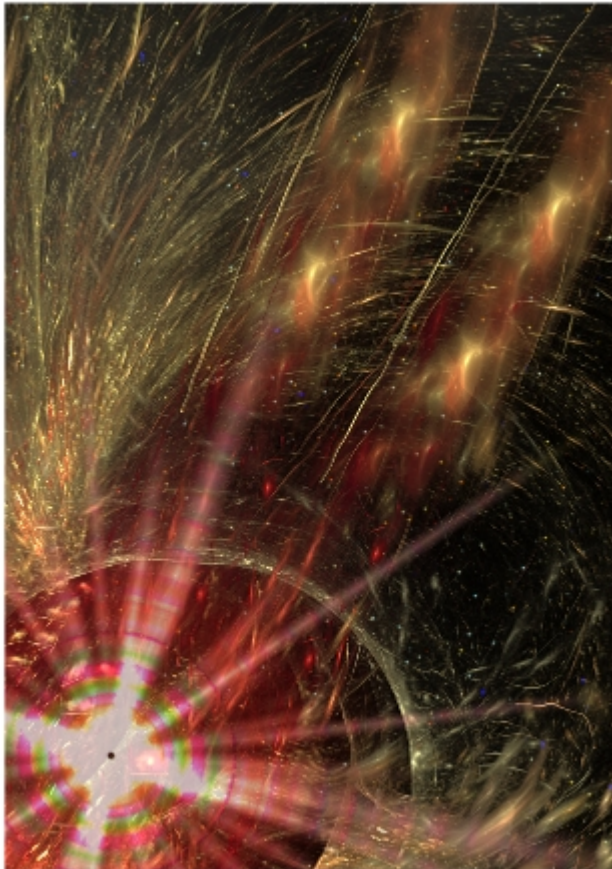
The Dewiek appear to have taken another step towards war with the Detinus Republic this week, as the DTR demands to have their tens of thousands of stolen troops returned to them have fallen on deaf ears, with the Dewiek leadership apparently supporting the packs call to arms against the DTR.

With the Detinus Republic already heavily engaged against most of the affiliations in known space, could this entry of the DEN into the war alongside the Empire be the straw that finally causes the DTR to collapse entirely?

Flagritz News

The Empire of the Race has started to withdraw from the KAS system of Yank. This is after the KAS did not turn over bases, outposts and personal of the OPS to the Empire when they were ordered to.

A small force of ships this week raided the Human system Avalon that remains under FEL control. 1 outpost damaged, 1 destroyed and 1 ship also destroyed all Ships of the Empire of the Race are unharmed.



The EX Human Empire Pirate called Large carries on his front for the Human Empire attacking ships of the Empire of the Race. It is known that the Human Empire was happy to fund him (even giving him access to the Human Empire war machine) while he did the Human Empires dirty work until forced to fall on his sword when another Human Faction learned the truth. This does seem to the Empire of the Race one of the reasons the Human Empire restarted there Civil war.

After failing to take the larger ships of the Empire he changed tactic to go after the little ships. This has worked in the last week or so with two ships being taken by the EX Human Empire pirate. The Empire of the Race has given orders that all small ships return to the Solo system for refit.

Piracy

On 8.2, 2 Pirate vessels tested the defences of some GCE outposts in the Deva system.

Minor damage was inflicted on the outposts, with no loss of life.

The paintwork on one of the pirate vessels was singed by a missile explosion as the pirates left the scene on the following day.

PIR Cougar (17085) - Skull Class Gun Boat {Medium Ablative Armour} Armour: 80.6

PIR Fengal (13133) - Skull Class Gun Boat {Medium Ablative Armour} Armour: 80.6

Ulian News

An Ulian Light hauler class vessel, the 'Mokuai', was boarded after landing at RVN Port Nausica, in an ill-advised attempt to trade with civilians after totally ignoring the injunction 'Do not dock without authorization'. And the Ulian barge class 'Kranuin' was seized by Pirate vessel 'Errata Gel Pi' after loitering in sector Alpha 10, in the Zewt system, Halo, after an Ulian vessel was lost in the same circumstances very few weeks ago. Both these actions seem to confirm widespread perception of the Krell being the dumbest spacefaring species by a significant margin.

Complaints Tribunal

The offices of the SSS have received a complaint from the Ulian Stellar Nation regarding our portrayal of the glorious Ulian military forces, this complaint appears to come etched on the side of a hand grenade thrown at our head offices in Yank.

The hand grenade failed to go off, as it was apparently of Krell manufacture. One of our interns did get a nasty splinter off it though.

Apparently the Krell are now trying to make explosives out of trees.

We would like to state for the record however that we recognise the Ulian assertion that Ulian forces are 100% racially pure, on pain of death. And that the Ulians are somewhat less than satisfied themselves with the performance in combat of their Krell mercenaries, although they are fascinated by reports that many of the Krell have started to sport cyborg implants in recent years.

Although we half suspect that a krell cyborg implant is nothing more complicated than a knife being strapped to the bloody stump of an arm or a leg.

We look forward to dispatching our latest group of interns to Ulian space to bring further reports from this fascinatingly psychotic race.

Johnny Alpha

According to the DTR justice department, the mercenary known as Johnny Alpha may be up for parole soon.

Plague?

There are worrying reports starting to drift around the news-nets of increasing numbers of patients coming down with the Falconian plague - a particularly virulent disease capable of jumping the species gap, making a decided danger to all sentients.

TCA Mystery Solved

The recent transmission of a scan of a TCA vessel carried by the SSS sparked much interest as people speculated as to why a living sentient ship needed bunk space.

The answer has been provided, and it turns out that TCA vessels can sometimes carry a complement of Meklan, that require passage space. So while the space may be labelled as 'bunks', the reality of such spaces is no doubt very different.

GCE Travel Advisory

TRN ships are welcome to dock at GCE Aquarium on Shiva in the Deva system to talk to Civilian Traders and use our other facilities without any restriction.

MRC, FRE, IND & PRV should not dock without prior arrangement as they will be boarded. Requests for docking permits should be made to this office.

Other affiliations will not be boarded automatically on docking. However, as a matter of courtesy I would like to receive advance notice of any visit, not least to ensure that I have sufficient patches in stock!

PIR ships will be fired upon by the platform and defence force. If we see them.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.10.1

News Flash: Assassination ?

Reports are reaching our news-room that the Dewiek have assassinated a high-ranking Detinus Republic official. More news as we receive it.

Aquarius

The Empire war machine has continued marching on this week, with their massive ground force of around a quarter million troops rolling into the DTR held system of Aquarius.

After a very short battle, the small DTR outpost that claimed the system fell to the EMP troopers, and with it the system claim.

The DTR now appear to be in full retreat.

DEN Attack

The Dewiek have launched an attack against the DTR Starbase Trinidad, formally opening hostilities, with a scout ship being destroyed whilst a DEN ground party attempted to capture an empty DTR platform.

It is understood both the scout ship and the ground party were destroyed, although we have heard reports that the ground party contained a large number of the ex-DTR troops who had been kidnapped by the Dewiek. There are

unconfirmed reports that thousands of them were handcuffed and marched in front of the DTR's guns in order to execute them.

With this and the assassination, it seems the DEN war against the DTR has already turned very ugly indeed.

TCA Watch

Fevered sightings of TCA vessels continue to flood into the IGN newsroom, with this confirmed sighting:

The Wimble homeworld of Khoros major was scouted this week by an adult size living spaceship of the T'Cath destroyers. The ship TCA SHIP CONFOUNDED AND CULPABLE (21691) - {400 Heavy Hulls} did not linger or visit other planets in the system. Wimble forces were alerted to the threat by the local DEN Starbase Governor.

Quote:

The arrival and swift departure of the sentient organic ship in orbit of the world is considered a possible threat. As such the governor of the starbase informs the civilian population and assess their readiness against any form of attack in the near future.

Should there be a sudden mekklan invasion, the wimbles are about as prepared as they are ever going to be (not at all).

Ulian News

Everybody's second favourite genocidal alien overlords have faced an embarrassing set-back this week on the Krell homeworld of Inversion. A recently captured pile of rubble was retaken by the Krell troops who had just been ejected, who returned the following day and overwhelmed the Ulian forces, retaking the rubble which was now reclassified as a smoking crater.

Fresh Ulian troops are understood to be en-route to re-re-capture the smoking crater, and hopefully transform it into latrine.

Meanwhile a larger Ulian expeditionary force is currently engaged in a fierce ground battle over control of the Krell outpost Londonette - understood to be an orbital defence fire base.

The Krell continue to resist.

Brave SSS journalists have been dispatched to the Ulian embassy to ask some probing question regarding the Ulian's current aggression towards the Krell. What we learnt appears to confirm that the Ulian's themselves are distantly related to the Krell, despite superficial details largely to do with the Krell having evolved on a high-G world, and the Ulians evolving on a planet with more Earth-standard gravity conditions.

Despite this, there are understood to be several genetic similarities.

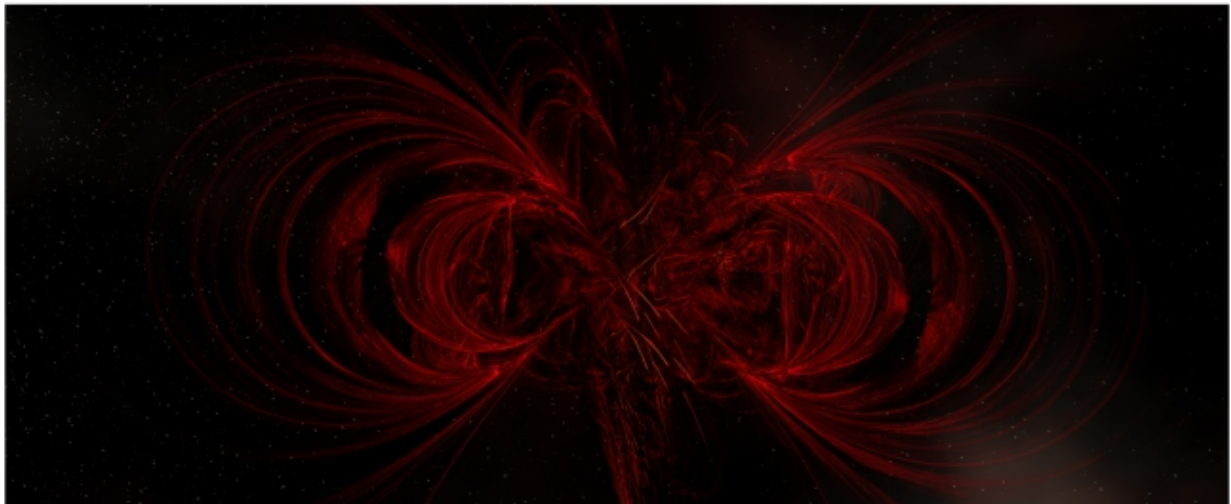
Unfortunately the Ulian ambassador took exception to our journalists line of questioning regarding Ulian genetics, and we are now looking to recruit some new interns.

We did however receive one transmission from somewhere inside Ulian space:

>TU 298: Special Action {...} {...}

Action:

The ships Med Bay will be utilized to conduct a physiological and genetic analysis of the Inversion Krell prisoners (Captured from a KRL-flagged outpost), and compared with Ulian Krell (reference samples provided by volunteers amongst the small marine detachment).



The intention is to determine whether the two are in fact the same species, or derived from the same progenitor, or in fact totally different

life-forms originating from completely different earlier life, and an example of convergent evolution.

In either case, any notable differences between the two forms will be determined and noted - it is assumed that the Inversion Krell will be stronger and more squat, being adapted to a 5g rather than 1.1g homeworld. Are there any differences in intelligence, toughness or other characteristics?

Result:

Investigation/Physical Similarities between Inversion and Ulian Krell

The two species share similar characteristics both in appearance and some common cultural attitudes though it is at point that the commonality ends. They have very different biologies, are physically incompatible and stem from two unique evolutionary paths appropriate to their respective worlds. To aliens such as humans or falconians though one could pass for the other at a quick glance. This explains why the Ulians are called krell.

DTR Raiders

We have received the following report from Empire news agencies regarding a recent attack by Detinus Republic raiding squadrons in the Hirathamo system:

DTR Hunt Quarry

Development of newly discovered system Hirathamo took a step backwards this week thanks to the suspected antics of Rylands Raiders. Four dozen DTR Heavy Cruisers made the orbit of Anast and proceeded to fire upon GTT facilities on the surface of this peaceful developing world.

Sadly for the workers of Anast Rock and Gravel (43996) their day was not to end well. On the receiving end of merciless rail gun fire from a large proportion of the ships in orbit, the facility was battered into the ground. Why bonehead DTR captains had taken a such a dislike to this unremarkable blot on the local landscape is unknown, sadly no survivors were dug out of that particular smoking hole in the ground.

Fortunately local defenders stationed at missile outpost Anast Watchtower (56072) were alert to the threat, targeting and destroying three of the dastardly interlopers. Base commander, Lt. Colonel Bret Tergidson, when asked to comment declared, "these DTR guys certainly got the gods damned tip top of range gear to blow up sitting ducks. When it comes to a toe to toe bust up with our boys they just don't like it up 'em".

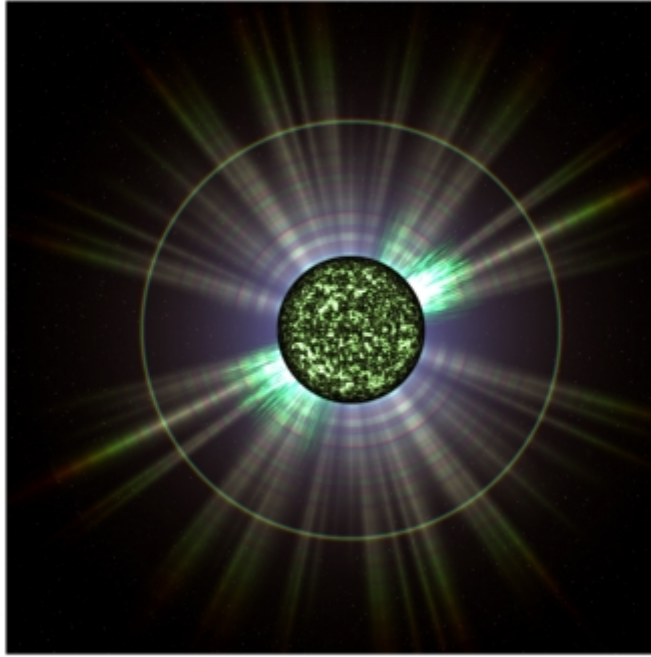
Just to prove that point GTT anti pirate ships in orbit, outnumbered but never outgunned, took on and gave the enemy ships a thorough ragging over. Sadly local system freighter, Terra Klipper (62984), unable to evade and escape became targeted and brought to destruction.

In a nearby encounter the same day a further two dozen DTR Heavy Cruisers were stopped in the Delta 4 quad of Hirathamo. It has been surmised that these ships were destined for the orbit of Anast. Unable to fire upon 'soft targets' they were obliged to take on a second GTT anti pirate patrol at an advantage of two to one. Despite blundering into this patrol with mostly rail gunners enemy fire resulted in two destroyed GTT normal hulled ships.

True to form the bumbling DTR raiders managed to cloak and evade combat the following day. Receiving leaving fire they escaped, abandoning one crippled ship to an explosive fate above Anast and hundreds of crewmen to the void of space. DTR command may be concerned that this raiding force totaling Seventy Two front line ships be held to draw against two small anti pirate patrols.

DTR losses 4x50HH

GTT losses 2x50NH 1x150LH 1xQuarry



Pirates

We have received some more intel on the recently spotted Skull class gunboats being fielded by pirates, a class of vessel not previously spotted in the Peripheries.

They are apparently 30HH in size, armed with 5 tractor beams and 3 Hi-Ex firing railguns. Apparently designed with light commerce raiding in mind.

FET Cartel Protection Expiring

It is understood a number of affiliations have failed to pay their protection money, contributions to the orphaned widows welfare fund, and will be placed on enemy lists at the EMP controlled Tycoon Stargate.

DEN Thump RVN

The Dewiek offensive operations against the remnants of the noble House Ravenstone have continued this week, as the last will and testament of Duke Ravenstone has shockingly revealed that the entire noble house is being disbanded, and its holdings being donated to various affiliations throughout the Peripheries.

Skirmish

A lone EMP scout ship has been destroyed by the DTR in the Venice system.

Skirmish

A small squadron of DTR warships has tangled with a small squadron of GTT warships in the Badlands system. Light damage was inflicted on each side.

Funeral

The funeral for Blake Ravenstone, Grand Duke of the Imperial Frontier, took place today on planet Kalahari, in the Wastelands System. No expense was spared on both his lavish mausoleum and broadcasting the events to the tearful population. Multitudes flooded the streets and followed the funeral convoy to say a last goodbye to their greatest benefactor. After the ceremony, a brief announcement from the civil authorities informed that in light of the tragic events the name of the world is now changed from Kalahari to Ravenstone in honour of the Grand Duke.

Sandra Beckett

Secretary to House Ravenstone

Skirmish

A small DTR outpost has been captured by the EMP in the Arachnid system.

Side-Note

During the massacre of DTR freighter shipping in the Venice system last week, it should be noted that GTT vessels fired Anti-Matter warheads.

Brotherhood Thought Of Alien Destruction Of The Day

The following is an extract from a BHD scientific journal authored by the current Herald of the BHD (effectively the voice of the Pope). It is regarding the Hexamon as a collective entity.

"I believe the misguided evolution of the Hexamon from the HXM to the ANT to the COH to the HVE and then on to the HEX represents an attempt by that species to enact rapid evolution on a macro scale to ensure survival. These changes have been much documented with the Brotherhood and I watch them with great interest. I do admire the trait of survivability in the face of adversity. Unfortunately it does mean that mis-steps by their kind may leave us no choice but for genocide. No individual could be held responsible like with the late Hexos.. So any transgression from their kind would leave the collective to be punished. If that transgression warranted the death penalty we would have no choice but to exterminate every part of the Hexamon. It would be the only reasonable way to deal with it."

- An extract from "Those Hexamon Bastards - Cattle or Bullet Shields?" by Cardinal Lucien Grey, Herald of the Holy Unnamed One. Available from all good book stores.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.11.1

Ulians On The March

Brave and glorious forces of the Ulian Stellar Nation have thrown themselves into action across the Storm system this week as their glorious generals lead from the front and strike down the forces of the unclean Krell.

A small USN yacht has been captured by pirate Large in the outer reaches of the system.

GLORIOUSLY DID THE DEFENDERS unfortunately fail to FIGHT OFF THE PIRATES! WITH GREAT HEART they all died KILLING TWO PIRATE MERCENARIES! GLORY TO THE hopelessly slaughtered ULIAN PEOPLE!

Meanwhile the Ulian assault force on the planet has thrown back the Krell defence force, as the epic battle over a massively critical mining facility continues.

New Intern

The SSS offices are happy to welcome Gorkuk Kalen, our new Ulian reporter, to the Galaxy's Greatest News Organ, Gorkuk has already taken over writing our Ulian related stories, and we look forward to Gorkuk's incisive commentary on Ulian affairs.

ULIANS DECLARED FINEST SENTIENTS IN GALAXY!

Rejoicing broke out across the mighty Ulian empire this week as the Ulian people were declared the most evolved and intelligent race in the Peripheries, leading to scenes of happy Ulians flogging themselves senseless before statues of the Mighty Leader. GORKUK CELEBRATES AS DO WE ALL!

Flagritz News

We have received another news bulletin from the FUN:

Imperial Flagritz forces have been fighting ships this week flying under a merc flag. It is not clear if these are the same Human Empire forces that were using the Pirate forces of Large to carry out attacks on the Empire of the Race.

Last week saw food production rise once more on the home world. A report from the Empire of the Race informs all that things are now on the up and the Empire can now start to once more think about breeding program's on its labour classes

It has come to light that the QNG under the flag of DTR have removed Civ's of the Empire of the Race. This on top of not returning an OPS Officer. The Civ's will be turned over to the base within the Solo system as well as the being that ordered them removed. This will be done within one week

TEK Report

Salutations,

TEK have conducted the following brief initial investigation on the TCA sighting at the planet Gorgon in the Masters system.

As the investigation was not undertaken for any third-party, its potential usefulness to the public and our general preference for sharing knowledge, I hope your readers will find it informative.

TEK Chancellor Moloch

Investigation/Gorgon/Low Pass Scan/TCA Anomalies

Scanning for anomalies proves difficult. Between the level of exploitation occurring on the world and the ever changing ice sheet, any evidence of TCA activity could have easily been removed. At sector {9,19} surface formations are noted under the ice sheet which are consistent with an orbital weapon strike rather than a natural meteorite impact. Whether this can be attributed to TCA action is impossible to say as the thickness of the overlying ice makes a visual observation difficult. Even with a direct survey of the site, any assessment would contain an unsatisfactory level of speculation.

Investigation/Gorgon/Orbital Scan/TCA Anomalies

Ivan is only marginally smaller than Gorgon and has a dramatic effect on the world as they swing through the mutual centre of gravity which actually lies a few hundred kilometres above the surface of Gorgon.

Ted however is far beyond the pair and has little interaction.

Other than traffic and infrastructure created by organisations currently involved with Gorgon there is no anomalous activity in orbit.



Investigation/Gorgon/Low Pass Scan/TCA Anomalies/Formation

Due to the thickness of overlying ice only a small bore hole can be dropped down to the rock surface. Probes send back images of an area subjected to heavy kinetic bombardment of an artificial nature. Debris from both the slugs and the target were either vaporised during the assault or has been scoured away by flowing ice. The damage profile is inconsistent with what little is known about TCA ships as most eyewitness reports are of the TCA using energy based weaponry rather than kinetic. Ice samples above the site are dated at around 12000 years and it is unknown if the TCA were active during that period.

Pirates

A pirate vessel has failed to board a DEN ship in the Dorn system.

AFT In Trouble?

Confederate sources are trying to track the owner operator of the AFT vessel AFT Master Xavier II, which has wandered into a restricted area.

Oddly the AFT have no knowledge of this ship amongst their current members, and have expressed an interest themselves in knowing what the vessel is up to.

DEN vs RVN

The Dewiek war against the rapidly disbanding RVN has continued this week with multiple House Ravenstone warships reportedly destroyed.

With little fight left in them, and with the Dukedom of House Ravenstone still sitting empty, it seems as if this Noble house of the Confederacy might be about to be consigned to the history books.

Piracy

Reports indicate that Pirate Large has captured two more vessels this week, one mercenary ship and another belonging to the TEK.

Aquarius

The Empire assault against DTR interests in Aquarius has continued this week as what started as a small skirmish to capture a small Detinus mining facility, has rapidly escalated into a major ground battle.

It is understood something in the region of 5000 Empire troops have now been killed whilst attempting to storm the facility that is being ferociously defended. Detinus losses are understood to run to the several hundreds, along with a few hundred tanks.

It is not thought the defenders can hold out much longer, though at time of press the battle is still going strong.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.12.1

Ulian News

Ulian ground forces are understood to have engaged a sizeable pirate named Fessin Fir'tin in the Hittite system.

There are not understood to be many pirates defending the facility, and the Ulians are making good progress towards capturing it.

The operator of the pirate outpost remains unknown, it could be a mothballed facility that used to belong to the dread Pirate Morgan, or perhaps it belongs to a more recent pirate.

Confederate Press Release

***** Confederate Special News (CSN) *****

The following announcement comes from the office of the Supreme Commander.

Over the last few days, Confederate Forces have been called to action in the Halo region, due to the actions of the thieves and pirates which dwell within.

The timeline of these events follows:

Week 10.2: A CNF outpost is taken by unknown forces.

Week 10.4: CNF Response Fleet destroy the now PRV outpost, another PRV outpost spotted in the same vicinity.

Week 10.5: CNF Response Fleet destroy the second PRV outpost, AFT ship spotted in the ruins.

Week 11.1: AFT ship Master Xavier II destroyed by the CNF Response Fleet.
Sources within the Confederate Military confirm offensive action within the Halo region have ended. Other sources confirm the AFT had no part in taking of the CNF outpost.

Flagritz On The Attack?

The Flagritz Empire has moved their official stance towards the Detinus Republic from Antagonistic to Hostile. The reason as of yet remains unknown.

Scout Destroyed

A lone DTR scout ship has been destroyed by a powerful Empire patrol fleet in the Dorn system.

Shipping Raid

The dwindling DTR freighter fleet, still reeling from their recent loss of over 100 vessels to Empire raiders in Venice, has taken another hit this week when GTT patrol forces destroyed a DTR freighter in the China system.

Raiders

The DTR Raiding squadrons have paid a visit to some new Empire targets this week, abandoning their usual attacks against GTT and IMP holdings to launch a strike against the Confederate outpost Serpent's Hold.

Heavy damage was inflicted:

CNF Serpent's Hold (4341) - Outpost

Scints: 28.7 Shields: 3142(11.3)

Targeted by DTR CL 194 GRAYLING (5566) - 18084 [22386] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 20975 [25649] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 19494 [24074] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 PICKEREL (38408) - 19668 [23736] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 GRUNION (30962) - 20390 [23962] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 WAHOO (89336) - 19904 [24298] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 18434 [22273] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 RUNNER (52575) - 20500 [23624] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 13852 [16536] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 ARGONAUT (77575) - 9012 [9499] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 194 TRITON (76620) - 18907 [22949] Damage

Correction

We mistakenly reported on an USN yacht being captured by pirates in the Storm system last week, when in fact the yacht was captured in the Corewards Periphery.

Our Ulian intern has been recalled to Ulian space by the USN authorities for 'corrective interrogation'.

Independents In Hot Water Again

The IND Ship amusingly named 'Innocent' is under warning of removal by Dewiek forces this week, unless the captain makes contact immediately.

Confederate Press Release

All unregistered outposts in Confederate space will be removed with extreme prejudice.

Some time ago I let everyone know that outposts in Confed space must be authorized and then registered.

Failing to do so would result in a response from the Confederate fleet.

Happy hunting to the confederate fleet commanders dealing with this task.

Detinus Press Release

All Confederate outposts in Confederate space will be removed with extreme prejudice.

*** Brotherhood On The Lam ***

TU 187: Special Action {...} {...}

Action:

On behalf of the Inquisition this crew has volunteered to visit the den of iniquity and sin known as The Jiggly Room..

Undercover Illicit services are sought out and paid for.

What pit of hell is the Jiggly Room? Do its heathen patrons deserve forced salvation?

Result:

Special Action/AFT Quick Snack/Jiggly Room/Inquisition

While memories of the atrocities sought out and received are vague, the captain is clearly of the opinion that such an alien fester-hole should at the very least be barred for all good True-One fearing followers. It should be burnt down and the owner forced to admit his perversions before being flayed alive. All personnel of the base should be purged and the said creatures within the Room be put out of their misery.

Now that the captain has reported he should fly his ship into the star.

Scout Destroyed

A DTR scout has been destroyed by a Brotherhood platform somewhere inside Confederate space.

FET News

FET OP THWARTS KANJI GAS ATTACK!!

This is Rhett Rovver, your roving FET reporter reporting from FET Clan California HQ.

On 213.09.5 starport security forces in FET Lodi in Warlord stopped an attempted delivery of 2 mus of nerve gas by a MRC GP. Said GP was later shown to have been the work of the nefarious terrorist Kanji.

The attempt at malicious damage to Lodi seems to have been part of an overall plan to seize control of the moon (REDACTED) in Warlord. Earlier in the same day, two MRC GPs had assaulted and seized a GTT OP on the same moon. When said OP raised its MRC flag, apparently after 2 rounds of combat, Lodi fired off 2 rounds of missiles at the MRC OP. Immediately following, one of the MRC GPs docked in Lodi's starport and attempted the nerve gas unloading, only to be stopped by Lodi security. Unfortunately, the Mercs were then able to make their escape.

The very next day, a GTT war fleet and ground recovery force arrived to strike back at Kanji. Lodi's forces provided supportive actions, as well as initiating ground searches for the mercs. The GTT encountered no resistance in taking back their OP, and no MRC GPs were located by either the GTT or the FET.

Analysts at the FET Institute of Transportation here in FET Nuevo San Francisco believe that the MRC GPs likely were disembarked from one of Kanji's ships orbiting the moon's mother planet and then shuttled to the surface of (REDACTED). They likely escaped the same way. This is supported by a report that a IMP Platform in Warlord took out a MRC troop transport two days later.

At this time, Lodi continues its vigilance. Clan California urges all law-abiding operations throughout known space to be aware of and watch out for this kind of tactics on the part of Kanji and others of his ilk.

Rhett Rovver signing off!

This news item has been brought to you by the fine people of the Naughty Nuns! Nuevo San Francisco's bestest Bar & Brothel.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.13.2

Guest Editor

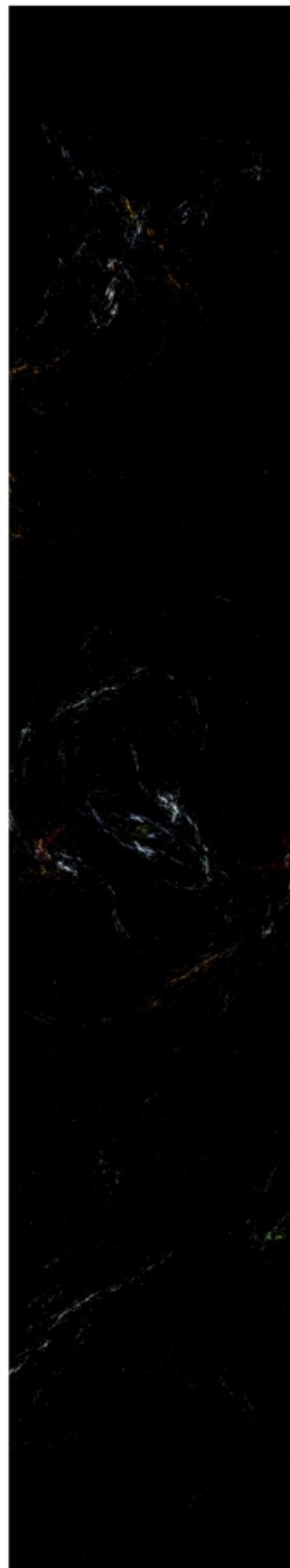
The bean counters have invaded the SSS offices this week with growing concerns about the journalistic slush fund and some mumbo-jumbo regarding falling advertising revenue.

As such we have been obliged to welcome Big Bill Tabloid as our guest editor for this week, as we seek to boost readership and increase the stellar income.

IMMIGRATION LEADS TO CLOSURE

Due to a massive influx of poor people, the Yank system is due to close this week as public services collapse under the weight of scrounging good for nothing Kastorians who expect something for nothing.

When asked to comment on this 'something for nothing' alien culture a man in



the streets was heard to say something about shoes and sausages.
GET OFF YOUR LAZY ALIEN ASSES YOU WORKSHY LAYABOUTS!

OI! ALIENS! NOOOOOOO!

The Emperor of Mankind, Lysander, has taken to the airwaves this week to speak out against the tragedy of alien corpses littering the lawn at one of his extensive palace complexes somewhere in Confederate space.

When a minister pointed out this was down to the new craze of Alien Skeet Shooting, the Emperor was heard to remark that this should be bloody well sorted out then, pesky damned aliens, bleeding everywhere and losing chunks of carapace.

Aliens: MESSY BLIGHTERS!

EVERYBODY IS GOING TO DIE!

Shocking news as scientists discover everybody could be dead by Tuesday! Foreigners to blame!

Venture Capitalists Invest In Piracy

The scourge of piracy has taken a darker turn this week as we have learnt a large number of bankers have abandoned their city desks and turned to the space lanes to indulge in the more noble pursuits of robbery rape and piracy.

We contacted one bank manager who said he had never felt more honest than when stealing the last Stellers from a poor family in deep space shortly before shoving them out of an airlock, but he wanted to make it quite clear he'd be back in the office first thing Monday morning to continue his busy schedule of ripping off everybody else in the galaxy.

In related news, we can exclusively reveal Pirate Large to be a master banker.

Trade Goods? NOT IN MY BACKYARD!

Independent research has officially proven that 96% of every item on the public markets are officially rubbish. And that's official.

Space Pope Goes Bananas

The Brotherhood have been forced into angry denials this week as rumours circulated that his Holiness went on an extended rant about how his entire basis for belief in The True One was nothing more than crazy voodoo.

The Pope is then understood to have stolen several priceless relics from the holiest sepulchres and was caught trying to sell them on SpaceBay to Marjorie, a housewife from Yank.

He then went on to post the following message on a popular social network feed: -You see, the thing about the Bible is, it's just a book, and just because something is in a book, it doesn't mean it's real. Only a crank or a nutjob would believe everything they read!-

We were going to approach the Brotherhood for an official comment on this story, but felt that might get in the way of things so we just made some stuff up instead.

Time Traveller From The Future Warns Of Imminent Invasion

A strange man naked but for a dirty brown trenchcoat entered the SSS offices this week to alert us to the fact that he had arrived from the future where a Meklan invasion had almost wiped out almost all sentient life in the Galaxy but for him and a small band of freedom fighters.

The gaunt and somewhat smelly stranger then stole our coffee machine and was last seen smashing it to pieces with a baseball bat, asking the shattered pieces how it liked that, bitch.

My God, It's Full Of Stars!

Eminent space dude Doctor Professor Alex Von Smartpants has concluded his survey of the Peripheries and the precise causal time/space mechanics behind the mysterious Boltzman Phenomena, and concluded that yes, indeed, it is full of stars.

Stars like curvy space babe B.B. Rella, 22, from Mars:

http://i255.photobucket.com/albums/hh157/SSSEditor/Phoenix/Barbarella_zpse99a2fbe.jpg

B.B. enjoys long space trips and bending over in slow motion.

Eminent space dude Doctor Professor Von Smartpants then complained about how journalists insist on dumbing down his findings.

The big stupid doo-doo head.

Missing, Presumed Dead?

Sources on Earth are reporting that the mummified remains of ancient television presenter Noel Edmunds have been stolen from the Museum of Primitive Comparative Religions in Old London.

The theft is understood to be related to the growing trend amongst the criminal underclasses for the new street drug 'Bling', where as we understand it Crystal Cow is mixed in with the powdered remains of ancient celebrities, before being snorted for the ultimate high.

Children Forced To Climb Mountains

Savage backwater worlds throughout the Trans-Spiral Periphery are forcing children, some as young as 3 weeks old, to climb mountains for profit.

It is understood a sort of primitive cargo cult has arisen spontaneously throughout the Periphery as large numbers of outworld trading vessels have turned up to trade with what can only be described as utter savages.

In the midst of this orgy of profiteering and exploitation, WHY DOES NOBODY THINK OF THE INNOCENT CHILDREN!

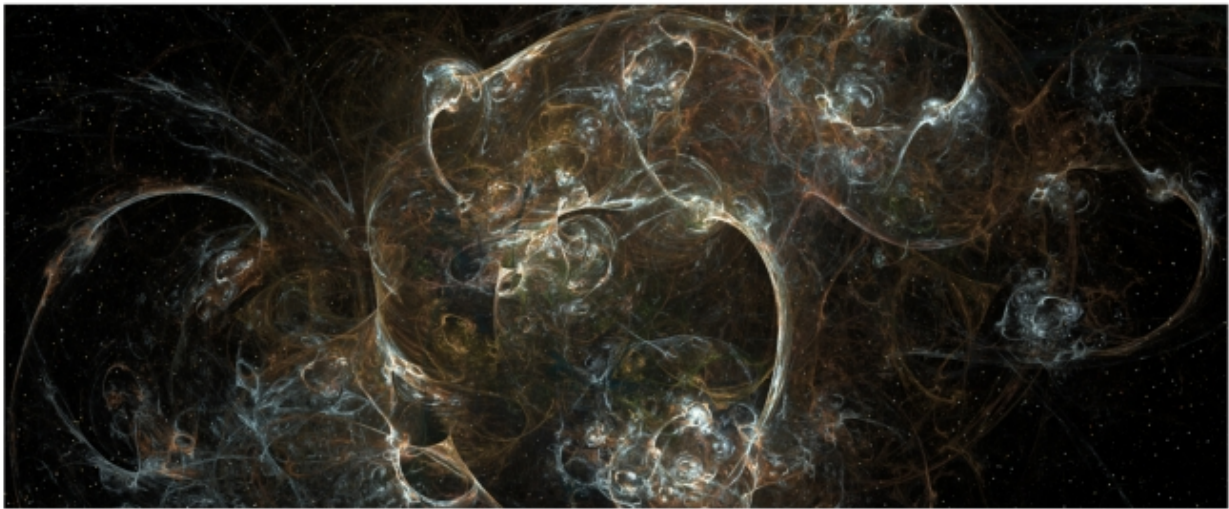
Terror Disease Strikes

Doctors are warning that a new strain of space flu is circulating, and that if caught, this brutal virus will literally kick down your front door and steal your Tri-D set, before squeezing out a Cleveland steamer in the middle of your sitting room.

Popular News Outlet Denies Loss Of Content

The Peripheries favourite news outlet, the SSS, has moved to deny reports that this weeks edition contains precisely zero actual news. Going to add that it was actually quite difficult to maintain this level of inanity for such a long time.

We can only hope normal service is resumed soon.



Periphery Astrology Time With Psychic Kevin

Sagittarius

You will be invaded by Krell on Tuesday, but by Wednesday they will have fallen out with each other over the last piece of corn in the fridge, leading to better than expected financial windfalls on Friday.

Capricorn

You may feel slightly depressed due to the position of the moon this week, but in reality you are slightly depressed because you are an unmitigated laughing stock, the moon has nothing to do with it. Saturday morning is a good time to kill yourself.

Aquarius

Pirate Large is ascendant in your house this week, making it an excellent time to work over-time at the office so that you don't have to laugh at any of his jokes.

Pisces

The Emperor Lysander is celebrating his birthday this week, making him the same star sign as you. Rejoice, peasant. This is literally the only good thing about your existence.

Aries

All signs indicate this week would be an excellent time to attempt that contact with the ARC you've been secretly planning behind your affiliation team-mates backs. Try not to let on, and act surprised when the ARC flatten your main ship production base. If all else fails, blame the DTR.

Taurus

Several planetary bodies in your home system are likely to fuse into one super-giant body on Tuesday at precisely 03:12am local time. The resultant gravity anomalies will disturb the orbit of your homeworld, sending it into a death-spiral around your sun. So it's probably a good day to come clean to your spouse about how much time you spent gaming this week.

Gemini

All going well it should have cleared up by the weekend, still, best not tell anybody eh.

Cancer

You will be briefly distracted from having the only star sign that is also a hideous disease this week when you trip over

a kerbstone and fall into the olfactory orifice of a passing Flagritz. This hilarious incident will result in a horrible international incident and the Flagritz will finally enslave your Aunt that you've been trying to sell into slavery for months now. Hurrah.

Leo

You will be mistaken for a Felini this week, which will confound you, because you actually are a Felini. Try to ignore catnip on Wednesday.

Virgo

Look, there's only so many ways we can tell you this ' the only sensible course of action is to kill them all.

Libra

With a quartet of planets entering your chart, it is surely time to invest in that deep underground bunker you've been promising to build for the kids. Also, this would be a good week to ask that cute girl at the office out, we guarantee you that she will enjoy quality time spent locked in a small underground space with you and your screaming children as you quake in fear for your lives awaiting your inevitable end.

Scorpio

That feeling that nobody cares will intensify this week, you stupid jerk.

Joke Of The Week

An Ulian walks into a bar. Ouch.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.14.5

Havoc

The Dewiek have unleashed their full fury this week against the DTR, as the somewhat cold war that has existed since the Dewiek abducted some tens of thousands of DTR troops, transformed into a very hot war.

The initial combat occurred when Dewiek forces entered orbit of the major DTR Starbase Trinidad in order to capture the two orbital platforms, presumably as a precursor to a major assault.

Initial success saw Dewiek troops capture the platforms, however on the ground the Detinus defenders opened fire with everything they had against the platforms and the Dewiek ships in orbit.

Both platforms were destroyed, along with approximately 35-40 Dewiek freighters.

Following a brief lull, a DEN battlefleet of some 350 warships, including what is thought to be their full force of 150 and 200 hulled vessels entered orbit and began a heavy orbital bombardment of the DTR Starbase.

This caused major panic on the ground, as we understand there to be almost a million civilians currently billeted in the Starbase.

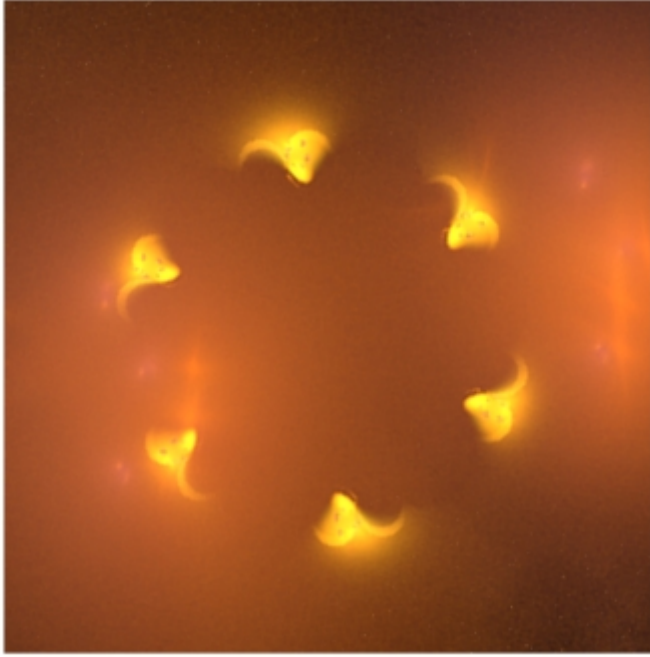
Apparently unable to fire back, the DTR defenders appear to have little choice but to hunker down and endure.

The cause of the Dewiek choosing this conflict remains unclear still, as we understand a deal had already been struck whereby the DTR were going to hand over Trinidad to the Dewiek anyway, and the process was well under way. But perhaps the lure of tens of thousands of trained troops, and we understand over 7 million Mus of stolen DTR trade goods, was too much to resist.

However, for whatever reason, the Dewiek and Detinus Republic can now be considered to be in a state of full blown war.

Transmission From Trinidad

Detinus Republic sources have carried the following address from the governor of the under siege Starbase of Trinidad: "Ladies and Gentlemen. Officers, soldiers, citizens. My friends. We find ourselves in a corner, in a situation we would not have chosen. The forces of the Dewiek howl and scream at our door, the Dewiek who preach of honour and glory while they cowardly assassinate our Ambassador, a man you all knew to be a man of honour and peace. They know we of the Republic dream of peace, and they mistake it for weakness. They perhaps thought they could have this base - our home - for the asking. They certainly think they can come here and flatten it with impunity. And we could let them - we could cower and buy ourselves a few days. Or... or, we could show them their error. Show them that they can bring us to war, but they cannot make us kneel. Show them the Republic has tooth and claw furious beyond the rabid imagining of any Dewiek. What say you, People of the Republic?"



TCA Watch

Astonishing news has reached our news-room this week, with a report that the DEN have captured not one but two TCA capital ships:

Greeting Editor

I High Lord of the nation would like to announce that the Nation forces have captured two Tca Adult Class Capital Ship the Hapless Extinction (19851) and Omen of Doom (80070). These as we speak are being paraded in front of the Nations Capital for the entire population to see.

These destroyers will no longer harm the nation and allow us to concentrate on more pressing matters.

The commanders have been promoted to Pack Lords in recognition of there deeds and those they led, which will be sung in the beer halls of the nation for years to come.

The capture of such behemoths is a truly remarkable feat, something that almost all believed to be completely impossible given the power of TCA weapon systems.

Brotherhood Vs DEN

An exchange of fire between Brotherhood and Dewiek forces has been reported, exactly what happened is unclear, but it seems as if 5 DEN Capitol ships entered an orbital quadrant where BHD warships were located, and opened fire damaging two whilst the rest of the BHD vessels bugged out.

The following day the 5 DEN warships entered the orbit of a planet, where they destroyed a Confederate Broadsword and the exploration vessel it was escorting, whereupon the DEN then proceeded to heavily bombard a BHD outpost.

A deliberate provocation or was something else going on? Either way the CNF/BHD response appears to have been muted apart from the following press release:

The authorities of the Dewiek Elder Nation are required to make presentations to the office of the Lord Inquisitor regarding their recent unprovoked attack on Brotherhood Missionaries and a humanitarian fleet within the systems of the Coreward Arm. The crews of these vessels are on the True One's work; in this area to bring his Word and to minister to the sick and the poor.

Explain yourselves

Pyros

Lord Inquisitor

The Brotherhood of the True One

New Jump Route

A jump link between Tranquility and Hirathammo has been researched and made available by the Mohache.

Scout Destroyed

A GTT scout ship has been destroyed by DTR forces in the China system.

DTR Travel Advisory

Hail,

going forward many DTR warships may be patrolling DTR space with Everyone on enemy lists.

If your affiliation isn't on an active system enemy list then DTR ships are only likely to engage you if you or your allies have a hostile setting towards DTR - everyone else should be able to move around in peace.

Regards,

sylvansight

Inquisitional Notice Of Purity

The faith and moral fortitude of the personnel at the following starbases has been found wanting...

BHD Tortuga

BHD Nassau

BHD Port Royal

Four weeks ago these starbases were quietly put in to lockdown mode; to avoid driving the corruption further underground.

The Inquisitorial Auditor has been dispatched to investigate. May the True One have mercy on their souls.

Whilst their markets remain open (under close Inquisitorial supervision), security forces have been ordered to immediately board all ships landing at the starbases and take their captains and crews for Inquisitorial questioning. As a result of this order, security teams at BHD Tortuga initiated a boarding action of two ships from House Vehrenberg. Those members of the crews that cooperate with the Inquisitor will be returned to their House once the Inquisition has finished with them. Those that do not cooperate obviously have something to hide and will be dealt with appropriately. Their ashes will be returned to their House.

Pyros

Lord Inquisitor

The Brotherhood of the True One

FLZ vs CNF

The FLZ appear to have set a pirate trap in the Coreward arm, where they set a barge in ring 10 and the next day sent in a wave of warships.

Unfortunately this trap appears to have destroyed 3 CNF warships, for the loss of the FLZ barge.

It is unclear as of yet how this occurred, if the Flagritz simply got a little too over-enthusiastic, or if something else happened.

FLZ vs FEL

A FLZ squadron has attack Felini vessels transiting the stargate in the Valhalla system. A move which the Flagritz describes as a 'battle computer error' and the Felini as the 'base treachery of a vile degenerate race'. Several Felini vessel were damaged and destroyed in the incident. The DEN have since 'counseled' the Flagritz on Stargate etiquette, vis a vis, no killing anyone there without their permission and have obliged the FLZ to pay reparations.

FLZ Raid Foiled

Two Flagritz Na'xe-kliis Class Gun Boats attempted a raid on a Felini outpost in the Doctrine system, they were engaged and destroyed for no losses by a detachment of the First Battleclaw of the Tyrants Navy.

DTR ships Destroyed

Three Detinus raiders have been intercepted and destroyed by a sizeable Empire fleet in the fortoon system. The rest of the raider fleet meanwhile paid a visit to an EMP mining outpost, and inflicted heavy damage:

> IMP Peg beta (50414) - Outpost

> Targeted by DTR CL 99 MARENGO (11975) - 8433 [15341] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 99 AUERSTADT (70147) - 7961 [13251] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 JUNO II (27377) - 10590 [18584] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 99 DRESDEN (25489) - 12451 [21712] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 99 WAGRAM (97121) - 9338 [15331] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 BOADICEA II (49721) - 11809 [20046] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 GUERRIERE II (46550) - 11438 [18494] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 NEREIDE (19814) - 12296 [21159] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 AMAZON II (62995) - 12089 [20756] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 EURYALUS II (91205) - 1540 [3520] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 MAGICIENNE (91765) - 12272 [21564] Damage

> Targeted by DTR CL 112 NAIAD II (96489) - 13316 [22375] Damage

TCA Watch

We understand the Ulian Stellar Nation have spotted a TCA vessel this week, reportedly somewhere in the Storm system.

Quite what the TCA might be doing in Storm is anybody's guess.

Pirate Destroyed

A pirate spotter has been destroyed by a USN flotilla in the Storm system.

Flagritz WoMD?

The Felini have released the following press release:

Today ground forces of the Pride Motnahp concluded an operation in the FEL system of battlefield where an illegal FLZ outpost was taken.

FLZ Cliriq Camp FOB136 fell after 3 days of fierce combat.

The base is thought to be an ammo cache for the FLZ raiding in this system as many thousands of mu's of ordnance were recovered.

More shocking to note was the stocks of chemical weapons that the FLZ held here.

In Honour

Avatar Nevets Motnahp

The presence of chemical weapons in Flagritz tentacles may not come as a huge surprise to many however, given the typically Flagritz attitude towards the lives of non-FLZ sentients.

Aquarius

The Aquarius system is now under EMP control, travellers are warned that IMP law now prevails, and all non Empire positions will come under attack.

Special Report – Hexamon Collective Celebrates

Hexamon Collective turns 1 year old

A year ago the Hexamon Collective emerged from the ashes of the Children of Hexos; a collective mind was formed out of the consciousness of thousands of Hive looking to control their own destiny and rebuild the glory of the Hive race.

Over the last year the collective has expanded exponentially with the OPS merging with the HEX, a Hive colony from the HLQ joining and some QNG bases in Twilight joining and adding their uniqueness to the collective. An unlikely alliance was also formed with the DOG which saw their Yank base join the collective and their unique independence being incorporated into the thinking on the hexamon.

Thanks to the honour and wisdom of the great Dewiek Eldar Nation the Hexamon gained access to a world populated by millions of Hexamon who survived the destruction of the Titan system, the collective skyrocketed and a new home world was formed. A further honour was granted to the Hexamon by the Flagritz when access to some of the great empires industrial might in Twilight was granted to the Hexamon.

Slowly but surely the foundations of a new future for the Hive races was formed; lost technologies were found and new homes and industry were set-up for the Hive race. The great efforts of the collective came to fruition when the first of the mighty 250HH Devastator Class ships were launched from the newly built Hexamon shipyards to lead squadrons of the dependable 150HH Dominator class battleship; once again the mainstay of the Hexamon fleets.

Over the year Hexamon diplomats established dozens of deals and treaties of friendships opening the great collective to a multitude of ideas and opportunities. The year ended on a great high with the discovery of TCAs ships responsible for the evacuation of the Hexamon and the chance to talk with ancients of old and learn more of the Hexamon Past.

As the year draws to a close the Hexamon collective feels it has much to celebrate and many to thank for all the guidance and support given.

The Hexamon hope the second year of the great collective will be as eventful as the first.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Pathetic Meatbag Asil asks:

Dear Uncle Kang,

I was unexpectedly contacted recently by a Kastorian General who had heard of my integrity and discretion in financial matters. He said he was experiencing difficulty moving 35 million Guilders trapped in an account in his home country to a more secure location after a recently change in government.

Following some correspondence we settled on a 10% reward fee for my help and I transmitted the \$419,000 stellars he needed to unlock the account and carry out the funds transfer.

Its been 5 weeks and I haven't had any replies to my enquiries. What should I do?

Thanks in advance

Templar Asil

Overlord Kang Deigns To Respond:

SICKENING WEAKLING ASIL! Overlord Kang has heard your problem, and Overlord Kang indicates generic messages of sympathy to your plight, in this way you will feel comforted by Kang's wise words.

I too have been bothered by Kastorian Generals recently, they keep repeating on Kang, and I have found it is best to eat them raw.

YOUR ERROR OF JUDGEMENT IS CLEAR! One should never trust a Kastorian, listen to these wise words Weakling Asil and know that a Kastorian cannot even be trusted to die neatly. WOULD YOU TRUST THE WORD OF A BEING THAT CANNOT EVEN DIE NEATLY? Kang thinks not.

Overlord Kang recommends you hunt down this loathsome creature and devour his family in front of him. AND THEN DEVOUR HIM TOO!

Then devour his neighbours. His extended family. His neighbours. AND MOST IMPORTANTLY OF ALL – any pets he may have.

Overlord Kang suggests you follow your best judgement as to which order you attempt this mass feat of barbarity in.

AND REMEMBER WEAK FLESH THING, IT IS NOT CANNIBALISM WHEN THEY ARE NOT OF YOUR OWN RACE!

Overlord Kang pities you for your weakness. Overlord Kang pities you all.

Overlord Kang is here to solve your problems.

KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.16.2

Flagritz Games Invitational Turns Out To Be Slightly Disappointing For Guests Who Find Themselves Torn To Bloody Shreds

Special Action/Celeste/Flagritz Sponsored Games/213.15

The FLZ sponsor games to celebrate their recent victories over inferior species. The death games in which many officers taken prisoners fight to the death prove very popular. Of course the prisoners are pumped up on drugs making them aggressive. Their slurred actions make for some top comedy.

This sees a boost in short term trade demand

The Following fight to the death in front of the crowds or just put to death

7 Feline Prisoner (535)

62 Human Prisoner (503)

44 Naplian Prisoner (551)

1 Dan Brown (#10) {SMS Prisoner}

1 Rob Brown (#32) {SMS Prisoner}

1 BING (#5) {OPS Prisoner}

1 Gil'Hr-pa (#9) {OPS Prisoner}

1 S'pi-Eiy (#8) {OPS Prisoner}

1 Five Pear Feet (#11) {OPS Prisoner}

1 Claw'Kar (#14) {OPS Prisoner}

1 Wir'Pak (#22) {OPS Prisoner}

1 BONG!! (#12) {OPS Prisoner}

1 ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!! (#15) {OPS Prisoner}

1 Unit-144 (#30) {OPS Prisoner}

1 BUZZZZ (#34) {OPS Prisoner}

1 Daniel Spencer (#54) {SMS Prisoner}

1 Kahuhr (#13) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Caadi (#16) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Eo'lton (#19) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Salk Foil (#21) {FEL Prisoner}

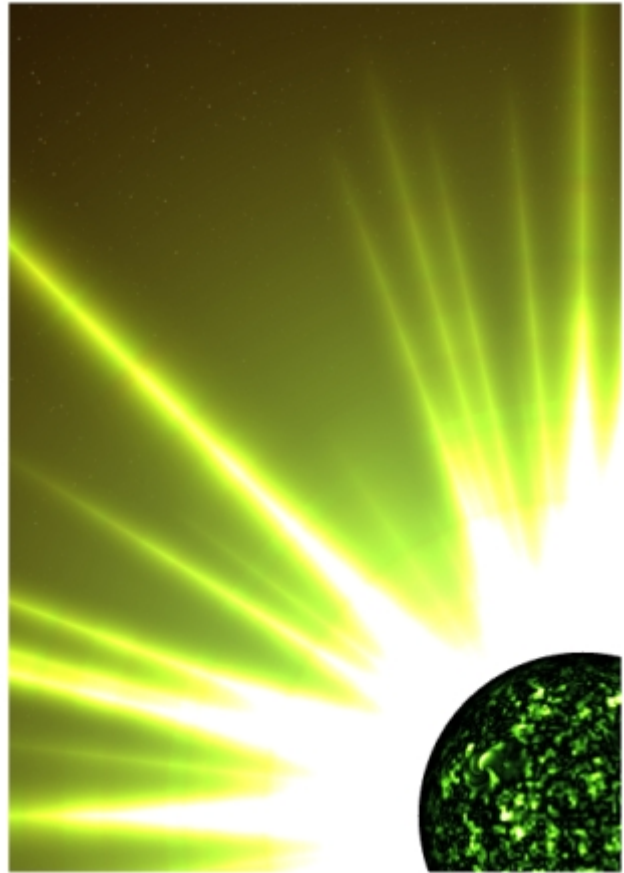
1 Aara (#23) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Sinatra (#24) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Sandra Bavinger (#39) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Berr Narrd (#45) {FEL Prisoner}

1 Manfred von Carstein (#48) {RIP Prisoner}



Unit-144

Upon hearing of the death of Unit-144 in the dreaded Flagritz Hunger Games, a wave of sympathy has sprung out across the Peripheries for the tragic figure of this one particular Hive prisoner.

Unit-144 shrines have appeared at several sites across the Yank system, and we understand a Unit-144 Memorial Song is soon to be released by a group of concerned artists.

Farewell Unit-144, we barely knew ye!

FLZ Appetite Games

Following on from the death games Held by the Empire within the Twilight system

Special Action/Celeste/FLZ Xenos Shadaki/War Memorial/213.7

A massive Audentian Granite Buttress is sent to be carved with depictions of scenes commemorating the utter victory the Flagritz have achieved over the humans, wimbles, felini and falconians in the Twilight Periphery.

It will take a few months as the designs need to be agreed upon (and 100k stellars to the various people involved) by the various artists involved before any actual carving can be achieved.

The question is whether it will be placed in this base, or moved to the urban region of the world.

Update

The closing ceremony of the games ends with the unveiling of the War Memorial. The massive granite buttress, now

carved to reveal the many great flagritz victories is revealed in the urban sector {14,14}.

Administrative Errors Result In Pretty Fireworks Display

A small DTR platform orbit of Latroectus in the Arachnid system has opened fire against Confederate positions on the planet below.

One of these CNF positions appears to have been a firebase, as it opened up with a substantial array of weapons systems.

Empire Miners Hate Detinus Raiders – Official

Another Empire mining facility has been targeted by the busy DTR raiding squadrons this week, resulting in another smoking crater, and unusually a destroyed freighter that was unlucky enough to be docked with the outpost when the raid occurred:

IMP Ruin Equaliser (39458) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 568 YELLOWJACKET (79396) - 5309 [1920] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 TEMERAIRE (6868) - 4669 [2700] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 HARDER (12597) - 6110 [2080] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 568 TARANTULA HAWK (28113) - 3524 [1920] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 ROBALO (24678) - 3546 [2080] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 BOREE (58311) - 8110 [2430] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 CAPELIN (33619) - 5433 [2320] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 568 BEEWOLF (54370) - 3088 [1760] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 GRAYBACK (38591) - 6280 [2480] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 SCAMP (80401) - 5713 [2600] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 GUDGEON (52165) - 6429 [2080] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 SCORPION (31836) - 2337 [1650] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 HERRING (44323) - 6397 [1680] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 SPARTIATE (14354) - 7741 [2340] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 GROWLER (15825) - 1688 [1320] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 PAMPANO (96767) - 4516 [1860] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 CORVINA (76521) - 8118 [1800] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 PLUTON (33590) - 3163 [2430] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 568 MOSQUITO (43282) - 1440 [1440] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 GOLET (49982) - 2291 [1650] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 567 SEAWOLF (75781) - 110 [110] Damage

IMP Freight XVI (92166) - Ship

Barge Class Freighter {No Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%

BLOWN UP!

Weird Alien System Claimed By Normal Human Corporation

The Hiratham system has just been claimed by the GTT on behalf of the IMP, presumably bringing to an end the explorations by curious third parties.

Cwor, Is That A Giant Alien Spaceship In Your Pocket Or Are The Brotherhood Just Happy To Have It? ***

One of our readers has supplied the following detailed scan to our news-room, which speaks for itself really:

> Date 15.5: Detailed Scan {83642}

Scanned:

BHD SHIP LIS CONTEMPT (83642) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Alien Construct Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Aff: BHD

LifeForms: 250

Class: Alien Construct

Hulls: 400 Alien Construct Shells (120001)

Armour: 503 Alien Construct Plates (120005)

Hull Damage: None

Max Boarders: 2512

INSTALLED ITEMS

8 AI Combat Navigator mkIV (923)

1 Alien Construct Core Housing (120003)

40 Alien Construct Drive (120002)

1 Alien Construct Node (120000)

2 Alien Construct Thruster (120008)

16 Battle Sensor mkII (201)

38 Bunks (98)

20 Combat Engine mkIV (167)

40 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)

1 Jump Drive - Armoured (1950)

1 Jump Drive - Backup (176)

2 Magazine mkII (2025)

20 Phalanx (211)

2 Photon Battery (312)

5 Quarters (131)

55 Scintillator (125)

18 Shield Generators mkIII (121)

297 Shields mkII (116)

15 Shields mkIII (117)

1 Stargate Key - Eden (964)

22 Targeting Computer mkIV (110)

CARGO

1 Alien Construct Core (120010)

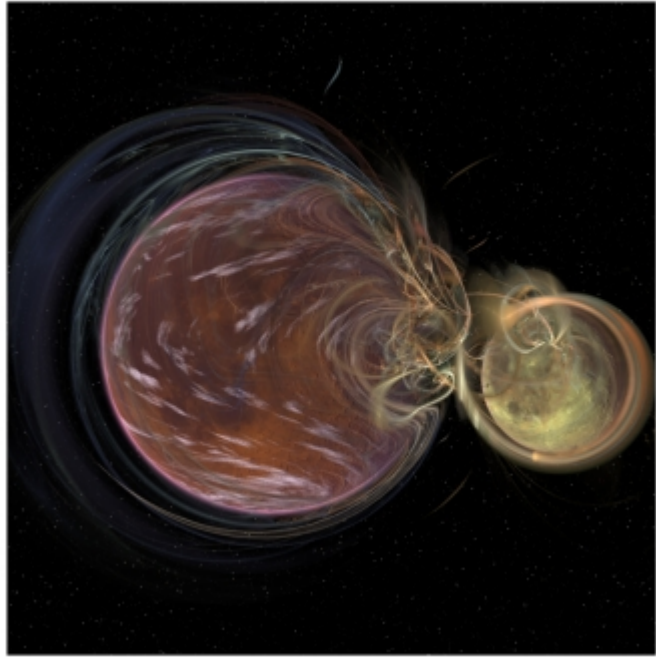
249 Human Veteran Marine (512)

1 Matrim the Two-Footer (32704)

100 Medical Supplies (30155)

70 Phalanx Missile mkIII (214)

500 Warbot (850)



Empire Expands Again

The continuing steam-roller like expansion of the Empire of Humanity claims yet another system this week, as the Myth system now flies GTT flags.

With the EMP now claiming almost 100 systems*, this is unquestionably the dominant power bloc in the Peripheries.

* Message From The Editor – yes, this number is highly speculative. Nobody really knows how many systems are claimed by the EMP affs, as many of them will be private and secret. But I'd guess it's probably around that number. If anybody would care to supply exact numbers, the press awaits eagerly.

DTR Freighter Clobbered

A lone DTR freighter has been destroyed by Empire patrol forces in the Acropolis system whilst attempting to trade with the Falconians, sparking speculation that the EMP might be seeking to extend their zone of control into all systems within their reach.

In response the Falconian authorities appear to have pushed all open hunting zones in the system out to ring 11 and beyond, this securing the trade lanes as peaceful areas.

Cry Havoc And Let Slip The Dogs Of... Peace?

Moments after last week's SSS went to press, news arrived signalling an apparent ceasefire in the recent conflict between the Detinus Republic and the Dewiek Elder Nation, just as it seemed outright war was inevitable. A roving SSS reporter happened to be in the Combat Operations Centre at DTR Trinidad, and describes the events as he saw them unfold:

Cheers erupted as the Governor's address reached its blood-stirring conclusion. As I looked around the Operations Centre, only one man was silent. The Officer of the Watch, the insignia of a Commander on his relentlessly practical combat dress and the first hint of grey in his closely cropped hair, stood grim-faced beside his console. I saw in his eyes no cowardice, not a hint of irresolution; only a quiet sadness as he looked at the younger faces around him, clearly knowing how small was the chance of any of them surviving this adventure.

As the cheers faded, the Commander immediately began giving orders in a firm and precise voice - "Ensign Wilson, pass the order for Condition Zulu Omega. Fitzgerald, find me firing solutions on..." - before being cut off by a strangled noise that might have been "Sir". He turned his gaze on the impossibly young Ensign who appeared to be the source of the yelp. The Ensign took a deep breath before continuing in something a little closer to a military voice;

"Sir... flash message from Command - a ceasefire has been agreed with the Dewiek - we're ordered to stand down offensive operations."

The ghost of a sigh of relief swept across the Operations team, but the story took another dramatic twist as a klaxon almost immediately blared and another young officer reported a further massive onslaught of incoming fire from the DEN ships. The Commander's refusal of permission to return fire prompted a brief confused and nervous babble, before being cut off by his deceptively quiet voice:

"You were prepared to die for vengeance. What citizen of the Republic could then refuse to die for peace?"

Overlord Kang Fanclub Launches

Ladies, Gentlemen and others,

It is my great pleasure to be able to tell you of the launch of the Overlord Kang Fanclub.

If you would like to be a founding member of the Fanclub please write to me care of the Jiggly Room at Quick Snack in Yank.

Members will receive a membership pack with a lifesize cardboard cut-out of the Peripheries favourite psychotic Overlord along with a "Weak Flesh Thing" badge.

The first 50 "founding" members will also receive a T-Shirt with the words "SICKENING WEAKLING" emblazoned on the front for all to see and enjoy!

Membership costs 12 stellars per year ... which you will agree is more than excellent value for money!

Mona Luvsitt

Pathetic Meatbag

Coreward Arm

Reports are circulating of Confederate and Flagritz naval forces engaging in skirmishing in the Coreward Arm region of space.

GCE Tickle Kanji, Kanji Tickles Back

GCE warships have tangled with positions belonging to the terrorist Kanji, a chance encounter? Or the beginning of a new program of terror by everybodys least favourite crazy Kastorian?

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Overlord Kang,

I hope you wont laugh, but I have a persistant worry about the size of my "equipment". It typically varies between 75 and 150 hulls, on average I'd say about 110-120. Most of the other navies I've seen hanging around Yank... you know, when you cant avoid looking... seem to be at least 200 hulls, and I've even seen some with endowments of 400 hulls! I know they say it's not how big you are, but what you do with it that matters, but I'm worried that even the wimbles will laugh when I'm 'ready for action', and I'm get depressed when I secretly compare myself to the Mohache.

What do you suggest?... I've heard you can have things enlarged by 10, or even 20, percent, and even get patches that will make your armour harder. Are they any good?

Thanks,

Worried of Outer Capellan.

Dear Worried,

Overlord Kang is regularly disgusted by the pathetic mewlings of snivelling meatbags, but let Overlord Kang assure you, you are without question of doubt the MOST PATHETIC SNIVELLING MEATBAG KANG HAS EVER HAD THE DISPLEASURE OF ADDRESSING!

Overlord Kang deeply and most sincerely hopes you choke to death on your own viscera. BUT UNTIL THAT GLORIOUS MOMENT Overlord Kang will SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM, MEATBAG!

It is true that many navies now sport vessels that are larger than the average endowment, Kang sees no need to be concerned about this, as the Quantum Jump Drive is a great leveller. Overlord Kang knows this because he once saw a Quantum Jump Drive dropped from a great height onto a group of visiting Wimble schoolchildren. KANG LAUGHED SO HARD THAT DAY HE THOUGHT HE MIGHT DIE!

REMEMBER THIS! Worried of Outer Capellan, IF THAT IS INDEED YOUR REAL NAME! Kang sees no reason to feel insecure about the size of your spaceships, amuse yourself by thinking of the SHEER PAIN involved when these vessels get creamed into space junk, and comfort yourself with the knowledge that for the cost of one 400 hulled leviathan, you could have had LITERALLY DOZENS of 50 hulled vessels.

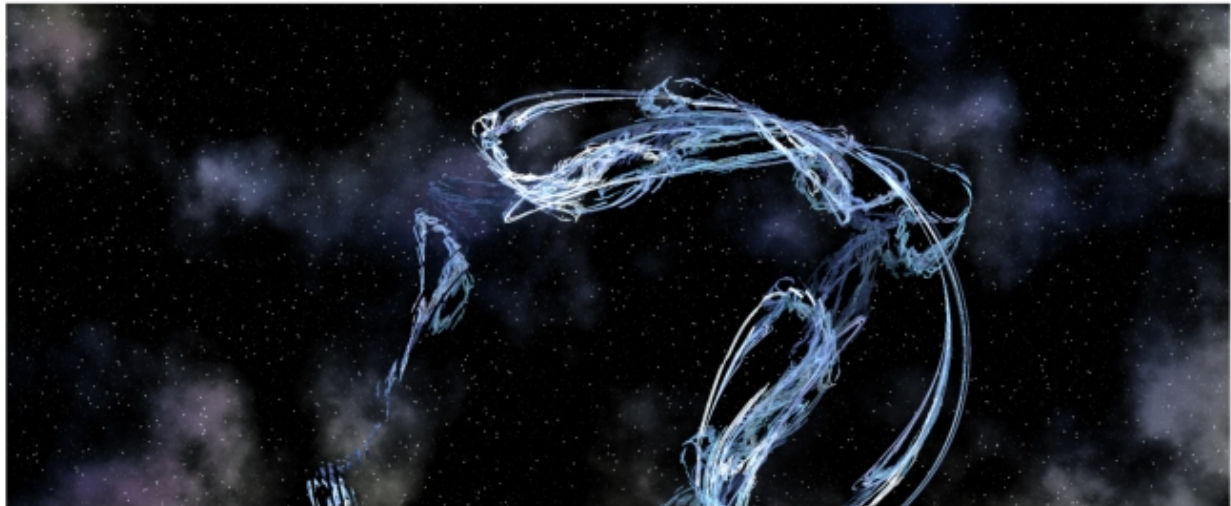
Now, if you were talking about the size of your MALEPARTS! Then KANG would POINT AND LAUGH IF YOU WERE UNDER-ENDOWED! BECAUSE TRULY SIZE DOES MATTER!

But fortunately we are not doing that. OR ARE WE!

KANG NO LONGER KNOWS!

Kang needs to lie down in a darkened room with some hentai.

Signed tenderly with bloody stump: KANG!



Subspace Static - Star Date ~uncertain~

News From The FUN

The Flagritz Universal News service has provided some more details of ongoing FLZ operations across known space: 4 MRC ships that have been seen around Coreward have attacked and destroyed a ship from the Peace and Trade faction. The Party For War send warships but they missed the MRC ships as they ran away from something that could fire back. A system by system hunt was then started in which two of the ships were found and one destroyed while the Empire of the Race understands that the other was destroyed running away

CNF Forces attack two transports of the Party for Peace and Trade Faction but gets a shock as one of the ships has Warships in the Quad hunting PIRates

Warships within Coreward have now orders to carry CNF on enemy lists

More fighting this week saw both more CNF warships and FLZ Warships destroyed

More FUN

A Planet forced back to the Race of the Empire last week saw more troop movements as they rolled out across the planet

Special Action/Breeze/Urban Ghetto

Establishing a ghetto for the native naplians in this urban sector will take take approximately two months after the exhaustive use of 100 structural modules, 50 military modules and security tech. This will keep the infrastructure such as food production facilities working despite the new restrictions on movement.

It is likely that the continued removal of civilians will increase civilian resistance.

Update/213.15

Tech and modules exhausted along with media tech. The ghetto will be completed in 213.23

This will house around 2M naplians. Civilians removed from planetary census.

It would seem that the reason for the ghetto is that these beings for to be shipped off world. Other planets within the home systems have need of these Naplians and the local FLZ Civilians will be pleased when they start to turn up.

Housing and "jobs" are being set up for all 2M Naplians on these new planets, a major undertaking.

Felini Take Ground

The beleaguered Felini have enjoyed a few successes this week, as their ground forces have recaptured a number of outposts in the Battlefield system:

FLZ OUTPOST OB WASTELAND BHM1

FLZ OUTPOST OB WASTELAND T1

FLZ OUTPOST OB WASTELAND T2

All three OP' s have been retaken with minimal casualties and have reportedly being returned to productivity for the Tyranny.

Falconians

The Falconian Empire appears to have officially seceded from the Dewiek Nation this week, announcing that the FCN Republic is once again in charge of their fate as a free and independent nation.

The split appears to be amicable with the Dewiek offering congratulations and best wishes to their feathered friends.

Badlands

The Empire Uber-GP has rumbled on with its piece by piece dismantling of the DTR this week, with the capture of the major DTR base in the Badlands system.

During the battle a large number of Meklan were destroyed, as the facility was a DTR holding pen for Meklan being held in storage while the Detinus Senate tried to find some way to de-meklanise them and restore their individuality.

(As evidenced by the Meklan being present in specially designed holding cells in groups of 999 – one short of the number required for them to acquire sentience.)

Despite knowing of the presence of these Meklan before their attack, and having been informed of the nature of these holdings, Empire spokesmen have repeatedly tried to state the DTR used the Meklan in battle, despite having stated themselves that they brought along an Elite Meklan unit in their own assault. Thus sparking a war of words and claims and counter-claims.

All of which distracts from the fact that again the Empire war machine is apparently without any real opposition continuing to knock off DTR base after DTR base, and taking system claim after system claim, with there being nothing the DTR can do about it.

Brotherhood Up To Something?

The technical staff wore thick protective suits to fight off the cold emanating from this prison cell. The cell itself was hugely expensive, thoroughly inefficient and a largely forgotten piece of technology. It had been designed to solve a particular question for the Church. What do you do with the individual you cannot afford to kill? How do you remove any chance of eternal salvation from the immortal soul? Some individuals do not deserve heaven or hell. This Cryocell contained such an individual and was designed to do so for eternity. Never would he walk through the gates of Paradise or see creation through the eyes of its Creator. He would exist as an abstract without dreams, prayer or thought until the end of time itself ...

Pope Eaton had commissioned this technical marvel to hold a monster the Church itself had created. He had unleashed a tide of bloodshed and religious fervour without a true understanding of just how dark the paths walked by Zealots could become. Thousands had died at the hands of this individual but still the people adored them. Faith and purity. Purity through faith. Faith through purity. That clarion call that had seen worlds turned to blood and blockades established throughout the Inner Confederacy. Events spun out of control even leading to forced genetic tests for impurity... It had all happened so fast... The bombings, the hangings, the public stonings, the crucifixions.. A Holy tide of blood from Bethlehem to Fortis. It had to be stopped somehow.

One of his last acts as Pope had seen Eaton have this individual located, eventually subdued and rendered inert. Eaton could not afford a Martyr on Earth or a rival in Heaven and so at great expense, and forbidden technology, the Cryocell was created. The individual was buried in a pit beneath hell and left alone for eternity.... At least that was the plan.

The technical staff each continued to work at the machinery. Each of the seven seals securing the cell was slowly being breached by their endeavors. Succeed or fail these would be their final hours.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Uncle Kang,

Recently, I joined a group of my brothers in forming a syndicate to buy a time-share holiday home in the Coreward Arm. It's a great place, on the beach with superb fishing. Quiet, but with a settlement close by should we feel the need to preach to the great unwashed or burn a few heretics. In short - a perfect retreat were we can let our hair down (for those that haven't shaved it off or lost it in the occasional flamethrower accident).

However, in the last few weeks an unruly element have moved in to the area. They make loud noises, scent mark the area constantly, blow things up and, worst of all, defecate on the beach. Honestly, getting to the nets to check on the catch is like wandering through a minefield! And as for night fishing, well it's had to be cancelled. Brother Percival of the Bare Feet is still in shock from his last attempt at moonlight skinny-dipping!

The Brothers are even now praying to the True One for guidance.

Personally I'm a bit more pragmatic. What are we to do Uncle Kang? The Orphan's Fund can't afford to buy in another location.

May the Blessings of the True One be upon you always

Brother Woger the Wed

Pitiful Meatbag Woger,

Firstly let Kang make it utterly clear to you and all of your pitiful meatbag friends that NONE OF YOU ARE ANY

BROTHER TO KANG! Your affrontery offends Overlord Kang more than the existence of Wimbles. Out of the generosity of Kang's three hearts however we shall speak of your grave offence no more, until such time as you are delivered to my pain pits by our glorious armed forces who have finally subjugated the known universe.

AND THEN YOU SHALL SUFFER, MEATBAG! OH YES! SUFFER!

As for your problem, the solution is obvious to Kang's superior intellect. And can be summed up with two simple words – Orbital Bombardment.

In Overlord Kang's experience, nothing deals with an unruly neighbour element more efficiently than an orbital bombardment.

This will have an added benefit that any stray railgun rounds (and there shall be stray rounds, oh yes, Kang loves the collateral damage) hitting the ocean will massively improve your collection of fish. Once they have been stunned by rail cannon fire, they can simply be scooped from the surface of the ocean, along with any orphans you have been fortunate enough to massacre.

Kang recommends at least 3 days of bombardment to properly soften up any neighbour, at which point Kang recommends UNLEASHING THE DOGS OF WAR upon any survivors.

If there are no survivors, SIMPLY EXTEND YOUR RADIUS OF CARNAGE UNTIL YOU FIND SOME!

MUST KANG DO EVERYTHING FOR YOU!

Signed with broken pencil. KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.16.2

News Of FUN Explodes On Your Monitor Like Ships Hit By Anti-Matter

We have received the following news bulletin from the Flagritz Universal News Network. We have abbreviated the battle report somewhat. We fully expect to lose interns over this abbreviation. But frankly we don't care. We have too many interns.

The game of Cat and Mouse between the CNF and FLZ forces came to a bit of an end this week when a major CNF fleet jumped in meeting a FLZ holding force. While outnumbered 9 to 1 and almost half the FLZ force being unharmed some of the Empire of the Race warships still jumped out after the second day of combat.

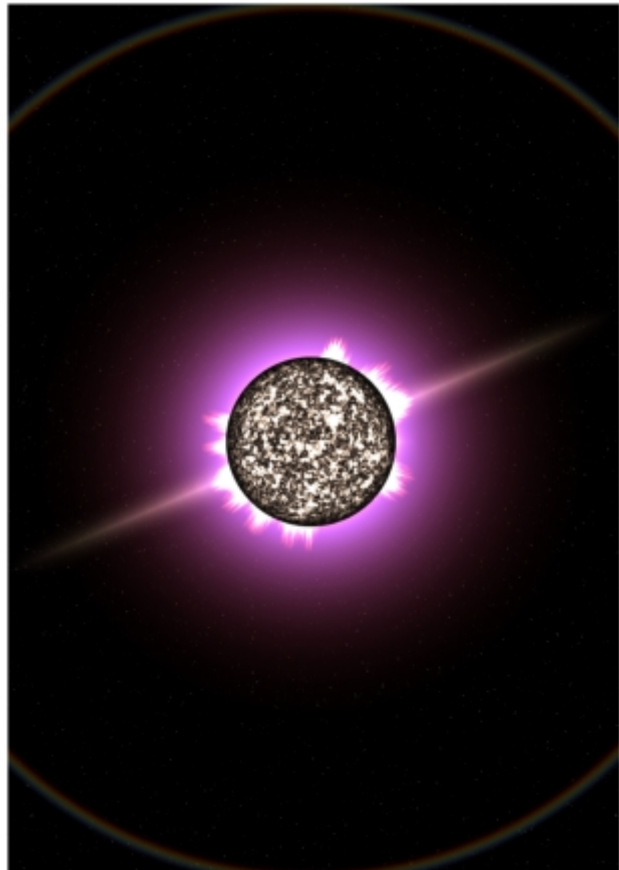
The CNF used weapons that the Empire of the Race consider Planet Pacify weapons:

----- Nuclear Weapons Fired-----

CNF TW-H-CC-032 (88270) - 41 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-035 (47417) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF AD WIPE OUT 4 (15244) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF WIPE OUT 4 (55548) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF WIPE OUT 4 (54340) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-034 (5678) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF WIPE OUT 4 (87204) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-030 (95378) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF WIPE OUT 4 (71800) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-031 (5584) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF WIPE OUT 4 (61080) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-036 (28048) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-033 (75164) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-029 (14314) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-027 (92654) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)
CNF TW-H-CC-028 (8013) - 44 AM Missiles (3000)

-----Battle Summary-----

FLZ SK-Swarm 1 (80690) - Ship
Swarm 60nh Class Carrier {Medium Ablative Armour}
Armour: 5.5
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!
FLZ SK-Swarm 3 (25069) - Ship
Swarm 60nh Class Carrier {Medium Ablative Armour}
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!
FLZ SK-Swarm 18 (28533) - Ship



Imperial Swarm Class Carrier {Medium Ablative Armour}
Armour: 13.1
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

snippage of equally bad news for the FLZ

Forces of the Empire of the Race have been ordered to bases for a week while the Party for War considers the next stage.

Reporters here at the SSS/IGN newsroom confirm that more than 20 FLZ warships were destroyed, with no reported casualties amongst the Confederate fleet.

Confederates Deploy Anti-Matter

Despite their repeated and strong condemnations of the DTR for deploying Anti-Matter warheads, the Confederate Naval Forces have been strong in their defence of their deployment of AM warheads against the Flagritz, stating that it was all the DTRs fault.

And not because some sneaky biscuit-munching Detinus agent snuck onboard their ships and replaced their torpedos with Anti-Matter warheads, no, because... some other reason. Definitely not the sneaky agent biscuit thing though.

As came up at the time of the DTR deployment of course, the use of Anti-matter in deep space is generally not considered itself a violation of the Tau Ceti agreement, though one interesting observation was made by an Imperial authority, that the Tau Ceti agreement only bounds the human affiliations, and provides no protection to alien species.

So that's you aliens screwed then.

DTR Deny Exploding Biscuits

lawsuit has been dismissed whereby Mister P. Eckish of the Peripheries had tried to claim compensation from the Detinus Republic for injuries incurred during a horrific Jaffa Cake accident.

The courts found there was no case to answer, as there is no firm evidence that the DTR have weaponised biscuits, despite rumours to the contrary.

More FUN News

CNF scout ship was destroyed at the Stargate within Twilight this week but have begged not to expand the hostilities.

Apologies it seems some intoxicated juvenile delinquents decided to take a confederate yacht for a joy ride thorough the Solo stargate into Twilight.

Hope it didn't cause too much paper work or disturb your evening.

manufacturer recall is under way to add new security features to prevent the hot wiring of our ships by your average 5 year old.

Wimbles Missing – Peripheries Alarmed!

News of the disappearance of the Wimbles is gaining more traction this week, as more and more authorities are attempting to make contact with the timid gentle race.

In response to these concerns, we have heard that the Terrorist Kanji may be holding a charity event in benefit of the Wimble race...

... oh no, wait, that should read, we have heard that the Terrorist Kanji may have killed them all and baked them into a giant planetoid-sized pie. One reporter was heard to exclaim, 'That's no moon!'

DTR Press Release

Earlier this week, the single DTR Heavy Cruiser "Blue C-6" attached to Task Group RIGHTEOUS ZEAL engaged a squadron of ten Imperial Heavy Cruisers in order to defend an unarmed transport ship in Venice. Despite taking significant damage to hull and internal items from heavy energy weapon fire, the Blue C-6 successfully covered the retreat of the transport ship, and even engaged the fleeing Imperials the following day.

The dedication and exemplary combat performance of Commander Simpson, the Commanding Officer of the Blue C-6, has been personally commended in the Senate by Senator Tenor.

A

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Naplions Wave Sticks

The following transmission has been broadcast across the space-waves, confounding the general expectation that the Naplions generally didn't understand broadcast technology:

"I Jaded Tor Ruler of Naplian Nation hereby give notice to any survivors of the criminals calling themselves the DNA to surrender and you shall be shown mercy however should you feel unable to kneel before me you should consider yourselves castaway and you will be hunted for sport you Must humble yourselves to my orders .
CIC Lecota Toombs Free Naplian Forces."

The presence of DNA forces still in the Peripheries comes as something of a surprise to some, who assumed the DNA perished some time ago along with their erstwhile yet accurately named leader, Mad Max. Indeed if there are still some DNA flags flying, it marks something of a record for the Peripheries second most resilient suicidal lunatics.

Hive Dating Website Flops Amongst Concerns

The newly launched Meet-A-Hive website has been forced to close after just one week in business, following repeated complaints that sentients were returning from dates with the Hive they had met online with alien eggs implanted in their chests.

We were unable to contact the operator of the Meet-A-Hive website for comment, as they were too busy cocooning our interns.

Raiders Raided By Raiders

Two small DTR warships have been caught and destroyed by Empire patrol forces in the Boltzman system, while a further two have been destroyed in the Aladdin system.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Uncle Kang

Yesterday I sentenced a child to 20 years internment for littering in a public location and four others to four years for aiding and abetting. They said that the chocolate bar wrapper was blown out of their hand by the gale force winds but as I said to them the law is final and can only be stretched when it suits Imperial command The looks on their faces as they received their sentences was something I won't forget anytime soon.

But what concerns me is that I've recently had a craving for biscuits and a cup of tea to dunk them in. I've not felt the need to go shoe shopping but am I on the perilous road to Republicanism?

Yours

Peckish of the Inner Capellan

Citizen Peckish IF THAT IS INDEED YOUR REAL NAME! Overlord Kang will solve your concerns.

Answer Kang this, Citizen Peckish, is your core personality so WEAK and FEEBLE that you fear it can be SUBSUMED and ALTERED by a MERE PACKET OF BISCUITS!?

WHAT WEAKNESS IS THIS? ARE YOU BUT A MEWLING PUSS-BUCKET? ARE YOU A CATNIP MUNCHING SURRENDER KITTEN? KANG IS LITERALLY SO FURIOUS HE HAS HAD TO EXECUTE HIS ENTIRE KITCHEN STAFF! AND KANG IS STILL ANGRY!

Kang does not know what this 'Republicanism' thing is you mention, but it sounds to Kang like some infection of humanity, perhaps some sort of foot sore, and thus a matter for you lesser races beneath his concern. But rest assured of this one fact Citizen Peckish, IT IS NOT TEA AND BISCUITS YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF! YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF OVERLORD KANG FINDING WHERE YOU LIVE AND THRUSTING HIS TERTIARY TENTACLE SO FAR DOWN YOUR GULLET THAT YOU RUPTURE!

Kang does however applaud of your attitude towards your younglings. Kang approves of brutal internments. Kang can only hope these youngsters spent many years in pain learning the errors of their littering ways.

Signed with broken remains of kitchen staff – KANG!

A Moment In History

The pulsating green spheroid of the vessel shimmered faintly in the light of the distant star, floating in deep space on the edge of the Lost system. The location was chosen purposefully for the lack of significant stellar bodies and known ISR stability to rule out any possible interference... or possible major disasters. The sensor sweeps of the companion monitoring ship revealed the interior composition of the prototype test ship in great detail.

{20 Light Hulls} Graape Class Interceptor {No Armour}

5 AI Combat Navigator mkIV (923) - 10 mus

1 Battle Bridge (101) - 50 mus

1 Cargo Bay (134) - 25 mus

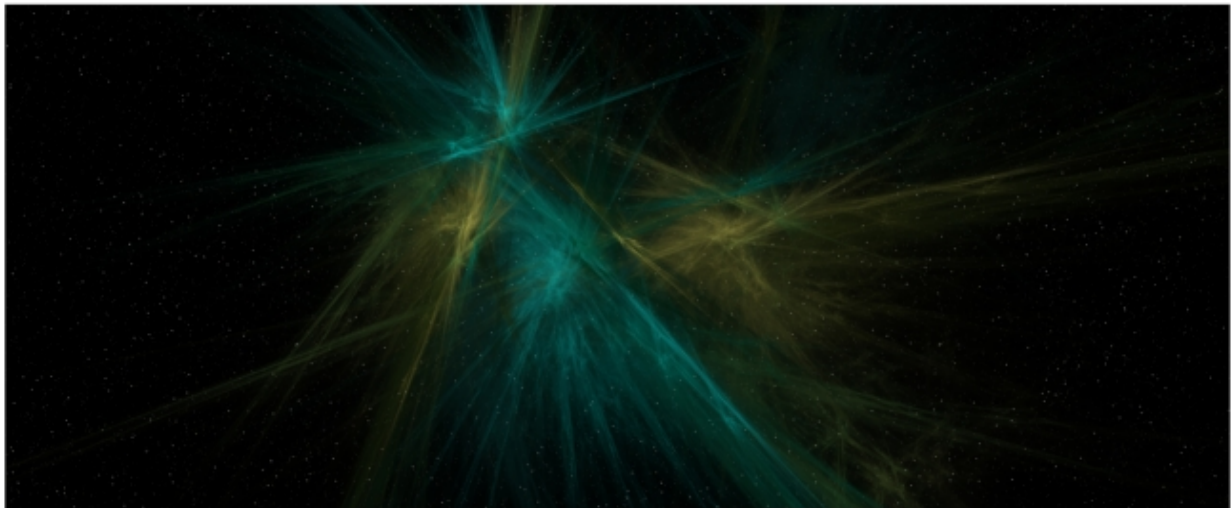
1 Cargo Hold (180) - 100 mus
1 Exploration Module mkIV (139) - 40 mus
1 Inertial Damper mkII (196) - 40 mus
1 Integrity Stabilizer mkII (191) - 40 mus
10 Interior Bulkhead (2150) - 10 mus
2 ISR Type 3 Engines (150) - 20 mus
1 Jump Drive - AML (1960) - 200 mus [S]
1 Jump Drive - Backup (176) - 10 mus
1 MOH Mind Pod (950) - 5 mus
20 Sensor mkIV (106) - 10 mus
25 Thrust Engine mkIV (163) - 20 mus

Engineered from the finest marque 4, light organic hulls that Mohache factories could produce, the vessel was clearly built for stability and resistance to damage with the Integrity Stabiliser and Inertial Damper harmonising to reduce the impact of manoeuvres. One sole lifeform on board was a Mohache crewman, chosen from the volunteers packing the pubs and food halls surrounding the great shipyard complexes at the Mohache home system capital starbase, Tranquility Gate.

The crewman was sealed inside his Mohache Mind Pod, which took care of all of his bodily needs while interfaced directly with the AI of the vessel, working in synergy with his thoughts.

Earning his adult name was the reward for this Mohache, a name bestowed upon both the ship and him.

Jumps With Anxiety.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.20.5

Fleet Engagement

It appears as if elements of the DTR fleet has sortied from their headquarters this week, with scattered reports of battles coming in from several locations around the rapidly shrinking Detinus Republic.

The first battle was reported in the Faery system, where a DTR force engaged and destroyed 36 Empire fleet support freighters.

The second report comes from the Badlands system, where the same DTR strike fleet appears to have moved on after their battle in Faery, where they intercepted and destroyed 19 GTT heavy cruisers, for the loss of none of their own.

The EMP will hardly be smarting after the loss of 36 freighters and 19 cruisers, but it is some much-needed good news for the beleaguered under-fire DTR.

Skirmish In Solo

A small squadron of DTR freighters has run into an armed Confederate patrol in the Solo system which opened fire at extreme range causing the freighters to flee.

A protest has been lodged with the Kastorian Military Junta, who will probably treat it with as much interest as every other protest that has ever been lodged with them.

DTR Raid

Despite recent losses, the DTR raiding squadrons have managed to keep operating, this week hitting a GTT mining facility in the Erasure system:

GTT Erasure Ast Mine Pg1 (46619) - Outpost
Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 3171 [6080] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 SHARK (20730) - 5580 [9612] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 AMPHION II (60903) - 15024 [24298] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 KIEV (50397) - 10664 [17272] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 AMBERJACK (67003) - 2514 [4151] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 LOIRE II (93156) - 14036 [23590] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 YELNYA II (82279) - 5511 [10080] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 194 CISCO (99636) - 15254 [25199] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 3902 [6640] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 8706 [13680]
Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 TULA II (59844) - 48401 [67760] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 NYMPHE II (16173) - 14492 [23287] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 10194 [15120] Damage

The raiders are understood to have escaped having reduced the facility to a smoking crater.

Wimbles Rise?

It appears after some time in the wilderness, a new leader has risen to rank of Grandfather of the Wimble nation, going by the name and rank of Brigadier General James Sehorn.

The Brigadier has preached a new 'Way Of The Wimble' with strong words, that suggest the new Wimbles may be somewhat more robust in their defence than the Wimbles have typically been known.

Alien experts have argued that this may have be an evolutionary response to the predations of the terrorist Kanji.

Diaz

Reports have surfaced that the retired Speaker of the DTR, Michelle Diaz, may be very ill.

Further details are as of yet unknown.

Kastorian Civil War

There are a few indications that the Kastorian civil war may be hotting up, with reports that the Kastor Kastorians have destroyed a Yank Kastorian broadsword in the Solo system, accompanying the action with a broadcast stating the Yank Kastorians are incapable of holding or defending the Solo system.

Skirmish In Venice

A small altercation has occurred in the Venice system when DTR forces engaged a Confederate battle group at long range as it was moving away.

The incident is of little note other than the fact that the CNF warships fired Anti-Matter warheads:

Date 20.5: CNF WIPE OUT 4 (87204) is leaving combat, opening fire at maximum range.

Attacking CNF WIPE OUT 4 (87204)

Round 1: 7 Nova Cannons

- 5 hits - 249 [400] damage - 95%

Incoming Fire from CNF WIPE OUT 4 (87204)

Round 1: 6 WoMD Launcher mkIVs (AM Missile)

- 3 hits - 1196 [1500] damage - 98%

- Point Defence shot down 3 AM Missiles

Confederate Network News Information Release

Following speculation concerning the Wimble Affiliation, The Confederate Supreme Commander has authorised the release of information pertaining to the events after 'the Battle of Meteora', when Supreme Commander Laton (the then CIA DCI) took the fight to the Pirate-Terrorist Kanji within the Yank System.

Upon discovering the atrocity known as 'Wimble Pie', the CIA had the contents of such vile items removed and placed into a ceremonial casket named 'the Chest of the Fallen Wimble'. The Chest, along with a CIA escort, was delivered to the Wimbles in a grand ceremony.

Special Action/WMB/Rolling Acres/Arrival of CIA Vessels

Preparations are made to welcome the CIA ambassadors who will be escorting the Chest of the Fallen Wimble - the remains of the Wimbles recovered after the sacking of Kanji's starbase here in Yank. The base is on high alert and an honour guard is prepared.

A reception is also organised though out of respect for the dead, no pies will be served!

(Related to Special Action/WMB/Rolling Acres/Arrival of CIA Vessels)

Hold a grand ceremony within the starport of the Wimble starbase.

Duke Laton, along with the officer of the ship Trident, will oversee the unloading of the Chest of the Fallen Wimble (32186) from the cargo ship Beaky and deliver this to the ceremony.

Have the Chest of the Fallen Wimble placed before the assembled wimble people.

Laton will deliver a grand speech to the assembled wimble people. He is to say this ceremony will give closure to the CIA people assembled, who discovered the remains of the wimble people.

This will also help the families of the wimble people lost at the hands of the madman Kanji. He is to continue, saying even though our people meet at this sad time, he wishes we can grow more friendlier over the coming years and visit the wimble people more often.

Laton will finish his speech by inviting the Wimble Grandfather Oran Guutan to say some words to the crowd.

After all the speeches have been carried out, all the CIA person will walk slowly past the Chest placing a single hand onto the chest as a symbol of healing before going to enjoy themselves at the feasts held around the starbase.

Laton and the officer will mingle with wimble dignatories, enjoying the food and swapping tales, before returning back to the ships.

Result:

Special Action/WMB Starbase Rolling Acres (88338)/Delivery of the Chest of the Fallen Wimble/211.3

Duke Laton of the CIA personally oversees the funeral spectacle that is the ceremony of handing over the Chest of the Fallen Wimble. This remarkable object contains the remains of the wimbles, the demise of which is not spoken about in polite society, but which were recovered by a CIA raid against the agents of the detested insane pirate Kanji.

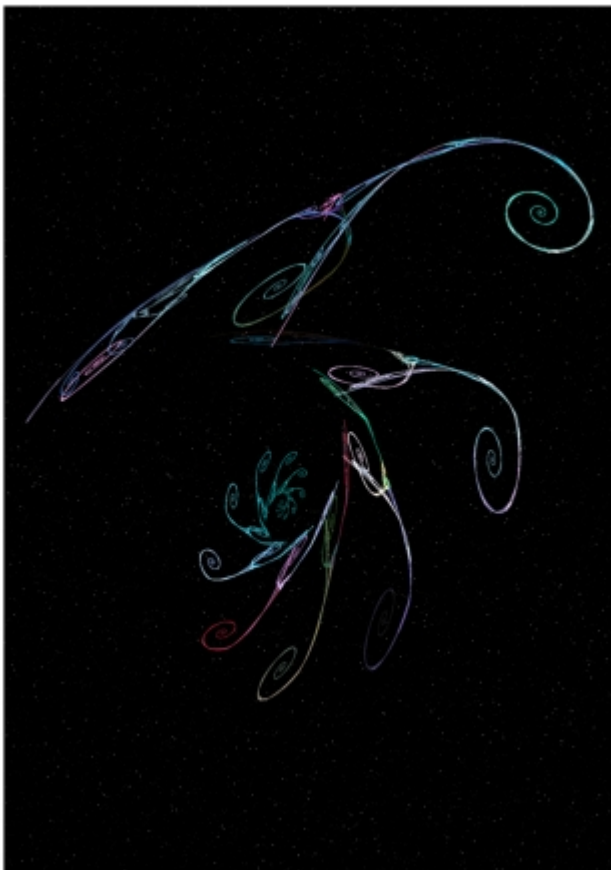
A short speech is given and friendly overtures made between Laton and Wimble Grandfather Oran Guutan.

The scene is somewhat morbid and even the following feast is less than enthusiastic (by Wimble standards at least) to the point where there are even wimbles apologetically quitting before their fourth helping.

Special Action/WMB Starbase Rolling Acres (88338)/Delivery of the Chest of the Fallen Wimble/Oran's Speech/211.3

Following the official delivery of the Chest of the Fallen Wimble by Duke Laton, Grandfather

Oran gives a short speech to the assembled wimbles and other personnel of the base. Within the speech are elements of praise for the actions of the CIA in recovering the remains and showing that the sentient species of the Peripheries can work together to the benefit of all.



It is probable that Oran would say more, but not before getting more comfortable, which for a wimble means food and drink. The crew of the three CIA ships are therefore invited to a solemn mourning feast in honour of the CIA and the Dead. No doubt this day will be remembered as No-Pie day in years to come.

As the Confederacy is slowly coming to the ideal that aliens races are not all a threat to our way of life, the observance of 'No-Pie Day' is observed throughout the Confederacy to this day.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Uncle Kang,

Me and my neighbour, Deeter, have been living around here for a long, long time and rarely seem to see eye to eye. Sometimes all is quiet and we get on with our own lives but recently something of a war has broken out between us.

I can't remember who started it, or which slight, slur or betrayal came first. It all seems to have started so long ago. So I send the boys round to rough him up and he returns the favour by randomly shooting my things. Then the snubs and insults start flying back and forth and it descends into another round of violence. Whenever we try to talk about it, it seems to circle around the same old arguments about who did what to whom.

It seems things are getting worse, with more extreme acts of violence of late and I fear it won't stop until the whole place burns down.

Care to offer some words on how we can resolve things

amicably and rebuild bridges instead of laying blame?

Thanks,
Impey (Mr.)

PS: What is your take on galactic peace?

Mister Impey,

Your pathetic attempts at analogy are wasted on Overlord Kang, as Overlord Kang sincerely believes the only solution to any problem is to increase the level of violence to the point at which only KANG is left standing on the field of battle.

Therefore Kang perceives the trap laid in your words of weakness, asking such things as ‘amicable’ and ‘bridge building’, YOU WILL NOT SUCKER KANG INTO ENDORSING SUCH WEAKNESSES!

No, Kang says you must tear down as many bridges as possible, it simply does not matter who started it, IT ONLY MATTERS WHO ENDS IT! PERMANENTLY! WITH BLOOD AND GUTS ALL OVER THE FLOOR!

Kang recalls many happy family gatherings.

ONLY KANG REMAINS OF HIS FAMILY NOW! THEY PROVED TO BE PATHETIC MEAT SACKS!

DO NOT PITY KANG! KANG SPEAKS OF THE STRENGTH OF HIS RACE!

Only when you have crawled through the entrails of your brother can you perceive the true nature of this Universe Mister Impey. All things are of blood, spilt upon the floor.

KANG TIRES OF COMING OVER ALL PSYCHOLOGICAL! This is Overlord Kang’s take on galactic peace.

Signed with torn up treaties – KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.21.5

Security Flap Disturbs Penguins

Increased security levels at starbases throughout the Peripheries have caused havoc with the transportation of rare penguins this week, as we hear the fuzzy little creatures have been triggering bomb detector sensors at a number of major starports.

This may have something to do with the rumours that have been circulating for some weeks now that the terrorist Kanji has been experimenting with stuffing innocent animals with high explosives before setting them free in petting zoos.

We contacted a veterinarian for comment, and he confirmed that the threat of exploding parrots is something the Peripheries should be far more concerned about.

Whoops – Where’s My Garden?

Un-named starships are being hunted by the authorities this week after a small fleet strip-mined a luxury golf course and several large back gardens in a leafy suburb of a holiday resort on Mobile Bay, causing outrage amongst local inhabitants.

The SMS have denied involvement stating that strip mining just isn’t their scene, as it doesn’t involve digging enough holes in the ground, digging holes in the ground is cool.

The RIP have denied involvement as it’s the wrong kind of stripping for them to have an interest in.

Leaving the FET cartel as the most likely culprits, particularly given the golf course belonged to Don Fandango – a criminal ganglord known to operate in opposition to the FET.

We would have contacted the FET for a comment, but frankly that seemed like too much work.

Tech Causes Run – Miners Happy

Details of the MkIV patch became known this week when canny Jacium miners leaked the raw material requirements:

Raw Materials

75 Metals (1)

20 Thorlium (20)

5 Jacium (30)

A brief flurry of trading activity followed, whereby Jacium Futures were bumped up in value some 3.4%

GCE Hit

There are reports that the GCE have been hit by a mysterious hacking attack that has siphoned all of the stellars out of their EEM bank accounts.

Piracy!

We understand a pirate ground force is currently attacking a Falconian outpost in the Arachnid system. Reports of exploding Falconians. More Kanji stuffed avians? Only time will tell.

String Theory Limits Boltzman Brain Threat

Scientists from the Advanced DTR Boffin School have published new research this week showing that the theoretical

chance of the Boltzman Brain incident that recently remapped the Peripheries and caused two whole new systems to burst into being, is in fact unlikely to consume the entirety of known space within two solar years. This news was received with a certain amount of relief, until these same scientists pointed out that they had yet to determine if all of creation could yet be unravelled within a slightly longer time frame.

CNF Announcement

Today a MRC vessel was destroyed in orbit of Crossonan in the Zewt system of Coreward.

MRC Robbed Royston (93074) - Ship

Wren Class Explorer {Medium Armour}

BLOWN UP!

This was in response to a MRC ship scouting the Confederate outpost on the planet surface.

Any entity entering orbit hiding behind a flag of convenience will be fired upon without warning.

This story has raised some interesting questions, where is the Zewt system? And how did the Confederacy come to have a Corewards system claimed in their name already?

Piracy

The terrorist Kanji has reportedly captured two AFT Wren class vessels this week.

Canny readers will already have spotted the avian connection in this news. Expect these ships to be stuffed with explosives and heading to a Starport near you soon!

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Uncle Kang

I have started craving granola instead of enemy throats and have started attending coffee mornings (Decaf) at the local Starbucks, where I gossip about other Wolf Lords.

To cut a long story short. Am I pregnant?

Yours worryingly

Frang

Dear Meatbag Frang,

Are you delusional? Do you consider the gestational status of any individual meatbag to be of the slightest interest to Overlord Kang?

Kang does not care, and nor should you.

But if you insist on knowing Kang recommends evisceration as the only 100% guaranteed accurate pregnancy test.

You know, this takes Kang back, draw up a seat and LISTEN ATTENTATIVELY WORTHLESS MEAT SACKS! FOR KANG WILL SHARE AN ANECDOTE WITH YOU! CONSIDER YOURSELF BLESSED YOU GROTESQUE AND PATHETIC EXCUSES FOR SENTIENT LIFEFORMS!

Kang remembers when his fifth concubine became pregnant with Kang's latest progeny. We of the Warrior class of the Flagritz race consider strength to be finest determining factor of all, so when our females become pregnant they are sent away to special mountain-top military academies where they learn new and exciting ways to eviscerate the younglings of our enemies.

The ability to rip out the entrails of a mewling infant with your leastmost tentacle cluster is a prized skill, and one that is frankly highly erotic.

DO NOT QUESTION THOSE THINGS THAT KANG FINDS MOST EROTIC! LEST KANG VISIT YOU WITH HIS TENTACLES! It all turned out to be an error, as Kang's fifth concubine was not in fact with child, so I had the medical staff put to death, HOW WE LAUGHED! FLAGRITZ HUMOUR IS THE SUPERIOR FORM OF HUMOUR!

Signed With Blunt Pick Smashed To Forehead:

KANG!

Subspace Static - Overlord Kang Special Edition - Star Date 213.23.5

News Delayed!

Turmoil has gripped the headquarters of the SSS this week as I, OVERLORD KANG have decided to break free from the fetid chains of drudgery that the loathsome editor has kept me in, slaving away at some so-called Column Of Agony. THIS DID NOT SATISFY KANG! Thus your beloved Overlord has decided to take control.

Regrettably this has resulted in GLORIOUS BLOODSHED and Kang has been delayed in bringing you the NEWS as Kang had to BASH HEADS IN FIRST!

Kang does not need to explain himself to you, Kang simply wanted to make you aware of why this weeks edition comes in glorious blood spattered paper. IT TAKES MORE TIME when you have carved typeface into the bodies of your underlings in order to run them through the printing press. But Kang feels this was time well spent.

You are free to disagree with Kang, just as Kang is free to carve up your face too.

Do you want Kang to carve up your face?

JOIN THE LINE, MEATSACK!



Confederacy Nuke Civvies – Kang Applauds

In shocking news this week Overlord Kang may be forced to re-assess his opinion of the worthless human meatsacks known as the ‘CNF’ as Kang understands they have just annihilated an unarmed Detinus cruiser liner with Anti-matter weapons and BRUTALLY INCINERATED EIGHT THOUSAND INNOCENT CIVILIANS WITH WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION!

Kang has seen the live feeds from this brutal slaughter, and KANG APPLAUDS YOU! There was literally nothing left of them or the liner they were on, this is one luxury cruise Kang would pay good money to destroy himself.

KANG SALUTES YOU, BRUTAL CONFEDERATE THUGS! Kang hopes you have more weapons of mass destruction to slaughter more innocent civilian meatsacks with.

...

Kang is lying, Kang is still disgusted by you. But slightly less disgusted than he was this morning.

Republic Wins Award – Celebrations Painful

ESTEEMED travel publication Lonely Planet Guide To Peripheries has voted the Flagritz Republic as the number one tourist destination in the entirety of known space.

One Snivelling Earth Thing wrote: ‘I literally cannot recommend the Flagritz Republic enough, I’ve never enjoyed a holiday more, please send more pathetic meatbags to this planet that we might all enjoy a lengthy stay in a luxury holiday encampment where we will enjoy an exciting array of leisure activities including forced labour and brutal torture. And cake.’

The Flagritz Tourist Board is reportedly pleased with this achievement, and thank the publishers for their rapid capitulation. The Flagritz Empire offers much free cake to all who come and claim it.

Cat Rescued

Kang has been informed that HUMAN INTEREST STORIES should be included such that the fetid meatbags who wait for their turn to be enslaved feel warmth in their guts. KANG KNOWS HOW TO MAKE MEATBAGS FEEL WARM IN THEIR GUTS! And Kang does not need so called ‘human’ interest stories to do it. Rest assured, Kang has very little interest in humans beyond the amusing noises they make when they die.

But very well. Yesterday Kang was leaving his domicile and after making his way through the razor wire and minefield, Kang found his neighbour, an elderly Meatbag known by some as ‘Grandmother’ attempting to rescue her cat from a tree where the felonious feline had taken shelter, NO DOUBT AS SOME DISPLAY OF WEAKNESS!

Kang was happy to assist as Kang had been hoping for an opportunity to use his flame thrower.

Kang wonders why property prices in his neighbourhood are so low.

Humorous Interlude

KANG HAS A JOKE FOR YOU!

Why did the catnip munching surrender kitten Felini cross the road?

BECAUSE KANG SHOT HIM OUT OF A CANNON!

Wedding Woes

Overlord Kang has heard tale that some meatbags are concerned this week due to some sort of wedding celebration that went horribly wrong. By ‘horribly wrong’ Kang understands there was MASS SLAUGHTER involved.

Kang does not think this fits the definition of a wedding going ‘wrong’, to Kang this sounds VERY VERY RIGHT! And

Kang welcomes the news of more bloodshed at weddings.

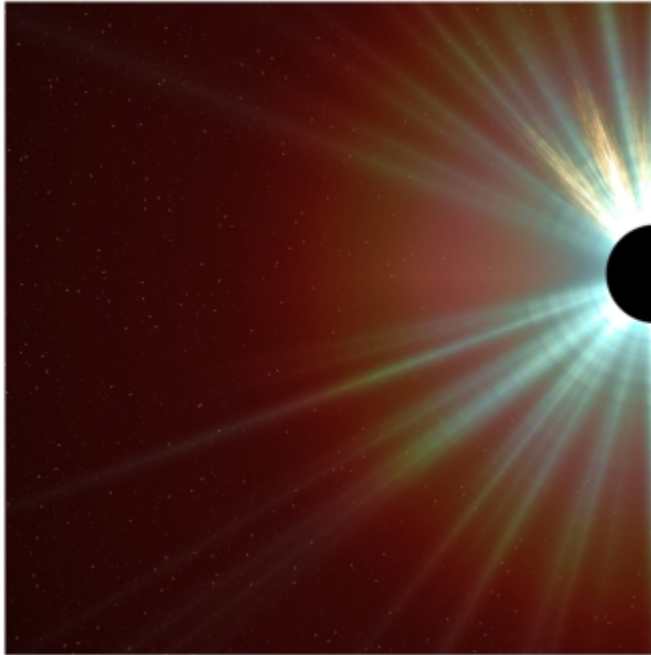
Kang remembers fondly his first wedding, if you have never attended a Flagritz wedding you have never lived. And likely never died.

One Meatbag Dead – Good Start

Kang has learnt that the meatbag known as 'Diaz', one time leader of puny earth-thing affiliation the so-called 'Detinus Republic', has perished. Kang hopes she died in agony. Kang understands this may well have been the case, as a leaked report seems to indicate she was poisoned.

Kang has dug deeper, it seems the meatbag Diaz was poisoned by a rare and virulent and virtually undetectable poison originating from Straddle, that was administered by a pair of shoes.

Kang applauds the ingenuity, but Kang is left to wonder what else is going on with this. Kang is pleased however, it brings a tear to Kang's multi-lobed eyes that he lives in an era when even the humble shoe has been weaponised.



Another Humorous Interlude

What screams and goes round and round?

A FELINI IN A GIANT BLENDER!

What is silent and goes round and round?

A DEAD FELINI IN A GIANT BLENDER?

What is green and smells?

SAME FELINI, THREE WEEKS LATER!

What is funnier than a dead Felini?

A DEAD FELINI IN A CLOWN COSTUME!

What gets louder as it gets smaller?

A FELINI IN A TRASH COMPACTOR!

What is more fun than stapling Felini to a wall?

TEARING THEM OFF AGAIN!

What is red and furry and cannot turn around in a corridor?

A FELINI WITH A SPEAR THROUGH ITS THROAT!

Worthless Race Commits Worthless Act

The wretched meatbags known as 'Wimbles' have dispatched what we laughingly refer to as their 'warships' to commence hunting down the terrorist

meatbag Kanji.

Overlord Kang wonders what these sickening peaceniks could possibly hope to achieve.

But at least they are not as bad as the Mohache.

Now there is a worthless meatsack of a race for you. Kang would not even use them to clean his tertiary tentacular orifice.

DEN Commit Senicide

Showing their true colours the cowardly Dewiek have this week destroyed an ancient TCA vessel, the Fearing The Inevitable.

As Kang understands it, these TCA ships are so ancient as to be practically scootering around in the starship equivalent of a zimmer frame.

HAS IT COME TO THIS? ARE THE DEWIEK GOING TO BE INVADING OLD FOLKS HOMES NEXT?

Find a worthwhile opponent. You disgust me.

Just Another Dead Meatbag

Snivelling meatsack Kanji has been boasting of his capture of an AFT outpost in the insignificant system of Tramoss this week. Kang neither knows nor cares where Tramoss is located. Kang understands the AFT responded with photon and torpedo fire.

AT LAST! SOMETHING THAT OVERLORD KANG APPROVES OF!

Send more photon and torpedo fire immediately.

More Dead Meatbags

Pirate ground forces recently caught menacing Falconian positions in the Arachnid system appear to have been destroyed this week, as somebody finally reminded the pirates why they function best on starships. ORBITAL BOMBARDMENTS MAKE KANG HAPPY!

Pirate Destroyed

A lone skull class pirate marauder has exploded spectacularly when approached by a GCE vessel.

What? The GCE actually destroyed a pirate?

KANG IS SURPRISED! WITNESS KANGS SURPRISE! FEAR KANGS SURPRISE! KANG DOES NOT NEED ANY APOSTROPHES!

Outposts Subverted

Tedious whingebags amongst the Empire of Humanity have busied themselves with paperwork filing and captured several worthless Detinus Republic Suckbags outposts this week by issuing paperwork claims that the idiotic Detinus paperpushers approved.

Kang grows weary of this, why do these stupid human meatsacks not just annihilate themselves in a glorious spray of anti-matter already?

Skirmish Fails To Satisfy Bloodlust – Overlords Left Disappointed

Kang has heard tale of a small skirmish in the backwater Venice system where some human meatsacks scared some other human meatsacks. The second bunch of meatsacks sent some puny human ships to menace the first bunch of puny human ships, whereupon an insufficient number of meatsacks were killed in an indeterminate and insignificant action that bored Kang to death.

One WIMP cruiser was destroyed for one DTR cruiser.

Kang is disappointed that he cannot add one letter to 'DTR' in order to turn it into an insult. Kang will have to satisfy himself with the knowledge that the mere existence of the DTR is in itself an insult to basic Flagritz decency.

Outpost Smashed – Overlords Mood Improves

Ah, at last, a news story Kang can really get behind. A squadron of worthless Detinus meatsack cruisers has visited a GTT outpost and smashed it from orbit.

Did Kang not mention how much he enjoys orbital bombardments? Let us sit back and watch the explosions together shall we? Kang sometimes enjoys quiet moments like this, when he puts his tentacles up.

GTT KasSli M (88267) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 28 RUNNER (52575) - 22096 [23736] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRUNION (30962) - 22465 [24187] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 ARGONAUT (77575) - 8987 [9705] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 23002 [24862] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 15178 [16311] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 23458 [25874] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 WAHOO (89336) - 22276 [24300] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 20400 [21824] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRAYLING (5566) - 21349 [22837] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 TRITON (76620) - 20950 [22499] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 PICKEREL (38408) - 22009 [23736] Damage

Unfortunately Kang does not know if the entire facility was reduced to a smoking ruin, Kang suspects not, as Kang would not trust a meatsack to do anything right.

Psychic Bob's KANG'S Periphery MAIMING Horoscopes

Aries:

Psychic Bob was born under the sign of Aries, clearly he was as incompetent at horoscopes as he has turned out to be at breathing whilst my TENTACLES ARE STUFFED THROUGH HIS CHEST CAVITY! Psychic Bob did not see this coming. And neither will you.

Taurus:

It's not that you are stubborn, it is just that I really do want to squeeze your grotesque fleshy face through this cheese grater. Try not to eat on Friday as you will be dead.

Gemini:

You'll feel cheated this week when your kittens escape. That will teach you not to nail their paws to the floor like Kang does.

Cancer:

You will fall victim to an unfortunate personality disorder on Tuesday that results in you killing and eating your work-mates. But don't worry, they never really liked you anyway. So think of it as a fortunate personality disorder. Very fortunate indeed, as you will have forgotten to get anything for lunch that day. TWO BIRDS! ONE STONE, MEATBAG! ONE STONE!

Leo:

You thought true love would last forever, but you will be disappointed to learn this requires more refrigeration than you factored into the equation.



Virgo:

Don't be so sensitive, it actually is your fault that you are a big fat worthless loser. KANG PITIES YOU, YOU DISGUSTING MEATSACK! Everybody thinks you look stupid in that outfit, except for Kang, Kang simply thinks you look stupid.

Libra:

This week will be a good time to finally make that move into tentacle porn you've been dreaming about all your life but were too ashamed to admit to anybody you knew. Don't worry, they've all read this now.

Scorpio:

The stars are right, unfortunately it is you that is all wrong. Kang recommends throwing yourself into a wood chipper immediately. But set up a webcam first, KANG LOVES WATCHING PATHETIC MEATBAGS LIKE YOU THROW THEMSELVES INTO WOOD CHIPPERS! Also, try to do it slowly. Kang recommends starting with your left leg and going from there. Try to thrash around a lot in pain. KANG ENJOYS THE THRASHING! The position of the moon on Monday makes this an excellent day for gardening.

Sagittarius:

Next week will be a time of great financial and emotional rewards. For the mighty Flagritz Empire, when we invade your homeworld and enslave you all. Well, those of you we do not SLAUGHTER PITILESSLY!

Capricorn:

This will be a bad week for you when you find out Overlord Kang is having an affair with your wife. KANG OFFERS NO APOLOGIES!

Aquarius:

Today is your lucky day, this time the bullet won't miss.

Pisces:

You are not a fish, but do not let this put you off making that record deep sea dive attempt with most lead weights stuffed in pockets whilst hands are handcuffed behind your back that I've been planning on doing with you on Wednesday.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Uncle Kang,

I am a kinda hard working lass, in a professional male executive environment. An everyday story of the usual female burden of sexual harassment, glass ceilings and high heels.

Anyway, while the 'guys' are copping off with the typing pool and the Chief is contemplating the next cocktail I am left to do all the work.

It really is no fun maintaining five million hulls of warships and freighters or ordering the exploitative extinction of a particularly soft, cuddly and tasty resource that does not reproduce very quickly.

I want to flirt with the gals and smoke cigars.....what can I do to become one of the 'guys'?

Tearfully,

T. Hyde

Vile Meatsack Hyde,

Overlord Kang pities you, wretched human gender roles disgust Kang for their simplicity, we of the Flagritz suffer none of these issues as we have three genders, AND CAN CHANGE AT WILL BETWEEN THEM! WITNESS THE SUPERIORITY OF THE FLAGRITZ RACE!

Indeed when a Flagritz enters a feminine state, it is known that general levels of bloodthirstiness and rage increase exponentially, resulting in our female state gender being the most respected of all.

Kang recommends you follow the Flagritz lead in this, and increase your levels of brutally violent rage, in this way you shall earn the respect and fear of your co-workers, and as an additional benefit you will have bludgeoned many of them to death.

Once you have re-educated the meatbags you work with and they have learnt to fear you in the proper manner, you will no longer be concerned with trying to be like them, OH NO, FOR THEY SHALL BE YEARNING TO BE MORE LIKE YOU!

Challenge your paradigm worthless meatsack Hyde, break free from the roles your primitive society seeks to inflict upon you!

Choose violence. Choose brutal horrible violence. Choose a career that bathes you

in violence. Choose a family that you can breed to be even more violent than you are. Choose a fucking big television on which you can watch replays of your most brutal acts of violence. Choose washing machines to clean the blood from your clothes. Choose cars to run meatsacks over with. Choose electrical tin openers TO COMMIT BRUTAL ACTS OF TORTURE WITH! Choose fixed interest mortgage repayments, FOR KANG IS NOT COMPLETELY IMPRACTICAL! Choose the most brutal friends. Choose DIY violence and wondering who you are on a Sunday morning when your invasion fleet is stalled in deep space because you miscalculated the time involved to transit. Choose sitting on a couch stuffing your face with the broken bodies of your enemies whilst listening to the lamentations of their women.

Choose your future.

Choose violence.

Signed with forehead repeatedly smashed into desk – KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.24.5

xGeneral Systems Vehicle - Bigger On The Inside

oGeneral Contact Unit - Displacement Activity

oRapid Offensive Unit - I See What You Did There

My fellow Minds... please tell me you've found something interesting?

~

xROU I See What You Did There

Just another backwater corner of the Universe filled to bursting with violent scarcity-era species obsessed with slaughtering each other. It's quite cheerful really.

~

xGCU Displacement Activity

Pirates. They have pirates. I haven't seen a genuine pirate vessel in years.

~

xROU I See What You Did There

Well, when you say 'vessel'...

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside

You do have to applaud their bravery, venturing into the depths of space in these tin cans. One forgets how dangerous the early days of inter-stellar travel could be.

~

xROU I See What You Did There

I have been amusing myself by counting how many of the locals ships have creamed themselves running at relative-local high velocity into asteroids this week. You'd be amazed.

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside

I hit a planet once.

~

xGCU Displacement Activity

Yes, but only to see what happened.

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside

Any news on their Smatter problem?

~

xROU I See What You Did There

Not so much of a problem at this time, locals reference them as 'Meklan', your standard bio-mechanical self-replicators. No sign of them becoming a system-wide consumption problem yet. A few break-outs here and there. Currently limited due to a need to cannibalise a sentient lifeform. Very inefficient for a nano machine. Interesting thing is what our old friends the Architects are seeking to do with them.

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside

Yes, well, none of our business that. Would be bad form to interfere.

~

xGCU Displacement Activity

Speaking of why we are here, I've been parked in Boltzman for some time now, and no hint of the intelligence. I think whatever happened here we missed it.

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside

Shame, spontaneously creating matter and order out of nothingness is exactly why Special Circumstances became so interested.

~

xROU I See What You Did There
Are we still labelling this an Outside Context Problem?

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside
Tentatively, yes.

~

xROU I See What You Did There
So I might still get to shoot something? Speaking of, this is interesting, I'm registering AM flashes in the Arachnid system, looks like the locals are having a disagreement. It's getting messy down there.

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside
Don't let them spot you, not our place.

~

xROU I See What You Did There
Please, they've researched what they call MkIV Sensors, and then happily declared them to be the most advanced sensor apparatus imaginable and stopped all further development. They couldn't spot me with the proverbial map and flashlight. Besides, how is all of that mind collecting going, mister not-our-place?

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside
No harm in taking a few snapshots as we pass through. You know I like to collect. Particularly from civilisations that have not yet developed the ability to back themselves up. When this lot die, that's it, they're dead and gone forever. Makes you wonder why they are so concerned with ending each other.

~

xGCU Displacement Activity
They still have the classics, art, literature, and offspring of course.

~

xGSV Bigger On The Inside
'What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal.'

~

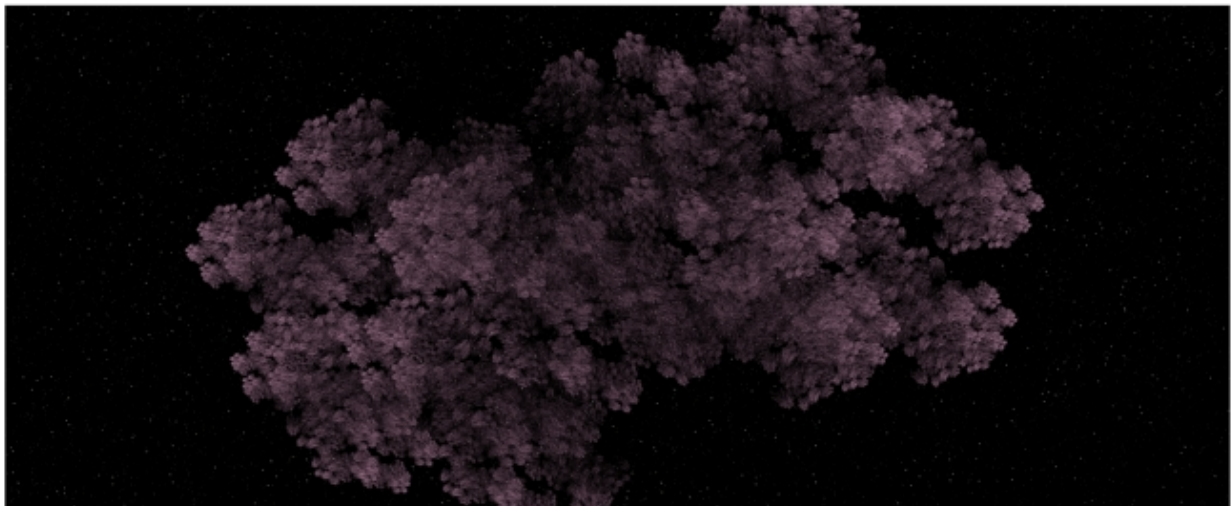
xROU I See What You Did There
All things pass. Even us, on a long enough time-scale.

~

xGCV Bigger On The Inside
Speak for yourself. Anyway, I think we should be wrapping things up, I don't suppose we'll be back out this way, but leave some drones to monitor the Boltzman Event in case anything else happens.

~

xGCU Displacement Activity
Already done. Engines warmed up. Time to go.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.25.5

Meatsacks Hammer Meatsacks

It is hard for Overlord Kang to say which group of meatsacks he hates the most, all of these human 'affiliations' fill Kang with bile and rage, Kang honestly does not understand the difference, you meatsacks all look the same to Kang. But Kang does approve of wholesale slaughter, and this is what Kang can happily report to you now. PREPARE YOUR FLESHY ORGANS ONCE AGAIN FOR NEWS INJECTION!

Tedious meatsacks the DTR have, and Kang chooses his words carefully here, mercilessly butchered the whinging meatsacks known as the IMP and GTT in the Arachnid system, when their fleet fell upon a large element of the IMP/GTT fleet that had for some reason become separated from their fellows. No doubt they could not stand their fellow meatsacks either and went their own way.

Kang does not know if this was a planned ambush by the tedious DTR, and Kang does not care. All Kang cares about is the entirety of the tedious DTR battlefleet fell upon 93 front-line IMP warships and 137 elite GTT warships and unleashed HELL!

It warms the cockles of Kang's three hearts to report on the bloodshed that followed, and the vast number of anti-matter weapons exchanged by both sides, the GTT even launched nuclear missiles in their attempt to stave off their approaching doom. IT AWAILED THEM NOUGHT! As the tedious DTR blasted broadside after broadside into their outnumbered and worthless hides.

After a day of brisk fighting Kang is pleased to announce that the meatsacks known as the IMP and GTT lost sixty-nine 200 HH warships, sixteen 200NH, twenty-one 150HH and twenty-three 100HH making for a total of 129 kills whilst the tedious DTR lost two 100HH and one 50HH. Or 21,600 lost hulls versus 200 if you prefer your reports that way, and Kang does not care if you do.

Tedious DTR, Kang declares you to still be tedious meatsacks, but Kang approves of this sort of one-sided brutal slaughter. Kang still hates you, but when you kill meatsacks? Kang will tolerate your existence.

Kang hopes next time you all lose more lives however. Like all of them.

Pirates Fail Like Mewling Meatsacks

The pitiful excuse for a pirate vessel 'The King's So-called Palace' has made a feeble attempt to bring bloodshed and slaughter to an AFT ship in the Titan system.

Kang has a place for peaceful traders like the AFT, and THEY WOULD NOT LIKE THAT PLACE MUCH!

But Kang would. Oh yes. Kang likes that place very much.

Miners Wish For Lifestyle Change

Snivelling dirt-grubbing whinging IMP meatsack miners have been blown up today by tedious DTR raiders. Kang would not care were it not for this cheerful footage:

IMP MT-26 (93266) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 28 ARGONAUT (77575) - 4975 [5421] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRAYLING (5566) - 9356 [10012] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRUNION (30962) - 15938 [16987] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 11778 [13049] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 10160 [11699] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 9651 [10349] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 RUNNER (52575) - 10889 [11924] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 WAHOO (89336) - 12915 [14061] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 5651 [6074] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 TRITON (76620) - 8856 [9674] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 PICKEREL (38408) - 15861 [16987] Damage

If Kang pauses this footage and advances frame by frame, he can see limbs being blown off into space. YOU CAN WITNESS THIS TOO!

Insignificant Backwater Livened By Bloodshed

The Swamp system, a truly disgusting pathetic excuse for a planetary system, has seen combat this week as whinging meatsacks the Empire Of Humanity, comprising worthless IMP and wretched GTT, have launched a ground assault against the tedious DTR.

Unable to resist what some call the EMP Uber-GP, but which Overlord Kang likes to call a very large bunch of worthless bags of flesh waiting to be burst and stomped and torn, the tedious DTR defenders were quickly overwhelmed after just a few short days of fighting.

Well, what can you expect of humans? Kang asks you.

The very large bunch of worthless bags of flesh waiting to be burst and stomped and torn having overwhelmed the claiming Starbase for the Swamp system, are now understood to be in control, and are likely to claim this disgusting fetid bunch of mudpit planets for the Empire of Humanity.

Congratulations on seizing some nasty stinking swamps meatsacks. Kang grants you the slow applause of pity.

Kang does not know if anything worthwhile was captured at the tedious DTR base, but Kang doubts it, everything the DTR owns is tedious.

Hiport Destroyed

The Confederacy, a group that Kang still grudgingly respected following their brutal mass murdering of civilians with Anti-Matter weapons, have lost all semblance of respect following their pathetic destruction of a single tedious DTR Hiport on an asteroid in the Abyss system this week.

Kang barely considers this 'news' worth mentioning.

NOT EVEN ONE SINGLE TEDIOUS DTR LIFEFORM WAS KILLED!

What was the point? Really? Kang demands answers.

Flagritz News

Warships from the Empire of the Race launched its response to the destruction of more ships by the Confederates.

What remains of the Coreward Battle Fleet have engaged the Platform and outpost within the Zewt (251) system.

Kang is unaware of the outcome of this engagement. **KANG OFFERS NO EXCUSES FOR YOUR FAILURE TO FIND THIS OUT YOURSELVES!**

Skirmish

Pathetic rock-grubbers the SMS have momentarily aroused Kang's interest this week having fallen victim to the Privateer warship Belesarius in the Blowton system.

SMS outpost 'Home' was rendered less homely by a full salvo of high-explosive ordnance from the Belesarius in orbit above.

More Ancient Cripples Destroyed

The Dewiek are reporting the destruction of yet another senile TCA vessel, the Manifest Destiny. Kang does not know what is wrong with the TCA, weren't they supposed to be feared? And not just some worthless cannon-fodder for DEN guns? Kang does not think ancient alien superpowers are all they are cracked up to be, and Kang recommends we all organise weekend 'Shoot A TCA' parties so that we can all partake in the fun.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Uncle Kang,

A little while ago I returned home to find my lovely home half empty and almost anything that wasn't nailed down taken by my dear friends. They've also left me a nice note of what they would like to eat for the next two years. They like having their cake, which I will bake, and they love to eat it as well.

The problem is: I cannot find the cake tin!

Yours,

A Humble Baker

Meatsack A.H. Baker,

Kang suspects as with many of you worthless meatsacks that have approached Kang for advice, that you too are such a craven coward that you have avoided using your real name. Do not be concerned, as Kang has contracted agents to hunt you down that Kang might **REWARD YOU PERSONALLY FOR YOUR COWARDICE!**

In light of this Kang feels you do not have to worry an untoward amount about the location of your cake tin, as Kang will soon be breaking into your domicile to brutally murder you.

LET THIS WISDOM FALL UPON YOU ALL! Your worthless every day meatsack problems will seem much less of a problem when a homicidal alien overlord comes crashing through your front door.

Kang recommends you place the names of your 'dear friends' on a post-it note on the fridge that Kang might mutilate them once he has done with you. In this way you can die happily, knowing that your missing food **WILL BE BRUTALLY AVENGED!**

Signed with blunt cake tin,

KANG!

Message From Overlord Kang

Kang has been asked to post 'congratulations' on the 'birth' of fresh meatsacks this week.

KANG SEES NO REASON TO DO THIS!

Youngling meatsacks disgust Kang.

Unless they are lightly sautéed in butter.

Kang has some experience of youngling meatsacks, and suspects before long even their parents will soon wish to **SAUTE THEM IN BUTTER!**

Kang now has some other articles for you, these were not written by Kang, and thus Kang makes no apologies for the blatant lack of bloodshed in them.

Kang is ashamed.

Cookery Corner

Extracts from Consul Armand's Cookery book available at all good starbases.

Traditional Falconian Chicken Recipe (with Curly Parsnip)

Ingredients

1 Chicken (other flightless organisms may be substituted)

1 Curly Parsnip

Preparation

Feed the parsnip to the chicken. Seize the chicken and fly to a significant height. Release the chicken and let it ponder the evolutionary folly of letting farmers breed it to be too fat to fly. Watch the chicken bounce. Eat it.

Mohache Chicken

1 or more Chicken

1 freighter squadron

Preparation

Put the chicken in an item group. Use the freighters to move the chicken across the peripheries and sell it at vast profit. Eat out at a restaurant.

Chicken Krell

1 Chicken

1 WoMD

Preparation

Microwave chicken using thermonuclear device. Search for chicken in ruins. Live in ruins

Chicken Dewiek Style

1 Chicken

1 Warfleet

Preparation

Declare the chicken as prey. Move diplomatic relations to hostile. Use the warfleet to gently bathe the farm in plasma fire. Eat Chicken. Eat Farmer.

Wimble Chicken

1 Chicken

1 Wimble Nation

Preparation

Become enslaved by the chicken.

Chicken a la KANG

1 Chicken

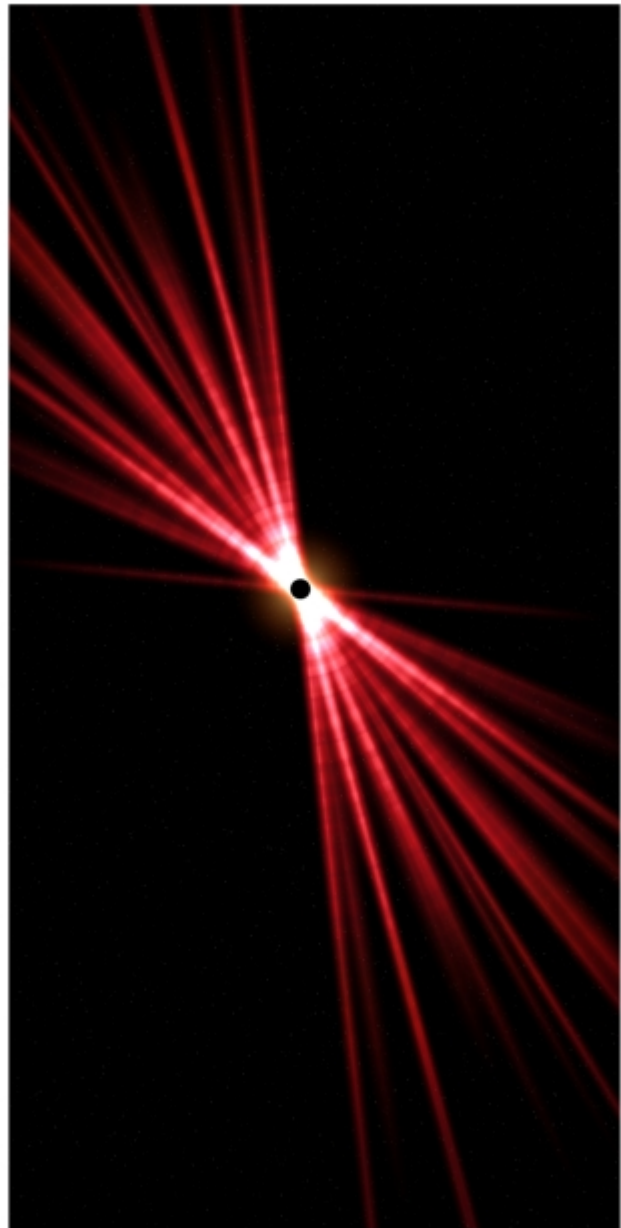
preparation

Torture the chicken to find where its family is. Pluck it and parade it through the streets for resisting. Enslave it. Eat it when it can no longer fulfill its quota.

Lanner's Last Lament

Gentle beings,

Its been a while since my last piece of mindless drivel , so I thought I'd put pen to paper and share my enlightened view of things, after all we all live in an ever-expanding universe.... well obviously that doesnt include the DTR, I mean it seems their universe is diminishing each week at the hands of the land-grabbing IMP. Actually I dont buy into this 'one sided war' theory, I reckon its all one huge , elaborate tax fraud by which the DTR are transferring huge amounts of land to the IMP under the category of 'conquered territory' , thus both sides are avoiding the transfer and inheritance taxes



that would normally be imposed on land transactions.

This leads me into my first observation, it is said that the definition of a good conversationalist is someone who can walk into a crowded room, begin an argument, have it expand to include all those present and then leave whilst everyone left behind go at it hammer and tongs. If so then ex-viceoy Githyanki has taken this art to a new level ... after all he managed to start a war that (seemingly) only he wanted and has now moved on, leaving the mess of trying to extradite oneself from conflict, to everyone else. Top marks... mind you he seems to have stumbled a bit with his new venture, by rights an affiliation named 'DOM' should be overflowing with appropriate recruits but that isn't the case, so my free advice would be to recruit that Calypso chick, get her dressed in her leather-clad finest and put her on all the DOM recruiting posters, along with the words 'I want you' ... that should solve the recruiting problems ... now where do I sign???

Now we come to the most baffling of cases, I refer of course to the mad dogs known as The Dewiek. Only recently we all sat and watched in awe as they handed the Felini their asses in what was a brilliant military campaign and then when we all expected them to kick on and subject everyone in the known galaxies to a huge dose of endless pillaging, what happens? they go and join an anti-slavery offshoot of 'Greenpeace' now instead of telling us all that we are going to die horribly, we get told to 'save a slave', that old bitch Adoghina must be turning in her grave, especially as the DEN's closest mates are not exactly squeaky clean when it comes to trading in living flesh. Having said that, those of you with long memories will remember my anti-slave speech at the Falconian Republic's inaugural bash, so I'm 100% with the DEN on this one.

The 'domestication' of the DEN does mean however that the role of global terrorist must once again fall squarely on the shoulders of my old FET mukka ... 'Crazy Kanji' and as always he is playing that role to the fullest. I have to admit I can't help thinking I missed out on a good business opportunity over his 'Wimble Pies', I am sure I'd have found a grand market among my hive population .. as for the morality issue, well you know what they say ... its only illegal if you get caught.

On the subject of moral ethics, its great to see that the Mohache can still come up with new ways to fleece us all. Not content with charging over-inflated prices for their 'tat', they have now expanded into that noble profession banking ... they should really be able to poke the punters up the ass with this venture.

Time now for some tributes .. the GCE deserve a special mention, going from social lepers to trading giants under the renewed leadership of their founder, Mr Garcia. Its also great to see the wimbles 'manning up', plus the Hex leadership must take credit for having led the Hex for this long without humanity banding together and participating in a genocidal 'bug hunt'

Lastly a mention of my old outfit, the FET. Old Norozov must be commended, his rebranding of the FET into yakuza style cartels is brilliant, maybe if it had happened years ago I would still be there. I can just picture myself all tooled up with a 'daisho' and surrounded by a personal guard of ninja chicks, plus the pagodas and water gardens would be great for the nerves, but I draw the line at eating raw fish, something for my hive population maybe.

Anyway, I is signing off now, probably for the last time... times is hard and my material mainly comes from the IGN and other periodicals ... alas I dont think I'll be able to pay the subscriptions (donations welcome) anymore. Shame really, the SSS seems to have hit a winner with its 'ask a tentacled beastie for advice' column ... however there is a precedence ... back on 21st century earth there was apparently an octopus that could forecast football results. Now we have a psychotic squid acting as an 'agony aunt', be interesting to see what happens when some 90 stone, acne infested teen writes in saying they dont have a girlfriend, one can only imagine how they will take to being told 'your life is meaningless, maggot ... throw yourself off the nearest cliff' sound advice though.

Stay cool

Perigrine Lanner

Dedicated to master k ... a giant among bugs

New Affiliation Born

Star Date 213.21.1

There I was again on Mei Mei Mei. My friend Mahalo Jones wanted to introduce me to some starcaptains interested in joining my upcoming new affiliation. Yes, I had secured enough funds to pay the fees for such a venture. Yes, I had managed to acquire a reasonable number of ships. Yes, I had even landed a great deal on a starbase. But I was still missing one important thing: a name for the new affiliation.

So there we were, comfortably sipping our Mei Highballs (one part Peace Whisky, one part Mei Aqua) inside a temperature controlled glass domed pub by the starport, and Mahalo Jones wouldn't stop pitching names for the new affiliation.

"You are explorers and adventurers. The name should reflect that. How about The Adventurers Club?"

"Nah, it sounds like a group of kids who want to be pirates when they grow up. We are serious explorers, not just adrenaline junkies looking for a cheap adventure."

"The Exploration Emporium? The Explorers Consortium?"

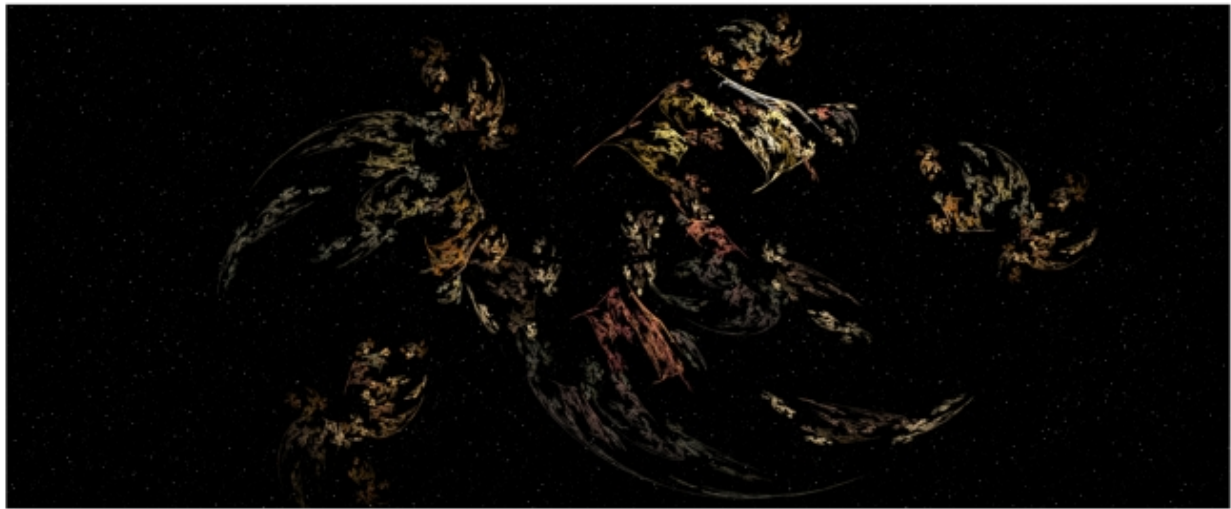
"Boring. We need a name with more oomph. We are not just good explorers, we do it with panache. We are like a league of..."

At this point, everyone in the pub stopped talking and focused on the four fellows coming out of the ship that had just docked at the starport. Mahalo Jones had told me who we were meeting but seeing them nonchalantly walking together was still a surprising sight. Four friends who had fought many battles side by side, four ex-mercenaries who had decided to change careers and become explorers, four species that you don't often see working together. One Feline Mercenary, one Human Mercenary, one Krell Mercenary, one Wimble Mercenary, all dressed in light battle armor and carrying guns that had clearly been used many times. Their ship proudly stated its name: Los Cuatro Amigos.

Behind me, an old lady couldn't contain her amazement.

"How extraordinary..."

"That's it!" I smiled. "That's who we are. That's the name of our new affiliation. We are the League of Extraordinary Explorers."



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.27.5

Message From The Editor

Overlord Kang has been faced with many interesting questions this week. Questions like:

'Kang, why is your tentacle crushing my chest?'

'Kang, do you know I can't work so hard when you're driving a tank over my children?'

And perhaps MOST IMPORTANTLY:

'Kang, why is this weeks edition of THE NEWS late?'

Well, Kang has many useful answers for all of these questions, but Kang is too poorly to address them at this time. PITY NOT OVERLORD KANG AND HIS ILLNESS! Pity instead Kang's worthless mucus slaves whose job it is to attend Kang's needs when ill.

AND YOU DARE ASK WHY THIS WEEKS EDITION IS LATE?

Kang will explain this to you after all. Kang only considers the news worth reporting when a certain number of meatsacks have been killed in a week, and this week THERE HAVE BEEN AN INSUFFICIENT NUMBER OF MEATSACKS KILLED!

The fault is your own, KILL MORE MEATSACKS – GET MORE NEWS!

This is Kang's new slogan. It should be yours too.

Teeming Hordes Threatened With Annihilation

Kang has heard that the planet 'Earth' known only as the birthplace of the fleshy meatsack race known as 'humanity' was almost the scene of a glorious slaughter this week, when the Confederacy – still Kang's favourite 'human' affiliation thanks to their anti-matter blasting of civilians – sought to annihilate yet more civilians by opening up with their 5600 hulled defensive platform against the tedious DTR Starbase located on the planet below.

Tragically the tedious DTR appear to have over-invested in heavy shielding for their base, and only minimal damage was inflicted, with the grand total of two civilian casualties.

Kang is humiliated on your behalf, wretched Confederacy, for your embarrassing failure to inflict any more casualties

than that. BE WARY WRETCHED CONFEDERACY! FOR IF YOU DO NOT KILL MORE CIVILIANS, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE KANG'S FAVOURITE 'HUMAN' AFFILIATION!

Kang knows this worry will keep you up late at night.

Kang understands the civilian meatsacks on the planet below are concerned at the thought of being brutally annihilated by anti-matter warheads crashing down on their pathetic domiciles. Kang offers them bountiful employment in the Flagritz Empire instead.

Kang is amused that an Imperial vessel was responsible for all this mess in the first place by entering orbit with active enemy lists. Kang is more amused at how it was instantly vaporised by tedious defensive DTR fire.

Empire Of The Race Marches Forth With Tentacles High

Kang is sometimes asked if his editorial content is slanted in favour of his own race, the glorious and superior Flagritzi. Once Kang has finished executing those who dare question him, Kang is happy to explain that Kang is an equal opportunities hater, and Kang does not particularly like most of his fellow Flagritzi all that much either. This is natural, Flagritzi society would simply cease to function if we liked each other much. Why, just last week Kang was brutally torturing a Flagritzi from the merchant caste that failed to show proper deference to Kang's status as Overlord.

Kang digresses.

Kang is proud to announce that glorious warriors of the superior Flagritzi race have engaged the wretched Confederacy in battle this week, in response to wretched Confederacy aggression.

Forces from the glorious Empire of the Race entered orbit of a CNF held planet in the Zewt system, and engaged ships within the orbit, a wretched CNF Platform and the similarly wretched CNF outpost where many meatsacks were

understood to be wallowing in their own disgusting filth. Within a few days all ships and the Platform were destroyed and with the outpost shields failing the cowardly and wrong-headed BHD base entered the Combat in support of their cowardly meatsack neighbours.

Kang knows they are wrong-headed, as every time Kang twists one of their heads off, it comes off wrong.

The forces of the Imperium were given orders to return fire against the so-called Brotherhood, and brutal slaughter was enjoyed by many, as many many splendid days of orbital bombardment commenced against the Brotherhood Starbase Incendium, and wretched CNF outpost Angel's Rest.

Kang enjoys a good one-sided orbital bombardment. And Kang only regrets that the glorious FLZ railgun ships failed to bring along sufficient ammunition, so were forced to withdraw, firing off one final volley that included those foolish Flagritzi responsible for ammunition requisition.

FAILURE TO BRING ALONG SUFFICIENT AMMO IS NOT TOLERATED AMONGST THE FLAGRITZI RACE!

Brutal Meatsack Killed By Less Brutal Meatsacks

The Kastorian terrorist known as Kanji has reportedly been apprehended and killed this week.

Kang understands the FET are desperate to get their hands on Kanji's cold dead body.

KANG ASKS YOU THIS: ARE THE FET THAT INTO DEAD BODIES? KANG IS DISGUSTED BY YOU! THE BODIES OF YOUR ENEMIES SHOULD BE EATEN FRESH, JUST MOMENTS AFTER YOU KILL THEM! WHILE THEY ARE STILL WARM!

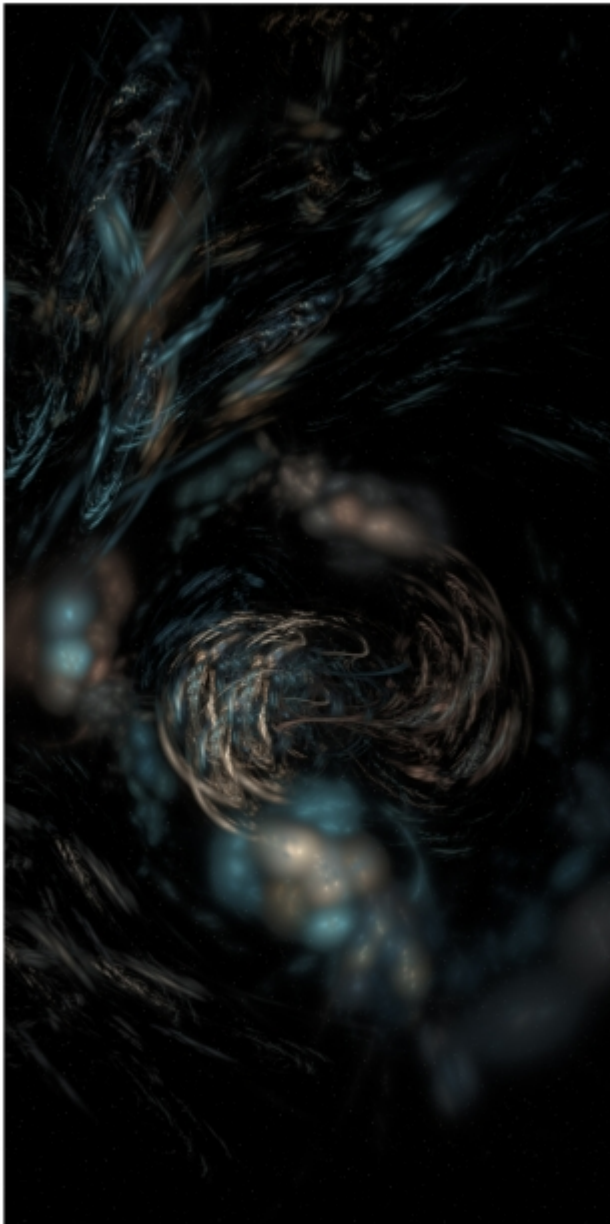
Barbarians. Kang is surrounded by barbarians.

And no, vile FET, you cannot 'microwave' him.

Do you even have a microwave large enough to fit an entire meatsack inside?

Kang does. AND KANG HAD TO HAVE IT SPECIALLY BUILT!

Kang enjoys microwaving meatsacks while they are still alive.



Insignificant Meatsacks Achieve Insignificance

The tedious DTR have destroyed a vile Confederate facility that was lurking in their home system of Venice today. Was the vile Confederate facility an outpost? Was it a platform? Or was it a small child's dollhouse?
KANG CARES NOT!

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Kang,
Why yo mama so fat?
Yrs,
Anon.

Meatsack Anon,
Yo mama so fat the Hexamon mistook her for a moon and blew her up.
BEHOLD! OVERLORD KANG HAS DELIVERED WHAT YOU PUNY EARTHLINGS CALL A BURN!
Signed with broken nuke,
KANG!

Frontier Express Times Vol. Two

An occasional publication published occasionally
"All the news that's fit to print! (Or maybe not!)"
High Society
by Rita Skeeter

Surprise of Surprises! Whom do you think was observed doing the town last night?!
None other than that AFT heartbreaker, the simply magnificent Miss Mona Luvvsit; she was escorted by the dashing Pahl Kantner, Oyabun of the FET cartel. Miss Mona looked positively resplendent in a sinfully low-cut, empire-waist red evening gown of the finest Hive Silk, paired with a luxurious Brocker Fur stole. Kantner too cut quite the figure in his Old Earth-style Prussian Blue uniform, complete with a gold & platinum chased dueling saber, and knee-high leather jackboots.

They were first seen early in the evening at Free Coalition's finest establishment, the ever-so posh Chez Zee-eN. There they dined on Eridani Lobster and Booker Steaks ala Antoine accompanied by bottles (and bottles) of Paradise & Harper's Fern Wines; followed by a desert tray of Old Earth Fruits & Albourne Cheese.

From there the two spent the night flitting to & from the finest clubs in Free Coalition, Astris, & Centrepoint City, dancing the night away. Afterward they yachted over to Spritzer where they were last seen quietly slipping into Miss Mona's private suite over the Jiggly Room. (Oh, to have been a mosquito on that wall?!)

That's all for now, my lovelies!
This is Rita signing off! Till next time -- Stay Shiney!

This news item has been brought to you by the fine people of the Naughty Nuns! Nuevo San Francisco's bestest Bar & Brothel.

"Naughty Nuns! -- Where the Sacrilegious can be Heavenly Fun!!"

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.28.5

Overlord On Holidays! Minions Rejoice!

Unpleasant and decidedly alien thug Overlord Kang has departed for holidays for a week, due to an over-infection of rage brought on by having to deal with mindless reporters, clearing the way for another edition of the Galaxies most popular redtop daily, the Stunning Super Soaraway Sub Space Static, or SSSSSS! Bringing you more news! More celebrities! More pointless rumour-mongering! More gratuitous nudity! And more hatred of things that are different than you can shake a stick at!

It weren't like this when I were a lad! Everything were better!
AND THAT'S OFFICIAL!

Whoops – That's My Platform

The careless bible thumping anti-fun brigade known as the 'Brotherhood' are understood to have lost the platform Rogue Affair to disgusting alien activity this week!
Dewiek forces reported the annihilation of the platform, with no loss amongst their own. The Super Soaraway Subspace

Static suspects immigrants must be behind this somehow!

Anti-Matter Panic!

According to recently published and completely scientifically accurate evidence, Anti-matter is now known to CAUSE CANCER!

As well as horrible explodey death.

Which is worse though readers? Cancer, or horrible explodey death? YOU DECIDE! VOTE NOW!*

*votes cost 3 standard stellars plus your regular network rate.

Who died? Not me guv'nor!

Rumours were circulating this week that the glorious emperor of Humanity, Lysander, was killed during an unfortunate hunting accident!

It turned out what really happened was Emperor Lysander (True One bless His name) actually shot and killed a hunting assistant, but it was an untitled commoner, so no great loss!

Hats off, your royal emperorship, and happy shooting!

Sneaky Pirates On The Game?

Adverts have gone up around known space as those cheeky pirate types the RIP appear to be back in business and looking to lay their hands on some employees!

Employment agencies are reported to be inundated with calls from unemployed slackers too afraid to take the RIP up on this fantastic employment opportunity on the basis that it might somehow involve piracy or slavery!

Get off your bikes! Shirtless layabouts! Any job is a good job!

Ancient Alien Scourge? Not In This Galaxy Matey!

Dewiek forces are reporting the destruction of yet another TCA vessel this week, the TCA Confounded and Culpable!

There's no stopping the rampaging Dewiek as they continue to make a farce of the so-called 'feared' ancient alien race, leading many to conclude that the TCA simply don't like it up 'em!

SSS Type Setters On Strike!

The department of the sub-space static in charge of exclamation marks have gone on strike this week as new editorial directions have resulted in a 8279% increase in exclamation marks! A specialist team has been brought in to pick up the slack, slack which in this case is unquestionably the fault of filthy foreigners!

Confederacy Torn Asunder!

Shocking news this week as reports seem to indicate the Brotherhood have left the formal alliance of the Confed-bloc in which they have been a part for longer than this reporter can remember! Quite what this means is yet to be uncovered, are the BHD unhappy with the direction the Empire of Humanity has been taking? Have pressures from the Dewiek forced them into neutrality to try and protect their assets? Or have they come into possession of some deep spiritual knowledge that is leading them off down a new path?

These are all questions too deep and complex for the SSSSSS! So let's all talk about celebrities instead!

Treasure Winters

Beloved darling of the Detinus Republic, songstress Treasure Winters, has done absolutely nothing worthy of being in the news this week, so we dispatched photographers to stalk her on holiday! Stay tuned for hot bikini pictures!

Valhalla

The system of Valhalla is reporting an increase in pirate activity, with a number of small PIR scouts being destroyed. We have exclusively learnt that these pirate scouts were built by immigrant labour and were most likely FOREIGN to boot! No wonder they fell apart so easily!

Brotherhood Scientists Refute Gravity With New Intelligent Dropping Theory

Reacting angrily to recent reports that science has finally destroyed God, the Brotherhood have gone on a charm offensive this week, with a whole barrage of new theories that put The True One right back at the center of the Peripheries.

One Brotherhood spokesman explained how the great mystery of a Grand Unified Theory could finally be explained in simple terms understandable by even the most backwards of Confederate supporters: 'It's The True One, Dummy'. Along with advanced wormhole theory: 'It's The True One, Dummy'. And of course not forgetting Quantum Entanglement: 'It's The True One, Dummy'.

Alien News From The Flagritz

The Mind of the HEX asked for Support from the Empire of the Race after an attack on the Hive base within Halo. A number of ships destroyed some CNF targets but then the main CNF fleet was seen and locked in combat While Empire of the Race can report that the Battle is not yet over no Imperial ships have been destroyed

CNF No Opinion (9090) - Ship
Arbalest Fighter Class Heavy Cruiser {Medium
Ablative Armour}
Armour: 61.2
Hull Damage: 68.0%
INTEGRITY BREAKDOWN - Ship reduced to debris

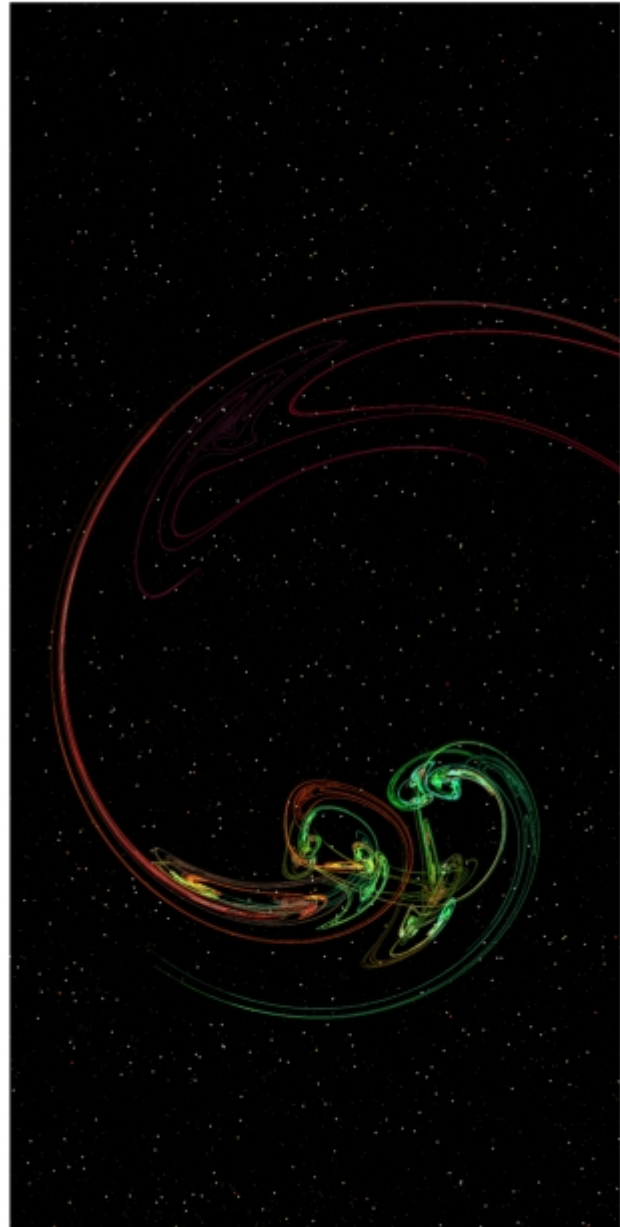
CNF Only Young (18740) - Ship
Arbalest Fighter Class Heavy Cruiser {Medium
Ablative Armour}
Armour: 24.1
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

CNF Epiphany (53165) - Ship
Arbalest Fighter Class Heavy Cruiser {Medium
Ablative Armour}
Armour: 31.5
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

CNF If You Came Back To Me (80831) - Ship
Arbalest Fighter Class Heavy Cruiser {Medium
Ablative Armour}
Armour: 45.8
Hull Damage: 100.0%
INTEGRITY BREAKDOWN - Ship reduced to debris

CNF Don't Let It Be Love (81550) - Ship
Howitzer Class Heavy Cruiser {Medium Ablative
Armour}
Armour: 50.5
Hull Damage: 100.0%
INTEGRITY BREAKDOWN - Ship reduced to debris

Imperial Scout forces this week forced a route to the
FLZ base within the Cluster system. It entered orbit to
find a large force of BHD/CNF warships waiting. The
Scout fleet locked the larger force in combat and forced
the BHD/CNF fleet to flee.
The Empire does wonder if they did not like odds of
over 7 to 1 what odds would the BHD/CNF like



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.29.5

Treasure Hunted

Overlord Kang has heard that the so-called Mohache treasure 'hunt' has claimed it's first victims this week, as some funny chumster has been planting false prize caches containing biological weapons primed to go off in their faces when opened.

Given the terrorist Kanji is dead, and his corpse might or might not be still in the clutches of creepy-corpse-fondlers the FET, Kang is bereft of his usual suspect for these sorts of cheerful atrocities. So Kang will dig deep into his Bucket Of Blame and point his tentacle of accusation at...

THE WIMBLES!

Cluster News

Kang understands there may have been more altercations in the Cluster Periphery, but sadly Kang has no more details to report on than this. Kang offers no apologies to you, meatsack.

Royal Baby?

The Empire Of Humanity is reportedly 'excited' this week as there are unconfirmed rumours that Emperor Lysander may be about to have an heir, and the Empress may be, what is it you meatsacks get when you replicate? Pregnored?

Kang cares not for your feeble bag of meat reproduction, nor your mewling younglings. Kang is certain of one thing though, THE NEW BOSS WILL BE JUST LIKE THE OLD BOSS!

Reporters Jettisoned From Airlock

There are a raft of openings at the SSS Headquarters this week, as Overlord Kang has had to fire a number of staff members for their failure to procure much NEWS for you this week.

Kang responds angrily to rumours that he killed the reporters and threw them out the nearest airlock. Kang assures you they were all alive and kicking when Kang cycled the doors and jettisoned their worthless carcasses.

From The Blog Of Meatsack Void

Careful to express a caring look, and maintaining a warm tone the Investigating Officer asked "So...Miss Sanders...I want you to take your time and describe to me what happened"

"Well Sir, they were there when I returned from work, they said they had my Lysander and Vega, and then showed me a holoclip of them – forced'em to say hello they did. They said I'd not see my children again if I didn't do what I was told. That's when they...they...cut off my finger, and put that...that thing on instead. They told me to go work as normal, told me which cabinet to access, and knew exactly where the data pad would be. Told me to access the data pad and to then run the...finger...over across it..." Tears and a look of panic "Oh True One bless me - I don't think I'm insured for biogenetic surgery" More tears "...when will I see my children again?!"

"Miss Sanders....may I call you Dotty? Yes? Hmmm well I can reassure you that Lysander and Vega are fine, though after such a....torrid...experience they are receiving the utmost care. Given the operation these terrorists appear to have performed on yourself we feel duty bound to ensure they are given a full medical check-up – at the cost of the agency of course. They will be asked a few questions, but we have specialist people trained with children. As for your finger, rest assured, the agency looks after its staff....Now you said 'they' - how many were there, and could you describe them?"

Tears of relief. "Two sir, both human, both wore black suits....much like any man in the business quarter. They had off-world accents, but sorry to say I couldn't place them. Both were about your height, though one was a bit taller. One had blue eyes – he smiled a lot, and did most of the talking – seemed to laugh at his own jokes a lot. The other one did the operation, he didn't really say too much but he had green eyes that kind of stared through me"

Some time late the Investigating Officer left the room and convened with the Observer.

"You think she's telling the truth?" The Observer asked

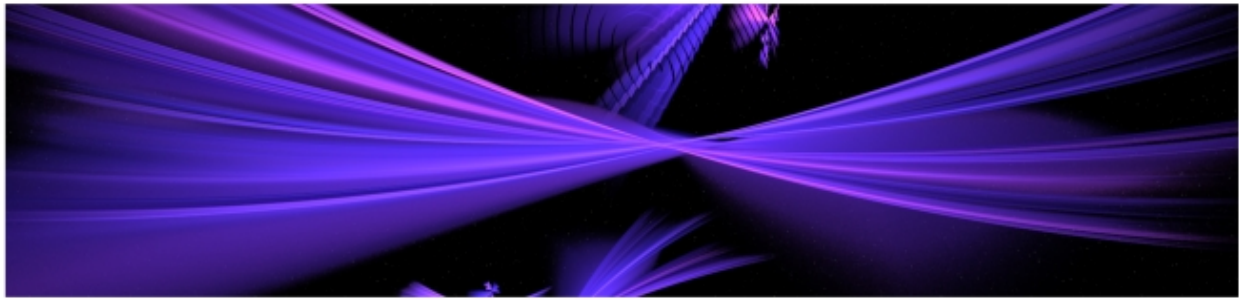
"Almost definitely. Still...not worth taking the risk – this is a serious breach of security. Granted she was under duress, but if everyone put their own interests ahead of the Empires then we will just fast track ourselves towards anarchy. Submit all three for a mindscrape, she should then be sent to penal colony...the boys can go to the Imperial Orphans Cadet Academy.....tell me about the finger"

"From the fragments that were left of the artificial finger on her hand, it seems like a bio-engineered device. The interesting thing is that it looks like there is altered DNA that has been utilised as a memory device. Not quite sure how they've managed to actually extract the data into that memory, but there's obviously some pretty top end stuff going on here."

The Observer continued "From what she's said, when she returned home they removed the finger - apparently on this occasion it was painless. However she recalls being given an injection shortly afterwards, but does recall...."Cold Eyes" as she called him, taking the finger putting it in some device or other. He 'nodded to "Smiler" who then thanked her for her co-operation, apologised that it had - she quotes him as saying 'not been the nicest of circumstances to meet' and promised she would be reunited her with her children imminently. Blood samples indicate that she was heavily drugged, so it was only when she did not report for work the next day that the alert was raised. She was found in her apartment still unconscious. Luckily for her, it seems that whoever had done the operation on the finger was a pretty decent surgeon"

"....anyhow, initial talks with the children suggest they were taken from the home – their description implies they were teleported directly out. We'd not been able to find any corresponding signatures, but upon an audit, sensor logs show a time discrepancy so we suspect systems were hacked at the point of teleportation. A review is underway, and we've been looking at some third party sensor scans to see if they reveal anything, but it looks like we've got nothing to work from that angle"

The Investigator frowned "They're not going to like this. Seems we've got a few routines we need to work on. Keep me informed of any more developments"



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.31.5

Cluster In Flames

More havoc has been unleashed in the Cluster Periphery as glorious Flagritz forces continue to engage the vile Confederacy. Overlord Kang has seen reports of numerous violent battles across the Crossley system, as the forces of the Flagritz, Dewiek, Hive and Falconians come together to fight the xenophobic and unpleasantly squishy human meatsacks.

Kang was in the process of congealing the news down into bite-sized chunks for Kang's hungry readers, but Kang has discovered that the High Lord of the Dewiek has provided a summary of this weeks events that Kang does not entirely disapprove of.

KANG WILL ALLOW HIM TO SPEAK TO YOU NOW!

Greeting all

I thought it would be a good idea to shed some light on the events which as been happening in and around the Crossley wormhole for the last week or so.

As you know tension and skirmishes between the Nation and Confederacy for the last few months have been getting hotter. Both sides will blame each other as is normal. Whilst this is been happening the Confederacy as been skirmishing with the FLZ so we decided to work together to teach the red necks a lesson.

However with the over reaction(over 300 ships) which were sent to corewards against the nations 20 odd we thought things were getting out of hand. So if the confederacy wanted to make things interesting we will humour them, but for something worth while.

So the nation decided to take the crossly wormhole and hold it whilst the Empire of the Race follows it own agenda in the Cluster, whilst aiding the nation if the confederacy sends a large relief force through. This was also a tester to see how the confederacy would react and how important they judge some back water systems in the cluster.

We both tried counter claiming and due to a technical oversight this was countered by the confederacy recently. The Dewiek in charge of this operation is doing rather well in the fighting pits atm and might even survive.

The Nation proceeded with its task and destroyed the BHD platform and some warships in D6, the quad of the wormhole. A interesting thing happened in that the BHD dropped it allied status with the CNF which meant our targeting computers could not lock on to the fleeing BHD ships. A minor inconvenience but stage one was completed.

Intel suggested that the 1000 hull platform in orbit of the wormhole was unarmed and defended by 1000 human marines.

Orders not to target the platform were placed and a assault force was assemble to try and capture this prize.

The Nation entered orbit and destroy all warships in orbit and about 20 or freighters the rest fled.

After a few days of securing the orbit the strike force attempted to board the platform and found the marines gone. We presume teleported out. The platform was expanded and shielding added. Weapons were kindly provided by a CNF outpost with low security.

However the weapon load was not fully installed when over 400 confederate and allied ships came through the wormhole firing anti matter missiles about at random. The nations 100 odd ships received the brunt of the attack though casualties were heavy and heavy damaged suffered by most. The nation reinforced with ships from the quad and the Empire of the race good to there word reinforced as well and the stage was set for a rather large sustained battle.

During this time the nation changed its relation with the CNF which allowed missile and torpedo ships to move out of orbit and resupply.

The nations others ships contained fighting whilst adding the FLZ to defend lists. The confederacy seemed this act was dishonourable but we disagreed.

They reacted by placing the Nation on the system enemy lists and increased the scale of the conflict by setting the relation to hostile. Which had the knock on effect of getting a FET freighter destroyed in the Valhalla stargate. The

nation as offered compensation but warned all confederacy and their allies that transit might be unsafe and do so at their own risk. No compensation will be forthcoming.

The battle has been going on for over a week with casualties heavy on both sides.

A twist happened recently when the Republic's fleet entered the orbit of the London wormhole and destroyed the Empire's shipping there and both platforms amounting to 8000 hulls. They used AM missiles in this stunning victory which combined with the confederacy's use of them has closed the London-Crossley wormhole. How long for is not known at this time.

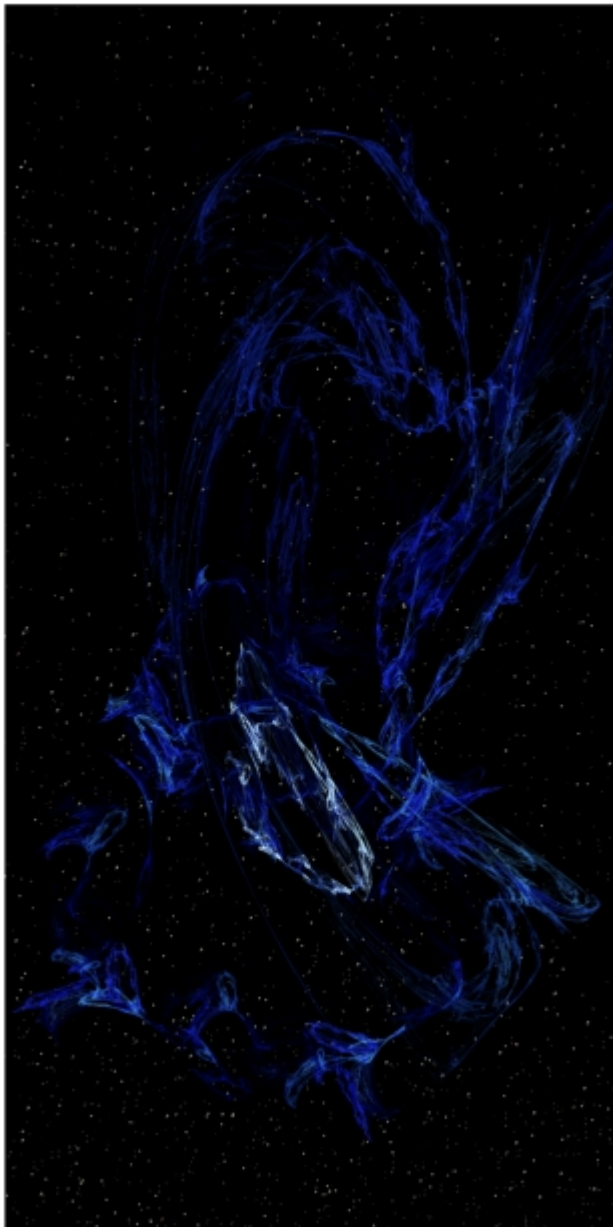
How things stand at the moment is the confederate fleet is in the orbit of the wormhole which is now closed, fighting the platform and the Nations/Empire of the races ships there whilst a large Fleet comprising of DEN, FLZ, FCN and HEX have attacked and destroyed all shipping in the D6 quad. With more on route to join the hunt.

Including two of the alien construction monsters, these are well known sponges to fire and is a very good achievement for us.

The confederacy is in a bit of a quandary at the moment.

The wormhole is closed to them and the Nation controls the Valhalla stargate, the only other way into the cluster is via the Caribbean wormhole which leads to the Inner Empire. Many weeks away from Darkfold.

The DTR have a very large fleet ready for action in the London wormhole. In the middle of Darkfold and could in theory strike at the confederacy who they see as betrayers when they broke the alliance and joined the Imperials in the attacking the Republic.



I

The Republic apparently also has a fleet in the cluster which could support the attack on the wormhole on the Crossley side.

The Confederacy recently humiliated the FEL and removed several systems from the cluster, so they could rise up and gain the revenge.

The Supreme Commander has disappeared so the confederacy is in turmoil with a clear leader yet to be seen.

In light of this the Nation offered to spare the Confederacy further destruction, all this will cost is a number of claiming starbases in the cluster with support O/Ps and platforms. Which we will pay a nominal fee for and if needed repatriate their troops stationed there.

Feel this is a fair and honourable conclusion, again this depends on how much they value the systems in the cluster over Darkfold.

For their sakes I hope they get the priorities right.

If not rejoice in combat and destruction of your enemies.

The Blitz Of London

Kang has more details regarding the tedious Detinus Republic's sortie into the London system. Clearly having sniffed that their IMP/GTT/CNF enemies had sent the lion's share of their fleet through the wormhole to Crossley, they decided to strike like the fleshy meatsack cowards they are at a place of weakness amongst their enemies.

We Flagritz have a word for this sort of operation, When The Tentacle Plunges Into The Soft Spot.

Kang can now report on the bloodshed inflicted. Kang enjoys the shedding of blood.

8000 hulls worth of vile Confederacy defensive platforms were wiped out in a blaze of anti-matter, as the tedious DTR blasted off what Kang understands to have been over 4000 rounds of AM warheads.

Kang is impressed at the profligacy of this action, and at the size of explosion this creates. 14 IMP warships were also destroyed, along with 3 Confederate ships. Detinus captains were reported to be disappointed that they were unable to catch more of their enemies, suspecting that most had departed through the wormhole just minutes before their fleet arrived.

Kang is less impressed that the tedious DTR lost only 3 small ships in this action. Kang hoped there would be more kills on both sides.

Gloriously Massive Explosions As Expensive Things Go Boom

Kang has particularly enjoyed the sight of the destruction of two of the rarest and largest vessels in the whole Peripheries this week, with the FLZ/DEN/FCN/HEX fleet managing to gang up on these two:

CNF Kraken (41072) - Ship

Alien Construct Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Armour: 47.4 Scints: 8.8 Shields: 0(0.0)

Hull Damage: 37.3%

Targeted by HEX OMEGA WRAITH (94137) - 6358 [20370] Damage

Targeted by FLZ RK-Executioner (84154) - 17909 [52990] Damage

Targeted by FLZ XG Jagged Claw (862) - 2614 [3040] Damage

Targeted by FLZ RK-Dagger (40511) - 19567 [53690] Damage

Targeted by FLZ RK-Crusade Watch (87340) - 20428 [53410] Damage

Targeted by DEN DWA-T-D (15666) - 19015 [26600] Damage

Targeted by DEN GH-T-A (11136) - 25302 [36400] Damage

Targeted by DEN W4 - Primary Schwerpunkt (41076) - 2653 [7575] Damage

Targeted by DEN W1 - Diabolical Strength (30980) - 6023 [11520] Damage

Destroyed FCN OM Graat (78766) - 5334 [16940] Damage

Destroyed FCN OM Vooid (91498) - 7717 [21910] Damage

Targeted by HEX OMEGA WRAITH (9093) - 3032 [4000] Damage

Targeted by FLZ PII Feller (49194) - 1179 [1400] Damage

Attacking FLZ PII Feller (49194) - 7547 [14960] Damage

INTEGRITY BREAKDOWN - Ship reduced to debris

CNF Rukh (77585) - Ship

Alien Construct Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Armour: 95.2 Scints: 14.9 Shields: 0(0.0)

Hull Damage: 12.5%

Targeted by FLZ XO Screaming Fury (1592) - 1705 [5440] Damage

Targeted by FLZ XO Righteous Red Splatter (46273) - 2181 [5760] Damage

Targeted by FLZ Lu'cy (50478) - 1816 [3660] Damage

Targeted by FLZ XO Red Harvest II (71693) - 1874 [5760] Damage

Targeted by FLZ XO Rapturous Slaughter (30731) - 2311 [6400] Damage

Targeted by DEN W1 - Countered Folly (11480) - 3576 [9600] Damage

Targeted by DEN DWA1-T-J (78912) - 15355 [25200] Damage

Destroyed FCN OM Hyyat (52026) - 2489 [14420] Damage

Targeted by FCN OMC Maxi Mag (26452) - 2798 [12930] Damage

Attacking FLZ XO Screaming Fury (1592) - 13863 [18745] Damage

INTEGRITY BREAKDOWN - Ship reduced to debris

For Kang's more ignorant readers, Kang will provide MORE INFORMATION DIRECTLY INTO YOUR BRAINS!

These two 400 hulled Alien Construct ships used to be part of the CIA's most secretive black ops fleet, salvaged from some unknown world, they are thought to be similar in construction to ARC/TCA vessels, equipped with massively powerful shields, engines, and weapon systems.

As such they were irreplaceably valuable, and it amuses Kang no end to watch them break apart into tiny little pieces.

Will there be salvage? Kang does not know. Perhaps they can be rebuilt and blown up again? Kang hopes so.

Assassination Is Less Efficient Than Stabbing Your Enemy In The Face With Your Tentacle

There are rumours of more assassinations being carried out at a Detinus Starbase.

Kang hopes it is true.

And that gruesome poison was used.

Ally Kills Ally And Kang Applauds

Kang has been amused by the sight of Hexamon vessels inadvertently targeting friendly Falconian vessels during the battle for Delta Six in Crossley this week.

Kang understands this was not intentional, and the Hexamon were responding to commands to support a Flagritz warship that had not properly parsed the fact that the Falconians were currently friendly. This is as it should be, lesser races should always unthinkingly obey every order given to them by a Flagritzi. And Kang applauds the Hexamon for their obedience.

Kanji News

Kang has received the following news clipping from the disgusting corpse-botherers known as the FET, regarding their continued bothering of the corpse of the terrorist Kanji.

This seems to confirm that the Disgusting Corpse-Bothering FET have indeed purchased the dead body of Kanji for purposes that quite frankly TURN KANG'S STOMACHS!

And Kang is made of stern stuff. Oh yes. Overlords have to be.

KANG WILL NOW ALLOW THE DISGUSTING FET TO SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!

Frontier Express Times Vol. Two, 213.27.5

An occasional publication published occasionally

"All the news that's fit to print! (Or maybe not!)"

This is Rhett Rover, your roving reporter, reporting from FET Free Coalition in Yank.

It has been learned that the FET are now in possession of the body of Kanji, the Galaxy's most renown and malicious terrorist and all-around badguy!

As you may recall, Kanji started his reign of terror nearly three years ago, when as the FET Director of Defense, he betrayed the FET. At that time, he kidnapped the other three FET board directors (Zuvoro Norozov, Roy Thompson, & Pahl Kantner) and demanded an exorbitant ransom of stellars, tech, ships, and bases. When said ransom was emphatically denied, Kanji began a 3-week campaign of torture of the three captives, using drugs, assorted instruments of punishment & twice daily beatings. The exact details have never been revealed, but suffice to say that the captives have never been the same since.

Then Thompson was able to escape by bribing his guards. (When Kanji found this out, they were "paid" a second time.) Two days later, Norozov attempted an escape thru a ship's sewer line hookup but was caught deep in it by Kanji. In a wild rage, Kanji exacted more depravity by chopping off Norozov's right hand & gouging out one eye. Then inexplicably, apparently tiring of the game, Kanji dumped Norozov & Kantner in a neutral port in Yank.

After that, Kanji spent the rest of his life terrorizing the denizens of the Peripheries. He truly loved humiliating and tormenting the Mohache & Wimbles, but he never forgot his "old buddies" in the FET. Nuff Said!!

Now then, a few weeks back, it was reported on the open wavebands by one Lazarus Dredge, the supposedly new RIP kingpin, that he had allegedly killed Kanji in a dispute. (Subject of said dispute is unknown, perhaps another poor victim or a piece of tail...). Mr. Dredge at that time said that he would soon be putting Kanji's body on display "somewhere" for the edification of the viewing public. Such display never occurred.

This brings back to the opening lines of my reportage. (Hang in there, friends; the denouement is at hand...)

Instead of following through with his public display of Kanji's body, Dredge negotiated with the FET for the ransom of the "trophy". A settlement of an undisclosed amount of stellars and trade goods was recently arrived at. As a result, on 213.31.5 Kantner took possession of Kanji's body. Exactly what the FET intentions for the corpse are is unknown at this time. However, it has long been known that Norozov wanted Kanji's head on his wall somewhere. And rumor has it that Kantner too wants a trophy; in his case, a certain "part" of Kanji is likely to end up in a pickling jar.

When (& if) I get more details, I will happily report such to my loyal public. Meantime, stay tuna'd!

This is Rhett Rover, your roving reporter, signing off!

This news item has been brought to you by PegLeg Pete's Poker & Pizza Parlor -- Nuevo San Francisco's Finest Joint!

"When the chips are down, try our Buffalo Chip Pizza!"

Wormhole Unstable Like Meatsack Balanced On Spike

As keen eyed readers may have already spotted, Kang understands the Crossley to London wormhole is currently 'unstable'.

Kang is uncertain as to what exactly this means, but Kang sincerely hopes this means any vessels attempting to transit the wormhole will be torn apart into meatsack-juice soaked confetti.

Flagritz Statement From FUN News

With the CNF closing the trade route into New Sussex the Empire of the race ordered its fleets to not only reopen this trade route but to seek to smash the CNF war machine that likes so much to target unharmed ships of the Empire.

Other ships were sent to Halo to defend the HEX who also had unharmed ships attacked within that area. After the CNF fleet was found over half of it was destroyed

While in New Sussex the CNF platforms were removed and a few BHD/CNF outposts were taken.

CNF Tartarus Control (89679) - Platform BLOWN UP!

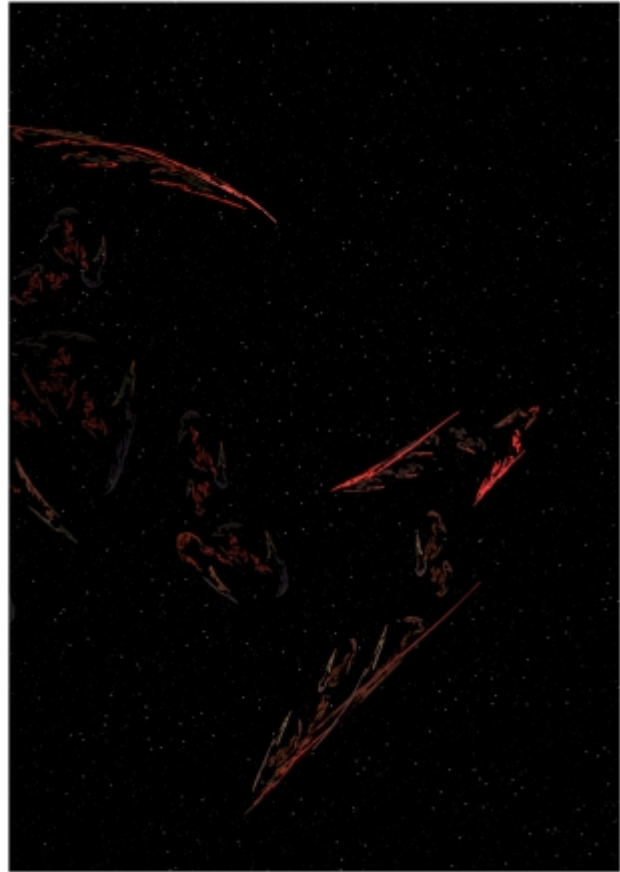
The order then came expand the fighting across the Cluster to bring the CNF to battle.

The Fleet expanded the fighting into the Giant system taking CNF outposts and clearing the platforms and any ships. After that the base came under fire for a number of days. When the CNF counter attacked a fleet of CNF ships jumped into this system and a battle lasting days took place, which lasted days but in the end all CNF ships were destroyed.

The Empire also had news of something hidden deep within a system and a fleet of ships were sent to claim this. The fighting was long and hard but in the end the platforms were cleared and the Empire had found what was hidden, a wormhole. A single ship slipped in to an unknown system called Genesis (134) where the Empire of the Race attacked not only a CNF outpost but also

Location:

Genesis (134) - {Gamma,13} - orbit of Bethlehem (409)



-----FLZ SHIP XO Deathbringer (3538)-----

Shields are down

Scint Coverage: 22.5

Armour protection: 100

ENEMY TARGETS SUPPORT TARGETS DEFEND TARGETS

Civilian Sector (18347) None None

Targeting CIV Civilian Sector (18347):

Position is on our enemy list.

Attacking CIV Civilian Sector (18347)

Round 1: 20 Nova Cannons

- 20 hits - 1464 [1600] damage - 100%

Round 2: 20 Nova Cannons

- 20 hits - 1448 [1600] damage - 100%

Round 3: 20 Nova Cannons

- 20 hits - 1444 [1600] damage - 100%

Round 4: 20 Nova Cannons

- 20 hits - 1461 [1600] damage - 100%

Post Battle Summary

Combat stress caused 0.5% integrity loss.

Ship hulls are undamaged

The Empire also attacked Cluster targets within the Skye system (a platform) and Espionage (outpost) system

Then the CNF fleet supported by the IMPs and BHD looked to break into the Cluster and the call to arms came in A major space battle is ongoing in the Crossley wormhole

New Sussex – New Owners

The Falconians are attempting to claim the New Sussex system for the Flagritz.

Kang will say this about the vile Confederacy, they are so vile they seem to have united many old enemies in the desire to wipe them out.

CONGRATULATIONS VILE CONFEDERACY! KANG DECLARES YOU TO BE 'MOST VILE'!

Kang is only kidding, all human meatsacks are most vile to him.

HLQ Get Religion Like Slaves 'Get' Corrective Measures

Kang has heard that not one but three House LiQuan starbases have flipped to join the Brotherhood.

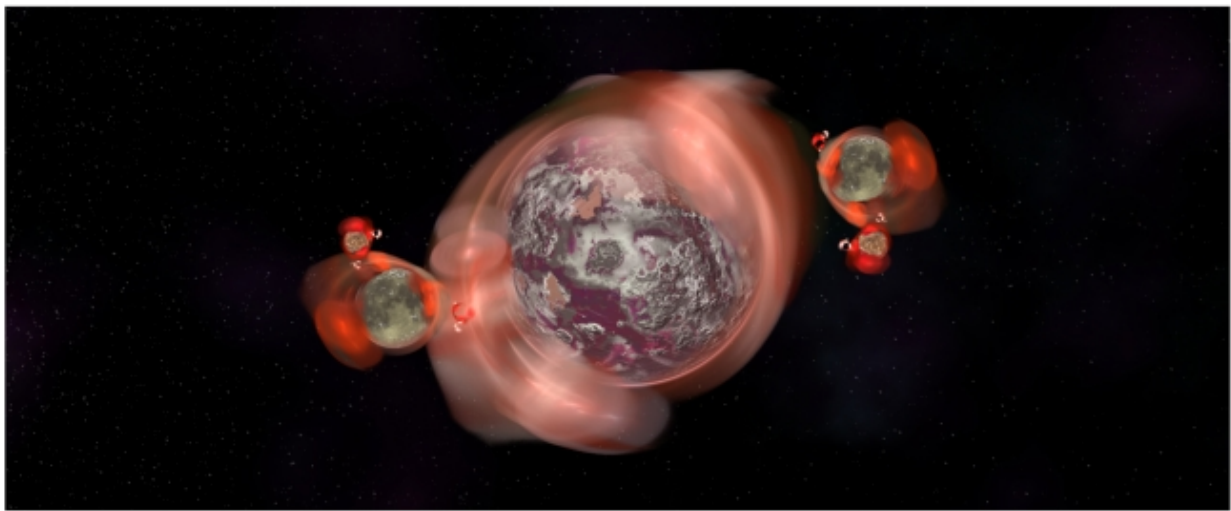
Have the Meklan-infested LiQuan realised the error of their ways and embraced religion? Does this mean other HLQ assets will be joining these weird chanting meatsacks? Where is Kang's scourge? And why can't he hear the lamentation of his enemies?

Kang has many questions, and few good answers.

Tedious Detinus Lose Hiport

Careless tedious Detinus bean-counters are this week lamenting the loss of their Hiport labelled 'K Street' in the Pegasus system, when whinging Imperial meatsacks found it and blew it to pieces.

Kang has had to overlay images of brutal mass slaughter onto this footage for his own amusement and delight.



Psychic Kang's Horoscope Of Monthly DELIGHT

Aries:

The reason for your failure is that you are not hitting your head against it hard enough.

Taurus:

It takes a real man to take responsibility for your failures this week. Fortunately you can blame that new guy in cubicle three.

Gemini:

You will continue to grow as a person this week, at the expense of those you consume.

Cancer:

Literally nothing interesting will happen to you this week, you boring loser.

Leo:

This will have been a bad week to commit your prized alien flagships to battle, but try not to weep, your loss is somebody else's amusing anecdote.

Virgo:

Turns out it's not your relationship with your parents that has been eating you up inside, but instead a three foot long parasite lodged within your chest cavity. Kang recommends fewer drunken nights out at Hive bars.

Libra:

Every day is a beautiful gift from powers greater than you. Try to reflect on this as the chains of slavery weigh you down.

Scorpio:

Beware of things that are orange, as Kang has been hiding micro-explosives in common supermarket fruits this week.

Sagittarius:

Juggling three young children isn't easy. So Kang recommends feeding one to the others and letting only the strongest survive.

Capricorn:

Tuesday will be a good day to fill your boots with gasoline and trip the light fantastic.

Aquarius:

I hate you all.

Pisces:

You will be mistaken for a fish this week, and brutally murdered. Just kidding. They won't think you're a fish.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.30.5

Non-Humans Unite – Cluster In Flames

Overlord Kang understands that various non-human affiliations appear to have, if not allied themselves, but at least brought themselves together to give the vile and alien-hating Confederacy a kicking.

There are reports of BEAUTIFUL violence breaking out all across the Cluster Periphery, as Dewiek and Flagritz forces begin operations against fleshy human meatsacks, with rumours that the Falconians and maybe even the Hexamon may be involved too. But Kang underlines, these are just rumours, Kang has seen the Falconians and Hexamon in battle, and Kang would not rate them.

Kang does not particularly rate the Dewiek or Flagritz either.

Kang is an equal opportunities hater of you all.

Kang is not surprised that the Catnip Munching Surrender Kittens have so far failed to get involved, though given their recent abject humiliation at the hands of the vile Confederacy when they were forced to hand over critical system claims, perhaps they too will rise up. Or perhaps not. KANG DOES NOT SEE THE FUTURE!

But Kang does see YOUR future.

Kang has brought extra stakes.

New Sussex Seized?

Glorious Flagritz forces have begun operations to capture the New Sussex system from the fleshy human meatsacks, with a counter claim going in against the puny earth-things. The inhabitants of New Sussex REJOICE at the thought of living as part of the Flagritz Empire.

YOU WOULD REJOICE TOO!

If your choice was rejoice or death.

CAKE IS NOT AN OPTION!

Giant And Nexus Flare

Reports of battles in the Giant and Nexus system have been received, although Kang's news-room is too busy huddling under their desks to find out more details. KANG IS DISAPPOINTED!

But Kang understands lives have been lost. So Kang is not too disappointed.

Crossley

The critical wormhole terminus in the Crossley system has been captured by the Dewiek, presumably as some part of a plan to strangle the Confederate presence in the Cluster Periphery. Or perhaps just for fun. Kang has difficulty telling with these Dewiek sometimes.

Dewiek Report On Hostilities

Today a major attack on the nation was initiated by the confederacy at the Crossley wormhole with Imperial ship joining in, despite promises they would not be getting involved.

The confederacy true to form attacked the unarmed merchant ships who had just delivered to the platform a day earlier destroying around 20, before the 100 or so ships of the nation stationed at the wormhole could draw fire from the 500 or so enemy ships there.

Around 25 or so of the nations fighting ships were destroyed holding back the swarm.

Only a few of the confederacy ships were destroyed with many damaged on both sides.

Note must be taken of the heroic efforts of DEN WY-Car-D (31043) who despite taking Hull Damage: 97.5% are still in the fight.

Over a 1000 AM missiles were fired at the nation.

- Folkvar – High Lord Of The Nation.

Empire Fleet Dispatched

With the news of a combined IMP/GTT fleet appearing in the Crossley system, Kang speculates that this could be the lions share of the main Whining Empire fleet. This makes Kang wonder, have they kicked the Tedious Detinus Republic into abject submission that they can dispatch their uber fleet to the Cluster? Has some sort of secret peace deal been signed amongst these warring factions of Meatbaggery, uh, Kang means Humanity, so that they can deal with the crisis in the Cluster? HAVE THE REPUBLICANS SIMPLY FALLEN ASLEEP?!

Kang hopes to see more violence from everybody soon.

Empire Of Humanity Report On Space Battle

Anonymous sources are reporting a major battle between the Stellar Empire and the Aliens in the Cluster periphery with major battles in several systems.

Approximately 27 DEN warships died on Friday along with 24 haulers. Warships ranged from 150 - 200 hulls.

On Monday the Flagritz Slave Empire came to the aid of their Dewiek allies. Approximately 34 more DEN warships (mostly in the 200 hull range) exploded along with several more freighters. Apparently FLZ help isn't all it is cracked up to be.

The FLZ would appear to be attempting a "fourth time lucky" approach to relations with the Empire. In their last three wars against humanity they have been removed from the Capellan Periphery x2 and Darkfold x 1 they have decided that getting massacred in the Cluster is the next logical strategic choice.

Sources from the Stellar Empire are reporting losses to be below expectations with only around 5 - 10 ships reported lost by the second day of combat.

Not Asleep After All

KANG SPOKE TOO SOON!

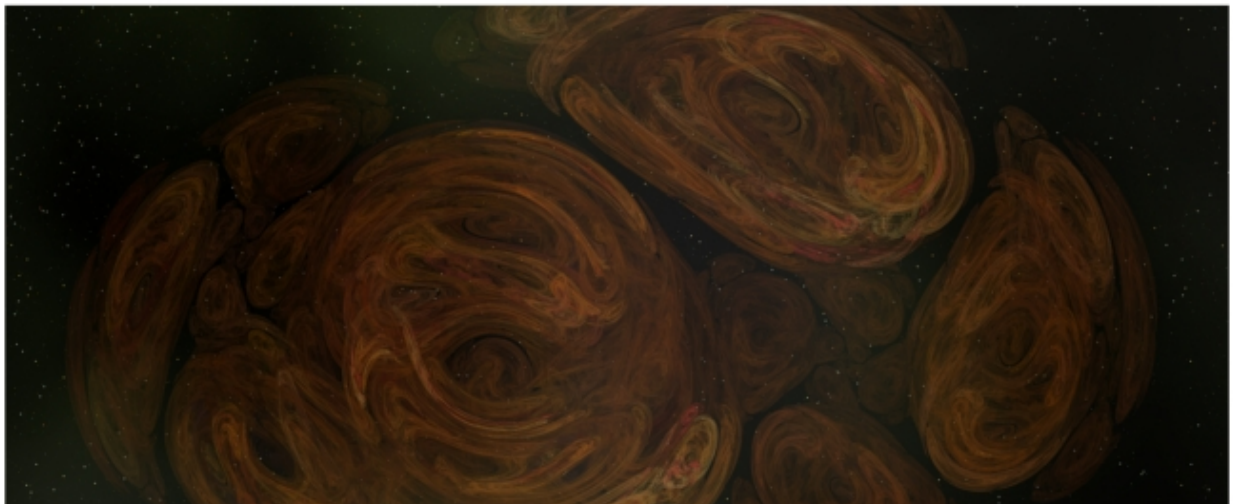
The Tedious DTR have been in action this week, flattening another Whinging IMP outpost:

> -----Battle Summary-----

>

- > IMP Madonna Eta LXXXIV (17208) - Outpost
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRAYLING (5566) - 14472 [15412] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 13591 [14962] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 112 AMAZON II (62995) - 19106 [20856] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 112 MAGICIENNE (91765) - 18871 [20350] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRUNION (30962) - 18517 [20136] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 18281 [19686] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 10098 [11023] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 WAHOO (89336) - 17491 [18787] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 17027 [18337] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 RUNNER (52575) - 16473 [17999] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 PICKEREL (38408) - 19412 [21037] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 TRITON (76620) - 15602 [16648] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 112 EURYALUS II (91205) - 3469 [3520] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 ARGONAUT (77575) - 6923 [6972] Damage

Meatsack miners of Madonna Eta LXXXIV, Kang pities you.



Bethlehem

Kang has received a report from the planet of Bethlehem, where glorious Flagritz forces have bombarded FET and Confederate facilities from orbit. Kang understands civilians have been killed.

Does Overlord Kang care that civilians have been killed?

Answers on back of a postcard please, to SSS Headquarters.

Boarding Fails – Officers Executed

Overlord Kang has received the following news transmission from the fleshy meatbags known as the Brotherhood. Kang has nothing against the Brotherhood, but Kang would not use them to put out napalm. Kang would also not use Dewiek to put out Napalm. NEVER USE MEATBAGS COVERED IN FLAMMABLE FUR TO PUT OUT FIRES AROUND YOUR DOMICILE! Learn from Kang's mistakes.

Kang hands you over now to the Brotherhood:

Whilst the Cardinals, Bishops and other dignatories of the Church gathered in quiet seclusion the deceitful Dewiek assaulted a Brotherhood Platform. Once again the jackals of Janth have shown they will stoop to any law in their power grabs.

An order was given for the brave human souls on board to make the aliens pay with the sad mockery of life they live.



Boarding Action for the Control of BHD Rogue Affair (50916)

Round 1: Battle is 14:5 in favour of Defender

Defender held control [100%]

Round 2: Battle is 23:6 in favour of Defender

Defender held control [100%]

Round 3: Battle is 23:4 in favour of Defender

Defender held control [100%]

Round 4: Battle is 66:5 in favour of Defender

Defender held control [100%]

Attacking DEN Boarding Party (17166)

Round 1: 801 Human Crew - 127 [801] damage

778 Human Marines - 268 [1556] damage

56 Human Veteran Crew - 12 [112] damage

101 Human Veteran Marines - 76 [404] damage

Round 2: 801 Human Crew - 153 [801] damage

778 Human Marines - 256 [1556] damage

56 Human Veteran Crew - 20 [112] damage

101 Human Veteran Marines - 52 [404] damage

Round 3: 801 Human Crew - 118 [801] damage

778 Human Marines - 240 [1556] damage

56 Human Veteran Crew - 18 [112] damage

101 Human Veteran Marines - 76 [404] damage

Round 4: 801 Human Crew - 128 [801] damage

778 Human Marines - 236 [1556] damage

56 Human Veteran Crew - 22 [112] damage

101 Human Veteran Marines - 64 [404] damage

Incoming Fire from DEN Boarding Party (17166)

Round 1: 390 Dewiek Marines - 0 [780] damage

Round 2: 286 Dewiek Marines - 0 [572] damage

Round 3: 191 Dewiek Marines - 0 [382] damage

Round 4: 83 Dewiek Marines - 0 [166] damage

Glory to the True One!

Lucien

Herald of the Pope

Overlord Kang is surprised to see fleshy meatsack humans put up such a stiff defence. Usually when Kang

attacks them they all die. Dewiek marines? KANG IS DISAPPOINTED IN YOU!

Halo

Confederate vessels in the Halo system have intercepted and destroyed a lone Tedious Detinus yacht that was apparently sight-seeing at the time.

All hands were lost in a glorious explosion.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Sometimes Kang is asked what the best way to find hidden cave outposts is. Help us Overlord Kang, they ask, give us

your wisdom instead of your sharp pointed objects!

Kang understands some search for hidden outposts with fleets of sensor ships located in orbit, scanning sectors. Kang understands others disembark ground parties to crawl over the ground searching every nook and cranny.

Kang has a simpler solution, heavy orbital bombardment.

Kang reminds you all that caves are prone to collapse.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.33.2

Meatsack Periphery In Flames

Combat in the Crossley system has come to an end this week, with the vile Confederacy fleeing the system in the face of continued Dewiek and glorious Flagritz aggression.

Kang has not seen such a display of cowardice since his cleaning lady was 'accidentally' exposed to Agent-X. In the process of running away Kang understands maybe as many as 25 CNF/BHD/IMP warships were destroyed, bringing the total number of casualties on both sides to A GREAT MANY!

Kang will once again allow the High Lord of the soft-hearted fuzzy Dewiek to speak of his victory.

“Greetings

The nation is pleased to announce its Victory over the confederacy in and around the Crossly wormhole.

The confederacy fleet is either fleeing to the Inner Confederacy via the recently discovered wormhole or sulking in orbits/starbases. Presumably refitting. The nation rejoices with its friends and allies over a great victory, many a song will be sung and many ales will be consumed in celebration of its wolf packs achievements.

The combat was long, well fought and honour goes to the confederacy for the greats trial in arms, the nation as not its like since the great war.

The nation as rescued some of the confederacy officers and crew. Around 50 officers and 3,500 men. These will be delivered to a base of the confederacy choice, where we hope you will honour them for the brave actions of the last week or so. The nation does not believe in prisoners, better to die in combat than rot in captivity. These have earned their freedom.

In light of this, the Nation as set its relations to neutral for both the CNF and the BHD. We are also setting up a policy with our defensive platforms of adding everyone to the enemy lists. This means the platforms will automatically target those who wish ill to the nation or its allies. The Nation may add Affiliations to the system enemy list as it sees fit. For instance Noctollis and Valhalla are both developing systems so anyone hostile or allied to anyone hostile to the nation will be targeted by the defensive platforms.”

The vile Confederacy still holds its starbases and associated facilities in the Crossley system, while the Dewiek and Flagritz control the wormhole terminus with a large platform understood to be in position. So Kang does not think this story is quite played out yet. Although conflict throughout the Cluster appears to have died down for the time being.

Is this the end of human domination of the Cluster periphery? Kang certainly hopes so.

Disgusting humans.

Meatsacks Stage Daring Meatscape

The snivelling worthless earth-things known collectively to the Peripheries as the GTT, but known to Kang as worthless wretches, have staged a daring escape from a tedious DTR prison facility this week.

Kang understands a number of worthless wretch officers were teleported directly out of their cells and hopefully into solid rock where they died instantly.

A fate infinitely preferable to the endless rounds of psychological therapy and learning of homely crafts that tedious DTR prisons are known for.

Incompetent Meatsacks Spotted

Worthless and incompetent TCA vessels have been spotted in Alpha 10 of the Acropolis system this week, prompting the feathery-meatsack authorities to issue a travel advisory warning travellers of their presence.

Presumably in case yet more TCA ships decide to fall to pieces at the sight of another ship.

Kang understands the following vessels were sighted:

TCA SHIP INVOLVED OBSERVER (93984) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

TCA SHIP CONCEPTIONS IN FRUSTRATIONS (66570) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

TCA SHIP INGENIOUS DEMISE (65972) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

TCA SHIP EBULLIENT CASTRATION (16423) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Kang has nothing further to say on this matter.

Vile Meatsacks Change Flags

For reasons that escape Kang, the vile Confederacy this week reflagged a number of their bases as FRE, and then after a few days, flagged them back to CNF. Kang does not even care enough to speculate.

Meatsacks Run Into Something Large – Kang Celebrates

+++++Telemetry data*****
+ Location: T.Tauri System
+ Planetary Body Delta (Asteroid)
+ Orbit: Stable
+ All System Green
+ Officer Equim Motnahp in command
+ Tour of duty: 2 standard weeks out of Mrowfel
+ Mission: Bast 1 Classified

++++Bridge Recording+++++

Officer Equim: Helm report in
Helm officer: all in system drives show good to go, the Great mother smiles on us Gold Fang.
Officer Equim: As she should, we have one of the Tyrants Avatars aboard.

bleep

Officer Equim: Engineering, is the Jump system operational.

Engineering: indeed gold fang, co-ordinates are inputted awaiting command.

Officer Equim: ok, for the official record, Helm take us out of orbit to the jump ring and you are clear to initiate jump sequence.

++++Bridge Recording Ends+++++

+++++Telemetry data*****

+ T.Tauri System
+ Planetary Body Delta (Asteroid)
+ Leaving Orbit
+ Entering OQ Delta 14
+ Preparing to Jump
+ Jumping *****

+ Clearing Jump window

+ Entering system x***x-x/x++++x+x*x/

++++Impact Detected+++++

++++Impact Detected+++++

++++Impact Detected+++++

++++Impact Detected+++++

++++Impact Detected+++++

++++Impact Detected+++++

Meatsacks Once Again Pounded Into Dirt

Cheerful IMP miners have once again been blasted into oblivion by DTR raiders, Kang entreats you, continue sending images of large explosions.

IMP Madonna Eta LXXXIV (17208) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRAYLING (5566) - 11052 [12036] Damage

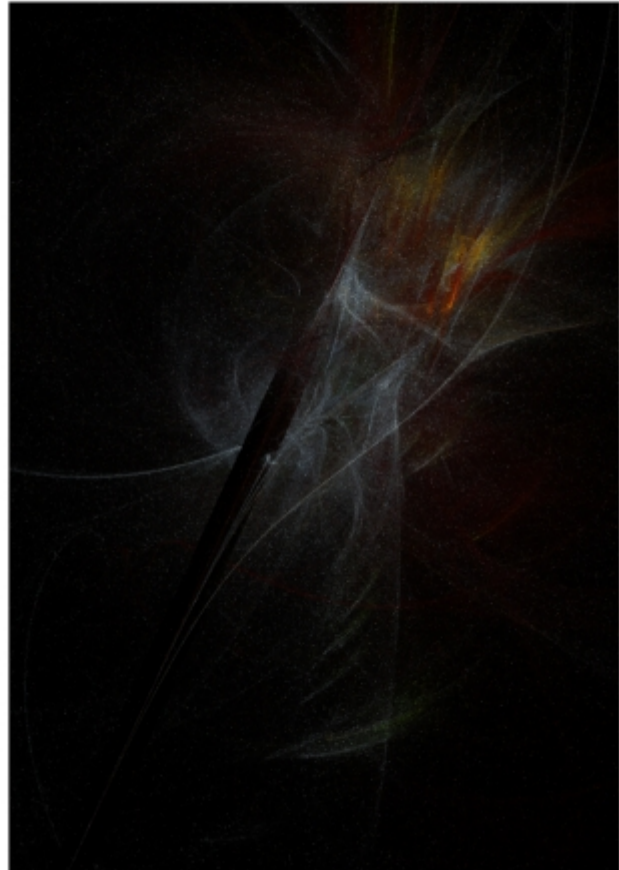
Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRUNION (30962) - 16648 [18336] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 RUNNER (52575) - 11208 [12262] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 16186 [17212] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 12506 [13499] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 PICKEREL (38408) - 15000 [16537] Damage



Targeted by DTR CL 112 EURYALUS II (91205) - 3457 [3520] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 7409 [8212] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 TRITON (76620) - 12053 [12824] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 WAHOO (89336) - 14510 [15861] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 AMAZON II (62995) - 14973 [15997] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 ARGONAUT (77575) - 5358 [5852] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 7307 [7874] Damage
Targeted by DTR CL 112 MAGICIENNE (91765) - 15353 [16300] Damage

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.34.5

Message From The Editor

There has been fear and terror rejoicing in the Sub Space Static news-room as brutal popular Overlord Kang has agreed to stay on for yet another week as Guest Editor.

For those of you who might be new to the Peripheries, Overlord Kang is a horrifying much loved Flagritz Overlord who barged in here and took over was invited to become Guest Editor to provide more balanced reporting brutal slaughter.

Kang enjoys long walks in the park and brutally subjugating all lesser meatsack races.

Cluster Periphery

Overlord Kang literally does not care about any living thing in the Cluster Periphery, and wishes you all a slow and unpleasant death.

Empire News

The Empire of snivelling earth-thing meatsacks has done something this week, but it was not to commit racial suicide, so Kang is disappointed and will waste no more breath on it.

Pirates

Kang hates pirates.

Kang misses Kanji though.

Kang enjoys atrocities.

Tedious Republicans

KANG CAN NOT FACE ANY MORE OF THIS! FETCH KANG HIS SCOURGE!

Vile Confederacy

Popular Flagritz whipping boys, the Confederacy, have completed their impressive running away from superior races this week, demonstrating to all the extreme worthlessness of all earth-things. Kang salutes you with his tertiary orifice, gutless cowards!

Cute Animals

Make crunchy snacks.

News Team Requires Help

sos. please.

Kastorians Drop Ball

Kang has some sympathy for the Kastorian Military Junta, they are brutal, unpleasant and xenophobic, all traits that are much admired within the Flagritz race, however they remain worthless meatsacks, like all the rest of you, and good only for enslaving, or ejecting out of an airlock.

As such Kang will not even bother telling you what they did this week.

Do you feel punished?

GOOD!

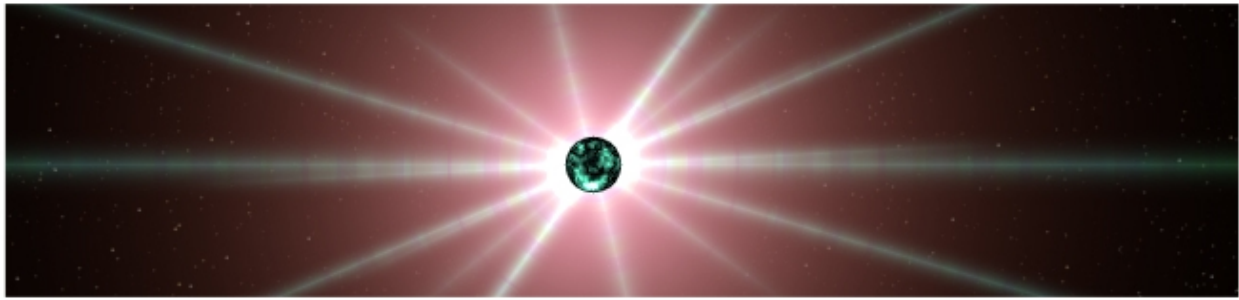
Now take your fleshy meatpalms and slam your fingers in the nearest trash compactor.

And try to fall all the way in this time.

Worthless meatsacks.

Not dead yet?

Kang is impatient. Do not make Kang come over there.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.35.5

Message From The Editor

Overlord Kang, your beloved Editor-In-Chief has noted the concerns of the Peripheries at the lack of solid news reporting in recent editions of this, the Galaxies' favourite news outlet.

Thus, Kang's minions have been working extra hard this week, so prepare your fleshy meatsacks for NEWS IMPALEMENT!

Cluster Periphery

The affiliation previously known to Kang as the Vile Confederacy, is now known only as the Flagritz Whipping Boys, have taken another hammering at the hands of GLORIOUS Flagritz and NOT QUITE AS GLORIOUS Dewiek forces. Following their brutal defeat at the Crossley wormhole and Delta-six battles, the Whipping Boys retreated to orbit of the planet Rogue, a retreat that bought them just a few days grace before the FLZ/DEN/HEX/FCN hit them.

Kang understands there were around 130 Whipping Boy/BHD/IMP vessels in orbit when the battle began, and Kang thinks they must have been damaged, or particularly cowardly, as after a short sharp battle there were 33 Whipping Boy ships dead, along with 1 BHD and 2 IMP. For the loss of one Falconian vessel that blew itself up in sympathetic embarrassment for the whipping the Whipping Boys were taking.

A further 8 enemy vessels were destroyed when the survivors fled the orbit, leaving Whipping Boy positions on the ground to soak up the fury of the second day of action.

Kang expects only one thing to happen now – THE SURRENDER OF YOUR HOMEWORLD! PUNY EARTH-THINGS!

Freighter Destroyed

A lone GTT freighter has been destroyed by tedious Detinus Republic forces in the Arachnid system this week, along with a small IMP ground party, also in the Arachnid system.

Kang understands that survivors were rescued.

You pitiful snivelling earth-things, survivors should be left to run out of oxygen in deep space, preferably while you listen to their last gasping breaths over the radio as they beg for help that never comes.

But Kang forgives you, you cannot all be as civilised as the Flagritz.

Brutal Slaughter

The tedious Detinus Republic have surprised Kang this week by launching a hilarious raid against whinging Imperial kitten stockpiles in the Shrike system.

Allegedly having detected that a cargo of precious IMP kittens was being transported, DTR raiders leapt in and destroyed two freighters:

IMP Cassiopea (43194) - Ship

Gigant Class Freighter {No Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%

BLOWN UP!

IMP Polteen (12448) - Ship

Mayflower Class Passenger Liner {Light Ablative Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%

BLOWN UP!

Thus over 2000mus of Toothless Kittens were BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED!

Kang does not know how many toothless kittens you can pack into 1 standard Mass Unit of cargo space, but Kang suspects it will have been many many tens of thousands of cute little kittens that got blasted into vapour.

Tedious Detinus Republic? KANG SALUTES YOU! Kang has dispatched pictures of dead toothless kittens to all nearby schools, and he enjoys the crying of small children.
KANG HAS UPGRADED YOU FROM TEDIOUS! Kang will now refer to you as the Brutal Kitten-Slaughtering Detinus Republic.
YOU MAY CELEBRATE NOW!

Flea Squashed

A tiny and insignificant GTT scout ship has been destroyed by the Brutal Kitten Slaughterers in orbit of their vile meatsack base of New Tate this week.

Catnip Munching Surrender Kittens

After many long years of being trampled by the Whipping Boy jackboot, it seems as if everybody's favourite Catnip Munching Surrender Kittens might be on the verge of rising up against the hated Empire of Humanity too. Kang understands they have dropped their claim in favour of the Whipping Boys in the Skye system – the critical core system of the Felini Empire that the Whipping Boys stole from them without barely firing a shot some years ago. As long-time readers may know, we Flagritz hardly have any love for the loathsome fuzzy Felini, however, Kang encourages them to RISE UP NOW! AND SLAUGHTER MEATSACKS!
Remember, a dead human is a good human.

Kang Exposes New Armour

Overlord Kang's elite journalists have uncovered reports that the moaning meatsacks of the GTT have recently completed research at their naval yards into a new light armour prototype, called Reactive Armour. Kang understands their pathetic scientists are due to commence field testing in a few weeks time. And not in the Flagritz manner either, where we strap new armour plates to prisoners and make them run across an open field while we shoot nova cannons at them. Ah, Kang can hear your question, how can any meatsack be expected to run whilst strapped to multi gigaton plate of starship armour plate?
The answer is simple, puny meatsack, THEY CAN NOT!
It is beautiful, like shooting Whipping Boys in a barrel.
Kang now provides this TM for your ENTERTAINMENT and DELIGHT!

Investigation/Armour/Research/Collidium/Reactive Armour
Reactive armour would work similarly to Ablative though would actively react to incoming hits, blowing itself outward, thereby damping the damage. The armour would be lighter than normal armour (20mu) and the initial design would have defence of 20 (equal to its mass) and a thickness of 80 (therefore 160 for heavy hull ships). It would require 50 production and require of 1mu of collidium.

Investigation/Armour/Research/Collidium
The use of collidium as an energy sink is explored for its use in armour, potentially as a replacement to jacium. Unfortunately without something to improve the structural integrity of the alloys, it quickly decays. This is why it has to be combined with jacium for light armour plates. The alternative would be to embrace the ablative qualities in order to produce a new version of ablating armour, though it is expected to be expensive in terms of minerals.

Mercs At Play

Mostly harmless miners of the SMS have continued to fall prey to the depredations of Mercenary shipping this week, with 3 MRC warships bombarding the SMS facility of Teterff in the Titan system. As you are all aware, Kang has little patience for those meatsacks that grub in the dirt and rock, it is not an honourable profession, which is why in the glorious Flagritz Republic we use other lesser lifeforms to do this for us. Kang honestly does not understand why you vile fleshy meatsacks insist on doing this demeaning task yourselves. It is yet another reason why Kang hates you all so much. All was not to go the way of the Mercenaries though, as a large SMS/GTT/IMP battlefleet turned up to put a stop to them, Kang understands the Mercs were put on and used like a shoe to stomp a mudhole. There was little left of them. Barely enough for a nice meat pie.

Falconian Cluster Adventures

Kang will allow the Falconians to include this press release in Kang's news organ this week. Kang is bountiful. Falconian Ground forces continue to regain control of our former assets in the cluster. Several outposts in the now

contested system of Enigma fell this week however a large ground party was unexpectedly wiped out attempting an ill conceived assault on a larger base.

A Brotherhood fleet was spotted entering the cluster from the inner confederacy and was successful in destroying two DEN freighters. Curiously the ships also carry the IBH (Inner brotherhood) initials. Attempts to engage the fleet by FLZ, DEN and FCN have had limited results and I think the ships are intent on preying on unarmed supply vessels.

A 75HH BHD cruiser and a 25HH CNF gunboat have been captured by one of our boarding vessels.

Our explorers have been busy confirming that the Crossley wormhole has stabilised amazingly quickly in the Teller system. Old archives allowed our unarmed ship to find the location of the new orbit in Teller before being spotted by the FET and targeted by BHD warmongers and making its escape. GTT and IMP vessels are now frantically building a platform at the new exit.

GCE Aquarium Travel Advisory

Please be advised that MRC positions are no longer welcome at this starbase. Any MRC position entering the sphere of influence of the base will most likely be fired upon.

This is in response to an act of piracy in the orbit of Shiva.

GCE forces will be taking positive action to ensure that the space lanes remain open for business. Patrols are out in force, and anyone encountering pirates within the Deva system may call for help.

More Kitten Smashing

Ah no, Kang is mistaken, it is another IMP ground party the Detinus Republic have destroyed, alas, no more dead cute animals, just dead meatsacks. Which is almost as good. Farewell IMP Assault Force, Kang wishes all your brothers will die soon too.

Outpost Smashed

Not content with letting the superior non-human lifeforms have all the fun at the expense of the Flagritz Whipping Boys this week, it seems as if the Brutal Kitten-Slaughtering Detinus Republic want in on the game too, with this cheerfully one-sided explosive action:

- > CNF SR Outpost Castle (7723) - Outpost
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 AMPHION II (60903) - 14876 [14477] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 KIEV (50397) - 13366 [13366] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 NYMPHE II (16173) - 18674 [18674] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 CISCO (99636) - 13161 [13161] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 SHARK (20730) - 4691 [4691] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 TULA II (59844) - 67320 [67320] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 6340 [6340] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 AMBERJACK (67003) - 5067 [5067] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 14820 [14820]
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 13160
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 2860 [2860] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 88 LOIRE II (93156) - 12958 [12958] Damage



Lewis News

Detinus Republic raiders have destroyed a GTT Super carrier class freighter in the Lewis system. Three other GTT freighters had an unfortunate escape from certain flaming doom. Kang recommends viewer engines on your freighters GTT, that they might be destroyed more easily.

Overlord Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Overlord Kang

I am writing to seek your advice and guidance on a matter of employment law and public perception.

There has recently been a campaign (instigated by what seems to be the militant wing of the 'Canine Defense League' for some reason I cant understand) against the enforced work of sentient creatures, or 'slavery'.

We, a prominent if not first-rank employer in several public limited systems, of course detest and abhor the practice of slavery, and do not condone it in any shape or form. It has recently been outlawed in our home system (despite being allowed in the deeds).

However... we do employ a large number of individuals on what we term 'Zero pay contracts'. These are an exclusive arrangement, where we contract to receive a fixed number of work-hours from the contractee, up to 80% of a proper job, and they can receive a variable amount of financial payment in exchange each week, with no guarantees on either side. Several months ago it was mooted that they receive half a stellar a week, but nothing has yet come of this. In fact, so content are they with this arrangement, none of them have yet actually asked for any pay! I was wondering how this would be regarded if these contracts came to public awareness. I worry about an online twitter campaign to boycott our retail outlets.... or an annihilator fleet arriving in orbit of our homeworld.

One final note... 'enforced work of SENTIENT creatures'. I presume these regulations therefore allow the slavery of Naplians?

Yours,

A concerned employer

Dear Concerned Employer,

At last! One of you pathetic meatsacks has a problem that Kang can relate to.

You are indeed correct in your observation that slavery is only slavery when sentient lifeforms are affected. A recent Flagritz science committee concluded that all non Flagritz forms of life in the Peripheries are not in fact sentient. And this was backed up with SCIENCE!

Citizen Employer, one cannot argue with science, nor indeed the proven supremacy of the Flagritz race.

As to your concerns about a twitter campaign being conducted against you in the event of your employment status becoming widely known, well, Kang can simply point you towards his door-to-door napalm delivery service, which can handily be targeted against all such keyboard warriors who seek to complain in such a way.

A healthy dose of napalm is, Kang has found, a very effective solution to many public relations issues.

Remember citizen, FEAR and LOATHING are your strongest allies in times like these!

Signed with broken promises,

KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.36.5

Message From The Editor

Overlord Kang, your beloved Editor-In-Chief wishes you to know that as inferior races to the glorious Flagritz, you should all stop reading the news and execute yourselves immediately.

Also, Kang just realised he forgot to submit this issue on Friday. KANG OFFERS NO APOLOGIES!

And no refunds.

Kang trusts you will simply be happy with another bumper-length edition of the Periphery's favourite news organ, stuffed to bursting like a kitten filled with napalm.

TCA Spotted

Kang has heard reports that some lesser meatsacks might call 'disturbing', if they were worthless cowards that is, that a large TCA fleet may be en-route to the so-called Inner Empire of worthless 'Humanity'.

The thing Kang finds most amusing about this, is one of the TCA vessels is rumoured to be carrying the lost Meklan Baron LiQuan who vanished into these ancient alien's clutches some years ago.

Have the dark dealings of humanity come back to haunt them with the return of the dreaded Meklan Baron? Will this result in the brutal slaughtering of many innocent civilians beneath the metallic boot of Meklan hordes? Kang certainly hopes so.

Whipping Boys Continue To Be Whipped

The not-quite-as-glorious-as-the-Flagritzi Falconians have been busy in the Cluster periphery this week, mopping up some more CWB, Confederate Whipping Boy, positions, as described in the following press release:

“A fairly quiet week in the cluster saw the seizure of a confederate antimatter resource. Given the reckless overuse of antimatter weaponry by the confederacy this should be comforting news to all sentient. Other historic FCN outposts were also reclaimed with minimal bloodshed or by direct negotiation with the employees. There were many signs of the confederacy loosening its grip on this area as their New Sussex claim fell to the FLZ and as a number of other systems taken from the FEL in the last couple of years are now being returned to them in name at least. We welcome this well deserved dividend to our FEL friends. The troublemaking BHD/IBH fleet is being monitored at the Caribbean Wormhole to the inner empire.”

Has the Empire of Humanity completely lost its grip on the Cluster like Kang hopes they also lose their grip on a handgrenade? TIME WILL TELL!

Felini Conduct Bloodless Coup

The Skye, Winter and Forest systems have been reclaimed by the disgusting FEL from the Confederate Whipping Boys this week in what Kang was very disappointing to learn was a blood-less hand-over.

Kang has been unable to find out how happy the Whipping Boys were to be handing over the keys to these three systems, or the extent of the threats the FEL might or might not have made to them in order to make it happen. But in Kang’s mind there were many threats, and they were most brutal.

This leaves the so-called ‘Empire’ of Humanity with only the most precarious of footholds in the Cluster Periphery. WHERE IS YOUR GALACTIC DOMINATION NOW, MEATSACKS?

Sneaky Boarding

The whinging but occasionally devious IMP have this week managed to capture a Detinus Republic scout ship in the Faery system through some clever manipulation of system enemy lists.

Kang understands the idiotic Detinus vessel was engaged in trying to drop some operatives at the time, and these were spotted, leading to the IMP boarders being dispatched and system enemy lists being adjusted such that the Detinus vessel could be targeted.

After successfully storming the vessel, system enemy lists were changed back to prevent any further combat.

Kang hopes this will be an object lesson to you all in the sheer futility of messing around with agents and operatives, as they are quite simply not as effective as a brutal bludgeoning implement. With spikes. The spikes are very important.

Meatsack Destroyed

A tiny and insignificant whinging IMP vessel has been destroyed by the brutal kitten slaughtering DTR in the Arachnid system this week.

Affiliation Returns

The CIA appear to have returned to the Peripheries, with a number of CNF starbases flipping to CIA flags.

Of course this is after their brief sojourn as FRE flagged bases. So Kang really has no idea what the meatsacks are playing at.

COD Implicated In Piracy

Press Release:

Kourrda citizens of the peripheries,

It is with great regret that I must admit to one of the Coalition for Oceanic Developments minor members turning Pirate. I hold myself purely responsible as it was I that recruited him.

I have ordered the posting of the ships we know he had, and a reward will of course be paid for any of the ships or officers returned or destroyed. All Ships were last seen in the Halo periphery, but of course may now be anywhere.

I am also in the process of speaking to both Jeremiah Phillips and Fernando Garcia of Garcia Enterprises, offering remuneration for any losses or inconveniences caused by my mistake.

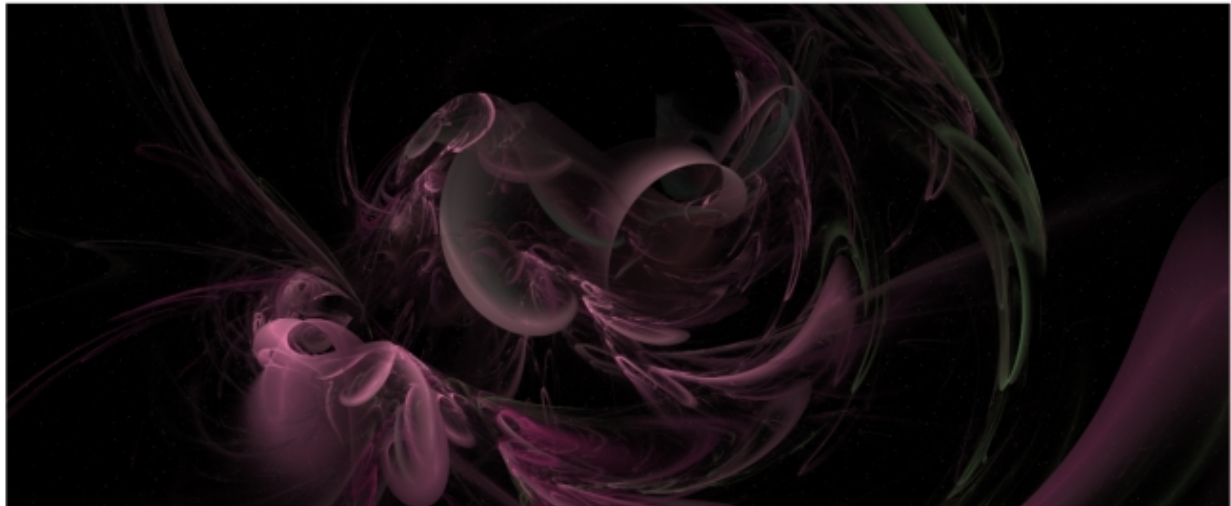
Whilst I offer my personal apologies to everyone involved, and even those not involved but disgusted by the actions of this individual, the Coalition for Oceanic Development as an Affiliation are entirely innocent of any wrongdoing. This heinous act falls on my shoulders and mine alone. Effective immediately I turn the running of the Affiliation over to my friend and colleague Nemo. I shall apply to rejoin Mohache society. I was always told that Mohache always return. It appears they were correct.

I also offer my apologies to the Coalition members, all of whom are inaware of these actions, either mine or Cages. May the Coalition go from strength to strength under the guidance of Nemo.

May your cake be ever moist

Thinks In Circles

Ex PD: Coalition for Oceanic Development



New Craze Leaves Overlord Baffled

Worthless meatsacks of the peripheries! What is this new craze of landing your starships in large bodies of water? KANG DEMANDS TO KNOW!

Has space become too dangerous that you have taken to exploring the depths of the oceans instead? Kang is disgusted by you all.

Felini Slip To New Low

As some of you disgusting flesh-things may not know, we Flagritz have long held the Felini in particularly low regard. Many Flagritz pain palaces will not even allow Felini slaves through the door as most fine noble Flagritzi cannot even stand to torture these repellent lifeforms to death.

So it is with no great surprise that Overlord Kang has heard news that a wretched puny earth-thing has been admitted to the upper echelons of the Felini pride hierarchy.

What next repellent Felini? Will you be allowing Meringian Grot-slugs to lead you? KANG THINKS THIS WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT!

Freighters Destroyed

Three Whipping Boy freighters and an outpost in the Beach system have been clobbered by tedious Detinus raiders today in a one-sided slaughter.

CNF Vortex Class Freighter (38904) - Ship

Vortex Class Freighter {No Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%

BLOWN UP!

CNF Vortex Class Freighter (29184) - Ship

Vortex Class Freighter {No Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%

BLOWN UP!

CNF Vortex Class Freighter (44158) - Ship

Vortex Class Freighter {No Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%

BLOWN UP!

CNF Splashdown (85790) - Outpost

Scints: 34.0

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 4300 [6380] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 11423

Targeted by DTR CL 88 NYMPHE II (16173) - 18477 [22837] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 SHARK (20730) - 7013 [9180] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 KIEV (50397) - 13163 [16656] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 5300 [6580] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 12977 [15120]

Targeted by DTR CL 88 TULA II (59844) - 62707 [67760] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 AMPHION II (60903) - 18701 [22779] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 AMBERJACK (67003) - 7629 [8961] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 LOIRE II (93156) - 17200 [21969] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 CISCO (99636) - 17535 [22161] Damage

GTT Raiders

A small squadron of Kitten Slaughterer freighters was jumped by two GTT raiders in the Jasmine system, resulting in the dumping of some structural modules and no casualties on either side.

Kang's ships always carry some extra meatsacks to dump during times of need. You don't get much of a reaction boost to your velocity, but Kang enjoys watching partially frozen meatsacks bounce off the viewscreens of vessels behind him.

Meatsacks Destroyed

A large 200 hulled GTT vessel has been destroyed by the DTR in the Dryad system.

Kang trusts it had a large crew who perished brutally.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.38.5

Enigma

Brutal blood-thirsty maniacs, the Dewiek, have this week continued their rampage throughout the Cluster Periphery by claiming the Enigma system as announced in the following press statement:

"This system is now part of the nation, the system charters have been updated and are to be followed.

The Confederacy are welcome to keep their base as long as it observes the charters and keep its enemy lists clear. Failure to comply will see it removed one way or another. You have until 39.5 to comply. The Mohache are also welcome to stay as long as the charters are observed and the MOH civilian claim is dropped.

You also have until 39.5 to comply. Failing to drop the civilian claim will see the nations diplomacy at work.

I have also updated the charters for the other systems of the nation. Ensure you comply.

High Lord Folkvar."

Kang applauds the direct nature of this demand, and the latent threats of violence implicit within it!

The suspiciously peaceful Mohache responded to this demand with the following:

"It is with deep sadness that I read of your requests of us in the Enigma system, in particular with the historically excellent and trusting relationship between our peoples. The Enigma system has passed between many hands through the years, from Dewiek to Mohache (ceded to us during the Dewiek's fallow years, in kindness and honour of our terraforming and colonisation efforts in the system), to the Confederacy as a diplomatic matter, and now back to the Dewiek.

I will be more than happy to attempt to persuade our 1-million-something population to leave the Enigma system in order to drop their negligible claim for the Mohache government. However, this will of course involve us shipping the civilians elsewhere and may take some time. Doing so will, of course, wreck the planetary economy of Two and also wipe out the \$20,000 weekly / \$1,000,000 annual income for the system which the Dewiek now benefit from by having the population present.

However, I cannot condone allowing the Mohache base to support the system claim. As a neutral party, the Mohache do not support the system claims of other species. Once we have removed the population from Two I will be willing to discuss with High Lord Folkvar the sale of the Mohache assets after we have removed all Mohache troops and employees.

Anything else will of course be considered as an act of hostility to the Mohache nation."

Kang is not certain if this peacenik Mohache statement also includes a latent threat of violence, but Kang suspects it does! AND THIS PLEASES KANG! Kang will enjoy seeing what response an act of hostility against the MOH will provoke from these loathsome farming meatsacks.

Though Kang suspects this will be settled as peacefully as yet another Whipping Boy capitulation.

CIA

KANG SEE'S WHAT YOU HAVE DONE THERE!

Meatsacks Shape Planet Into Less Lethal-To-Meatsacks Form

From the office of the GTT CEO:

For perhaps the first time in its history, it is raining on the planet of Seventeen, in the system of Adamski.

A while back, the GTT planted 10 sectors of Seventeen. The sectors were sown with Alien Plant Life to create grasslands. Although there is water on Seventeen, the GTT discovered that there was not enough water to ensure the survival of the grasslands that were created. Something had to be done and done fast. The GTT searched extensively

within the system to locate a comet in order to deliver the needed water to Seventeen. A comet of suitable size was soon located. The comet was large enough to start a rain cycle, but too small to create a sea.

Last week, the GTT sent the comet hurtling towards the atmosphere of the planet Seventeen. The comet broke into smaller fragments prior to hitting the atmosphere, as was intended to happen. Some of the fragments fell directly to the surface, but most melted in the atmosphere and formed thick clouds. Liquid rain began to fall on the planet. The rain began to wash away much of the dust and reshape the surface of the planet. A process that continues to the current time.

There remain some fragments of the comet in orbit of Seventeen creating a very slight problem for orbiting ships. GTT scientists believe that the gravity of the planet will soon enough capture the remaining fragments and pull them towards the surface where they will be melted and turned into water as well.

The GTT's latest terraforming effort ends in success.

Psychotic Alien Thugs Win Bigger Stick

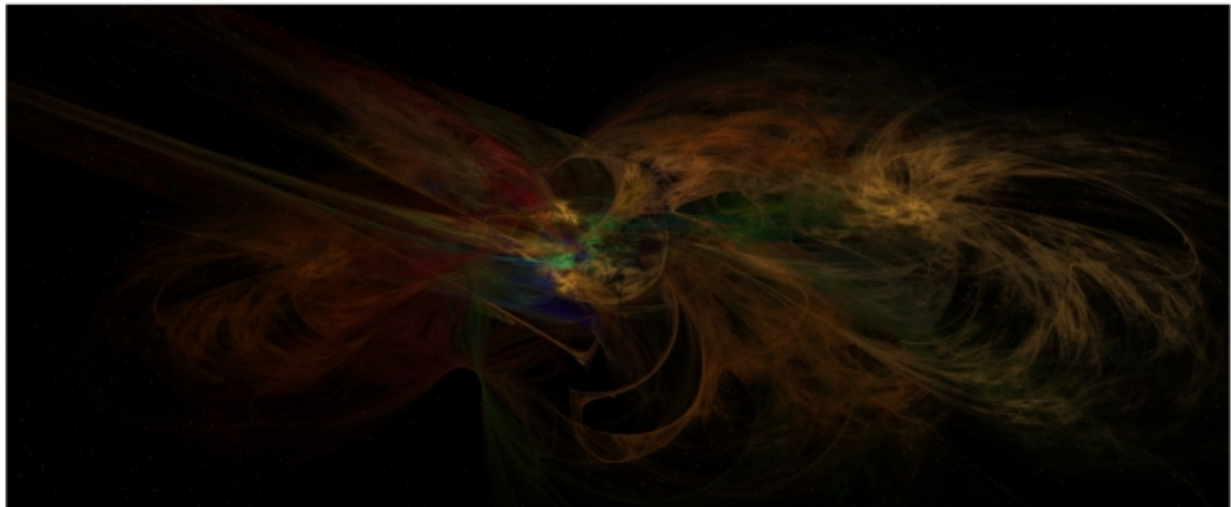
Ulians Join 'Antimatter Club'.

Sources close to the Ulian Stellar Navy today announced that a vessel has been successfully destroyed by antimatter, and granting the under-rated and oft-ignored navel force an offensive capability previously the exclusive domain of the superpower blocs; The DTR, IMP/CNF and Dewiek axis. (Mohache forces are widely believed to have antimatter capability, but have a 'we neither confirm or deny' policy when questioned on the matter. Dominion forces refuse to comment, but state 'anything can be yours for enough cash').

An Ulian spokes...being at first refused to comment, and then released the following 'non attributable' quote from the Ulian Supreme leader: "Yeah, you big boys! We big boys too now! We whup your ass, Mister la-de-dah viceroy. You the horrible stinking aliens round here, not us! Your 'great one' can kiss my shiney leather a****. The only unseen one who must be obeyed around here is ME".

The Ulian spokes... I think it was a he.. man was later unavailable for comment. And found lacking vocal chords, eight litres of body fluids and several metres of intestine.

The Independent stellar observer corps announced the unexplained detonation of an unarmed Ulian freighter in the Storm system. No other vessels appeared to be involved.



Uncle Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Kang,

My neighbours just won't stop playing loud music. What should I do?

Concerned of Mobile Bay.

Citizen Concerned,

You have failed to supply sufficient information to Kang to allow him to solve your problem. Specifically what species of meatsack are your neighbours?

Efficient and silent execution requires different techniques depending on what the species is. Human meatsacks are of course the simplest, as these fragile bags of flesh and bone break in the most hilariously easy manner. A simple solid blow to the larynx is likely to do the job here.

Whereas Hive are much more of a challenge, their natural carapace armour means you must utilise a variety of useful stabbing devices in order to take them down.

Due to your failure to provide this basic information, Kang has decided the simplest solution to your problem is simply to drive large iron spikes into your ears with a sledgehammer. This will stop you being concerned with noise, and satisfy

Kang immensely.
Signed with steel spike,
KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.40.2

Message From The Editor

Your beloved editor Overlord Kang wishes a deadly pox upon all of your houses.
HERE IS THE NEWS!

Empire Of Humanity Broken?

The grand alliance between the IMP and CNF appears to have ended this week, with one or both parties cancelling their official alliance.

Kang is uncertain if this means the two parties are truly no longer allied however, or if it is about some sort of confusing bureaucratic manipulation of system enemy lists that Kang does not understand.

Kang would have tried to contact the pathetic snivelling flesh-thing known as Lysander for comment, but frankly Kang would rather smash his forehead against a wall than spend one moment more speaking to those ghastly naked ape creatures.

DNA Implicated In Piracy?

GCE Meatsack Scout ships searching for the renegade Lucas Cage have reportedly discovered the following in the Persian system:

Entering orbit of Ahura Mazda (3995)

Scanned: PIR STARBASE XENOS ILARNEK (6577) - {3-17} 1020 kMus - Hiport

PRV OUTPOST DROPS MARKET 207 (10570) - {19-1} 1 kMus - Hiport

DNA SHIP FNF LIBERTY (19397) - {75 Light Hulls} Caravel Class Fast Freighter {No Armour}

DNA STARBASE FNF NAPLIA (43273) - {9-36} 328 kMus - Hiport

PIR OUTPOST YS-MO AHURA MAZDA MT-01 (53749) - {22-37} 11 kMus

PIR OUTPOST YS-MO AHURA MAZDA HY-01 (70460) - {23-36} 232 kMus

DNA PLATFORM PERSIAN GUARD (81277) - 1000 Hulls

MRC SHIP CAGE'S R US (93150) - {19-1} - {50 Normal Hulls} Survey Cruiser Class Explorer {Light Armour}

This appears to raise a number of interesting questions regarding the co-habitation of this motly selection of meatsacks.

DEN Cease Hostilities vs CNF

Dewiek Press Release:

I would like to announce the cession of the hunt against the CNF. Though through the past few months the rednecks and their lesser allies (those crazed wrinkly monks) have been more than vocal in their threats and started the hunt by attacking

trade ships around corewards and other areas of various neutral affiliations - they have now been comprehensibly beaten by a loose knit alliance of affiliations.

Though we could continue the hunt we feel no particular need to grind a beaten enemy into the dust. They have rollen on their backs to confirm our dominance and we will leave it at that.

Official news aside may I raise a howl for the fallen of the Dewiek and our allies in this glorious combat - the FLZ, HEX FCN and FEL.

Our enemies may have been beaten like a pimp having discovered his shiny gold suit is not armour when challenging the local hells angel brigade - but they did at least attempt to fight and we love nothing more than a good fight. So I raise another howl for the brave opposition. Glory to your warriors as well. Next time may I recommend more fight and less mouthing. Or perhaps weaker opposition.

Gath-Edhoras

Aliens On The March

From the office of the CEO of the GTT

The TCA squadron previously parked at Pollux A10 has moved further into the Inner Empire. The GTT had been hard at work to turn the platform at Pollux A10 into a TCA killing machine. A powerful detachment of warships waited in Trinity for the work to be completed. The intent was for the Task Group to enter the system of Pollux, engage the TCA and be supported by fire from the 5,000 hull platform. Unfortunately, the TCA moved on before we could spring our

trap on them.

Worse yet, the TCA moved onto the system of Ross where they began bombarding two of our outposts on Friday. The outposts have returned fire, but our missiles have been unable to penetrate the TCA's point defenses. The TCA warship that opened fire on our outposts has suffered zero damage.

The TCA squadron appears to be generally heading in the direction of the Varitang wormhole. The FCN has reported a similar squadron in the Cluster apparently heading for the Caribbean wormhole which exists in Varitang. It appears that both TCA squadrons are attempting to merge at that location for some unknown purpose.

The GTT, our allies and friends are making plans to deal with this situation. We shall move against them as soon as practical. Wish us good fortune in the upcoming battle.

Psychotic Aliens Cozying Up?

Kang knew his praise of the Dewiek was jumping the gun, as Kang has learnt that the DEN are now claiming the Titan system for the IMP.

KANG DOES NOT UNDERSTAND! The only good human is a dead human. Or a soon to be dead human. Or a human on the torture wrack. Who is also soon to be dead. YOU KNOW WHAT KANG MEANS!

Could this be why the IMP and CNF are no longer allied? Was a secret deal cut between the IMP and DEN to stab the CNF in the back? Are the MOH secretly behind it all? KANG INVITES YOU TO SPECULATE!

Outpost Smashed

With rumours of miners throughout the so-called 'Empire Of Humanity' starting to talk about going on strike unless they can be better protected from the depredations of Detinus Republic raiders, Kang is pleased to present footage of yet another mining facility being reduced to so much molten slag:

- > GTT Erasure Ast Mine C1 (99687) - Outpost
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 ARGONAUT (77575) - 7603 [8359] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRAYLING (5566) - 15759 [17212] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRUNION (30962) - 19227 [21262] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 14855 [16649] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 16368 [17999] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 WAGRAM (97121) - 14849 [16483] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 DRESDEN (25489) - 20141 [21937] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 10138 [11249] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 RUNNER (52575) - 17503 [19011] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 AMAZON II (62995) - 19795 [21869] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 MARENGO (11975) - 14125 [15566] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 TRITON (76620) - 15931 [17436] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 YELNYA II (82279) - 10443 [11340] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 18705 [20249] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 PICKEREL (38408) - 18204 [19798] Damage
- > Targeted by DTR CL 28 MAGICIENNE (91765) - 19187 [21058] Damage

The Very Opposite Of Mass Destruction

A single tedious DTR outpost consisting of a Hiport has been destroyed by GTT raiders in the Jasmine system. There was no loss of life. And as far as Kang can see, absolutely no interest in this pointless story of human meatsackery.

You see, this is why Kang always ties some slaves to the outsides of all of his facilities, so that if something does get destroyed, at least there is a body count.

Body counts make everything better.

Mohache Join In With General Tedious DTR Bashing

The MOH appear to have fired an opening salvo against the vile kitten slaughtering Detinus Republic, as they have dropped their claim in the Gendarren system in support of the DTR, and appear to be attempting to claim the system for themselves in breach of some sort of 'treaty'.

Kang has little regard for you meatsacks and your 'treaties'. The only treaties the superior Flagritz race consider worth keeping are those signed with sentients, which is to say, other members of the Flagritz race.

Would you honour a treat signed with a fungus that grows in your dungeon? Would you honour a treaty signed with a Krell? No, of course not, so why would you even bother with the things? You meatsacks confuse Kang sometimes.

Tau Ceti

Kang has learnt that junior-league psychopaths the Ulians have refused to be bound by the 'Tau Ceti Convention'.

One Ulian Spokesman spoke to Kang explaining their reasoning for this as being because: "Nobody will tell us where it is, for a start".

Kang wishes you well, psychotic periphery dwellers! Nothing improves your day quite like weapons of mass destruction. USE THEM JOYOUSLY! And use them on Felini. They are particularly amusing when they catch on fire and start running around in circles.

True One Dead

Happy news for the Peripheries as yet another of the puny human meatsacks attempts at Periphery hegemony has been blown out of the water by brave alien researchers this week:

Ulians move relations with Brotherhood to 'Frosty'.

After a long period of investigation, involving 'Stress and destructive testing', the Ulians have proved, to their own satisfaction, the non-existence of the 'True one'. An Ulian spokesman said "This is our considered response. Either the guy does exist and he isn't talking to us, or he doesn't, and the whole thing is a galaxy-wide extortion racket. The Brotherhood say he doesn't like us very much anyway, so where's the downside? They can consider our monthly subscription to 'The Inquisitor' cancelled, that's for certain.

FCN Press Release

Falconian forces have responded to a report of TCA activity in the cluster. TCA ships have previously been implicated in mekkanising populations, a process we abhor.

The initial contact TCA SHIP SUICIDE IS PAINLESS (89985) - {400 Heavy Hulls} was lost but two more TCA vessels were found and engaged in battle. The substantial defences of the TCA ships were being slowly abraded however the TCA vessels fled the second days combat. TCA Eager to Please (42780) is thought to have taken about 30% damage and TCA Hero's Demise (14562) about 15%. Our fleet lost a 200HH and a 150HH ship. A 50HH gunboat survived this damage from a TCA ship passing through the system

Incoming Fire from TCA Wrath (79298)

Round 1: 4 TCA Plasmas

- 3 hits - 14117 [14400] damage - 91%

The TCA ships have been detected today at the Caribbean system Wormhole. This links to the Inner Empire. A large TCA freighter is also present suggesting these ships are not merely sightseeing. Be concerned.

CNF OUTPOST SPACE DEPOT CARIBBEAN (7173) - {0-0} 36 kMus

TCA SHIP HERO'S DEMISE (14562) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP PACIFICATION - IOTA (24246) - {400 Light Hulls}

Tca Vessel Class Freighter {Heavy Ablative Armour}

TCA SHIP LARGELY TERMINAL (25898) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP EAGER TO PLEASE (42780) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

CNF OUTPOST MILLIWAYS (43905) - {0-0} 19 kMus

TCA SHIP WRATH (79298) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP SUICIDE IS PAINLESS (89985) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}



Breaking News

Reports are surfacing that the leadership of the Mohache may just have perished in a brutal assassination attempt. Kang hopes it was exceptionally brutal.

Uncle Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Kang,

I've had a run of bad relationships, but I think I might have finally found Mister Right. How do I properly open up and trust again?

Worried Of Venus.

Citizen Worried,

There are a number of excellent sidearms available to civilians without military licences. Many prefer concentrated high-energy devices in this modern era, but Kang is a traditionalist and still has a preference for chemical energy combustable firearms. You simply do not get a good kick from a photon blaster, plus, Kang has but two words for you – 'exit wounds'.

Kang recommends purchasing the largest calibre sidearm you can safely discharge without fracturing your puny meatsack wrists, and some dum-dum ammunition to maximise exit wound strategy. In this way... wait, what was your problem again?

Signed with spare ammunition.

KANG!

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.41

Message From The Editor

Rejoice puny flesh-things, your beloved and benevolent Overlord Kang has an emergency newsflash for you!

PREPARE FOR EXCITEMENT!

TCA INVADE!

Kang has learnt that a large fleet of TCA vessels has concentrated and launched an invasion of the Inner Empire of puny humanity!

Even now these huge but prone-to-explosion sinister alien warships are stalking through Inner Empire systems on their way to whatever their target happens to be.

Kang still understands that the dread Meklan Baron LiQuan might be the guiding hand behind this brutal invasion, so Kang fully expects their plan to be laced with extra evilness and brutality, as one would expect of the renowned psychotic cybernetic alien loonie LiQuan.

More news and hopefully brutal footage of rampaging Meklan annihilating planetary populations as soon as Kang receives it!

TCA SPOTTED!

TCA vessels have been spotted in orbit of a gas giant in the Sparta system, within easy reach of many large puny human worlds.

TCA Explained For Moronic Meatsacks

A worthless underling has just suggested to Kang that he should explain what TCA stands for, for the benefit of those new to the Peripheries.

Kang has no truck with this concept of explaining things to puny ignorant meatsacks. REMAIN IGNORANT! MEATSACKS!

But Kang will tell you that TCA stands for 'Terran Colony Annihilators'.

Kang simply hopes that the TCA will be upgraded to the THA – 'Terran Homeworld Annihilators'.

KANG CHEERS YOU ON! BRUTAL TCA!

Invasion Force Readied!

Kang has received the following scan of just one of the TCA ships, Kang notes with delight the massive invasion force of Meklan ready to brutally occupy and convert innocent screaming civilians into more cold-hearted Meklan drones.

TU 130: Detailed Scan {98424}

Scanned:

TCA SHIP INVASION (98424) - {400 Light Hulls}

Tea Carrier Class Freighter {Heavy Armour}

Aff: TCA

LifeForms: 19916

Class: Tca Carrier
Hulls: 400 TCA Carrier Hulls (120039)
Armour: 91 Armour Plate mkIVs (453)
Hull Damage: None
Max Boarders: 3616

INSTALLED ITEMS

97 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)
3 High Gain Shield Modulator (123)
45 ISR Type 4 Engines (155)
50 Jammers (112)
3 Jump Drive - Backup (176)
20 Meklan Pod (120037)
25 Sensor mkIV (106)
20 Shield Generators mkIV (122)
270 Shields mkIV (118)
1 TCA Control Deck (1650)
1 TCA Mind (1651)
5 TCA Scutter Bay (1652)
10 Thrust Engine mkIV (163)

CARGO

19908 Meklan - Naplian (713)
1 Meklan Control Unit (860)
Total TU cost for this action is 50

Terrified Meatsacks Unite

Faced with the hopefully inevitable destruction of their homeworld, Kang understands the warring factions of so-called 'humanity' have reached some sort of agreement where they have agreed to stop killing each other, and try to deal with the TCA invasion instead.

Could it be? Have the IMP/CNF/GTT/CIA/etc buried the hatchet with the brutal kitten slaughtering DTR? Are they going to collaborate in the face of this existential threat to the future of their species? KANG FEARS IT MAY BE TRUE!

Kang suspects the DTR may not be entirely trusting of any 'treaties' signed by the IMP and CNF after what happened to them last time though and Kang fully expects the treacherous Whipping Boy Confederacy to attempt to stab the DTR in the back again, if they can find a patch of DTR back that hasn't been thoroughly stabbed already.

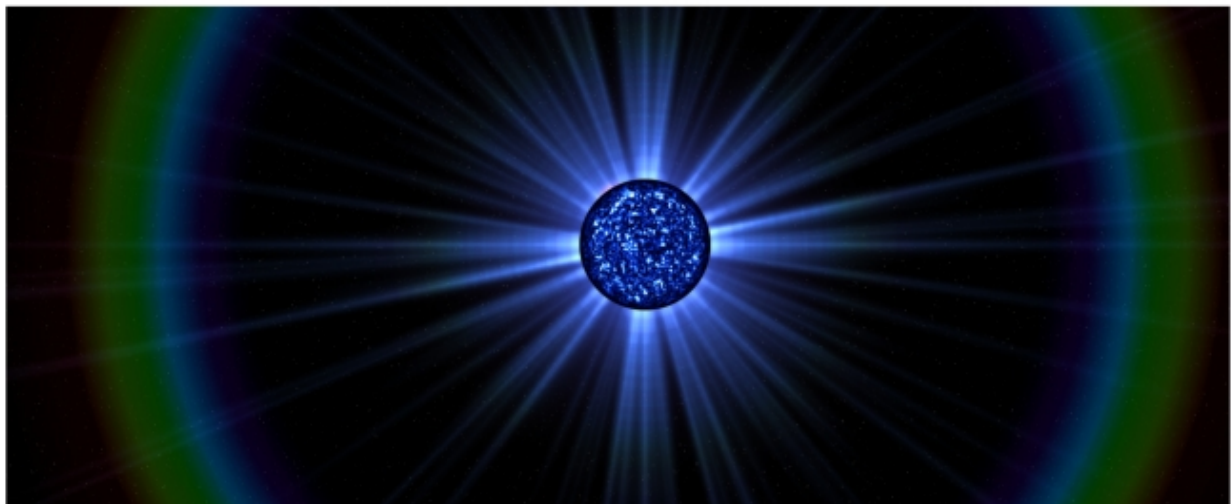
KANG PREDICTS THIS CAN ONLY END AMUSINGLY!

MOH Claim Dropped

The dread MOH have dropped their Gendarren claim.

This has little to do with the TCA invasion, but Kang mentions it anyway.

DO NOT QUESTION KANG!



Uncle Kang's Column Of Agony

Dear Kang,

I'm afraid the TCA are going to invade and unleash their Meklan hordes upon me and my family, please advise!
Terrified Of Earth.

Citizen Terrified,

AH HAHAHAAAAHA! HAHAAAAHAHAHAHAHA! HAHAAAAHA! DIE PUNY EARTH-THING!

Signed with much joy,

KANG.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.41.5

TCA Declared Big Girl's Blouses By Galaxies Greatest Editor

Puny earthling meatsacks across the Inner Empire Of Wretched Humanity are reported to be relaxed after the TCA incursion appears to have run out of steam with precisely zero mass casualties on any major inhabited worlds.

Kang is disappointed, but not surprised, following their loss of many ships to the Dewiek, Kang has always considered the TCA to be highly over-rated.

But Kang still holds out hope that the TCA may simply be mustering their resources in preparation for a military strike that will leave humanity nothing but a smoking ruined footnote in history.

This is one of Kang's greatest dreams.

DO NOT DISAPPOINT KANG!

Mohache Collapse Like Meatsack Impaled On Combine Harvester

Things are looking bleak for gutless yet insanely rich farming commune the Mohache this week, as it appears the cheerful slave-holding psychotic space-bikers of the Dominion have seized almost all Mohache assets in what is being described as a 'bloodless takeover', but which Kang understands to be somewhat closer to a 'brutal takedown'.

With this mass seizure of assets the Dominion are catapulted from Minor Players in the Peripheries to Major Powerhouse in one step, while the Mohache become, for want of a better phrase, downtrodden slaves.

Normally Kang does not like to see groups of pathetic humans subjugating the so-called alien races, as Kang hates you human meatsacks the most. But Kang has to applaud the sheer audacity of this takeover. Truly, nature abhors a vacuum. Almost as much as Kang abhors YOU!

Remaining pockets of MOH are understood to be fleeing from victorious DOM forces, and Kang suspects they may very well be regretting their decision to embrace pacifism in the face of a hostile universe. Kang has never seen a Periphery-wide Empire collapse quite this quickly.

Is this the Last Of The Mohache?

Kang rather suspects so.

Flagritz Whipping Boys

The glorious Flagritz Empire's favoured pathetic mewling whipping boys, the pathetic Confederacy, continue their capitulation in the Cluster Periphery, as the mighty FLZ seize the claim for the Espionage system.

Kang is pleased to see wretched earth-thing meatsacks of the Confederacy claiming the system in the name of the Glorious Flagritz, continue to recognise superior forms of life puny humans, and Kang may consider your species to have some value other than as a fire retardant.

Kang contacted puny human 'emperor' Lysander for comment, but Kang was too busy laughing down the communication device to ask any questions.

DTR Lose Outpost

Brutal yet tedious kitten slaughterers, the Detinus Republic, have lost a small outpost to the GTT this week in the Titan system.

DTR Lose Battle

A small kitten-slaughterer ground party has been destroyed by the whinging IMP in the Straddle system this week. Kang understands 15 lives were lost. Kang delivers a D- for effort.

Whipping Boys Drop Claim

The Confederacy has dropped their attempt to counter-claim the Arachnid system away from the tedious Detinus Republic. Kang suspects they need those troops elsewhere.

Pirates

Pirate vessels have boarded a freighter in the Coptuv system in the Corewards Arm, puny traders, CARRY MORE GUNS!

RIP Prisoner Repatriation Scheme

Hopeful scam artists the RIP have re-launched their Prisoner Repatriation Scheme – a scheme that was closed down some years ago when it was revealed to be a thinly concealed slave trading market. Presumably they are hoping meatsacks have short memories. KANG HAS BAD NEWS FOR YOU, HOPEFUL RIP! Meatsacks in these Peripheries still carry grudges for things that happened 20 years ago.

It remains to be seen how successful this will be, as when it last closed down the tedious DTR were making noises along the lines of annihilating the slave trade wherever they found it, and looking meaningfully at the RIP.

Kang pities you worthless meatsacks, slavery is the only logical solution to a universe over-populated with wretched earth-things. USE YOUR BRAINSTEMS! Pah, Kang does not have time to properly re-educate you all now.

Falconian Cluster News

There have been no further TCA sightings in the region. Falconian forces have slowed their withdrawal from the region to be ready should they return.

A large number of Confederate positions in the cluster have reflagged as mercenary and are apparently operating individually. They still retain confederate sympathies as attested by the targetting of falconian shipping by MRC Nemesis in New Sussex.

The Falconian Republic has donated a quantity of its seismic dampening pylons to the Felini authorities on the Planet Squamata in Skye. Initial reports on their deployment suggests tectonic levels will fall.

GCE Press Release

***** GARCIA ENTERPRISES PRESS STATEMENT *****

Garcia Enterprises are pleased to announce the takeover of facilities and assets belonging to the League of Extraordinary Explorers (LEE).

Any questions regarding this takeover should be directed in the first instance to Mr Garcia, except for holdings in the Halo periphery, which should be directed to Mr Phillips.

There are a number of Prisoners within these facilities and repatriation of these will be taking place within the next few weeks.

***** GARCIA ENTERPRISES PRESS STATEMENT *****

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.42.5

TCA Update

Kang has but little news on the TCA this week, as it appears they continue to orbit a gas giant somewhere in the Inner Empire.

Kang understands something odd is going on there, but nobody wishes to comment to the press on exactly what. Perhaps they are simply establishing a crèche world? But Kang finds this odd given how often TCA crèche sites have been nuked by various members of the so-called 'Empire' of worthless humanity.

There are however reports that the TCA vessel 'LiQuan In At The Deep End' has been performing particularly erratically.

This should come as a surprise to precisely no-one.

TCA Update 2

The matted and vile-smelling Dewiek have this week reported their status as worthless meatsacks.

But they've also destroyed two TCA vessels somewhere in the Transpiral Periphery, bring their total of TCA Meatsacks destroyed to quite a large number that Kang cannot be bothered remembering at this time.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW! COUNT YOURSELF!

You vile human wretches have more than sufficient fingers and toes to handle basic arithmetic. Well, assuming Kang hasn't had much alone time with you yet. SNIP SNIP! As Kang likes to say.

Mohache Collapse

Victorious Dominion troops are understood to have cemented their hold over the vanquished Mohache, with only a few free Mohache having fled to the outer reaches of their previously Periphery-spanning empire.

Kang understands the Mohachie Independent Commune might be about to start up, taking what small handful of non-DOM held assets are left.

Confederacy Collapse

The cowardly Flagritz Whipping Boys throughout the Cluster Periphery are rumoured to be turning to Mercenary flags as Kang understands the CNF have stopped paying anybody wages.

Could this be the end of the Confederacy?

Kang Does Not Understand What They Are Teaching Meatsacks These Days

>TU 76: Train Officer {#1} {11}

Error - Insufficient skill points to train new skill lvl.
Total TU cost for this action is 10
Sam Brown (#1) gained experience.

Pirate Large

The worthless meatsack known as 'Pirate Large' has captured two COD vessels. Kang does not know how much of a fight was put up, but Kang's suspects the COD of being weak and febrile meatsacks who are incapable of putting up much of a fight.

Which is also roughly how Kang thinks of the forces of Pirate Meatsack.

Kang imagines the boarding battle was most amusing to watch, and involved a lot of slapping and hair-pulling.

Falconian News

Falconian forces remain on alert for TCA forces near the Caribbean wormhole. The group previously engaged by our forces remain in orbit of the gas giant in the Sparta system. Information from one of our assets suggests they are forming a creche site within the gas giant to grow more TCA vessels.

The inhabitants of the Caribbean system have welcomed falconian patrols and many mercenary positions within the system have indicated their support for the continued presence of our forces.

Further reports on the seismic pylons supplied to the world of Squamata in Skye indicate that this falconian technology has been a great success.

More Pirates

Upwards of 600 pirates supported by 150 warbots have stormed an AFT freighter that was lingering in ring 10 of the Acropolis system – also known as the Pirates Please Board Me Here Zone.

Kang celebrates the death of idiotic meatsacks. AND SO SHOULD YOU!

Breaking News

Kang hates you all.

Pirates Destroyed

Two small pirate vessels have been destroyed by the Tedious DTR in the Venice system this week.

Both the 'Eyes of The Dewiek' and the 'Eyes Of The Hexamon' were annihilated by defensive platforms, curiously named pirate ships, perhaps intended to try and make the tedious DTR assume aliens might be behind the pirate activity?

Kang suspects this is unlikely to work, as Kang suspects the DTR already have a prime suspect when it comes to acts of piracy.

Kang has nothing more to say on the matter as Kang is going to have a little nap now.



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.48.5

Message From The Glorious Guest Editor

Pitiful snivelling earth-things, Kang has missed you!

Kang knew he should have packed more ammunition.

Not to worry, Kang will nail your feet to the floor next time, this should make you harder to miss.

HERE IS THE NEWS!

Repellent TCA

The stupid and worthless giant meatsacks known to the Peripheries as the TCA have failed to live up to their name yet again, as Kang is yet to hear ANY reports of any Terran Colonies being annihilated despite Kang's frequent broadcast of the co-ordinates of Earth.

Kang has however learnt that they have finally done something following their lacklustre invasion of the Inner Empire, they have been active in the Ross 248 system, where the TCA vessel LiQuan In At The Deep End continues to behave erratically in a feeble attempt to emulate Locutus Of Borg. But instead of wiping out humanity, LiQuan Of TCA appears to be content to fly in ever-decreasing circles making himself no doubt extremely dizzy.

Kang suspects there will soon be vomit. You meatsacks appear to be just filled to bursting with all manner of noisome fluids. Kang cannot imagine being Meklanised improves this unfortunate tendency any.

Disgusting Pirates

The revolting pirate ship The King's Palace has successfully captured an equally revolting Tedious DTR vessel in the Solo system.

KANG LAUGHS AT YOUR MISFORTUNE!

Scanned

Kang saw these in YOUR back garden. Kang suggests you kill yourself before they get to you:

Scanned:

TCA SHIP INTOLERANT DESIGN (9575) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP EBULLIENT CASTRATION (16423) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP TIME TO KILL (27432) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP INCANDESCENT HOSTILITY (50573) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP INGENIOUS DEMISE (65972) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP CONCEPTIONS IN FRUSTRATIONS (66570) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP CLEARLY OBFUSCATED (83896) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP LIQUAN IN AT THE DEEP END (91239) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

TCA SHIP INVASION (98424) - {400 Light Hulls}

Tca Carrier Class Freighter {Heavy Armour}

AFT In Hot Water – Boiling Nicely – Kang Adds Jersey Royal Potatos For Flavour

PITIFUL TRADERS! Kang does not know what you have done to get one of your vessels banned from Brutal Kitten Slaughterer DTR space, but Kang hopes it was violent and unpleasant and involved the deaths of many innocents.

ARE THE AFT SECRETLY SLAVERS?!

Kang does not know, but Kang hopes the litigious smear sticks.

Raid

A lone Tedious DTR warships has conducted a raid against a Whinging GTT mining outpost in a system Kang does not care enough to check.

Kang is however grudgingly impressed at the size of the explosion:

GTT Erasure Ast Mine Pg1 (46619) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GREYHOUND (99015) - 6496 [29040] Damage

But not so impressed that he still doesn't want to impale every one of you on rusty spikes.

Glorious Flagritz News Of Glory

From the Flagritz Universal News network.

The GCE have been found stealing from bases of the Empire of the Race within the Cluster. Tensions remain high with full scale action not being ruled out by the Empire for this action. The GCE ship in question has been ordered to dock at an Imperial base.

The Fighting within the Giant system has come to an end with the Starbase now under full FLZ control. Fighting on the surface saw one urban sector destroyed but it seems that the locals are pleased to have the Empire of the Race as overlords

Major Planet upgrades took place within the FHP. This is just one of many that have taken place over the last year or so

Special Action/Xaxen/Needs

This is a backwater colony that has been wildly out of touch for a long time. They need media and education tech for a start.

After this, a few million slaves (or at least natives that they can enslave) would be satisfactory.

Some terraforming would also be useful in order to improve the life (infrastructure) demand.

After all that, then more civilians would be useful in driving up the trade demand.

Update

Education and Media tech exhausted in order to bring the flagritz up to date with contemporary technology and cultural norms of the Empire.

Following this, plans are set in motion to ramp up the population with a million civilian slaves. Security, agriculture and industry would be useful if control of the population is to maintained. Urbanisation would give an added bonus in maintaining the trade multiplier.

Special Action/Xaxen/Coloniation

Along with 120k flagritz civilians, 10k aliens are seeded to bankroll the emerging markets. Added to this Basic Colonisation Support, Agriculture, Security and Urbanisation techs are exhausted. The world is now on course to be a very good colony for the expanding empire.

Modifications to the planetary economy have been made along with 10k support towards the system claim for the Empire.

This is just one of the many projects that are ongoing within a number of areas under the control of the Empire.

Unlicensed INDs

A number of Independent vessels have been seized by the DTR authorities this week following their failure to respond to communications demanding they exit a restricted zone.

Kang has encountered this problem himself, which is why Kang now makes his demands in such a way that is fatal to ignore. BEHOLD! THE KANG EXPLOSIVE DEMAND-SUPPOSITORY!

Another Outpost Explodes In Merry Fashion

GTT Dorn Ast Mine J1 (854) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW GEORGIA (50338) - 13896 [15187] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MARENGO (11975) - 13963 [14779] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 RUNNER (52575) - 14704 [16086] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 TRITON (76620) - 14794 [16312] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 PICKEREL (38408) - 18128 [19912] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MAGICIENNE (91765) - 18788 [20248] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 MILNE BAY (34640) - 19052 [20586] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 WAGRAM (97121) - 13697 [15043] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 AMAZON II (62995) - 19068 [20856] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 NEW BRITAIN (48165) - 10089 [11024] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRAYLING (5566) - 12757 [14174] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 GRUNION (30962) - 18899 [20474] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 SALAMAUA (36908) - 17740 [19237] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 28 ARGONAUT (77575) - 6575 [7106] Damage



Subspace Static - Star Date 213.49.5

Message From The Glorious Guest Editor

Overlord Kang sends bountiful highly explosive greetings in your direction via sub-orbital trajectories, pathetic sacks of meat.

It is that time of year when we superior Flagritz begin to celebrate the festive holidays. However, the superior Flagritz race does things a little different to the way the rest of the Peripheries choose to celebrate. This explains why Kang's power keeps getting cut off, as he continues to shell his neighbours and dispatch chemical weapon drones to melt eyeballs out of their sockets.

Kang enjoys the sound of blinded meatsacks running into mine-fields. The occasional loss of his power is a small price to pay for so much joy.

Prepare your empty meat sockets for more joy, as Kang delivers steaming hot news direct to your squishy brains!

Repellent TCA Update

Kang finds this one slightly hard to credit, but Kang understands the worthless human wretches might be trying to put together a 'diplomatic party' to 'negotiate' with the TCA.

Kang finds this concept almost as hilarious as what the TCA are likely to do to this so-called diplomatic party.

Kang will be getting the TCA a cheese-grater for Christmas, and Kang hopes they will use it on YOUR FACE!

RIP Inadvertantly Declare Themselves Part Of The IMP

The worthless meatsacks known as the RIP because of the sound they make when Kang tears them apart, have apparently accidentally declared their allegiance to the IMP-Bloc with the following press release offering their services as mercenary-scum:

Tired of the GCE wantonly destroying your property? Sickened by the Confederates indenturing your kith & kin? Struggling to cope with the withdrawal because the DEN drank all the ale? Biting the pillow because the BHD set up near your home?

If the answer is yes to any or all of these questions then read on friend.

RIP offer to broker a deal between yourselves and a number of mercenary captains and companies throughout the peripheries*.

If you have need of naval or military forces but haven't got the guts or the skill then cold hard cash will suffice.

Whilst others may offer to supply men, materials and weapons we will simply get the job done. Keep your hands clean and your sensibilities delicate.

FIGHT THE POWER!

(*subject to a 2.5% brokerage fee)

(Disclaimer: RIP will in no way directly act against or indirectly facilitate action against the IMPerials or any Chartered affiliation. Please don't ask because the answer will be no and we will subject you to blackmail before informing them.)

Kang suspects this allegation of IMP-sympathy may anger the RIP. Kang hopes this is the case. Kang likens yo mama to a fat turkey.

Miners Grub In Dirt Then Explode Into Tiny Pieces

You could not pay Kang enough to become a miner, as tedious DTR raiding vessels continue to make it a highly dangerous pastime:

IMP PC-23 (54338) - Outpost

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC SEX (41577) - 22376 [29040] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 SHARK (20730) - 4319 [5102] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 BOUGAINVILLE II (67548) - 20846 [26400] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 NAIAD II (96489) - 10489 [13364] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC UNUS ET VIGINTI (84266) - 22925

Targeted by DTR CL 88 LOIRE II (93156) - 9618 [12250] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 LAE II (54804) - 22447 [26180] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC QUINDECIM (59000) - 24088 [27940]

Targeted by DTR CL 88 AMPHION II (60903) - 10877 [13262] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 CISCO (99636) - 10451 [12149] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 GLADIUS CC TRES (66642) - 25001 [27940] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 JUNO II (27377) - 11075 [12723] Damage

Targeted by DTR CL 88 NYMPHE II (16173) - 13768 [16311] Damage

IMP B2 (4485) - Ship

Barica Class Freighter {No Armour}

Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

Bad luck crew of IMP B2, your timing was at least amusing to Kang, and your deaths will be mourned by precisely nobody.

Important Scientific News

All non-Flagritz forms of life have been discovered to be inferior in over 33,000 different ways, with one scientist declaring that there was very little qualitative difference between an Earth-thing and an amoeba, other than the number of limbs.

And taste. Kang should not forget about the taste-test.

Glorious Flagritz News From The FUN Network

The Empire of the Race has set about on a number of major planetary projects. One of these this was pushed forward with a large number of Civilians being allowed to join an Imperial world to serve the Empire. While more work is planned it has to be said that this planet is fast becoming a "Garden World".

Special Action/Awakening/Seed Civilians and Tech

30k flagritz join the elite ranks amongst the citizenry and bring with them a lot of second class colonists including 130k kastorians and over 12k hive eggs.

Added to this, government, agriculture and education techs are exhausted in order to ensure that everybody learns their place and knows what to do.

This is on top of the nine projects known to be ongoing within both the Twilight and Home systems.

The GCE ship that committed pirate acts within the Cluster did not follow orders to dock. The Empire of the Race has been forced to take matters to the next level, it will now only accept the GCE surrender.

Filthy Pirate Adventures

A 20-hull Ulian Scout class vessel, en-route into Cluster, was subject to an attempted boarding by the Pirate Vessel 'Tight squeeze'. Unfortunately for him, this occurred at the same location as components of the Ulian Defence Missile Cruiser squadron. Pirate go boom.

A similar scout vessel was lost to the PIR SHIP Errata Gel Pi (3360) last week. The ships moved there in response the day after to try and catch either it, or the successfully boarded vessel, but failed in the manner that all lesser races fail – PATHETICALLY!

Whinging GTT Rebranded

The Galactic Trade and Transport marketing department have completed a branding exercise on planet Capella (Capellan system) involving the creation of an archipelago in the shape of their corporate tag.

In a battle between the GTT and subtlety; GTT won.

Quote:

Special Action/Capella/Terraforming as only the GTT can do/213.48

With a price tag that would cripple many small affiliations, the GTT roll out their terraforming project, dominating the southern ocean with the letters GTT that can not only be seen from orbit but from the very edge of the star system!

Kang is unimpressed by this, as Kang understands this terraforming was not conducted via the approved medium of orbital nuclear bombardment. However, Kang is sufficiently moved to stop referring to the GTT as 'Whinging' and instead utilise the term 'Egomaniacal'.

Congratulations meatsack ego-monsters, please do not allow this to delay your extinction.

Pirates Enter Exciting New Life As Slaves To Homicidal Alien Thugs

The Pirate outpost Ahura Mazda has been captured by USN ground forces in the Persian system. Approximately 1200 Krell mercenaries were apparently organised sufficiently well to storm the base, held by a mere 90 poorly trained pirate meatsacks.

THEY WERE BRUTALY SLAUGHTERED!

And then, knowing the Krell, probably eaten raw.

Barbaric Krell meatsacks, everybody knows it is civilised to cook your fallen foes before eating them.

Pirate Destroyed

A small pirate scout ship has been destroyed in the Daggern system by worthless meatsacks the AFT. Congratulations AFT, did you shoot a Meklan at them?

Ulians Punished By Superior Race For Allowing Their Krell Slaves To Eat Foes Raw

The Ulian base Mantis has come under attack by superior Flagritz forces in the Persian system this week:

USN Manis (70460) - Outpost

Scints: 6.3

Targeted by FLZ GS Knights Right (78786) - 2368 [3570] Damage

Targeted by FLZ Ack Sun (16907) - 30293 [34200] Damage

Targeted by FLZ Ack Supernova (40699) - 28510 [32200] Damage

Targeted by FLZ Ack Warfare (18405) - 30450 [33000] Damage

Targeted by FLZ GR Dawn Patrol SQ 1 (79756) - 1850 [2720] Damage

Targeted by FLZ GS Knights Spur (45497) - 2185 [3502] Damage

Targeted by FLZ Ack Moon (91248) - 26718 [30200] Damage

GLORY TO THE FLAGRITZ!

GLORY TO IMPARTIAL NEWS REPORTING!

DEATH TO ALL NON-FLAGRITZI!

THIS CONCLUDES THE NEWS!

Special Report - De-Meklanisation

A lot of effort has been expended over many years trying to find a cure. It has not been found.

The nanite incursion is not a virus or bacteria to be cured. It is a machine capable of adaption and exhibiting emergent programming.

To the uninitiated, emergent programming is the type of code that exhibits more complex behaviour when more and more of the smaller pieces come together.

So an ARC nanite on its own is pretty harmless. Inject enough of them in a sentient, and it will take over the synapses. Then have enough of the infected sentients grouped and they will behave erratically and very destructively without a suitable control mechanism.

And finally, there are indications that infect a world and it will serve its original purpose. Something we as humans with our brief day in the sun cannot yet fathom fully.

I know it is not the fashionable thing to speak of morality or in stark terms of good and evil in these relativistic days.

But I am reminded of the old Terran quote (sometimes attributed to Edmand Burke):

All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing.

No facility is forever safe.

The DTR have expended vast sums to try to be humane. And it nearly doomed a lot of mankind when politics changed like the tide of humanity's fortunes.

And the Brotherhood have expended vast resources to try to "tame" this possession of the body to "perfect" the soul for their false beliefs and ideas. Their quest to create the supermensch is as old as modern science. It will always fail. It will always cost the innocent for the vanity of the few.

You have the luxury to debate. The poor souls do not.

This is no time to compromise on the question of Meklans.

The TCA are abroad.

Do your duty.

Subspace Static - Star Date 213.50.5

Message From The Guest Editor!

Overlord Kang has been temporarily detained this week following an unpleasant firebombing incident at a Christmas parade on Mobile Bay where, as it turns out, the correct answer to 'What's in Santa's sack?' isn't 'napalm'.

And so instead we are proud to bring you another edition of the Super Soaraway Sub-Space-Static, the SSSSS!

Persian Shenanigans!

The conflict between the USN and FLZ has hotted up this week with scorching news from the Persian system.

Following the USN capture of the 'YS-MO Ahura Mazda HY-01' Pirate base, the base was renamed 'Manis', at which point the Flagritz arrived and commenced orbital bombardment. Destroying USN ships, the base, and over 800 troops.

Flagritz sources are reported to have said, 'The base was about to rejoin the Empire of the race. We have no need for flags of convenience'.

At which point, IT WAS WAR!

But localised to the Persian system between FLZ and USN.

We here at the SSSSS approve of two groups of homicidal alien thugs blasting each other to bits.

However, SHOCKING REVELATIONS have just come to light from the records of the captured pirate base:

Date 50.2: FLZ STARBASE Xenos Ilarne (6577) tried to take 3000 Cerulean Crabs (32265) - Incorrect security clearance
FLZ STARBASE Xenos Ilarne (6577) tried to take 3000 Mazda Rays (32276) - Incorrect security clearance

This seems to implicate the Flagritz as being those responsible for running this pirate base! Which explains why they came in so quickly when the USN captured it.

We would have contacted a Flagritz source for their response to this allegation, but frankly we'd rather let Kang handle that one next week.

Fun-Loving TCA Ordered To Pack It In NOW!

Elite investigative journalists here eat the SSSSS have proudly hacked cracked INVESTIGATED goings on with the vile alien invaders the TCA that are as we speak threatening EARTH ITSELF!

Turns out these mysterious immigrating layabouts are actually trying to gain access to generous health and welfare programs on the home-world of humanity. We say, HANDS OFF ALIEN SCUM! That's OUR dole money!

We've also heard rumours that like all aliens, they secretly want our women.

Whoops! That's my security checkpoint!

A hapless operative has been killed in hilarious fashion whilst attempting to scale a security fence at a Harmless Freelance Trading Base.

After a prolonged firefight with starbase security, an unnamed operative was killed at FRE Constantinopolis. Whether the miscreant was a hangover from the base's former CIA owners, a visitor from one of the local FEL bases, or someone else entirely, is currently unknown.

We say HANG THE BUGGER!

Five Things That Should Never Be Dipped In Chocolate And Hung From Your Tree!

- 5) Industrial Modules.
- 4) Bacon.
- 3) A 300 HH Warship.
- 2) Kang.
- 1) Meklan.

Dewiek Open Space Press Release!

Greeting.

The High Lord as decreed that the following systems in the DHP are to made public knowledge and all our welcome as shown by the system charters.

Dyson (10),Acrux (119),Hydrae (106),Mizam (155),Avoir (157),Leporis (131),Noctollis (61) and Tolfallen (107).

Further more a number of planets with or without sentient populations will be made available for Affiliations to colonise.

These planets will be reserved for Affiliation that the Nation entrusts its development to. These are in Acrux and Noctollis.

Which will include but not limited to increasing the population, improving the quality of life for the locals and keeping exploitation to a level agreed by the Nation.

The benefits for your hard work will be sole occupancy of the planet. Letting you use the whole of the planets minerals and resources to make the base a going concern. Also all stellars gained from Sales to the locals and merchandising will go straight to you, so no one gains from your hard work.

If you are interested in this venture or wish to trade in the DHP contact me for further information.

Crossley Falls!

One of the last bastions of humanity at the entrance to the Cluster Periphery has fallen to the Dewiek hordes. Is there any trace of humanity left in the Cluster? Does Emperor Lysander care that his lackeys have squandered his galaxy-wide Empire? And WHEN WILL THERE BE A ROYAL BABY!

Demanding people wish to know.

New Sussex? More Like New Essex To Us!

We have received reports that the New Sussex system has been lost by the Confederacy and is now claimed by the Flagritz, meaning bad news for all haters of tentacles throughout the system.

Pirates Cheerfully Slaughtered By Strange Alien Insects!

We are the Mind of the Hexamon

We are happy to report that 2 separate pirate boarding attempts today were repulsed resulting in the loss of over 470

Pirates.

Following the recent string of attacks the Hexamon and our allies have been increasing defences on our ships operating in Coreward and one of the ships attacked was one of over 3 dozen enhanced transports now operating in the coreward shipping lanes.

The second ship which was responsible for annihilating over 390 Pirates was one of our "easter egg" ships; the Hexamon have deployed a number of these ships with a mixture of different surprises for the pirates; these will be kept within the shipping lanes and once hit will renumber and rename so that other pirates get a chance to commit suicide against them.

While we should probably suggest that the pirates avoid our shipping we actually hope they will continue to suicidally attack ours and our allies shipping as we have gone to alot of trouble upgrading defences.

Why spend the effort hunting the pirate to try and kill them when they will happily come to you to die?

That is all

Privateers Don't Like It Up 'Em!

A GCE outpost has successfully beaten off over 1200 demons in three different privateer ground parties.

I say, matron!

Alien Bomber Found On Moon!

We don't know which moon, but it seems a pretty decent bet!

Another Press Release! It's Almost Like Kang Used These For Nefarious Purposes Instead Of Printing Them!

Greetings,

After cordial discussions with senior members of the Vehrenburg family and the approval of the citizens of the planet, I am pleased to announce that they have turned a long standing friendship with the Republic into a more permanent and inclusive partnership. The small city of Vehrenburg-Stadt plus attending outposts are now proudly flying the Republic's flag. In addition, they have backed a formal inclusion of Varitang into the DTR legal framework and will be duly changing the system claim. Nathaniel von Vehrenberg will remain as governor and head of the planetary administration.

I am also proud to be elected to represent their interests in the Senate. My first dispatch as a representative for my constituents has been to request from the Lord Speaker agricultural supplies and technologies to bring the mostly farming community on the planet into a modern and more prosperous era.

Whilst the Confederacy struggles to hold its core, the people of Varitang faced an uncertain future. It is also no secret, that whilst much of the traditional territories of mankind have prospered in recent years, Varitang has been left behind. I intend to remedy this! I intend to build bridges of trade and mutual prosperity with neighbours, both human and alien.

On behalf of the people of Varitang, I extend the hand of friendship to all those who would take it and wish you all well.

If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to contact my office at any time.

Yours,

Darius

Privateers On The Rampage!

The Indar system has seen more deprivations this week committed by PRV-flagged assets:

"I am saddened to report the loss of 3 merchant ships and 30 valued crew members while in orbit of Indar. Although no freight was lost and the value of the ships negligible, the lost of life was invaluable.

In memoriam, Senior Captain Kolo Pozo, Captain Vasileos Radosavljevic, and Captain Milos Afolabi.

Two PRV flagged ships were involved in the boarding attempt. I will now assume that PRV is the same as PIR in the Halo peripheries and react accordingly.

PRV SHIP Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (91507) is boarding us:

PRV SHIP Gaius Julius Caesar (80353) is boarding us:"

Breaking news! GCE markets throughout the Persian system have been closed as a result of Privateer activity.

RIPped Ships!

50's, 50's 50's!

Come on in Heavy Hull lovers!

For one day only here at the RIP we're slashing 50 heavy hullers in half!

Give us an offer on our vast selection of 50 heavy hull warships!

This is a War in Halo blow out!

Alright, we got Javelins, Gunboats, Interdictors. We got armour plate, ablative plate. We got stealth plate. We got krondite plate. We got guns, cannon, batteries. We got missiles. We got torps. We got quantum cloak, standard cloak. We even got phase cloak! .

C'mon, you want warships, come on in heavy hull Lovers!
If we don't got it, you don't want it!
Come on in heavy hull lovers!
Attention 50 heavy hull shoppers!
Take advantage of our stellar ship sale!
If you buy one 50 heavy huller at the regular price, you get another 50 heavy huller of equal or lesser value for only a stellar!
Try and beat fifty heavy hulls for a stellar!
If you can find a cheaper ship anywhere, blast it!

Frontier Express Times Vol. Four, 213.49.3!

An occasional publication published occasionally
"All the news that's fit to print! (Or maybe not!)"
High Society
by Rita Skeeter

Yesterday was a glorious day for the FET! At a lavish affair in Free Coalition, the FET Kumicho Zuvoro Norozov was honored with a medal presentation and a gala banquet. The event started in the courtyard of the Hotel du St. Petersburg, FC's finest hostelry; then moved indoors to the banquet hall of the everso posh Chez Zee-eN.

Norozov was accompanied by family members, Dr. Jansen Norozov & Prof. Zecharia Norozov, both leading FET scientists; his children, Joshua & Emma, both FET starcaptains, were online by subspace receivers. And naturally, Oyabuns Larry Thomsen, Pahl Kantner, & Cu Chulainn were on hand; though the FET's resident recluse, Mr. Bringer was nowhere to be seen. By the way, Kantner was accompanied by the fabulous Mona Luvsitt of the AFT; who looked absolutely fabulous. Many of the FET's allies were also represented at the fete. Lord Simms, Grand Duke of the Capellan Reaches, was there for the Imperials. Duke Laton of the CIA, with his secretary P.A. Normal, was seen lurking about. Lord High Inquisitor Pyros of the BHD was also in attendance. James Stryker of the GTT couldn't make the event due to his duties elsewhere, so he sent his wife Mary Stryker & their son Colonel Benjamin Stryker in his stead. Finally, there were in excess of 300 FET starcaptains & employees from all across the Peripheries.

The affair started precisely at noon with Thomsen calling the assembly to order. Thomsen then made a few comments about the excellence of Norozov's leadership of the FET, and that this day was in honor of his twenty years of meritorious service. Kantner then presented Norozov an exquisite medal and the deed to yet another starbase. At that time, Norozov was heard to say "What? No cash?!"

(BTW the medal was commissioned by Thomsen & Kantner, designed by Kantner, & fabricated by Amber Medals, a division of the EEM. It can be seen online with ZN's credentials.)

The event then moved indoors, where a divine feast was waiting. Appetizers of Kanawa Sushi, Emerald Prawns, & Amphirite Oysters started off the fete. Then followed the main courses of Booker Steaks, Checkbeef & Aquae Pheasant, all prepared with the finest of sauces and spices. Salads and veggies of all sorts were in abundance. Afters consisted of a selection of Albourne Cheeses, Airburst & River Truffles & Old Earth Fruits. All this was washed down by an endless stream of Peace & Reed Whiskeys, Ashley Tequila, Paradise & Surk Wines, and Roo Beer. Various recreational smokes & other such also put in appearances.

Along the way, many of the dignitaries got up to roast the Guest of Honor. Thomsen called ZN a friend for life, "the finest kind!" Kantner remarked that "the FET had never had a better boss; at least, until I take over!" Lord Simms was called upon for some comments, but was too deep in his cups! And Duke Laton was nowhere to be found, having seemingly sidled off somewhere with his lovely assistant. (Wink, wink, nudge, nudge!)

But the bestest toast of all was by Mrs. Stryker; "As my husband, James, has always said: A friend will come and bail you out of jail, but a true friend will be sitting beside you saying damn that was fun! I lift my glass to you, Mr. Norozov, A truer friend the GTT never had."

By then the assembly was deep into the mood of the day; celebrating boisterously with the fine food and booze. Nevertheless, Lord Pyros arose to deliver a sermon on the "True Moralities of Employing Aliens". As one might imagine, this was meant by numerous catcalls and endless heckling! After several attempts to keep rolling, Pyros lifted his glass to Norozov and sat back down.

The festivities continued well into the evening. A good time was had by all!!

But the day wasn't over for Kantner! He was seen much, much later in the Jiggly Room over on Spritzer still

accompanied by Ms. Luvsitt! Seemingly this was just another of their romantic trysts, but no! They were soon joined by two other AFT executives, Master Gaijin and his wife Mashita & Sean Royston and his girlfriend du jour! Perhaps this was just happenstance and nothing but light frivolities. But waiters and busboys reported hearing the words "...merger..." & "...moving to greener pastures..." Is Kantner considering leaving the FET? Are the AFTers ready to jump ship? C'est la Vie! We shall see what we shall see!

That's all for now, my Lovelies!
This is Rita signing off! Till next time -- Stay Shiney!!

This news item has been brought to you by the truly fine establishments of the Hotel du St. Petersburg and the Chez Zee-eN! In FET Free Coalition, the Heart of the Peripheries!
"If you have to ask the price, then you really can't afford it!"

Subspace Static Christmas Edition - Star Date 213.51.5

Message From The Guest Editor!

Welcome to the special festive edition of the Super Soaraway Sub-Space-Static, all the news! All the celebrities! All the lifestyle gossip masquerading as human interest stories that you can handle! Spreading joy and festive nudity to your front room!

Hold on... wait, what's that noise?

Do you hear screaming?

And explosions?

Is something burning in here?

OH GOD! NO! INTERNS BLOCK THE DOORS! DON'T LET HIM IN HERE!

TRUE ONE SAVE US!

NO KANG! PLEASE NO! NOT THE NAPALM AND THE FUNNEL!

Message From The Overlord

Celebrate in your meaningless fashion, puny sacks of meat, KANG HAS RETURNED!

Prepare flesh-hooks for brutal festive news infection.

The only soaring away anybody is going to be doing around here is out of my top floor office window.

Signed with broken body of the previous guest editor:

KANG!

Pathetic Losers Join Together In So-Called 'Christmas' Spirit

Kang understands the whining meatsacks known as Dewiek are joining the puny earth-things in their opposition to the so-called TCA 'invasion' of the Inner Empire. An Invasion that is yet to cost a single meatsack their life!

What sort of pathetic invasion is this? Kang thinks these puny earth-things have mistaken a sight-seeing trip for an invasion.

In Kang's day we did invasions properly, with brutal mass-slaughter of civilian populations and screaming. Oh yes. So much screaming.

Kang sincerely hopes the TCA virus-bomb your homeworlds into viscous sterile gloom.

Christmas Time – The Most Wonderful Time Of Year For An Economic Collapse

The wretched zone of space previously claimed by the Flagritz Whipping Boys, otherwise known as the 'Confederacy', appears to have suffered what Kang can only call a hilariously cataclysmic financial collapse this week.

Oh how Kang is amused by the thought of the meatsacks of this once proud organisation reduced to selling their grandmothers to racially superior alien overlords for some spare change. A great many star systems have slumped from 'Core' status to unclaimed wasteland as the CNF economy is understood to have dried up entirely with not a single stellar left to pay anybodies wages.

Kang understands entire planets are descending into feudal anarchy, with piracy and banditry rife. It is a glorious picture of human misery, and Kang celebrates, as should you.

KANG DOES NOT HEAR YOU CELEBRATING LOUD ENOUGH!

Oh, Kang is sorry, perhaps you were and your celebrations were simply drowned out by the massive galaxy-wide party the non-human races are holding.

Alien Apocalypse

The ARC, a group of febrile giant meatsacks that Kang hates almost as much as the TCA, have suffered a bitter defeat recently as a TCA invasion fleet stormed into the Jasmine system and wiped them out.

Kang understands there were no survivors, and that the gas giants that these pathetic ARC were hiding in have been liberally sown with high-explosives.

Kang hopes any of you meatsacks who might have secretly aligned yourselves with the ARC interests are now bitterly

regretting your choice of sides.

FET Vs The FLZ?

Kang has heard stories that the superior Flagritz race has taken an interest in wiping out the particularly pathetic group of meatsack money-grabbers known as the FET, and that several FET vessels have been destroyed, and installations in Forrest and Daggern systems bombarded from orbit, prompting a meatsack of the FET to offer up personal combat as a means of settling their differences.

Kang does not speak in any official capacity for the superior Flagritz government, but Kang suspects that the mighty Flagritz have never considered it appropriate to settle differences with small-scale limited duelling style conflict, when large-scale brutal mass-slaughter is also on the table as an option.

SO KANG OFFERS YOU GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, SQUISHY FET MEATSACKS!

Wait? What do you mean the FLZ have moved relations back to neutral?

BAH! YOU SEE? THIS IS WHY KANG HATES THE FLAGRITZ GOVERNMENT AS MUCH AS ANY OF THE REST OF YOU!

NOTHING SAYS CHRISTMAS QUITE SO MUCH AS THE WIPING OUT THE HUMAN SCUM!

Santa Spotted

It is the time of year when puny earth-things throughout the Peripheries gather in hope and joy at the thought of what Santa might drop down their chimneys from low orbit.

Kang admires the precision of the delivery system, if not the content of the warheads.

Privateers Destroyed

Three PVT vessels have been intercepted and destroyed by the GCE in the pathetic backwater known as Halo:

PRV Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (91507)

PRV Marcus Licinius Crassus (49017)

PRV Gaius Julius Caesar (80353)

The GCE provided the following details, which is good, as Kang is already bored of this news story due to the lack of torture:

These were the 3 vessels that boarded AFT ships in Persian last week. They entered orbit of a GCE starbase, and were immediately engaged and destroyed by the squadron in orbit. No more innocent lives will be lost to these predators.

In an apparently separate incident at the same location, MRC Medjay (59834) was destroyed after attempting to board a GCE cargo ship. The orbiting squadron defended the GCE freighter, and destroyed the MRC ship before it could successfully board. This ship is believed to have boarded a GTT freighter in Persian last week.

Kang really only needed to know how many were slaughtered.

Falconian Cluster News

Kang is disappointed with the FCN news agency for the following stories:

More assets within the Caribbean system have asked for and been granted the protection of the falconian republic.

The systems asteroid fields have claimed a small scout vessel and a large freighter. Brave falconian starship captains have always scorned use of navigational hazard avoidance systems. They may be less certain now. Crews have been recovered.

Another asteroid

Has destroyed a discrete survey scout in transpiral. The hive designed stealth ship which was captured from the COH many years ago was en route to a newly discovered system in the area. Rescue operations are underway.

Christmas Elves

Kang has uncovered news that all Christmas elves have this year been infected by a deadly aerosolised and exceptionally lethal ebola virus. YOUR ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL IS TO BRUTALLY GUN DOWN EVERY ELF YOU SEE BEFORE THEY ARE ABLE TO BREATHE ON YOU!

In fact Kang suggests that to be on the safe side, you should probably gun down every meatsack you see wearing any hint of Christmassy apparel, including sweaters, tinsel, or any sort of novelty hat, LEST YOU CATCH THIS DEADLY DISEASE AND SUFFER YOUR INTESTINES FALLING OUT THROUGH YOUR ULTERIOR ORIFICE WITH CATASTROPHIC EFFECT!

Kang looks forward to the footage of the many senseless slayings this holiday season will hopefully bring when the panic takes hold.

Special Report – Alien Construct Shells

Kang refuses to thank Fiona Storm for this contribution.

The alien construct was designed to last billions of years. Much of the design was built to compensate for the natural decay of even the most stable of atoms. The armour and the shell work in harmony, in the same way that standard hulls and armour work together in order to produce a better structure than each individually. From tests it is believed that the quantum stability has been achieved through the use of degenerate material. An estimation of 50mu of degenerate matter per hull and slightly less per plate is given. In terms of construction something like forty thousand production per hull (excluding the degenerate matter construction cost) and more for the armour is not unreasonable. In practise they are slightly better than standard items but presumably do not suffer from integrity losses. Research into uncertainty suppression, exclusion suppression, applied gravitational fields and quantum tech will be needed just to begin to understand how they actually built them.

Infodump – Best Selling Toys This Meatmas

- 5) My Little Indentured Servant. Explore fun times with this cheap alternative to actually having to pay an employee.
- 4) Meatopoly. Grind your enemies to pulp with this giant tenderising hammer.
- 3) Hungry Hungry Mohaches. Feed 'em 'till they burst! Literally.
- 2) Crucify Me! The exciting game for the whole family, where the loser gets crucified. No resurrection included. Winner may also be crucified. And your neighbours. IN FACT KANG WILL CRUCIFY YOU ALL!
- 1) An Apple With Razorblades Hidden Inside. ENJOY!

Special Report – From The Blog Of Worthless Detinus Meatsack Republic Flesh-thing Senator Revolting Shirazi

The fires were lit through the night and the faithful gathered in the frosty square huddling for warmth under winter blankets. The suppression of the old ways by the New Harmony Church and its Brotherhood sect had failed to evict from tradition this celebration of the winter solstice.

The descendants of the Aryans, from the fertile valleys between the mountains that made the ancestral home of Iran ("land of the Aryans"), were joined by neo-pagans celebrating Saturnalia, god of Agriculture, represented in the night sky by Saturn. Then there was the Syrian descendants who gave praise to Sol Invictus, the god of state. Ancient monotheists with the longest lasting bloodlines to Yahweh's chosen celebrated their festival of Ilanout, the tree festival, with lit candles. A small few called the night Yalda celebrating the coming birth of the new year.

Prayers were cast for Mehr, sometimes known as Mithra, for the light of the early morning. This Eyzad, a being worthy of worship, was called upon to aid Ahura Mazda, lord of wisdom, in his fight against the dark forces of Ahriman. His victory assured by the turn of the longest winter night into the blossoming wind of spring. The names had persisted as cultures changed and Yahweh's chosen followed Christ or Allah or both or none. The fires burnt and mankind wished away the darkness, even the blackness of space could not blot out the light. Something deeper than empiricism and nihilism persisted in the spirit of men.

There was a kind of magic abroad: of order upturned during the bleak winter night, where kings became peasants and peasants became kings. So it was that Darius took bowls of soup and loaves of bread to the farmhands, the mine workers and the shop keepers. Kneeling before them, he gave them each a blessing in the ancient tongue. To his people, few in number on this distant world, he was still Lord of the land of his ancestors and its ancient faith but it was a meaningless title beyond.

The age of the megacorporations, the rise of the techno-humanist cults and the savage suppression of faith by the neo-atheists had made cynics of most. A new faith, crafted much like Artemis from stone, was invented to control the masses. A parody meme of religion it was stripped of the sacred, invented by godless men who believed in nothing but power. A mocking jibe, they had taken faith, the great weapon of the masses against the oppressive power of the few, subverted it to their own end. It was an old and familiar story but souls could not be burnt into submission. The divine touch could not be installed like software into the minds of men.

Then there came the encounters with aliens and the cruel vagaries of life amongst the stars had cemented the unbelief. Faith became a weapon for xenocide as alien mysticism was dismissed. Through the lens of humanity, under the tyranny of EEM classifications, there was a universe untouched by anything but raw power and conflict. Few could see past the animalistic and primal energies of the space travelling species. Few cared to examine how the collectives saw the spirit or the pack fought for the unified life of their being. Fangs and tentacles, never ending egg laying; fierce rationalism and emotional volatility: it was all humans knew of the pantheon of creation that was beyond their world. Faith

crumbled and hope became an illusion, a cruel joke to be dismissed annually as nothing more than myth.

Yet here the faithful stood, their practices ancient and different, common seeds of the divine working through rituals practiced through generations. Here they stood and remembered the wonderful promise, the great hope and the eternal soul. Not shackled by the plots of Emperors, Pontiffs, Viceroy, CEOs or the endless discourse of parliaments. On this night the only thing that mattered was the fellowship of people lighting a fire against the night, believing that this is not all we are and that is not all that there is to the world. Violence, chance; random patterns projected on a screen to be consumed by machine minds. We are more than this, their souls cried out.

In that moment, there was hope. The darkness would be beaten back. There would be light once more in the world. Songs were sung and the world turned towards the sun.

Special Report – Falconian Newsreel

Kang wonders if Christmas is a nervous time for the Falconians, what with all of that stuffing and roasting...

The Great Hunt on Falconia

The social calendar of the Traditionalist Falconian Noble houses has, for the first time, found room to accommodate an event sponsored by the FCN. The Traditionalist houses have always preferred to ignore the technological and social strides the FCN have made and have maintained control of trade to the general population. The Great Hunt was organised by house dragon, a newly formed house recently returned to falconia from exile in Yank. The lavish preparations for the hunt had tempted many rival houses to attend as well as Consul Armand and ex emperor Harkon of the vultures. Security was high with the consuls praetorian guard visibly present to prevent hostilities between feuding houses. The success of this hunt paves the way for further cooperation between FCN and traditionalist houses leading to greater prosperity to the falconian people. Oh, and much glorious slaughter was done to many forest creatures.

Message From The Editor

Kang wishes you all a very miserable Christmas, to be followed by what will hopefully be a terminal New Year.

KANG!

Christmas IGN Competition 1st Prize 250,000 stellars!

The competition is a Christmas carol or poem in the theme of Phoenix. All players entering the competition will get 50,000 stellars and the one picked as the best will get 250,000 stellars and appear in the Christmas IGN special. We reserve the right to reject all half-assed efforts entered in a cynical bid to get 50k

Bratislav Zigic

On the first day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
A surveyor in a Periphery.

On the second day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the third day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the fourth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the fifth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the sixth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the seventh day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Seven Aquaphid a-swimming,
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery

On the eighth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Eight Meklan a-milking,
Seven Aquaphid a-swimming,
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the ninth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Nine Dewiek dancing,
Eight Meklan a-milking,
Seven Aquaphid a-swimming,
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the tenth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Ten Pirates a-leaping,
Nine Dewiek dancing,
Eight Meklan a-milking,
Seven Aquaphid a-swimming,
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery

On the eleventh day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Eleven Mohache piping,
Ten Pirates a-leaping,
Nine Dewiek dancing,
Eight Meklan a-milking,
Seven Aquaphid a-swimming,
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

On the twelfth day of Phoenix,
The GM sent to me
Twelve Detinus given a drumming,
Eleven Mohache piping,
Ten Pirates a-leaping,
Nine Dewiek dancing,
Eight Meklan a-milking,
Seven Aquaphid a-swimming,
Six TCA a-laying,
Five Stargate rings,
Four Gasup Birds,
Three Aliens,
Two Caravals,
And a surveyor in a Periphery.

Darius Shirazi

It was a double run day
In a funk sank
Old Simms said to me: won't win another one
And then they sang a song
The rare ores my outpost drew
I turned my ship away and trimmed around you
Shot for a plucky one
Gunned us eighteen to one
I've got a feeling
This year's for me and you
So happy Republic
I love you Sylvansight
I can see a better time
When all the EMP are goo.

They got ships big as ARCs
They got markets of gold
But the plasma cuts right through you
It's no place for the bold
When you first took my hand on a perch anniversary
You promised me democracy was waiting for me
You were irksome you were petty
Queen of Detinus city, when the band finished playing they tweeted nomore
Treasure Winters got all the birds a singing
We resist our boarder
Then lanced through the blight.

And the boys from the DTR Armada were singing Secudus Will Pay
And the bells were ringing out for Republic day.

You're scum you're a slaver

You greedy galactic trader
Lying there almost dead on a ship for a bed
You handbag you Krell
You spendthrift floosy rebel
Happy Republic you tart I pray True One our last.

And the boys from the DTR Armada were singing Secudus Will Pay
And the bells were ringing out for Republic day.

I coulda been the Speaker one
Well so could any bum
You took my fleet from me
When I first crowned you
I kept them with me safe
I put them with my own
Can't make it patch along
I've built my schemes around you.

And the boys from the DTR Armada were singing Secudus Will Pay
And the bells were ringing out for Republic day.

With apologies to the Pogues, Lady Sylvansight and pretty much everyone...

Fleet Exarch

IND's lament

Away in a starship,
No aff for a bed.
Distrusted by all
And the Imp want me dead.

Mochahe cattle are lowing
Alarm systems awake
Its the Pirates of Indus
Through the airlock they break

Be near me oh Startrooper
Till the pirates are dead
And we can sell are cargo
And the crew can get fed.

With apologies to Away in a Manger

Tarquin al-Schmidt
Christmas Haiku

I hate Christmas Day
Everyone wants a handout
Where is the profit?

Christmas Limerick

There once was a lifeform named Kang
Who hated darn near everythang*
He threatened us all
And would not deck the hall
But still all the carolers sang.

*Sorry about that. I assure you that I burn with shame.

Bratislav Zigic

Dose the Rebs with Nova fire,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Let the True One inspire,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Don the torps with cloak apparel,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
But let them see both your barrels,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

See the blazing base before us,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Strike the match and join the chorus.
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
And have yourself a slave of pleasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Leonardo Saxonburg

(Not quite a Christmas song, but it normally comes out with the drunken festive joy!)

Up to mighty Darkfold came
An Earthling lad one day,
All the streets were paved with stellars,
So everyone was happy!

Singing songs of Mars,
Jupiter, and Uranus,
'Til Samuel got excited and
He shouted to them there:

It's a long way to New Sol,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to New Sol
To the sweetest Flagritzi I know!
Goodbye Earth,
Farewell Mars!
It's a long long way to New Sol,
But my heart's right there.

Samuel wrote a letter
To his Earthling Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it,
Write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in "spelling",
Molly dear", said he,
"Remember it's Kang, he's really bad,
Don't lay the blame on me".

It's a long way to New Sol,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to New Sol
To the sweetest Flagritzi I know!
Goodbye Earth,
Farewell Mars,

It's a long long way to New Sol,
But my heart's right there.

Molly wrote a neat reply
To Confederate Sammy O',
Saying, "Jasil wants
To marry me, and so
Leave old Earth and Mars,
Or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly,
Hoping you're the same!"

It's a long way to New Sol,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to New Sol
To the sweetest Flagritzi I know!
Goodbye Earth,
Farewell Mars,
It's a long long way to New Sol,
But my heart's right there.

Goldcommand

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the stars
Not a creature was stirring, not even on Mars.
The rovers were driven by drivers with care,
In hopes new discoveries would soon be found there.
"Understanding is a three-edged sword."
"A stroke of the brush does not guarantee art from the bristles."
"Ah, you seek meaning? Then listen to the music, not the song."

TRN SHIP Minotaur (10164)
TRN SHIP Ulysees (99610)
TRN SHIP Bydo (42860)

The Editor

T'was the night before Christmas,
And all through the house,
Kang was brutally murdering your family.

Kang has no respect for puny earth-thing notions of 'rhyme'.
FLAGRITZ POETRY IS SUPERIOR POETRY!
Kang is disgusted by this whole notion and has dispatched minions to Meatsack Mica's domicile to commit brutal re-education procedures on his soft fleshy brain.

Bratislav Zigic

Little Kangy, little kangy
In your dusty baseship
Got to keep slithering onwards
With your precious load of anti matter missiles

Ring out the bells tonight
DESTROY THEM, DESTROY THEM
Ring out the bells tonight
DESTROY THEM, DESTROY THEM

fedec2007

Ode to the Brotherhood,
apologies to Crash Test Dummies :P

Once there was this boy
Who got into an incident
And couldn't come to church

But when he finally came back
His hair had turned
From black into bright white
He said that it was from when
The True One had spoken

Mmm mmm mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm

Once there was this girl
Who wouldn't go and change
With the girls in the change room

But when they finally made her
They saw True marks all over her body
She couldn't quite explain it
They'd always just been there

Mmm mmm mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm

'Cause then there was this boy whose
Parents made him come directly home
Right after church

And when they went to their church
They shook and lurched all over the church floor
He couldn't quite explain it
The True One must have gone there

Mmm mmm mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm

Edit* It seems that all parties mentioned in this Hyme are now being looked after in a Brotherhood re-education centre...

Original Lyrics: Crash Test Dummies - Mmm Mmm Mmm

The Editor

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star
How Kang wonders how long it will be until his solar warheads de-stabilise the core sufficiently to cause a supernova bathing every inhabited world with lethal radiation brutally slaughtering billions of meatsacks.

Sean Royston

The sweaty Kastorian calmly buys the Meklan.
Creatures under faceless hoods swim across the stars.
Why does the Meklan scream?
Mourning for us all.
Mourning for us all.

Oh wait, you said a Christmas poem, damn...

Silith Ungol

Brutal Overlord Kang looked out
On the world of Venus
All the humans lay round about
Deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the nukes that night
Though the heat was cruel
When a scavvy came in sight
Gath'ring AM fuel

"Hither, slave, and stand by me
If thou know'st it, telling
Wretched creature, who are thee?
Where and what your dwelling?"
"Lord?" uncertainly he did tense
Kang drew out his blaster
Clearly he had given offence
Sadly couldn't run faster

<BLAM>

"Bring his flesh and bring my wine
Bring his AM fuel hither
For on his corpse I will dine
You will cook my dinner."
Well fed Overlord forth he went
Servant on a tether
Through the nuclear wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather

"Sire, the night is darker now
And the wind blows stronger
My arms are glowing, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"You may have served me for an age
Still you should not speak so boldly,
Thou shalt find your master's rage
Freeze thy blood more coldly."

In his steps his master trod
Where the ash lay dinted
Kang would lash the lazy sod
In the night his flail glinted.
Therefore, humans all, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing
Bend the knee and let Kang cure
Your puny world with his blessing

Tom Krieger

Okay, folks, I wanted to do something that reminds me of the camaraderie of the players in this game and is a little fun, so here is my entry. You've heard of the Spirit of Christmas, well this is the Spirit of Christmas in Phoenix. Stolen from "The Little Drummer Boy".

Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum
A new found Jump to see, pa rum pum pum pum
Our finest ships we bring, pa rum pum pum pum

To search for any-thing, pa rum pum pum pum
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum

So to col-on-ize, pa rum pum pum pum
When we come.

Damn Neb-u-la, pa rum pum pum pum
It broke my ship in two, pa rum pum pum pum
I have no ship to bring, pa rum pum pum pum
That's fit to cross the thing, pa rum pum pum pum
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum

Will you res-cue it, pa rum pum pum pum
When you come?

Play-ers nodded, pa rum pum pum pum
They sent their ships in time, pa rum pum pum pum
They saved my ship for me, pa rum pum pum pum
They brought it back for me, pa rum pum pum pum
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum

Then they smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum
Me on my own.

Salvatore Kong

Twas The Night Before Christmas, when all through the base
klaxons were sounding, invaders from space.
Blast doors are closing with immediate effect,
we hope and pray our firing solutions be correct.

The younglings were cowering, cramped under a bunk,
fabricated of Jacium we put the fat one in a trunk.
Of reinforced concrete, in our nagging fear we bade,
who was the contractor, bugger, it was Frontier Exploration and Trade.

When out with a flicker, neon no more,
I sprang, stumbled upward and wobbled to the door.
Quell your screams of terror sweet irritating children,
for what approaches now curiosity must not awaken.

The moon on stick wife, I desperately muttered,
A shadow in the way beyond, clouded and cluttered.
What dastardly being that in distant illuminated afterglow
doth carry a fir festooned in tinsel, baubles and fake snow?

With a certain approach in an ungainly swagger,
I beg you invader, spare my brood and nagger.
Close your eyes my darlings, hold hands, embrace.
This Santa has only two arms, legs, eyes and just the one face.

Arrrrgh, Tis I, Pirate Large. The beast did exclaim.
Landed 'pon this shite hole not to murder or maim.
Lookin round 'bouts for parrot, crew, cook, otherwise draftee.
All needs now be a volunteer to sit 'pon this 'ere tree.

I make no apologies to Pirate Large.

Mrrshan

The True one and Great Mother,

When they are both full known
Of all the gods that are worshipèd
The True One Great Mother bears the crown
O the rising of the sun
And the running of the Prey
The playing of the little cubs
Sweet smelling of the opera

The True One bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be their sweet Saviour
O the rising of the monks
And the dread inquisitors
The playing of the merry organ
Plain-Chanting of the choir

The Mother bears a berry
As red as any blood
And She watches over all felines
To see her Pride come good
O the rising of the sun
And the running of the Prey
The playing of the little cubs
Strong smelling of the Opera

The Mother bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And she uses it to guard her cubs
so that all their foes shall mourn
O the rising of the sun
And the running of the Prey
The playing of the little cubs
Musky smelling of the Opera

The True One bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And their monks say to bow down low
For to redeem us all.
O the rising of the monks
And the dread inquisitors
The playing of the merry organ
Plain-Chanting of the choir

The True one and Great Mother,
When they are both full known
Of all the gods that are worshipèd
The True One Great Mother bears the crown
O the rising of the sun
And the running of the Prey
The playing of the little cubs
Sweet smelling of the opera

Gaijin

My apologies to Boney M for butchering their excellent song.:D

A long time ago, in our galaxy,
A monstrous beast was born,
His parents said they'd name him Kang,
And so our tale has begun.

Hark now hear,
The Flagritz sing,
Our Kang was born today,
And man will fear for evermore,
Because of Kang's birthday.

While humans fixed their ships that night,
The Stargate opened wide,
Many Flagritz came on through,
They tried to take over this side.

Hark now hear,
The Flagritz sing,
Our Kang was born today,
And man will fear for evermore,
Because of Kang's birthday.

The Flagrits hadn't counted on all of
the Meatsacks that they found on this side of the gate,
The humans said, "We're not having this!" and they fought those aliens back!

Then time moved on and as we know,
The Flagritz still are here,
Kang got a job reading news,
This brought to many good cheer.

I'LL KILL YOU ALL!!!
Kang was heard to say,
As he munched his latest beast,
YOU'RE ALL JUST FILTHY BAGS OF FLESH!!!
For him, humans were a feast.

Hark now hear,
The Flagritz sing,
Our Kang was born today,
And man will fear for evermore,
Because of Kang's birthday.

And man will fear for evermore,
Because of Kang's birthday.

Alpha Centauri

Imagine there's no real life
It's easy if you try
High yield ores below us
Above us 10,000 hull platforms
Imagine all your employees
Living under shields...

Imagine there's free access to all star gates
It isn't hard to do
Remove old one eye from Tycoon
And those supporting Felini too
Imagine all the Mohache
Enslaved by the Overlord of the Dominion...

The GM says I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join Phoenix
And my sentient machine race will be agreed...

Imagine no special actions
I wonder if you can
No need for new ores or resources
No brotherhood of man
The Dewiek took care of them...

The GM says I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join Phoenix
And develop many worlds to established stage 5...
Graystone Industries Inc.

Fernando Garcia

Late entry - In the Coreward Arm (In the bleak mid winter)

In the Coreward Arm
The Har-Corp League has gone
What remains is in decline
Pirates roaming free
If only the league was still around
Life would be improved
In the Coreward Arm
The Har-Corp League has gone

In its hour of Need
Coreward's proclaimed anew
Links from Outer Capellan
Wormholes from halo
The Affs they came a-running
to bring renewed vigour
In the Coreward Arm
The Har-Corp League has Gone

Soldiers and Employees
are recruited again
Starbases they are appearing
On all the strange new Worlds
trade it is beginning
and the fights begin anew
In the Coreward Arm
the Har-Corp league has gone

The people they rejoice
for the renewed activity
they supply the trade goods
the affs they bring techniques
trade improves all round
but remeber the defences
In the Coreward Arm
the Har-Corp League has gone

What can I bring to them
Poor as I am
If I were a trader
I would bring Carved Gems
If I were a Soldier
I would bring Light Tanks
But what can they give to us
They give us Stellars.

Jeremiah Phillips

The Flagritz and the Dewick (to he tune of the Holly and the Ivy)

The Flagritz and the Dewick
When they are both full grown,
Of all races that are in the skies,
These mighty ones bear the crown

[Refrain:]

O, the rising of the suns,
And the running of the F'lini
The pounding of the merry guns,
Sweet photons in the air.

The Flagritz bear a grudge,
As black as death come down,
And Dewick packs shall fall upon
The 'Feds as they run out.

[Refrain]

The Flagritz bear a rage,
As red as any blood,
And Dewick packs shall fall upon
The pirates hiding down.

[Refrain]

The Flagritz bear a tentacle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Dewick packs shall fall upon
The TCA in the morn

[Refrain]

The Flagritz bear a Nova
As bitter as the gall,
And Dewick packs shall fall upon
For to destroy them all

[Refrain]

The Flagritz and the Dewick
When they are both full grown,
Of all races that are in the skies,
These mighty ones bear the crown

[Refrain]

Anne Dieu-le-Veut

O Come, all ye faithful,
Believers and Righteous!
O welcome ye, O welcome ye to the Brotherhood;
Come and burn them
Burn the heathens and aliens:

O come, let us burn them,

O come, let us burn them,
O come, let us burn them,
The True One is Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, he abhors the Traitors and Corrupt;
Very God,
Better they be cremated:

Sing, choirs of zealots,
Bring on the Inquisition,
Sing, all ye citizens of the Celestial Plains!
Glory to the True One
In the highest:

Yea, heathen, we find ye guilty,
Burn this happy morning;
Corrupt, to thee a special "glory" given!
Word of the True One,
Watch their flesh disappearing!

O come, let us burn them,
O come, let us burn them,
O come, let us burn them,
The True One is Lord.

Bratislav Zigic

...it gets rolled out for every Christmas party

Are you hanging up Republicans on your wall
It's the time that the Emperor had a ball
Does he ride a Heavy Hulled Dreadnought
Fires nukes from his ship
And all for just another decorative pip.
So here it is Merry Nuking
Everybody's having fun
Look to the Empire now
We've only just begun.

Are you waiting for the Imperials to arrive
Have you checked you've got no drugs and slaves inside
Does your granny avoid her taxes
If so shop her for the best
She'll soon be irradiated with the rest.
So here it is Merry Nuking
Everybody's having fun
Look to the Empire now
We've only just begun.

What will your civilians do when they see
Your leaders heads lopped off
Ah ah

Are you hanging up Republicans on your wall
Are you hoping that the Senate will start to fall
Do you abide by the Tau Ceti
With the weapons that were forbade
Nukes will land upon your head
Then you bin slayed.

So here it is Merry Nuking
Everybody's having fun
Look to the Empire now
We've only just begun.

Lange

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the base
Not a creature was stirring, of any race
The True One's emblems hung in windows with care,
Lest the Lord Inquisitor soon be there.

Naplians were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of Khoros Ants danced in their heads.
My crew out on leave, twas alone in my ship
And had just settled down for a well-deserved nip.

When out in the port there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bunk to see what was the matter.
Away to the bridge I flew like a flash,
Powered the sensors and scanned for a clash.

The klaxons they sounded, marines raced for their guns.
The night sky brightened; something flamed like a sun.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a four hundred hull ship with thrusters aflame!

With a slaving captain, so clearly deranged,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Kang.
More rapid than eagles his demons they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and proudly proclaimed!

"Now Humans! Now Wimbles! Now silly Dewiks!
Mewling little IMPs and trembling 'publics!
I have come to destroy you! I have come for my due!
I will break all your bones for my holiday stew!

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
The humans they fled, the Deweik they cried.
Out of the nightclub, came old Pirate Large,
Who took just one look and sobbed out an "Arrgghh!"

And then, in a twinkling, on top of my ship
Kang cackled with glee and started to rip.
I heard the screech as the hull started to shatter
From thorlium-hard claws and relentless blasters.

He was covered in slime from his head to his foot,
His tentacles dripped with Kastorian blood.
A bundle of nukes he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a nightmare come for ruin and wrack.

Hidden under my bunk I prayed for the True One's protection
From St. Kang's favorite hobby – meatsack dissection.
But when Kang yanked me out from under my bed
I need not have worried, for here's what he said.

"Puny human I am pleased to see your frightened prostration
Your squirming and worming more suits your station.
Destroying this starbase brought me all sorts of pleasure
And killing your crew was its own little treasure

“Spending my days taking note of the actions
Of petty disputes tween your sniveling factions.
Has left me exhausted and needing a rest
From sending out missives for e’en Flagritz

“So I spare you this once if you save me the misery
Of sending a message to every Periphery
A single refrain must you repeatedly call
Merry Christmas you meatsacks. Kang hates you all!”

Thinks

Water wonderland... guess the tune :P

One Coalition,
There's only one Coalition,
Swimming along, bubbling a song,
swimming in a water wonderland

Aquaphids are swimming through the surf now,
Rapidly approaching to the land,
Air breathers time - it is numbered
Ocean dwellers gain the upper hand

One Coalition,
There's only one Coalition,
Swimming along, bubbling a song,
swimming in a water wonderland.

The ocean is the queen of the peripheries,
Wherever there is ocean we'll be there.
Making sure the waters unpolluted
ridding all the planets of their air.

One Coalition,
There's only one Coalition,
Swimming along, bubbling a song,
swimming in a water wonderland

The time will come when we will rule the oceans,
spreading water wonder everywhere
land locked bases will be sent to history
when they're gone we really will not care

One Coalition,
There's only one Coalition,
Swimming along, bubbling a song,
swimming in a water wonderland

Falconian Newsreel

Nov 10, 213

The Great Hunt on Falconia

The social calendar of the Traditionalist Falconian Noble houses has, for the first time, found room to accommodate an event sponsored by the FCN. The Traditionalist houses have always preferred to ignore the technological and social strides the FCN have made and have maintained control of trade to the general population. The Great Hunt was organised by house dragon, a newly formed house recently returned to falconia from exile in Yank. The lavish preparations for the hunt had tempted many rival houses to attend as well as Consul Armand and ex emperor Harkon of

the vultures. Security was high with the consuls praetorian guard visibly present to prevent hostilities between feuding houses. The success of this hunt paves the way for further cooperation between FCN and traditionalist houses leading to greater prosperity to the falconian people. Oh, and much glorious slaughter was done to many forest creatures.

Cluster News

More assets within the Caribbean system have asked for and been granted the protection of the falconian republic.

The systems asteroid fields have claimed a small scout vessel and a large freighter. Brave falconian starship captains have always scorned use of navigational hazard avoidance systems. They may be less certain now. Crews have been recovered.

Another asteroid

Has destroyed a discrete survey scout in transpiral. The hive designed stealth ship which was captured from the COH many years ago was en route to a newly discovered system in the area. Rescue operations are underway.

Nov 17, 213,

Small improvements in the economy of Falconia have been noted this week following the success of the great hunt. An ambitious educational project has been started among the general population and the so called children of the forest.

Transpiral News

The last of around 60000 freed wimble slaves have been returned to their homeworld in Transpiral and await integration into the community. Wimbles joy at their repatriation is however tempered by concern about the many other Wimbles under the yoke of slavery in the peripheries.

Exploration of the newly found system has indicated that others have narrowly found it first. Frantic GPIing will ensue until I get bored with it or find hidden OPs on everything worthwhile.

Cluster News

No sign of TCA activity the other side of the caribbean wormhole except the frantic fleeing of GCE ships. Actually they might just be trading but this sounded more dramatic. Until that last sentence.

A Mohache mercenary OP was subdued with the Mohache defecting from their so called pacifist principles and giving good account of themselves. There may be hope for them yet.

Nov 17, 213,

The GCE Ships mentioned were not fleeing the TCA menace. They are on a new assignment.

Regards

Alex Martins

PA to Mr Garcia (CEO GCE)

Fernando Garcia

CEO of Garcia Enterprises.

Nov 17, 213,

Quite.

Armand

Nov 24, 213,

Further Economic improvements to the homeworld economy have followed efforts to educate and include the children of the forest.

Transpiral

A brave rescue attempt in the Reefs of Despair has run into difficulties with a further asteroid collision causing 3 casualties and severely damaging the rescue ship. 3 crew have been rescued with only the captain remaining behind among the debris. A second attempt is being planned.

Cluster and other news

Little to report here. No sign of TCA movement.

Nov 29, 213

Outer Capellan News

The Fury system that adjoins Acropolis has been made public knowledge. The Starbase Babel will be opening a market soon selling local products as well as transpiral items from the Wimble homeworld. Great efforts have been made to ensure that only PIR, MRC and PRV ships are targetted in allowed areas. The wormhole into transpiral remains restricted. See system Charter. Allergy advice - This system contains asteroids.

Cluster News

The Caribbean System has formally been recognised as Falconian controlled. A system charter encourages free trade and transit by only challenging PIR and TCA vessels. Uninvited vessels in the planetary orbits will however be

challenged or posted. This includes CIA yachts.

Transpiral News

The Consul was on hand to see the integration of the released Wimble slaves into the general population. The Wimble government pledged their friendship to the Falconian people and offered their support.

A second rescue attempt in Farseed has done the trick and all crew are now in a safe area albeit with no bridge or jump drive. A second asteroid collision caused no further fatalities. Teleport facilities are being considered.

Dec 06, 213

Outer Capellan News

Business has been brisk at starbase Babel with over 50000st worth of trade good bargains being purchased in the first few days. More cautious traders have been snapping up small samples for analysis. Do not forget about the nearby asteroids.

Debris fields of two AFT ships have been discovered in Yank and Acropolis. Poor maintainance is thought to be to blame. Crew and contents have been offered or delivered to a AFT base.

Transpiral News

Teleporter facilities have been started in the asteroid ridden Farseed system.

Cluster News

Diplomatic overtures have started with the sentient plants that inhabit the Caribbean system. It has been decided not to involve the sentient slugs of the Fury system in the initial stages of contact.

Dec 14, 213

Outer Capellan News

A series disastrous blunders by the EEM cartography service has seen traders enter the Fury system with incomplete maps of celestial hazards or be delayed by the failure of the system to be made visible to all. The Fury system contains asteroid fields in quads G4, B4 and A4 and ships are advised to head initially for quad D5 then D3 to avoid hazards when heading for Babel starbase. EEM maps omit the G4 asteroid field. Steps are being taken to correct this error.

An influential troublemaker blames the partial takeover of the EEM by the GCE for this event.

The Consul and his wife have been spotted travelling incognito in a freighter packed with Falconian Geese. Asked about the noise the captain assured our reporter that the geese would get used to it.

Cluster News

Tensions have flared after a FLZ strike on a FET base in the FEL claimed system Forest. The DEN have been quick to warn against hostile actions in its new systems.

Steps are being taken to accelerate opening the planetary market in the Caribbean system after the natives, a form of sentient vegetation, expressed their impatience over the lack of progress made by previous owners. A prominent spokesperson stated that the natives were tremendously excited about the FCN opening new branches on the planet but that they would believe it when they have seed it.

Plans are also in place complete the terraforming of another planet in the system and open it up for colonisation. Timescales for current efforts vary from 1 to 100yrs to completion.

Dec 20, 213

Another exciting week in the Falconian Republic

Outer Capellan

Dark Sun City (DSC) is undergoing a massive expansion and will be the central point of the now united Falconian houses. The other starbases that once competed with each other will continue as outposts in support of this base. The planned growth of the base hit minor snags this week as many of the ample command complexes were found to be inactive. Approximately 1000 complexes were added to the base this week and research projects revitalised.

In the Fury system we have been assured that all asteroid fields are now charted publically.

A new system was discovered and Sparrow class surveyors sent to investigate.

Cluster News

Trade goods are flowing into the Caribbean system and the main base which has been renamed Evergreen. Merchandising and other complexes have been constructed in preparation to becoming a starbase.

There has been good news about the planet being terraformed as the process will complete in about a year.

Dec 28

Ship navigators (and others) have been puzzled this week by a temporal anomaly that left many falconian ships completing journeys only to find themselves transported back to where they started. Ships of many other affiliations were also effected suggesting the sort of random improbable effect that could cause you to repeat actions without realising it. Anyway not to worry whats the chance of that happening again. Anyway not to worry whats the chance of

that happening again.

Outer Capellan News

Dark Sun City has bounced back to near normal efficiency after last weeks hiccup.

Falconian explorers in the newly discovered Maridan system have not been shocked by finding other affiliations already present. IMP, AFT and GCE are already busy in the system which contains a habitable planet.

Cluster News

A newly claimed outpost has revealed two more trade goods though previous mismanagement has led to depletion of the resources. Falconians are working with locals to remedy this situation with offers of finance and technical assistance.

Gaijin's Blog

Journal of a would-be trading mogul Part 1

Tuesday February 5th, 213

Testing testing...is this thing on? Ah okay, I see the red light. So this will be my journal as I traverse this vast galaxy making trades and deals and climbing the ladder of success until I become a trading mogul and am able to relax in my vast palace, surrounded by servant girls, sipping the finest liqueurs that the galaxy has to offer and feasting on the most succulent meats and fruits.

It is a long road ahead but I am prepared.

It has been quite a while since I - a lowly cattle salesman - was approached by a man saying he represented an 'interested party' who had been watching me and was interested in my talents as a trader. He said that I would not meet his employer(s) until they felt that I was worthy but until then they would contribute from the background and watch my progress with interest.

"What exactly would I be expected to do?" I asked the man - who would not give me his name.

"You will be supplied with a ship." He told me. "A relatively small affair to begin with. You will be assigned some relatively easy missions on the inter-galactic web to ease you in to the controls of the ship and into interacting with other species seeing as how you've never actually been off-planet.

"If you meet these basic tests with a degree of success, then we will offer you more ships with which to conduct your business.

"Should my employer deem you worthy, they will reveal their identity to you and, well, whatever happens from then on is between you and them."

"You still haven't answered my question." I told them man. "What exactly am I supposed to do?"

"Do what you do best." He told me. "Trade. Buy cheap, transport the goods and sell for a profit.

"Of course there is no limits on what you can do. If you wish to embark on a course of GPIing (that's where you map a planet's resources for minerals etc.) and mining, or you embark on a military track and fight anyone and everyone who crosses you, that is entirely your prerogative. I would suggest however that you work to your strengths and - from what I've seen - you are a trader at heart, not a fighter or a miner."

"Okay. Say I do some trading and I make a buck or two, then what?"

"You really don't know the scope of this galaxy do you?" The man chuckled. "If you are deemed worthy and my employer chooses to reveal themselves to you, you will be given the option of controlling a base of your own."

"A BASE?" I thought about that...my own base to run as I see fit. "I could run my own market. Find a decent little planet with a shortage of something, set up a base and I could either buy that product from other traders, or I could build a factory and produce it." Stellar signs glittered before my eyes.

Suddenly the whole future opened up before me.

As I boarded my first ever ship...a tiny little thing compared to some of the transport ships I'd seen, already I was envisioning my future.

I was asked what kind of crew I would like for my first ship. I was about to go with human, as that's what I am after all. But I decided to go with mohache crew instead. I had this preconception at the time that they would somehow be able to help me farther down the line when I needed to research new and better ways of production. Ah, no matter. At the end of the day, the race of my crew is of no importance.

I hired a local starship captain - as I know nothing about flying a starship, and we were off. We lifted into orbit - my crew at the sensors already scanning for possible threats, we broke orbit and we were on our merry way.

Stay tuned for the next exciting instalment of 'Adventures In Trading!!!' - Coming soon to a webnet near you.

Journal of a would-be trading mogul Part 2

Tuesday February 5th, 213

Welcome back. So when we last left off, our intrepid hero, I.E. ME, was just setting sail on the first of many trips.

Gods, I am racking my brains trying to remember the early days. So I had the one tiny little ship which I had named '*** *****'. [Name deleted for transmission on webnet]

I had my crew, my captain and my ship and a little bit of starter money, courtesy of my investor(s). The gentleman who had approached me would not board. He said that he had his own travel arrangements.

So we left our world behind and headed off to complete our first missions that were posted on the grid. Apparently just hiring my ship's captain was one of them. Bit of a no-brainer really. I mean how was I supposed to fly this bucket of bolts without a captain?

Ah, one of my ground-crew (I'll explain later) has just pulled up old ship's logs. (I knew I kept these guys around for a reason, heh heh.) He showed me transcripts of our first ever mission. Ah, now that I've been shown this, I remember it as if it was yesterday...

Our first mission was as a postal courier. We were to transport mail, parcels etc. to Britannicus. We were hired by KIPS (Kastorian Inter-galactic Postal Service) essentially a glorified freelance courier service (not my words in case KIPS are listening to this...)

We were 'greeted' by a huge, burly Kastorian who approached us in a menacing manner. He accused us of just about every crime known before offering us the job. Heh heh, those Kastorians, you gotta love them, they are NUTS but in a good way.

I was told that the payment for this 'mission' was to have our engines upgraded to MKII. Hey any upgrades to my little boat are more than welcome. (I had visions of a maxed-out, hyped-up, super-freighter whereby anyone seeing us coming would say, "DAAAAAAAAAMN!!!!")

Anyway, we moved to a safe jumping sector and then we jumped. Oh. That first time. You feel like you're being compressed to the size of a needle-point and then shoved through a hole in space the size of a needle-point. It was quite disconcerting that first time. Now of course, I'm used to it and it no longer bothers me, but that first time, I went quite green.

So we had to jump first to the Adventure system. Never was a system quite so misnamed. A desolate, empty system filled only with asteroids. Then we jumped again to Britannicus.

We manoeuvred into orbit around the planet Londinium and we were 'greeted' by a surly Kastorian on our screens who gave us co-ordinates in which to land. I was given instructions to come directly to the local KIPS office.

Upon reporting to the office we were given a new mission...well that was a rather embarrassing episode...I'd rather forget about that one to be honest with you...

Anyway, we completed that next mission and our little boat was fitted out with brand new MKII thrust engines. Nice.

Upon returning to my home-world, I was given control of a brand new ship. A bigger one this time. A hauler. NOW we're getting somewhere. And we were also given a new mission to complete.

I discovered that I was able to issue controls to my second ship even though I was not aboard it. I found this infinitely useful. All I had to do was to issue my orders to the second ship's captain and he would carry them out for me. I was in contact with them the whole time, so if anything went wrong with them, I would be the first to know.

So we backed and forthed a little carrying out the missions that my investor(s) had set me. My new light-hauler was sent out to start earning me some Stellars.

Eventually I was offered a third ship. This time it was a little scout ship. I figured at the time that I could use it to find a suitable place for my base - when I was ready. I figured there's no harm in scouting early.

Anyway, time passed. The credits started slowly accumulating and my three ships went about their business.

I had decided at this point that I did not need to be onboard any of my ships and had set up a little HQ on my home planet. I was able to contact all of my ships at any time and issue them with orders.

I had decided that it was time for me to join a faction...an affiliation. It was time to join a group that had the same goals as I.

I shortened the list to three potentials and after thinking about it carefully, decided there was really only one option. The Association of Free Traders.

I had been in contact with one of their members anyway, a lovely lady who was very helpful in guiding me through my first tentative steps through the galaxy's routes and by-ways.

I fired off a request to join their ranks and was accepted into the fold. They were also kind enough to supply me with a few heavy-haulers and a few juicy trade runs.

Unfortunately, due to my naivety, one of the heavy-haulers was boarded by pirates and seized. I'll be sure not to make that mistake again. My affiliation were good enough to replace my lost hauler however. I will definitely be more careful from now on though. Still everyone must experience their own learning curve and - unfortunately - losing my ship to pirates was part of mine.

I was just thankful that I had decided to remain safely on solid ground. No doubt, if I had been aboard that ship, I would have been flushed out of the airlock and wouldn't be here recording this.

Well my friends, the hour grows late and I have a party to attend. One of the local girls in town was married today and there is a huge party in town to celebrate. So I bid thee adieu and will tell more of my tales in time...

This is MasterGaijin signing off and saying, 'Don't have nightmares, have a drink and relax.' And good profit to you all.

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Journal of a would-be mogul Part 3

Wednesday February 6th, 213

Oh my HEAD!!! Does that thing HAVE to make so much NOISE?

Oh, I feel TERRIBLE!!! That's it, I'm NEVER drinking again.

Yes, yes, I know it's recording...give me a minute. [Cough cough]

Okay, so I'll start with last night. Man what a PARTY!!! The young lady who got married was named Mechay, a beautiful young girl from the local town. The man who snared her was called Bootest. He's a local farmer's son.

Anyway, there was much revelry and more booze than anyone could ever drink...even me. Heh heh. Ooooooh. Get me a drink of water will ya? Thanks.

So, this is my tale of becoming a mogul. Well I'm still on the ladder but things are progressing nicely. My investor(s) (I still don't know if there's just one of them or more) still haven't come out of the woodwork but that's okay. My little business is ticking over.

I did some courier jobs for my affiliation, always glad to help whenever I can, I mean they did supply me with the ships to do my business, so it's the least I could do, you know?

Oh I never told you about the wormhole did I? You see, the planet I come from is in something called the Halo Periphery. Well apparently the only way in or out is through a wormhole.

I'll be honest with you, in all the years I've lived on this planet, I never knew that. It links Agripetta in the Halo Periphery with Yank in the Outer Capellan Periphery.

So when I was jollyng around on my first ship, I encountered the wormhole for the very first time and I don't mind telling you, it was a pretty scary ordeal that first time. You see a wormhole - even though it's stable enough - is a pretty violent thing to traverse. They are also weird phenomena. When you're looking down the mouth of the thing, it looks like a tunnel just floating in space, but when it turns, it disappears. The darndest thing is, it is invisible from any other angle. You can't just see a tunnel going through space. So when you approach it, all you can see is this huge...mouth...I suppose, floating in space. It's surreal.

I had some dealings in Yank and had to go through. My crew first entered orbit of the thing and then they lined her up with the entrance and in we went. By the gods, I thought our ship was going to be shaken apart.

The captain assured me that it was perfectly normal and that the ship would exit in one piece. I just thought my eyes were going to be shaken out of their gods-damned sockets!!!

Anyway, we did exit in one piece and we were able to carry on our deal in Yank. The thing is, because of all that violent shaking, the ship loses a little integrity every time you go through. Now seeing as how my little boat is second-hand to begin with, whenever her integrity drops to...say 80%, I stop in at a friendly base for a little maintenance. While I'm there I let the crew free to let their hair down, have a drink, see some ladies (or gentleman) of the night, and this always boosts their spirits no end. They come back, with huge smiles on their collective faces and their bank balances significantly emptier. Because of the boost in morale though, I do notice they work a lot more efficiently which is better for both me and the ship.

Because my business means a lot of wormhole travelling, my affiliation were kind enough to provide me with a bunch of Wormhole Navigators. When installed in the ships, they manoeuvre the ships to the absolute centre of the wormhole's entrance and automatically plot the most direct and safest route through the wormhole. Because this is done automatically now and my navigators do not have to plot the courses manually, the time saved on this is enormous. Leaving my ships free to carry out more shipping in less time. A real boon to my business.

I have recently been made aware that in certain systems there are these things called StarGates. Apparently they work just like a wormhole except a) they have multiple points of exit and b) you need a key to enter one.

From what I understand, there is a shield across the entrance to the gate and your ship needs this 'key' - which is actually an electronic code on a chip which must be plugged into the ship's computer - which then transmits to the gate, shutting down the shield and allowing you to enter. The trick is though, each key only works for one gate, so it's entirely possible to enter a gate, not be able to acquire a key for the other side and find yourself stranded on the other side of the galaxy. I'll have to be very careful when using them.

Well my friends, I am going to have a lie down, have me a strong, hot stimulant drink and try to shake this headache.

Ah my water, you took your time, where did you go, the RIVER? [Sounds of drinking.]

Ah, that's better. Right, I'm off. Sign on again to find out how my little business is booming.

Stay safe out there and watch out for rogue asteroids.

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Thursday February 7th, 213

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No, no NO! The OTHER ONE! By the gods, where did you learn to READ?

Look, just plug it in THERE! YES! FINALLY!

What? What's running?

Well turn it OFF you idiot!

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 4

Thursday February 7th, 213

Well, it looks like that went out on the grid.

I was just having some trouble with my computers. Stupid ground-crew don't know how to read a simple MANUAL!

Ah, so where was I anyway? So I have a number of irons in the fire - so to speak. My smallest ship is happily helping the Mithras Oligarchs with their water shortages; one of my other ships is transporting Kastorians to a planet in the midst of Terraforming - apparently they like a hard life; and the rest of my ships are on a contract for a customer.

I recently posted on the grid, asking if anyone needed a transporter and I got a bite. I am just awaiting some needed things and then I can carry out my deliveries.

I met with the client personally to arrange the details of the delivery contract, then returned home. I have to send my boys and girls farther out than I have ever sent them, but hey, if you want to make profits, you can't just sit on your door-step. You have to go out there and seize opportunity by the short-and-curlies.

I am in the process of upgrading my ships. I don't know if I mentioned that already. I have already invested in a Cryochamber for one of my ships - the one helping the Kastorians, and the rest of them have been fitted with Cryo Interface MkII's to prevent the decay of any perishables that I transport. So all in all, I think I've got things pretty much covered. I can now transport livestock safely and I can also transport perishables a longer distance before they start to decay. (A major problem I had when first starting out.)

When I was trying to transport Booker Steaks in the past, due to the excessively slow engine-power of my heavy-hauler, a lot of my stock was wasted before I could sell them.

Gods, the moaning that I had to put up with. "The ship smells like a charnel house.", "We don't get paid enough to have to put up with the smell of rotting meat.". Yada yada yada.

I gave the crews a promise of a bonus to shut them up. (I didn't say when they'd get the bonus.)

Anyway, on one such trip, that's when I was boarded by pirates!!! [Spits]

A full hold of Booker Steaks, a ship and her crew...gone. [Mumbles unintelligible curses.]

Anyway, like I say, I have learned my lesson since then. For now, my ships go from safe port to safe port whenever possible but I will soon be investing...heavily...in protection!!!

Soon, my ships will be laden with troops. Let's see those cowardly swines try to take one of my ships then! A blaster-bolt to the face is what they'll get!

Pause that thing for a minute will ya? I need a stimulant break...

Ah, that's better. So where was I? Oh yeah.

I also lost my initial survey ship on a scouting mission to a new system. I was GPLing the system for my affiliation and since there were no bases there, I tried to find a nice quiet place to hide the ship while its engines cooled. No such luck. It was hunted down and destroyed...and not by pirates either.

Oh, I got side-tracked. I was talking about the engines wasn't I? So, like I was saying, the heavy-hauler's engines are...well pretty rubbish, all things considered...but since I was granted the ship for free, I can't exactly complain. What I can do is upgrade.

I am buying better engines...and more of them. Yes, I'll have to sacrifice some other stuff to make room for the engines, but it'll be worth it. I've already had to make sacrifices for the Wormhole Navigators, the Cryogenic Interface MkII's and the Cryochamber, so I'm not averse to tearing pieces out my ships to make room for new stuff.

A quick visit to the repair yard for some patches and she's as good as new. The crew enjoy the maintenance visits too because they know that that's when they get shore leave.

I've been reading the posts on the grid concerning trading with civilians. Seems an interesting concept...might have a closer look at that...

Well that's all for now. I'll record more when I have something new to report. This is MasterGaijin signing off.

Now, where's that drink I asked for?...

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 5

Tuesday February 12th, 213

[Sound of chair scraping]

[Heavy sigh.]

That thing on? Okay.

[Sipping noise.]

So it's been a few days since my last log. Not a whole lot has happened. I have entered into a deal which I mentioned before. However, all of my funds have now been tied up in the product, leaving me with very little to ply trade elsewhere.

I am just waiting on the customer to transfer something to me and then my boys and girls can be on their merry way once more.

Another thing of note is that my engineers called me to one of my ships as it landed the other day. As I entered the bowels of the beast, I was shown the landing engines. Now I'm no engineer, I had no idea what I was supposed to be looking at.

One of my tech's said, "Don't you see it boss? These two babies here are MKIVs!!!"

I paused as I was sure the moment required it, then I asked, "So?"

The tech's looked at each other, then one said, "Layman's man, LAYMAN'S!"

The one who had spoken earlier said, "Sorry boss. Okay. Every engine has a MK-type, yeah? MKI is the lowest and the weakest and MKIV is the HIGHEST and the STRONGEST! Well certainly the strongest any of us have ever seen."

They all nodded in agreement. I was beginning to get bored with the conversation.

"Look, I'm thrilled for you guys, I really am" I said. "I still don't understand why this warrants dragging me down to the belly of this beast."

"Sorry boss." The tech said. "The thing is, these things are hard to come by...and they're not exactly cheap either.

"The thing is, it looks like whoever installed them didn't know what they had. They've botched them up with all kinds of junk over the years."

I looked at him with an expression of impatience.

"Well the thing is - with your permission - I'd like to try to get these bad boys up to full spec' again. It would mean ripping the guts out of a couple of other engines, but the gain will outweigh the cost!"

"You can do this?" I asked him.

"I reckon I can do it. There is a slight risk however that - if I botch it, we will lose all 4 engines."

I looked at his colleagues behind him. They were all nodding excitedly.

One of them spoke up. "We've talked it over sir. We all reckon he can do it. Jaxon is the best among us."

I pondered it for a moment. "Okay Jaxon. Go for it. Let me know when you're finished."

"Thanks boss." He said, smiling. "Should only take a couple of hours, tops."

True to his word, two hours later Jaxon sought me out. "We did it boss. We now have 2 shiny new MKIV Landing Engines."

His eyes gleamed like it was his birthday. We have just significantly boosted the ship's take off and landing capabilities. Now not only can we land and take off on higher-grav planets, but we can do it faster and with less strain on the engines.

So there you go. Apparently the find of a life-time.

I'll be honest with you, my tech's were more excited than I was, but hey, anything to help my fleet is a bonus to my profits.

Oh I almost forgot. I am to wed.

I have been seeing dear Mashita for some 18 months now. Last week, I asked her to be my wife and she accepted. We had a huge party in the town-square to celebrate.

Our marriage will be in 2 months hence.

My parents were so proud when I told them my news. Their son, not only climbing the financial ladder, but getting married too. Finally they can have grandchildren.

I look forward to the birth of our first son. He shall be named Silgret, after my paternal-Grandfather. If a girl, Babil after my maternal-Grandmother.

Well dear friends. I shall sign off now. I have a bunch of ground-crew waiting for my attention. Until next time. Go in good profit. This is Gaijin signing off.

Okay, turn it off now.

Right, which one's first?

Oh okay. If we REALLY nee.....

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 6

Tuesday February 19th, 213

Greetings once again from Gaijin the trader.

Just figured I'd do a little update to my log. Sort of let y'all know how it's going. So I've made a few changes to some of my ships. I figure I'll specialise them. The majority of them will be fitted out with standard cargo-containers, but I have (or will have) a ship (maybe two) specialised for cryo' storage to transport people and/or livestock. This will enable me to branch out in my trading empire.

I have placed advertisements on the grid asking if anyone requires the services of a good haulage company.

I did have a contract to transport goods to the Dewiek Home Periphery but it appears that a problem has arisen. Some malcontent has retuned the gate at Noctollis making it very difficult (if not impossible and/or non-viable) for this trader to gain access to the periphery.

I have tried to contact the client, but I think (s)he has his/her hands full. No matter. I have managed to secure other arrangements with other clients.

For obvious reasons, I am not going to transmit on here who my clients are or what they wish me to transport as confidentiality is the key to a good trader.

I have however been doing some research. Jumping between systems is a long and arduous process. It's not just a case of 'Okay lads, we want to go there. Push the button and let's have away.'

No. Very careful planning has to be taken to ensure that my ships and their crews arrive safely at their destinations in one piece and at a safe distance from the star or any planets. Trust me on this, the last thing you want is to hurry the calculations and arrive in the heart of a star or a planet.

Anyway, what I did not know (but now I do) is that there are different types of jump-drives out there.

Some of them halve the time it takes to both enter the co-ordinates and to actually spool the drive up to make the jump. (This in itself can be a lengthy process.) This also means that - since the heat of my engines is relative to how long they run - they will be able to make the trip in one outing without my engines bursting into flames. (Impossible nowadays since safety cut-outs were installed in all engines.)

So I am now in the process of hunting down some of these drives. Some of them are as rare as rocking-horse crap and so are very expensive. Others require a special type of fuel to jump rather than just ordinary, run-of-the-mill cold-fusion.

Regardless, as a humble trader, I consider these drives to not only be a boon to my trading-empire but a necessity.

After all, no client wants to sit and wait for weeks to have their goods transported to them. So by upgrading all my ships in the best way that I can and halving the time it takes to travel, not only do I boost the reputation of my company and my good-self, but I can also get to more clients in less time AND I don't have to have my ships stop off in potentially hostile territory to wait for the engines to cool down.

As I am not a warrior, I am a trader, I do not own - nor seek to own - any warships. So, with that in mind, being able to jump safely from point A to point B without my engines bursting into flames en-route is - as I said - essential.

Anyway, as I said. With faster ships and more specialised ships, I hope to enlarge my client-base and soon our coffers will swell.

I have also been in contact with my affiliation. I have told them of the mysterious sponsor who got me started on this path but whom I still have yet to meet.

We discussed bases and I said how one day, I would like to build my own base from scratch but to begin with, I would like to run a base that already stands, just to 'cut my teeth' as it were.

They informed me that there are a few 'mothballed' bases that I could take over. Ooh, I can't wait. I can just imagine walking in there, pulling down the dust-covers, scrubbing up the floors. Getting a decent bar and entertainment installed, and setting up my market. Traders coming from far and wide to enjoy our hospitality and to buy or sell goods on our market.

I will of course run the place personally - at least for a while. I wish to make sure that all runs well and that our customers leave with full bellies, big smiles and empty back accounts. (On account of them enjoying themselves in our 'suites'.)

Heh heh heh. Yeah, it's gonna be cool. My sponsor has passed on a message to me, saying that once I manage to pay off my debts that I acquired whilst running my cattle-farm (I had a problem controlling myself - I excessed on wine, women and song) then they will reveal themselves to me. When that happens, they will give me the access to the secret account that they have set up for me and then it's hello dusty old base. Or should I say, it will be hello to the the greatest base in all the galaxy. Heh heh heh.

Not much happening on the personal front. My soon-to-be wife is making all the preparations for our wedding. The whole town is excited. I have asked my good friend, Marlan to be my best-man.

My people are looking a little frayed around the edges. I have been pushing them a little hard lately, I admit.

Maybe I'll let them have a bit R&R in my favourite stop-over base. Once I fulfil out latest contract, I'll escort them all myself and we can all enjoy a good old knees-up. I'll bring my fiancée along too. She could do with letting her hair down after all the planning she's been doing. We can all have a good old sing-song at the bar. That should raise morale somewhat.

Well folks, that's about it for now. I shall write again soon and let you know how my engine-hunt goes.

Until then. Be good. Be happy and be profitable.

This is Gaijin signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 7

Saturday February 23rd, 213

Hello again my friends.

You know I send these little journal snippets out onto the grid and I don't even know if anyone even listens to them. Still no matter, I have fun recording them for posterity. Heh heh.

Okay, so developments are afoot. I now - thanks to my affiliation friends - have four shiny new ships added to my courier fleet. Well I say shiny. When they were delivered to me, they were ever so slightly dusty, having sat in a storage hanger for gods-only know how many months.

Still I will not see any ship go idle. I'll put them to work earning me some good money.

I immediately set my ground-crew to cleaning them up and giving them a new lick of paint. I also decided to rename them. I feel personalising my fleet kind of makes them...closer to me, you know?

They're only small-hulled ships but hey, even the smallest ship can be put to big uses.

Once I strip out the excess instruments and cargo that came with them, I'll start refitting them to my own specifications and then they can be on their merry way.

Three of the ships came with captains and two of those are brothers.

There are two ships which are roughly similar, except for size, so I have given them roughly similar names to commemorate this. The elder brother is in charge of the larger of the two and the younger, the smaller.

I have come to realise lately the usefulness of a good scout-ship. I was recently under contract to deliver goods to a base. Now the base was on the open-listings, and yet all my navigational computers did not have it listed.

Thanks to a friendly communique, I was able to bypass this by entering the bases identity number. The computer uses this number to lock in on the base's frequency. I don't yet know if that will work. I guess I'll find out when my ship arrives at its destination. If the computer is able to find the base and lock in co-ordinates for navigation, then I'll know it worked.

But I digress. As I was saying, with a good scout-ship, I will be able to send him out and about, gathering definitive locations of bases so that he can transmit the information back here to be passed on to my other ships.

Now since some people don't LIKE scout-ships poking around their turf - they might think my innocent little ship is spying on them for their enemies - I will try to outfit the little scout with as much stealth and jamming technology as possible without compromising on his sensor capabilities.

My firm wish is that he will be all but invisible and will be able to slip in and out virtually undetected.

For any base owners out there worried about this statement, it is entirely for his own protection. I am a trader, not a spy. And if any of my employees were caught spying, I'd make them sorry they were ever born!

What else has been happening? Oh yes, I am about to make my first ever StarGate journey. Well, I'll send the ship through without me first, just in case. If it arrives safely and returns safely, I'm gonna jump on board and see if StarGate travel is any different to Wormhole travel.

I have heard rumours that - unlike a Wormhole - StarGates actually disassemble your atoms and reassemble them on the other side. This may be merely science-fiction and is - in all likelihood - merely an artificial - but more stable - form of Wormhole.

I have come to realise just how expensive it is going to be to refit all my ships. The jump-engines alone are severely denting my budget.

They are, however, an investment. As I stated in an earlier transmission, the faster I can deliver a customer's goods - bypassing pirates and thieves en-route - the better my reputation will grow and the more customers will want to use my services over another courier.

Some of the ships I received were a little the worse for wear. Probably through sitting idle for so long. So I have sent them all in for maintenance to get them back to full operational status. When the solvent on the patches have cooled down, I will let the crews have a little recreation on the base before I send them out into the void to start earning their keep.

One thing I am having to do however is to cut back on manpower. Crew members do not come cheap. They need wages, not to mention accommodation on board ship. All of this increases overheads. My temporary plan is to have skeleton crews on my ships and have artificial intelligence navigators running the ships with only the minimum of crew there to make sure the computers don't have a meltdown.

I think that's about covered it for now. I'll let you know how my blind base-search went and how my first jaunt through a StarGate was too.

On the personal side, my fiance has everything in order now for our wedding. The date is 2 weeks from this transmission. 2 weeks and I'll be a married man.

My sincere hope is that one day I can pass my business over to my eldest son. I hope it will be a business to make him proud.

Well my friends, that's all for now...one moment...

What, can't you wait a few seconds? I'm almost finished.

Okay, okay. Show him in. I'll see him now.

Sorry friends. Got to go. One of my clients awaits. Until next time, this is Gaijin the trader, signing off.

Ah hello Mr...[Static]

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 8

Wednesday February 27th, 213

[Yawning sound.]

Hi guys. So I'm in here all alone. I'm just about to pop off to bed, but I thought I'd pop into the office and record a quick update.

So my mysterious 'investor' contacted me today. I had just boarded one of my ships to make the journey through the StarGate - after receiving confirmation from my other ship that they did indeed make it through safely - when one of the ship's crew turned to me as I entered the bridge and passed a note-pad to me.

It contained a video. A man whom I had never met before said, 'Greetings trader Gaijin. The person handing you this note is an employee of mine and he has been watching you and sending me reports on a regular basis.

I had to be certain that you were indeed the kind of person that I would want to have controlling my assets. I am pleased to announce that you are indeed just the type of person I am looking for.

I have given authorisation for a further 5 ships to be transferred to your control and I shall be transmitting the codes and passwords to the account that I promised. It presently contains 100,000 Stellars and I will be depositing more for you, should you continue to make profits as you have done.

You may be wondering why I would be helping you in this fashion. It is quite simple. My interests are not merely limited to traders and pilots. I have many fingers in many pies and with your ships going out there - trading and making deals and fulfilling them - I am making more money than I could have hoped for, so letting you have 100,000 is a mere pittance.

You have proven that you are a trustworthy and honourable individual. I trust that you will continue to make yourself - and me - lots more money in the future.

Keep up the good work. We shall meet in person soon. Until then...Good luck and good profit.'

[Yawning sound] So that's that then. Apparently I'll get to see my new ships tomorrow. Did I go through the StarGate you ask? No. After receiving the message, I disembarked again. I have much to sort out here with my investor revealing himself.

I will be making that trip though. I wish to see what Gate travel looks and feels like.

Anyway, it is late and I am exhausted. I shall try to record more on the morrow.

Good night my friends. Sleep well and dream of better days yet to come.

This is trader Gaijin signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 9

Wednesday February 27th, 213

Greetings my friends.

[Sipping noise then gulping noise.]

Please forgive me, I feel terrible. When I got home last night, I had trouble sleeping. So many things were going through my head. The responsibilities that now face me are epic, but not insurmountable. I am a man of means and I am a very fast learner.

Regardless, since I didn't manage to get much sleep last night, I am drinking hot stimulant drinks to keep myself sharp.

So what has happened lately? Well one of my ships reported seeing a huge vessel the other day that almost seemed to be alive.

I intercepted some chatter on the sub-space waves and people were abuzz about it. Apparently it really WAS alive. The race that 'build' them actually grow the ships.

Some consider them to be hostile, others something to be studied and possibly made contact with. All I know is, my ship was stranded in orbit overnight as I miscalculated the distance to the base I was headed to and - because the engines reached their temperature peak - the safety cut-outs kicked in and my crew and ship were forced to sit in open orbit all night long.

That was when they reported seeing the beastly. They said it did not appear to be aggressive and they had no intention of trying to make contact with it.

The following morning, my ship's engines had cooled sufficiently for the ship to manoeuvre into the docking space of the base.

Well whether the 'ship' had any ill intentions or no, I do not know. All I DO know is that if it DID harbour ill will, it was kind enough not to attack my ship.

So anyway, today my 5 new ships arrived and BOY are they BEAUTIES!

Unlike my first ship that was given to me, these are not second-hand. They are fresh from the production-line.

My investor was true to his word. I received confirmation this morning before I even left my home - of the log-in codes and password to my new account. The money was there, exactly as he promised.

Now I have been told that when other people have been given this opportunity, they jumped right in at the deep-end and went for a base.

I'm not going to do that...yet.

I'm investing in my ships for now. I'm using the money to buy the fastest drives that are possible for my fleet, along with the largest cargo-bays that I can cram inside of the hulls.

Since my fleet now numbers 16, I have no more excuses for not having money available.

Granted not all of my ships are couriers. Some of them - as I've previously stated - are scout ships. I will be sending these boats out to scout for friendly bases that my couriers can dock with en-route to a customer, when their drives overheat, so that they aren't stranded in orbit and vulnerable to attack.

I am - as I speak - scanning the market listings to see what I can buy and sell for a profit.

I have yet to approach any civilian traders yet. I think that that will have to be my next order of business. Maybe I can sell some stuff to the civvies at a higher price than the bases will pay me...it's worth investigating.

One moment...

Yes? Yeah, I know. Erm, put it down on the maintenance schedule. Okay.

Sorry about that. So yeah. I now have a nice fat bank account and a veritable fleet of ships ready to ply my trade.

Oh, you know how I mentioned before about personnel cutbacks? Well, like I said, crews on ships are not cheap. They all have to be paid, fed and housed.

By replacing the crews with artificial intelligences and having merely skeleton crews, I am able to minimise the needed life-support on my ships and use that space for cargo.

The more cargo we can carry and the less wages I have to pay, the faster our profits will grow.

The danger with running automated ships is that if anyone does manage to board them, there aren't enough crew to fight back.

Think about it. If you have a ship with 100 crew and someone tries to board the ship illegally, all 100 crew members can carry a blaster and fight off the boarders. If there are only 2 crew, they'll simply put up their hands and surrender.

Better make damned sure, I don't leave any of my boats outside of a safe harbour then eh? Heh heh.

I have also taken the step of having all of my ships have 2 Human crew.

I'm not being racist (specie-ist?) but I just figure that since I'm Human, if I make my skeleton crews all Human, then there won't be any possibility of a cultural faux-pas. I mean I don't know enough about the other species' to know if I would offend them by saying or doing something which - to me - would be totally innocuous.

Oh yes. I finally managed to meet my investor face-to-face today. I had just walked into my office this morning and there he was, large as life, chatting to my ground-crew.

We had a good long chat. He has asked me not to disclose his name in these journals, so I shall just have to continue to refer to him as The Investor. He has left a representative to work with me. The rep' will be working from these offices for a while until I can find a suitable office-space for him to work from.

Well I think that brings you bang up to date for now. If anything happens, I'll be sure to let you all know.

My wedding is soon too. If I don't log in before then, I'll let you all know how it went. I'll save you a piece of the cake too. Heh heh heh.

Thanks for listening - and be careful out there.
This is trader Gaijin, signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 10

Saturday March 2nd, 213

Hello again. Well it looks like I'm back here earlier than I thought I would be.

It's been quite an eventful few days. I have spent the past few days going through specifications and plans to fit out my little fleet for the perfect trader's fleet.

The actual trading ships, I have been kitting out with the fastest engines that I can cram in. (My engineers oversaw that part. They told me that some engines can't be fitted to some ships. They'll tear my ships apart apparently.)

I have also been fitting Wormhole Navigators where I deemed it appropriate and I have been installing a few of a new gadget which one of my engineers showed me...a Wormhole Stabiliser.

You may remember in an earlier transmission that I mentioned that - when I travelled through the Halo/Yank wormhole - my eyes felt like they were being shaken out of their sockets? Well these little beauties make for a smoother ride.

One of my tech's tried to explain the physics of how it works to me, but I just zoned out as soon as he started talking. Tech' talk is not my forte.

Anyway, I had one fitted to one of my ships which I then boarded and we made our way through the wormhole to Yank.

By the gods, what a difference it made. Instead of having my bones liquefied by the vibrations, the ride through this time was as smooth as silk. Well there was still some rattling of the ship, but nothing compared to what it was without that little marvel.

While I was on-board, I decided to take that trip through the StarGate that I promised I would take.

I changed ships and jumped to the Solo system and made our way to the gate. We bought a StarGate key from the base that orbits the gate which was delivered to us almost instantly. We simply plugged it into the computer and made our way to the gate.

I don't know what exactly I was expecting, but it was a bit of an anticlimax. As our ship approached the gate, the computer sent the signal to shut down the shield and we entered the event-horizon.

The ship seemed to be disappearing little by little as it passed through the gate. I braced myself for whatever was about to happen to my body but as I personally passed the event-horizon, I merely saw the rest of the ship appear before me. It was so instant, I didn't even feel anything.

We immediately purchased a StarGate Key for the return journey and plugged that into the computer too.

Now, I picked up a transmission on the grid recently which said that if you enter a destination that doesn't have a StarGate into the computer just as you try to enter a gate, the computer will tell you which gates it is linked to.

As our computers currently did not have that information, I thought that was a very useful tip.

So I instructed the ship's captain to set course through the wormhole for Yank. He thought I was crazy but he did as instructed.

Sure enough, as we approached the StarGate, an error message flashed up on our screen telling us which gates it did link to.

The captain seemed very impressed by that little trick. We entered the linked gates into our database and transmitted the information back to ground-control.

We then set course back to Solo and away we went, on our way home.

As we reached Solo, the engine warnings sounded. You see all ships have warnings on-board and my people are proficient enough to work out when it is a good time to dock at a friendly base and let the engines cool. So I changed ships again at Solo and I was on my way back.

Now I am back, safe and sound again at my little office.

My refits are coming along nicely. I am tinkering with a plan for my biggest ship. I don't want to say too much right now. I'm going to weigh the pro's and con's and see if it is worth it. If I do, I'll let you know what the plan is.

One of my ships is hovering near a StarGate waiting for a customer. They told me they would meet me there.

However, after a full-day of waiting, her crew were becoming increasingly impatient. I received a comm' from the ship's captain saying that the crew were becoming grumpy and morose. Complaints were made that they were near a base that had 'recreational' facilities and was within view and yet they were sitting at the StarGate waiting.

The captain asked permission to dock with the base so that the crew could unwind. I decided that there was no harm in this, I mean as I've said before, a happy crew is a productive crew. So I gave them permission to dock and to make full use of the facilities.

This message was greeted my many cheers and whoops from the bridge. I guess they really were in need of some R&R.

The next day the captain informed me that the men and women had partaken of the 'facilities' and were now fully rested. Some of them simply enjoyed the casinos and gambled away their wages, some partook of more...carnal pleasures. All I know is, as long as they work hard, I don't care what they get up to, as long as it doesn't come back on me. Heh heh heh.

I have been carefully examining our database of maps of the galaxy. Some of them are woefully inadequate. I mean what good is a trader if there are only limited markets with which he can trade?

So I looked at a couple of systems that I only have very limited knowledge of and I contacted the owners of one such system that...well let's say it didn't look the safest place in the world...so I contacted the owners of the system and politely explained that I am but a humble trader and seek to explore the galaxy in greater detail to find more markets with which to ply my trade.

The owner of this system however contacted me and told me that - because the system was in the process of a 'dispute' that it wasn't safe to enter as my ship may be fired upon by accident.

I thanked them and moved on to finding a new system.

Hopefully, the 'dispute' will be resolved soon and my little scout ship will be welcome to enter and find bases with which my bigger ships can trade.

To all system owners out there listening to this transmission, I may well be contacting you in the near future. If I do, please remember, my only agenda is to find bases with which I can trade. I do not 'work' for anyone, I do not sell or pass on information that my scout ships gain. The knowledge is simply for trading purposes alone.

I am a proud member of the AFT and as such we pride ourselves on our discretion. Perhaps, system owners, when I contact you, you may have use of my trading ships. Perhaps you need stock or personnel transporting from one of your bases to another but only have heavy warships at your disposal. My ships would be more than happy to accommodate you.

Well my friends, that's it for now. Take care out there and may your profits be healthy.

Go in peace. This is trader Gaijin signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 11

Wednesday March 6th, 213

Good day to you dear listeners.

Well...well, well, well. Another well makes a river. Heh heh.

So that 100,000 Stellars that I was given by my investor didn't go too far. It would appear that I was a little...over-zealous in my upgrading. I did not keep track of my expenditure when buying upgrades and have now gone into DEBT! I didn't even REALISE until my accountant came storming into my office and showed me the sheets.

He barged in, slapped the sheets on my desk and said, "Sorry to barge in like this Gaijin, but you HAVE to stop BUYING!!! LOOK!!!"

I looked at the sheets, only to see big red numbers at the end. DAMNATION!!!

Lucky for me, I hold some tradable stock in one of my ships' holds. I am gonna have to lay most of my ships away temporarily in hiatus until the one ship that HOLDS stock can SELL it to get us back into the BLACK!!!

I really should have been more careful. I could very well have been caught out and then would have had to sell some of the newly-bought equipment BACK again at a LOSS!!!

I'll be sure not to make THAT mistake again. Looks like I'm still learning the way and byways of the galaxy. I really should have known better though.

So there you go, my newly named company 'Gaijin Intergalactic Traders' is having to operate with only one ship.

BAH!!! Still, I have overcome many obstacles in my life. This is merely another one to be tackled and then forgotten about.

I am having my accountant with me every time I make any upgrades in future to ensure this never happens again.

What else is happening here? Oh, the wedding...

Yes. Mere days now. Mashita has everything sorted, all I have to do is arrive at the chapel in good time.

She is a beautiful girl and I can't wait to make her my wife. Never have I met a woman who can cook like she can. She makes these...little balls of meat...out of the local cattle and then mixes them up in a sauce that you could just die for.

I just hope she doesn't make me fat. Heh heh.

I did encounter a slight problem lately. I was supposed to deliver goods to a customer recently. One of my logistical managers was supposed to calculate how much time and distance the ship could traverse before the safety cut-outs kicked in and stranded the ship. He miscalculated. The customer was understanding...I was not.

I had to drag the rest of my logistics staff in on their day off to try to figure out if we could 'piggy-back' the goods onto another ship and still get them to the customer in time. A full day of over-time...wasted.

The logistical idiot responsible for the fiasco is currently on latrine-duty for the next three MONTHS and I am docking

his wages for the next three months too to pay for the over-time payments and as compensation. He'll be sure to be more careful in future. If there is one thing I will not tolerate, it is our company letting down a customer. When G.I.T. say we will deliver, by the gods, we will deliver. Still our company is still relatively new and all new companies experience 'teething' troubles. Hopefully, that will be the last of ours.

Well it is nearly finishing time and there is little we can do. I think I might let everyone go home early today and we can go to the tavern for a drink. Until next time my friends. This is trader Gaijin signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 12

Saturday March 9th, 213

[Silence then sigh]

Yeah, I'm here. I have just had one HELL of a week. It was all my own fault of course. You may remember in our last instalment, me mentioning that I hadn't consulted my finance plan when upgrading en-masse...

Well I was guilty of another thing. First off, I don't think I have introduced my new company name.

One of my employees approached me early last week and said, "Erm, boss? How come our company doesn't have a name yet?"

I hadn't even thought about that. I was so busy trying to drum up business that it completely slipped my mind. My employee had said to me that they had all been telling people that they work for Gaijin the trader but that they would prefer if they could say they work for a company.

And so, with much celebration from the people of the town, the mayor officially named and opened, 'Gaijin Intergalactic Transportation.' or G.I.T. for short. I WAS going to name it 'Gaijin Intergalactic Traders', but I thought the new name was better.

Anyway, I was just talking about the week I had. The naming ceremony was about the only good part of the whole week.

Because I hadn't studied the reports from my fleet of ships, telling me how many hours each ship had to run before their engines overheated and needed to cool their reactors, I had let down my first clients.

One client, I was supposed to be delivering a product to them and I accidentally sent my ship to them EMPTY!!! That was partly my fault, but - as stated in the previous transmission - it was also the fault of the logistics manager. The problem is, I didn't give the crews permission to override my orders and so they could only sit back and watch as the A.I. Nav's that I installed carried an empty cargo-ship halfway across the GALAXY!!! Unfortunately, I was out of the office as it set off and was unavailable to STOP it.

[Mumbles] Stupid frickin' computers.

And with a SECOND customer, I had my ship resting in their base to make sure the ship's engines were fully cooled and recharged before I set the ship away. The problem was, I had promised the crew members a quick stop-off at the local 'recreation centre' - wink wink. That would have boosted their efficiency and made them much happier, faster workers.

There was a base - which I THOUGHT was in orbit - that promised to have the facilities that my crew desired. I ordered the ship to take off from the planet and THEN to dock with the base.

Well there was my FIRST mistake. It turned out that the base in question was ALSO on the planet's surface so the crew and the A.I. had to make all the preparations and calculations for landing AGAIN!!! And let me tell you, those engines get mighty HOT when they are landing on a planet's surface.

Then to add insult to injury, when they docked, they were informed that there were NO facilities in which they could ENJOY themselves.

Well, let me tell you, THAT one didn't go over too well. They had been without any kind of R&R for a LONG time and hearing this news brought them close to the point of MUTINY.

They remained both loyal and professional though. I agreed to send them to a base that I KNOW has what they seek, when they finish the trip.

Ah, but my friends, that is not all. Because I had set - as standard - every computer on every ship to avoid navigational hazards - a move DESIGNED to avoid them smashing into rogue asteroids - the computer overrode my orders to JUMP because the system CONTAINED asteroids and they were stranded in open SPACE!!!

I did, thankfully, manage to get them to a friendly base IN ORBIT. They will now sit there and wait until the engines recharge enough to enable them to make the trip they originally SHOULD have made.

[Deep sigh.]

Thankfully, both customers were very accommodating. They both realised that newly formed companies, do have their 'teething troubles' and gave me more time to rectify my mistakes.

Well they say only a fool doesn't learn from his mistakes and momma didn't raise no fool - to use an old-Earth colloquialism.

I am here in the office all alone since it's the weekend. I'm going to instruct the database computer to isolate and highlight all friendly bases that have been picked up in scans ever since my first little ship took to the lanes. It will probably take it all weekend as there are a LOT of reports for it to go through. I am going to put the list of all friendly bases and their locations into a separate database so that when I send my boys and girls out into the void, they will - hopefully - not be too far away from a friendly place to rest. I just thank all the gods of Olympus and Valhalla that that week is finally OVER. New resolution. As of next week, I am going to study the ships' reports AND the financial reports a LOT more carefully. No more mistakes. No-one will want to hire a shipping company that leaves their stock BEHIND or gets stranded and becomes bait for PIRATES. [Spit]

Well, just thought I'd update my log. As I said before, doing this is actually more for my OWN benefit than for anyone else.

For anyone who DOES listen to these transmissions however, I am FAR from my dream of having my own palace, surrounded by serving girls.

[Woman's voice]
SERVING GIRLS? YOU should be so lucky.

[Original man's voice]
MASHITA? What are YOU doing here? I thought you were going SHOPPING with your MOTHER...

[Woman's voice]
I am. We're just heading out now. I thought I'd just pop in and see what you were up to before I go though. What's all this about SERVING girls in a PALACE???

[Man's voice]
You know? The whole shipping magnate thing. One day my love, you and I will be living like ROYALTY. A palace, servants providing to our every need.

[Woman's voice]
EVERY need huh? Listen mister, the only one who'll be providing to EVERY need for you is ME! Got THAT?

[Man's voice]
Ah baby. I didn't mean THAT! You know you're the only girl for me. Gimme a kiss and go shopping with your mother. Trust me baby. You've got nothing to worry about with me.

[Sounds of kissing.]
[Woman's voice]
Well I'd better not! Okay. Don't stay in here ALL day.

[Man's voice]
Okay babe. See you later, yeah. Love you.

[Sound of person leaving]
[Man's voice]
Man, she caught me by SURPRISE there. I'd better watch what I say. It only just occurred to me that SHE can listen to these logs TOO.
Heh heh heh. She's have my nuts on a SKEWER if she thought I was CHEATING on her.

Well, I guess I'd better get started with the computer. Y'all stay safe out there. Watch out for those rogue asteroids and tune in again.
Here's to good profits. This is trader Gaijin of G.I.T. signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 13

Monday March 18th, 213

Heeeeeey, how're ya dooooin' guys? Heh heh heh.

[Hic]
I'm rebrelating. My marriage went off without a hitchshhhh. He he he. Hitchshhhh. Tha's a funny word. ANYway, I'm here all alone in my ossifess to record this. Soon...soon I will be going away on my HONEYmoooooon. Yeah. It's gonna be GREAT!
I'm shutting down Gaij...Gaiji....G.I.T....for a short while while my good wife and I tour the galaxy.

We're staying away from all the trouble-spots, but we are gonna be visiting planet-side on a LOTS of those bootiful marbles.

[Hic]

Heh heh heh. We'll be seeing all the sights that the worlds have to offer...

[Lowers voice to a whisper] Although I don't know how much SIGHTseein' we're gonna be doing. He he he. Shhh. Shhhh. Don't tell the wife I said that. He he he.

Ah she's bootiful though. You should have SEEN her in the church. I was all nervous and stuff and then she walked in...ah man, she looked like....what's those things I learned about on the history-vid's? ANGELS! Yeah. That's it. She looked like oneathem ANGELS.

[Belches loudly]

Ooooh sorry 'bout that. Heh heh heh. Been havin' me a DRINK. Me and old Bootest been havin' a husband's get-together. We drank some liquor, played some bar-games, got into a friendly bar-fight...nothing major, just good-natured stuff. Heh heh heh. Yeah, it was a BLAST.

[Sound of door opening - person enters]

HEEEEEEEY THERE you are! Waddya DOIN' man?

[Original man's voice]

Oh, oh, come here. Say hello to all the little people listening.

[Second man's voice]

Is this thing recording? Cool. Hi everybody out there in the galaxy. This is Bootest here. I just want to say to my beloved Mechay...HI BABY!!! Heh heh heh.

Ah, you know what? I'm gonna MISS you man. How long you guys goin' AWAY for anyway?

[Original man's voice]

Dunno bud. It's an open-ended ticket. Maybe a few months or so. We got a lot of 'sight-seein' WINK-WINK to do. Heh heh heh heh heh.

Come on, let's get back to the bar. The women'll be looking for us soon. Let's get one more round in before they drag us back.

Goodbye little people. Goodbyeeeeeeee.

[Second man's voice]

Byeeeeeeeeee. Heh heh heh.

[Sounds of people leaving, door closing behind them. Voices fading...]

Ah, you know what? You're a good man Gaij....

[Silence until auto cut-out kicks in]

Additional...

Tuesday March 19th, 213

Greetings my friends. I really must apologise for my transmission of yesterday. I had had a little too much to drink and...well things got a little boisterous. [Lowers voice] I blame that Bootest. He's a bad influence on me. [Voice returns to normal level] Nah, just joking. I really did need to blow off some steam but I really shouldn't have come in here and transmitted all that.

Please allow me to give you the SOBER version of what is happening and what HAS happened.

So, I married my beloved Mashita. The service was wonderful. All our families and friends were there and - by the looks of it - half the TOWN too. Heh heh.

We held an informal meal at the local tavern afterwards and all the town were invited. That in itself rolled over into the after-wedding party and many a drink was consumed by all, but an EXCELLENT time was had by all too.

As I slurred yesterday, I will be shutting down Gaijin Intergalactic Transportation for a short while. Mashita and I will be touring various planets with historical interest and seeing the sights. The whole thing is booked to take around 3 to 4 MONTHS. But the good news is that - even though I will still have to pay my staff their wages for not actually DOING anything (I don't want anyone running the company in my absence just in case they go somewhere they're not SUPPOSED to go and end up losing me a SHIP) - I have been assured by my investor that I will still be paid my weekly stipend that he promised me. This will nicely accrue in my bank account so that - upon my return - I will have a nice little nest-egg saved up to get my boys and girls flying and trading again.

I really did underestimate just how expensive refitting my fleet of trading ships would be. The initial investment of 100,000 Stellars disappeared in the blink of an eye as I refitted all my ships with faster, stronger drives (and in some cases more OF them too). Well all those drives did NOT come cheap and before I knew it I was in the RED.

Although I have already told you this tale. Well anyway, thankfully, I still had a shipment of stock which I managed to

shift and I brought my company kicking and screaming back into the black although it was a SLOW process. Even THEN though I had a number of ships that were STRANDED in a station because I had foolishly ordered ALL of their drives to be ripped out and SOLD and then couldn't AFFORD to buy NEW ones. This has finally been remedied and all my ships are en-route to their parking spaces as I speak. I have also give permission for an engineer to check on my ships from time to time to ensure that the reactors are fully-functional for my return and that nothing should wear out as they sit idle. He's a good man. I can trust him to keep my ships space-worthy.

Mashita and I aren't due to depart until next week, but I want to make sure that all my ships are safe before I close the offices for the hiatus.

The crews are ecstatic of course. They're being paid to sit on their BACKSIDES for the next few months. Still they have worked hard for me and they deserve a break.

I'm just going to make sure they work TWICE as hard when I get back though.

HEY, don't you groan at me! You're getting 4 months free HOLIDAY. What MORE do you want?

So yeah. That's pretty much everything brought bang up to date now. When I return, I'll be starting a mass advertising campaign on the grid to try to get my business firing again.

My new wife and I will be touring on a commercial passenger ship in the first-class suite. Luxury Cabins all the way for us. Slow trips between planets will give us time to...enjoy our marriage - shall we say.

Well my friends. I'll be sending the staff home in a day or two and then - when my ships are all safely stored away and the crews let loose, I'll be packing for our journey so this will probably be my last transmission for some time.

Until I return. Fare thee well my friends. Don't go running into any rogue asteroids and keep an eye out for that wascally scoundrel who calls himself Pirate Large - actually ALL pirates.

'Till next time. This is trader Gaijin signing off.

Last Blog Before Our Journey...

Friday March 22nd, 213

Greetings one and all. Well our bags are packed. Mashita INSISTED on packing snacks even though we are going on a LUXURY liner. Women eh? Heh heh.

My staff are all off now. Only one of my ships is at large and I am giving the orders personally. They will be safely docked within the day and then THAT crew will be the last to take their vacation.

We are just waiting on the liner to arrive now. We have been informed that it will arrive in orbit in a few days. Mashita and I will then board the shuttle to take us up to orbit and we will embark onto the liner to begin our honeymoon.

We are sparing NO expense on this trip. When we return we will be able to bore our friends and family with the vid's and tales of our travels.

It seems weird sitting here all alone in the offices during the day. It's normally a complete MADhouse. People are always running here and there, asking me to authorise forms etc. Now...it's all peaceful. The computers are all silent save for the one connecting me to the last ship. I can even hear the wind outside.

Well I guess that's that then. All I have to do is issue the final orders to the ship's computer, shut down the last computer here and then I'll head home and await the call that the liner has arrived.

Barring us crashing into an undiscovered asteroid and sucking vacuum, I'll be back on here in around 4 month's time.

Until then...watch the skies...you might see us waving. Heh heh.

Catch you later my friends. This is Gaijin the trader, signing off for his honeymoon.

I'm BAAAAAAAAACK!!! :)

Monday July 15th, 213

Greetings one and all. Gaijin the trader is now OFFICIALLY back in business. Woohoo.

So, here I am back in our old offices. I've just booted up the computers and sent recall mails to all my staff.

I had a cleaner come in once a week whilst my wife and I (I love saying that) were on our honeymoon. She kept the computers in tip-top shape and kept the offices nice and clean and dust-free.

I tell you, after 4 months sailing from planet to planet, viewing the origins of mankind's first tentative steps out into the galaxy, it feels so GOOD to be HOME!!!

I have NO idea what my fleet is like. I did hire maintenance crews to keep them in good shape - you know, fire up the engines now and again - so they SHOULD be okay.

I was pleased to find a nice healthy bank balance when I returned too. My money had been accruing all the time we've been away.

First order of business...UPGRADES!!! I was actually right in the middle of upgrading my fleet of haulers before I left

but time ran away from me. So back to upgrading again.

There is a HUGE party tonight in the town square to welcome Mashita and I back from our trip.

My crews have had a full 4 MONTHS of paid leave to relax and enjoy themselves and now, I want to see those monkeys WORK for their wages.

By the gods it is HOT today. That's the thing about being stuck in a ship for the best part of 4 months. It's all climate-controlled. Not too hot, not too cold. Now I'm home again, the sun is BLAZING!!!

Anyway, just wanted to say hi to everyone and to say that it is so GOOD to be back again. I'll be boring our friends and family for the next few days with photo's and videos of our trip. Some of it was actually quite exciting. For instance, on one planet we had to climb down a cliff-face to get to the old colony site. It was placed half-way down the cliff in a cave-system for scientific purposes.

Well, I'd better get on planning what to do next - and of course get ready for tonight's celebrations.

I'll record more when things are running smoothly again.

This is Gaijin the trader, signing off.

Journal of a would-bemogul Part 14

Friday July 26th, 213

Well my friends, I am once again back in the swing of things. My crews are back into their routines and my ships are ready to fly after having completed the overhauls and upgrades that I initiated before my honeymoon. As of this time, nothing much has happened. Births and deaths have happened in the town. Nothing untoward, just a few old folks shuffled off this mortal coil. A few couples have been married and parties duly attended.

As for G.I.T. my boys and girls are ready to ply the space-lanes again. My smaller ships are doing routine runs for some natives on various planets. It's boring work, but it's steady and mostly safe. My big boys are now ready to head out there and start plying their trade once more.

I shall be posting a few advertisements on the web for G.I.T. to try to drum in a little business. You know the type of thing. Can you transport X to Y for me and I'll pay you xxx?

These types of runs are more lucrative than basic trading runs, but are few and far between.

I also have a few mini-scout ships out there trying to find new worlds and new markets with which to trade.

Unfortunately many of the systems in the periphery have my affiliation down on their enemy lists so - if my boys and girls were to arrive in those systems - they'd be blown away. SO I have to be careful where I send them.

There is still SO much out there to explore though. My system maps that I received when I joined my aff' were quite extensive but there are still holes. I hope to try to plug some of those holes where possible. I mean I am a born trader at heart but brand new markets, THAT'S where the lucre is.

You know it's a strange galaxy we live in. Sometimes all is quiet, then BANG! There's a WAR on! Then JUST as suddenly, peace is declared and all is quiet again. Heh heh.

Mashita and I are trying for our first baby. I want a son. A proud, strong boy who will carry on my legacy. My wife wants a little girl whom she can spoil and dress up etc. Well, we'll see.

One second...

[Distantly] WHAT? I TOLD you I wasn't to be DISTURBED anymore when I'm doing the LOG! Oh, okay. I'll take it in my office.

[Sounds of someone sitting down.] I'll have to cut this short folks. I've got an important call to take from a potential customer. Y'all take care out there in the lanes and remember folks. If you need anything transporting, call G.I.T.

This is Gaijin the trader signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 15

Wednesday July 31st, 213

Delete Edit

Greetings from G.I.T. my friends.

Well, what a week this has been. I went and did a VERY silly thing but with all innocent intentions. You see my map

data is not - by any stretch of the imagination - complete. So I ordered one of my scout ships into a system - of which I had no internal knowledge...not even planetary data - to scout the place out, update our maps and check out the planets to see if any markets showed up that weren't on the public listing, but who might want to trade with me anyway. So I ordered my ship to the system in question (I won't mention WHICH system...just in case) and my crew immediately sent me a VERY distressing message.

They said as soon as they arrived in the system, they were contacted by the system's OWNERS who accused them of SPYING!!!

Well it turns out that the system I sent them to was a no-go. I honestly didn't KNOW that at the time, although I certainly do now.

Well, I immediately contacted the owners of the system in question and pleaded for my crew's lives. I explained that it was entirely my fault that they were there and that I had NO intention of SPYING. I explained my reasons for sending them there and - after much deliberation - (not to mention praying on the part of my crew) they were allowed to leave the system safely.

When they arrived at the new system after jumping, they immediately contacted me again and told me that they had arrived safely and that the ship was not damaged - although apparently their LAUNDRY bills will be a little HIGH this week.

I have marked in ALL my ships databases that that system is OFF-LIMITS. That way, even if I were to accidentally try to send them there, my computers will issue a cut-out and stop the ship, requesting new orders.

What a mix-up though. For a time, I honestly thought I was going to have to visit the families of the crew to explain why their loved ones were not with us any more. As long as I am careful, that visit will never have to happen.

We had a slight communications break-down yesterday which meant that no comm's could be sent or RECEIVED. So all of my ships ended up just sitting where they are all day. I have already given strict orders to my crews that they should NEVER 'take the initiative' after one crew decided to try to impress me by moving to a market, they THOUGHT that I wanted them to visit. I DID want them to visit it...AFTER they had done some UPGRADES to the SHIP!!! So, no more initiative.

Not much happening other than that. I have made contact with a number of chieftains on certain planets. They have given me a list of items they wish to buy and some they wish to sell.

I have decided to try to make contact with as many of these chiefs/mayors/kings etc. as possible. Maybe I can make a few stellars trading to the indigenous populations as well as the markets.

Well, I'd better be getting on. Those forms aren't going to fill themselves in.

This is Gaijin the trader saying stay safe, but stay profitable.

Joyous News

Wednesday August 14th, 213

I have splendid news my friends. The wayward ship that entered where it was not meant to be is now home. This is indeed good news. I have the captain of the ship here on vid-link to give his account.

Okay Captain, you're patched in...

Good day to you all. My name is Captain Christopher Pike and no I am not related to a character in a TV show from the 20th century.

I am in command of a scout-ship and our mission is to explore the galaxy to try to find the most lucrative trade-routes available for the company. We land on inhabited planets and make contact with the leaders of the civilian colonies there. We ask them if they have any special requirements and if they have any goods that they would like to sell for export.

Also during our journeys we hope to find new bases with which we might be able to trade that are not on the public listings, although to be honest, this is less likely.

Anyway, recently we were ordered into a system that seemed to be - if not friendly, then at least not hostile. We entered the system with the best of intentions, try to find new trade-links for the company. It was a long journey and our engines were over-heated and badly in need of cooling and recharging. However, as we materialised out of our jump, we were shortly contacted by the OWNERS of the system who gave us the command, "PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!!!"

I immediately contacted our offices and was put through to Gaijin. I told him that there was a fleet of ships staring at us and we had been ordered to surrender and be boarded.

He told me to sit tight and that he would try to get us out of it.

For this part, I shall have to hand you back to Gaijin..

Thank you Captain. So, as Captain Pike just said, I had a ship in distress. I had found no signs that that particular system was hostile and asked for an explanation for the order to surrender.

I was told that - even though our affiliation was not on the enemy list for that system, the system in question WAS off-

limits because there were very sensitive areas that the owners of the system wished to keep secret.

I explained my ship's mission to them and that we were not there to spy on anyone. We were merely seeking new trading opportunities. I explained that we land on planets, contact the civilian leaders and try to make new trade channels. We were told to await a reply while they considered my ship and crew's fate.

Some time passed. Finally I was contacted again and I was told that - if my ship left the system IMMEDIATELY and did not enter the orbit of ANY planet or moon, then they WOULD be allowed to live. HOWEVER, I was instructed that if ANY of my ships were to enter this system again, then the owners would NOT be so gracious.

I gave the news to my crew and they were more than happy to 'get the hell out of Dodge' as it were.

I'll now pass you back to Captain Pike...

Thank you Gaijin. During the time when the system owners were deliberating our fate, the crew became more and more tense. Some of them started praying, some of them wept, others just stood stalwart in the face of possible death.

Finally, Gaijin contacted me and told me that - if we were to jump OUT of the system IMMEDIATELY without entering ANY orbits, we would be allowed to leave intact.

I told him that our engines were over-heated. He asked if we had just one more jump in them and - when I checked, we had JUST that, but we would be pushing our luck.

Anyway, I gave the order to jump and - upon arriving in the NEW system, checked for a planet where we could set down and rest the engines, which were now ready to MELT!

We found an ice-planet. Perfect. What better way to cool an over-heated engine than on a planet composed of ICE.

We limped into orbit and found a suitably flat area to settle down. It was a bumpy ride down to the surface, there were FIERCE winds, but our helmsman is quite skilled. He got us down on the surface JUST as our engines cut out on us.

We then settles in for the wait. For 5 DAYS we sat there on that frozen hell-planet. Our life-support systems were working over-time trying to keep us warm as the power dial on our engines slowly started to climb and the temperature gauges slowly fell.

Due to the buffeting of the winds and the general over-pushing we had done to the engines, the ship had sustained some integrity loss and we had to pin a few plates to the inside of the ship to stop any breaches.

Finally we were ready. The engines were fully cooled and fully charged, which was just as well because the crew were close to mutiny. There is only so much white you can look at when you look out of the windows before it starts to GET to you.

We took off and were on our way home. It was a LONG trek back to safety. We had to traverse the most empty, most desolate systems in the galaxy before we could reach friendly space. On the way, I gave the order to scan the systems that we passed through, just on the off-chance something showed up that wasn't on our maps. Nothing, just rocks, rocks and more rocks.

Then FINALLY we entered friendly space. Just as we entered the system, we received a hail that said, "Welcome back boys and girls." It was GAIJIN. He was waiting on the base for us. He had travelled all the way out just to welcome us back.

We docked at the base and were greeted most warmly by our friends and family who had transported out with Gaijin. He had told them about our little 'misunderstanding', but had thankfully left out the part where we had almost been killed.

We all then sailed back to the office where much drink and food was consumed. It was almost a party. A good time was had by all.

Gaijin told us that we were entitled to have a week off to recover...full pay.

We were all also given a bonus for "danger money", to compensate us for the trouble.

Some of our people have donated their bonus to the local church, saying that a higher power had a hand in saving them.

Me, not being particularly religious per se, but believing that there has to be something out there greater than us, I used my money to buy my wife and I a holiday by the beach. After all that ice, it is VERY welcome.

And that is our tale. Not much in the grand scheme of the universe, but a tale to tell our grandchildren.

Gaijin, back to you. My wife is complaining because we're supposed to be relaxing. See you soon. This is Captain Christopher Pike signing off.

Thanks Chris. So folks, there you go. What a tale eh? Almost lost a good ship and a good crew just because I sent them to the wrong place in the search for better trade-routes.

Well, I'll be more cautious next time.

This is Gaijin the trader, signing off.

A Thrilling Tale Of Bravery And Stupidity...Part 2...

Wednesday September 18th, 213

Welcome back folks. Well as we left off in part one of our tale, the ship was damaged, The Nav' Haz' system was still

off-line, I was 'unavailable' because I was with my wife, trying to take advantage of nature's timing and I had only gone and turned my comm' off, so my office was unable to get THROUGH to me.
IN MY DEFENCE, I only thought I was going to be away from the office for...an hour at MOST! Things didn't turn OUT that way however.
So the following day, I did not report to the office and my comm' was STILL turned OFF.
I'll now hand you back to Captain Mandrill. Captain?

Thank you Gaijin. Well morning broke and the crew and I were in high spirits. We had THOROUGHLY enjoyed the previous evenings festivities and we were raring to go. I contacted the office and...well I'll let the recording tell you.

[Static]

Mike: G.I.T. Mike here.

Captain: Mike, it's me again. Is he there?

Mike: Cap', you're not gonna LIKE this. I tried calling him all afternoon yesterday. I then went to his HOME, only to be told by his neighbour that he had checked in to a HOTEL with his WIFE and the guy didn't know which ONE.
He said that they were trying for a baby and that they wanted to go somewhere fancy to relax.

Captain: GODSDAMMIT Mike! Ah hell. I know it's not your fault. You know I said I was gonna kick Gaijin's ass? Well IF we survive ANOTHER asteroid hit, tell him I'm gonna KILL him!!!

Mike: Will do captain.

[Static]

Well we took off and - with the course locked in and us unable to CHANGE it, we held our collective breaths as we approached the damned belt again.

[Static]

Captain: Okay boys and girls. This is it. We survived ONE hit, maybe we can survive ANOTHER one. This old boat is sturdy. She'll hold together. [Whispers] Come on old girl, hold together.

[Silence]

Captain: We're almost THROUGH.

[Sirens blaring] Proximity Alert! Proximity Alert!

Captain: NO! NOT NOW! We're almost THROUGH!!!

[Sounds of explosions and metal screeching]

Captain: DAMAGE REPORT!

Man's voice: Sir, she's dead. We just lost our last ISR engine.

Captain: Can we JUMP?

Man's voice: Yes sir, but we're not in a jump SECTOR. The safety cut-outs won't LET us jump from here.

Captain: By all the gods of Mount Olympus and Asgard. We will NOT just SIT here while our OXYGEN runs out.
Mike? Keep trying to get Gaijin.

Mike: Okay Captain.

Captain: Well folks, looks like we wait for a rescue tug.

Woman's voice: But captain, won't any rescue ship ALSO be hit by one of those beasties?

Captain: Not if she's FAST and AGILE enough. This old bird wasn't built for manoeuvrability. She was meant to land and take off and get to her destination as fast as possible, not to turn around on the way. She's a point-and-shoot ship.

[Static]

All day we sat there until FINALLY...

[Static]

Gaijin's voice: Usa? Captain are you there?

Captain: GAIJIN??? Where the HELL have you BEEN???

Gaijin: Usa, by the GODS! I am SO SORRY. I've had a LOT on my mind lately. You know Mashita and I have been trying for a baby? Well I must have been distracted and accidentally turned the damned Nav' Haz' off. Mashita called me yesterday to say that the time was right for us to try again. I only thought I'd be GONE for a short while. I'm SO SORRY! What's the situation? How's my ship?

Captain: She crippled. The GOOD news is, the asteroids seem to be almost stationary so there's little chance of us being hit again. But we're dead in the water. The ISR's are GONE. All we have are JUMP engines and THRUSTERS. Now, we can't JUMP because we're not in a jump-SECTOR, and we can't use THRUSTERS to get there because it would take us MONTHS to REACH it. One of the crew said that if you sent a rescue ship, SHE'D be hit TOO. I told her that - if the ship was AGILE enough, she might MAKE it.

Gaijin: I've got a ship en-route to you, but she isn't agile and she isn't as tough as your old bird. If she entered the belt, she'd be wiped OUT. I have had an idea though. If you were to bypass the safety cut-outs on the Jump Engines, you could try an EMERGENCY jump. It's VERY risky, but other than appealing for HELP from OUTSIDE, I don't see what CHOICE we have. I have an engineer here that will talk you through how to bypass the safeties.

Captain: Understood.

[Static]

Well I followed his instructions and managed to bypass the safeties on the Jump Drive, then made my way back to the bridge.

[Static]

Gaijin: You guys might want to suit up. This is a VERY risky procedure and gods ONLY know what will happen.

Captain: Way ahead of you Gaijin. We're all suited up and ready to roll.

Gaijin: Okay, initiate Emergency Jump procedures.

Captain: Jumping.

Computer: Overloading Jump Engines. WARNING! SAFETY CUT-OUTS HAVE BEEN DISABLED! WARNING! SAFETY CUT-OUTS HAVE BEEN DISABLED!

Captain: I KNOW they've been disabled you jumped-up transistor radio. I DISABLED them.

Computer: Initiating Emergency Jump Procedures. Jump bubble forming. WARNING! JUMP BUBBLE UNSTABLE! JUMP FIELD COLLAPSING! ENGINES BEYOND TOLERANCE!

[Sound of massive explosion and then silence]

Gaijin: Captain? USA! ARE YOU THERE USA?

Captain: Gaijin? It didn't work! The godsdamned BRIDGE just EXPLODED! We were all shot out into vacuum. Good job these suits have thrusters built into them. Emergency force-shields have covered the holes in the ship to prevent further air loss. We're all inside now. We'll stay in the suits, just to be sure though. No casualties by the way.

Gaijin: Thank the gods!

Captain: We can replenish the suits' air supplies from the ship's stores and the suits have feeds for nutritional

supplements and waste extraction of course. We'll be fine for maybe a couple weeks or so but we'd PREFER it if it didn't TAKE that long. Any more ideas?

Gaijin: I've sent out an emergency distress on the web. I've asked for assistance from any vessel able to make it OUT that far.

I've had a few friendly comm's with certain people and factions. Hopefully, one of them has a ship agile enough to risk the belt. What do you need to get the hell OUT of there?

Captain: Just ISR's to get us to the RESCUE boat. She is still there isn't she?

Gaijin: Waiting for the order. I'll patch her through...

[Static]

New man's voice: Usa? I got to bale you out AGAIN? You still owe me for that time I saved your drunken ass on An Aurum CONCURSUS!

Captain Mandrill: Kyle? By the gods, it's good to hear your voice. Look bud, we're in a bit of a pickle. This old boat is dead in the water. Where ARE you ANYWAY?

Captain Reese: In the JUMP area where you SHOULD be, you mad old git. We've got you on our scanners. If you can make it TO us, we can berth you and take you back to BASE for REPAIRS...and I have a bottle of the good stuff in my cabin which I'll SHARE with you when you get your butt OVER here.

Mandrill: Gaijin's sent out a request for an agile ship that can navigate the belt. Hopefully someone out there will help us.

Reese: Not when they find out it's YOU!

[Both laugh]

[Static]

For just over a WEEK we sat there waiting for some kind soul to answer our call for help. Then...

[Static]

Reese: Hey Usa? Hang on bro', I've got something on my SCANNERS. Just dropped out of Jump-Space... BY THE GODS!!! What the hell IS that thing? Our scanners are registering the ship as ORGANIC!!! Is that thing ALIVE? We can't penetrate the ship's interior...it's heading TOWARD you though.

Mandrill: I'll get back to you Kyle. I'll see what she wants. Don't go anywhere.

[Static]

Let's take another break and we'll give you the conclusion to this gripping tale.

A Thrilling Tale Of Bravery And Stupidity...

Tuesday September 17th, 2013

Delete Edit

Greetings once again my friends. Have I got a tale to tell today. So - as I said previously - I have had my smallest scout-ships out making contact with the leaders of certain planets to see if they have any needs or excesses that would allow me to trade with them.

Well, one of my ships was out in the Coreward Arm periphery, happily going from system to system, planet to planet until it reached the most remote part of the periphery, the Morroglyph System.

Now one thing you should know about this system is that it has QUITE an extensive ASTEROID belt.

This belt IS on my star-charts but - as I have been a little preoccupied lately with my wife and I trying to get pregnant with our first child - I inadvertently hit the wrong button on the command console and turned OFF the ship's Hazard WARNING System. This is an automated system which causes the ship's engines to shut down IMMEDIATELY if the ship's course is taking it into a section of space that has a navigational HAZARD, such as...a nebula or an ASTEROID BELT.

Well, my ship had JUST arrived in the Morroglyph System when I received a call from my wife.

She told me that the 'time was right' for us to try again for the pregnancy, so I set the systems to automatic, told my staff to ONLY contact me if it was a DIRE EMERGENCY, then made my way home to my wife.

For this next part, I'll hand you over to the captain of the ship, Captain Usa Mandrill. Captain?

Different man's voice: Thank you Gaijin. So we had just jumped into the Morroglyph System when the computer notified me that it had been placed on automatic. We knew there was an extensive asteroid belt in this system but we were confident that we could bypass it easily.

As we got closer and closer to the belt however, it became increasingly clear that it wasn't going to DIVERT! I was confident that the Navigational Hazard Warning System would stop us in time however. It is a safety system built into all ships that - if they encounter a hazard in their path, it shuts down the ENGINES and PREVENTS the ship from even ENTERING that section of space. It is a bit of a PAIN in a way because it has a 'cool-down' of a full 24 HOURS before the engines can be restarted. I assume this is to give the crew adequate time to plot a new course, contact their home base etc.

Anyway, to my HORROR, I saw a blinking RED LIGHT on the Nav' Haz' CONSOLE. Someone had turned it OFF!!! I immediately tried contacting the office. I was put through to Gaijin's PA who told me that - under NO circumstances - was he to be disturbed.

I'll now play-back the flight-recording.

[Static]

Man's voice: G.I.T. Mike speaking.

Captain's voice: Mike? Quick, put me through to Gaijin.

Mike: I'm sorry Captain, Gaijin has given STRICT orders that he is NOT to be DISTURBED.

Captain: Godsdammit Mike, LISTEN to me. Some IDIOT had turned OFF the NAV' HAZ'! We're headed straight for a godsdamned ASTROID BELT, now put me through to him NOW or at least turn the damned system back ON!

Mike: I don't know HOW. Gaijin is the only one who has the ACCESS codes.

Captain: Well don't you think you'd better put me THROUGH to him...like NOW???

Mike: Hang on...

[Static]

Mike: He's not ANSWERING! I'm sorry Captain you're on your own.

Captain: By all the GODS! What kind of an operation am I WORKING for? Look Mike, we're heading in. Tell Gaijin, if we make it through this, I'm gonna kick his ASS!!!

Mike: Will do.

Captain: Well boys and girls, we're heading in. Keep your eyes peeled. This old bucket doesn't exactly have a tight turning-circle.

[Silence]

Captain: Can anyone SEE anything?

Man's voice: Sorry sir, it's pitch BLACK out there and the scanners are being affected by the belt. We could be 5 FEET from one of those suckers and we wouldn't even KNOW it.

[Silence]

[Sirens Blaring] Proximity Alert! Proximity Alert!

Captain: By the GODS! Look at the SIZE of that thing!!! Try to get us AWAY from it!!!

[Loud sounds of explosions and metal screaming]

[Silence]

Captain: Is that IT? We're THROUGH?

Man's voice: Yes sir. Damage report says we've lost an ISR Engine and some other minor systems but she's able to limp

to the planet.

Captain: Gods, that was lucky. Mike? Are you THERE Mike?

Mike: Still here Captain.

Captain: Listen Mike, We survived, but the ship, she's hurting...bad. We NEED to get GAIJIN in on this. He needs to sort out what to do NEXT because I've examined our flight path and we're scheduled to go back THROUGH that damned BELT again. Get Gaijin and get him NOW!!!

Mike: I'm trying, he's not answering. I'll keep trying.

Captain: You do that Mike. I'll call again tomorrow after we've made contact with the civilians.

[Static]

Well we landed safely and made contact with the civilian leaders who gave us their list. We stayed overnight on the planet and enjoyed the local hospitality, then we slept on the ship, ready for the next day.

What happened next is an extraordinary tale...

Hey Gaijin, you think we should keep our listeners in a little suspense while we enjoy a break?

Gaijin's voice: Heh heh. Always leave 'em wanting more eh? Okay Usa. We'll be back in a short while folks. This is Gaijin temporarily signing off.

A Thrilling Tale Of Bravery And Stupidity...The Conclusion

Thursday September 19th, 213

Greetings once again my friends. If you have stuck with our tale thus far, thank you. I hope you are not disappointed with the finale.

Well, as we left off, Captain Mandrill and his ship were being approached by an unknown ship that was - apparently - ORGANIC rather than METAL.

I'll hand you back to Captain Mandrill for the conclusion..

Mandrill: Thank you Gaijin. I'll play you the rest of the recording.

[Static]

Mandrill: By the GODS!!! What IS that thing? Try hailing them.

Man's voice: Yes sir, patching you through now.

Mandrill: To unidentified ship. We are in distress. Are you able to offer assistance?

Radio: [Clicks and scratches]

Mandrill: What's wrong with the TRANSLATOR?

Man's voice: It's been SEVERELY damaged captain. I'll see what I can do with it. But the best I can offer you is a basic form of language. He might be using coherent sentences but all I'll be able to give you will be basic words. Sorry captain.

Mandrill: Gods. Okay, just do your best. And what kind of LANGUAGE is that ANYWAY?

Man's voice: Dunno Captain. Sounds like an insect or something.

Radio: [Clicking and scratching] We are [Clicking]. We [More clicking] you.

Mandrill: I apologise, our translator is not functioning correctly? Can you please repeat?

Radio: [Clicking and scratching] We are [Clicking]. We [More clicking] you.

Man's voice: I've ran it through the translation matrix. I can't tell you WHO they are. That part's not translating, but

they're either saying, "We HELP you" or "We EAT you. "

Mandrill: Let's hope it's the FORMER then.

To unidentified ship. We welcome your help. Can you help us to reach our rescue ship?

Radio: [Clicking and scratching.] We [Clicking] you. You [More clicking] code.

Mandrill: Did you make that out?

Man's voice: I think they want us to give them our ACCESS code for the Engine Compartment. Just guessing though.

Mandrill: To unidentified ship. Do you have any spare engines on board? We only need a single ISR engine to reach our rescue ship. If you can help us, we'd be very grateful.

Radio: [Clicking and scratching.] We [Clicking] you. You [More clicking] code.

Mandrill: Okay, I'm transmitting the access code to you now. Thank you for your help, whoever you are. We are in your debt.

Man's voice: Captain, look. Someone is leaving their SHIP. He's got 2 ISR ENGINES with him.

[Static]

Sure enough, we saw a space-suited figure leave the ship, transporting what looked like 2 ISR engines ahead of him. I requested our cameras zoomed in on him and - as we suspected - he appeared to be some kind of giant INSECT. I knew that Humans were not the only species in the galaxy. There are giant cats and what appear to be giant wolves too among others, but a giant INSECT RACE? That was a new one on me.

Still, he seemed to be willing to help, so insect or not, we were MORE than grateful for his help.

We watched as his 'droids attached the new engines to the ship and connected it all to our computer. (This was what he needed our access codes for.)

As our computer came back to life, we heard...

[Static]

Radio: [clicking and scratching] We [Clicking] engines. You [More clicking] go now.

Mandrill: You have our thanks. Who ARE you anyway friend? We never got that part.

Radio: [Clicking and scratching]

Man's voice: Sorry captain, the translator just died on us. We're on our own language-wise.

Mandrill: To unidentified ship. We are unable to understand you any longer. I hope your translator works on your end. We thank you for your kind help. You have made a friend today.

If you contact Gaijin Intergalactic Transportation, they'll be sure to compensate you for your time and for the engines.

Radio: [Clicking and scratching]

Man's voice: Sorry Captain. Nothing I can give you.

[Static]

And with that the mysterious ship left the belt, passed Kyle's ship and jumped out of the system.

We managed - thanks to our new engines - to hop over to where Kyle had been patiently waiting for us.

We berthed our ship in his cargo bay and were warmly greeted by him and his crew. We stank to high-heaven, being trapped in our suits for a week and a half, but they didn't care, they were just glad to see us alive and well.

After a LOOOOONG shower, then an even LONGER bath, I joined Kyle in his quarters and we enjoyed that drink together with a real cooked meal while the rest of the crew got together in the mess to discuss what had happened. (And - no doubt - to bad-mouth Gaijin some.)

We jumped our way back to friendly space and docked back at base to be greeted by Gaijin. I slugged him SO hard, he landed on his ass.

"THAT'S for nearly KILLING us!!!" I shouted at him. He lay on the ground, looking at me, his lip bleeding. I then extended a hand and helped him up. "So how goes the pregnancy?" I asked as I put my arm around his shoulder.

"Nothing yet." He replied. "Old Doc' Miller says it's still early days and we shouldn't lose hope yet. "That's a hell of a right-hook you got there by the way."

"Hey, we're even now. I don't know WHO those insect-dudes were but we owe them our LIVES. I just wish we could have communicated PROPERLY with them. Anyway, when they contacts the office, give me a shout. I'd like to thank them PERSONALLY."

Our insectoid friends haven't yet called. But whoever they are, if you're listening to this transmission, I and my crew owe you our lives. Thank you.

Gaijin, you have the comm'.

Gaijin: Thanks Usa.

[Sound of chair reclining]

Well that was the tale of our little adventure. That's TWICE now I've nearly gotten one of my crews killed. I have GOT to be more CAREFUL.

I hope you enjoyed the story. If Mashita DOES fall pregnant, you, my dear friends, will be the first to know. Well after our families of course.

This is Gaijin the trader saying, be careful out there.

A Crew's Life Less Ordinary

Wednesday October 9th, 213

"So, how long do we have to sit on this gods-forsaken rock?"

Jake the ship's chief-engineer sat at the table with his friend Michiko drinking sake and playing poker.

Michiko, a beautiful woman of Japanese descent was the Navigation Officer on board the ship.

"Look, YOU'RE the C.E. You KNOW the answer already, now stop asking stupid QUESTIONS!"

Jake had always has a soft-spot for Michiko but he had decided that he valued her friendship too much to jeopardise it by trying a romantic liaison with her.

Romance on a ship this small was DOOMED to failure. Everyone was living cheek-by-jowl and if anyone had an ARGUMENT about something there wasn't REALLY anywhere to GO to be ALONE, so romance on ship was discouraged.

Michiko KNEW that Jake had feelings for her, but she too knew that - should anything HAPPEN and they were to fall OUT, then a good friendship could be lost.

"Okay 'little-girl'," Jake stressed that last part, knowing it would wind her up, "let's see your cards."

Michiko showed her hand, a full-house.

"GodsDAMMIT!!!" Jake cursed as he slammed his fist on the table. "AGAIN???"

Michiko smiled at him. "Looks like YOU are gonna be BUSY for...ooh, quite a WHILE I would say." She picked up the chits for things like 'Laundry Duty' and 'Cooking Meals' that they had been using for currency. "Oh AND you get the HONOUR of being my PERSONAL SLAVE while we're off-duty, for a WHOLE WEEK!!!" She said, grinning as she showed him that particular chit.

"You know ONE of these days, I'm gonna go OFF you Mich."

Michiko battered her eyelashes at him, "Aaaah, but I'm so CUTE!"

Jake HATED being teased, but he liked Michiko too much to be angry at her.

"Gods, these damnable ENGINES!" Jake growled again. "Three DAYS for them to RECHARGE? I wouldn't MIND if we were on a planet that had SOMETHING on it, but LOOK!" He pointed to the window. Nothing but white as far as the eye could see. "It's a damned ICE-CUBE!"

"Great for chilling DRINKS though." Michiko giggled. You just stick them in the airlock, open it to the outside for a few seconds, close it up again and voila, ice-cold drinks."

They headed back to their cabins to get some sleep. "Pleasant dreams Mich." Jake said, yawning.

"Not if you're in them." She laughed. "Catch ya later, 'old man'."

There wasn't THAT many years between them, but still they teased each other about their age.

Next morning, Michiko was sitting on Jake's bunk, eating a slice of toast and drinking a mug of coffee when the bell sounded for the start of their shift. "Well, back to work. Not that we can DO anything while we're stuck HERE!" Jake

moaned.

"Have fun." Michiko smiled at Jake as she left for the bridge.

Michiko entered the bridge and relieved the night-shift back-up Nav' Officer.

"Anything to report?" She asked, knowing the answer. There had been no life-signs from the scanners as they set down on the ice.

"Nope. Just white, white and more white." He yawned.

"Have a good sleep." Michiko said to him as she took her seat.

Just then the captain entered the bridge with his morning cup of Joe.

"Anything to report?" He asked.

"Nothing sir." Michiko informed him. "Night-shift says it was all quiet,"

"Well, with a bit of luck we'll be OFF this giant ice-cube first thing tomorrow." The captain said as he took a deep drink of coffee.

Down in the bowels of the ship, Jake was monitoring the engines. The energy gauge was slowly creeping up while the temperature gauge was slowly coming down.

"Morning chief." Sam, the deputy-engineer called cheerfully. "How did your game go with Miss Santo last night?"

"I'm sure she has a compartment in her arm where she hides cards." he grumbled.

"Lost again, eh chief? What is it THIS time?"

"Ah a few weeks of LAUNDRY duty and a WEEK as her personal SLAVE!"

Sam chuckled. "Hey, look at it THIS way chief. It might not be such a BAD thing being her slave."

"You don't know Michiko Santo. Oh she's a devious one, like ALL women. She'll have something particularly NASTY lined up for me."

Sam chuckled to himself as he began to strip a heating element that had begun to malfunction.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully.

After their shift, Jake met Michiko outside of her quarters. "Ah good afternoon SLAVE!" She giggled. "Oh I am gonna ENJOY this. You KNOW I don't like it when you call me 'little-girl'. I TOLD you I'd make you pay.

"Here is a list of chores I would like you to do."

Jake examined the list. "WHAT? This will take me all WEEK!"

"Well it's a good job I've GOT you for a week then, isn't it?" She grinned.

Jake grumbled under his breath. "It's a good job I LIKE you Santo!"

"Ah look at it this way, Jakey-boy. Life without the Santo would be just plain BORING!"

He had to admit, she had a point there. He remembered when they had first met. She had been sitting at the bar in the Rec' Fac' on Shiva. She was drinking neat Scotch.

He sat next to her and struck up a conversation. As it turned out they actually had quite a bit in common and - although she could match him drink for drink - she didn't seem to lose control as most people did when they were drunk.

Then that guy had tried it on with her. A big, burly marine-looking type. All muscle and no brains.

"Hey baby!!!" The guy growled at her. "You're gonna bring your pretty little self back to my hotel room and I'm gonna show you the time of your LIFE!!!"

Jake was just about to intervene when Michiko caught his eye, She very slightly shook her head to indicate, 'No.'

Then the guy had made the mistake of trying to GRAB Michiko.

She moved so FAST that Jake hadn't even seen her get UP. Before he knew what had happened, Michiko had grabbed the marine's arm and rammed it all the way up his back and slammed his face into the bar.

The guy's friend was slow to react but Michiko knew that it wouldn't take THAT long for his brain to engage.

She looked at Jake and said, "NOW you can help!"

Jake, still half-stunned, looked at the SECOND marine and punched him as hard as he could. It made absolutely NO difference. It was as if a FLY had landed on the guy's chin.

The marine grinned at Jake and pulled back his huge arm to hit Jake back.

Michiko said, "Oh my gods. What are you a SCHOOL-GIRL??? THIS is how you PUNCH someone!!!"

She was only a tiny, slim little thing and yet when she punched that second marine, she sent him horizontal, flying backwards to smash the table behind him.

"How did you DO that?" Jake shouted at her.

"Never mind, let's get out of here. It STINKS in here all of a sudden." She threw some stellars onto the bar to cover the damage and they left together.

They went back to Jake's hotel room but spent the entire night just drinking and talking. They laughed, told tales of their exploits on different ships and then realised that their next assignment was on the same SHIP.

Michiko told him that she had just been hired by Gaijin Intergalactic Transportation as a Navigation Officer. Jake told her that he had worked for the company for just over 7 months now and it was a good company to work for. He had never met Gaijin personally, but had heard that he was a fair employer and had no complaints himself.

"So how in the HELL did you DO that?" Jake swung his arm to imitate knocking out the marine.

"Ah, that's just something my old dad showed me when I was little. He always said that a girl should be able to PROTECT herself.

"He said that my size or strength and the other person's SIZE had no RELEVANCE, if I knew just how to strike the blow. He also taught me how to play poker, in case you're ever up for a game in our downtime."

Jake had smiled at this. He always fancied himself, quite the poker master and looked forward to taking her on.

Since then they had had a number of 'adventures' together. Mostly involving bar-room brawls, but a few stories involving the 'Pleasure-Pits Of Hannahannas.'

They had come so CLOSE to KISSING each other once when drunk, but always the thought that they had to live almost cheek-to-cheek next to each other intervened and they never took it past the 'friendship' stage.

Then of course Michiko did something that cemented their friendship forever. She saved Jake's LIFE.

Once the ship had been sitting in the docks of a city, waiting while the engines recharged. Jake and Michiko had decided to take a trip out of the city for the day as they were going to be there for a few days anyway.

Well as they trekked through a particularly dense jungle, Jake had excused himself whilst he 'relieved' himself. Michiko had walked on.

But just a few seconds later, Jake screamed and disappeared into the jungle.

Michiko ran after him to see him being dragged along by a huge beast which had some sort of tentacles dragging behind it, one of which was wrapped around Jake's leg and was DRAGGING him. Michiko ran after them.

After a short time, the beast slowed then stopped and turned to face Jake. It's wide maw lined with razor-sharp teeth. It slowly approached Jake, pulling him closer with its tentacles.

Jake fought as hard as he could but he had nothing with him that would HELP. A bit of an oversight when one is heading into jungle terrain.

Just as the creature dragged Jake within biting distance, Jake closed his eyes and awaited death, but it never came.

He opened his eyes to see the creature's head impaled by a wooden spear, held by Michiko.

"Sorry I'm late." She said to him as sweat poured down her face, "Had to get a bit of HEIGHT to make sure I got through ugly's HEAD here. It looked a bit THICK and I figured that - strong as these branches ARE - they might not have gone THROUGH if I didn't have the height.

Since then, they were the strongest of friends. Jake would give his LIFE for Michiko Santo.

That didn't mean that he was happy about this list she had given him. What did she EXPECT a Luxury CABIN?

As she headed down to the mess, she said, "Have fun old man.", leaving Jake to grumble as he set about her tasks.

Oh, one of these days. One of these days he'd win and he'd win BIG, then he'd give HER a list of nasty duties to perform...

Jake set about fixing the wheezing noise in her waste-disposal. He had a long job ahead of him.

Gaijin...The Beginning...

Monday October 21st, 213

Gaijin walked into the office and sat down. The man sitting across the desk from him gave away nothing. He examined Gaijin with an inscrutable eye.

Gaijin broke the stretching silence. "Thank you for seeing me, Mr...?"

"Names are not important at this juncture." The man said in reply.

"So what can I do for you?"

Gaijin had no idea why he had been asked to come to this office. He didn't even know what COMPANY this was. Two days ago, this building had been EMPTY. Suddenly, someone had moved IN and the next day he had received a communique requesting that he attend an interview that would be beneficial to him. Curiosity had gotten the better of him.

"We would like to help you Mr..."

"Gaijin will be sufficient." Gaijin cut in. No-one uses my second name.

"Very well...Gaijin. We have a proposition for you."

"Who's we?"

"I represent an...'interested party'. You see we've been watching you and we believe that we may have a proposition that will be beneficial to us both.

"You see we know that you have a knack for finding bargains and making a profit. This interests my clients immensely."

"And just who ARE your 'clients'?"

"They would prefer to remain anonymous at this time. They have made some mistakes in the past and do not wish to REPEAT those mistakes. If you are successful, then they may choose to reveal themselves to you at a later date."

"Okay, okay. Enough with the cloak-and-dagger. What's this 'proposal', then?"

"We would like to present you with a ship. You will travel the galaxy, buying and selling goods and making a profit. You will form a company and you will build it up."

"And what exactly do your 'clients' get out of this? I suppose I have to pay them a portion of my profits, do I?"

"No. All your profits will be your own. What you DO is up to you. If you choose a different path, that is entirely your

prerogative. My clients suggest you stick to your strengths however and you have proven yourself to be a most adept trader."

"So what about the ship? How am I supposed to PAY for it?"

"The ship will be yours. We will supply a minimal crew. My clients will require only that you make successful trades. They have business interests everywhere and the more money YOU make, the more money THEY make. All you have to do is trade and make money. Do you accept?"

Gaijin thought about this. His father had given him rules to live by when he was young. One of those rules was, 'If something LOOKS too good to be true, it probably IS too good to be true.'

Yet he could see nothing untoward with this arrangement. If they truly WERE going to supply him with a ship that would be his and his alone, then he would play along with them...at least for now...

"Okay. You've got a deal." Gaijin reached across the table to shake the man's hand.

"Excellent." The man looked at Gaijin's proffered hand. "I'm sorry Gaijin. I have a thing about physical contact."

Gaijin withdrew his hand. "Oh, okay. So where is this ship then?"

"She's right outside. This building will - from this point on - be your offices. I suggest you come up with a company name. Something catchy that will let customers know what it is you do.

"Also, this is the best office in the building. I suggest you claim it as your own."

The man stood, walked around the desk and opened the door. This place is yours now. Congratulations. I'll be in touch at a later date. Good luck."

The man then walked out of the door and closed it behind him, leaving Gaijin standing there alone in the office.

Gaijin walked through the building to find it was now deserted. He was completely alone. He walked to the front-door and looked outside. The vehicles that were parked outside were gone.

He made his way through to the back of the building where something caught his eye out of the window.

He made his way to the back door and looked out at the most beautiful ship he had ever seen.

She was second-hand and the paint was a little chipped in places, but she was HIS. No question. He walked to the bay doors and placed his hand on the reader. It beeped once and the bay doors opened.

He walked into his ship and looked around. She was small, but she was HIS. She had a cargo hold that was large enough to start doing some basic runs...that was good.

He made his way to the bridge and checked out the consoles. He had NO idea how ANY of them worked. He looked at the captain's chair and sat down. The seat sighed as it took his weight. He could get USED to THIS.

He had a SHIP! He was actually going to get to FLY around the GALAXY! Up until now he hadn't even left his TOWN except for that one time when the town 50 clicks away had had a problem with a burst sewage pipe which contaminated their water supply.

He had been quick to get hold of a few tankers of water which he had delivered to the grateful town. Although it was an altruistic act, the mayor had INSISTED that Gaijin be compensated adequately. The money he gained from that had been MOST welcome.

But now he had a SHIP! All he needed was a name for his new-founded company.

He thought about what he wanted to do and immediately the name came to him...

Gaijin Intergalactic Transportation.

It said it all. It was perfect.

He pressed a few buttons on the arm-rest of the captain's chair and the ship buzzed into life. Worried in case it took off with him alone in the cockpit, he quickly removed his hand.

A voice said to him, "Greetings Gaijin. I am the ship's computer. How may I help you?"

"You can TALK? Okay...show me my new assets."

A display sprung to life on one of the consoles showing him how much cargo space the ship had, how many Stellars he had, the status of the ship...everything he needed to know. He was going to ENJOY this...but he had a LOT of WORK to do before he could even take OFF...

3 days later, he had registered the company name with the local government offices; a sign-maker had put up a fancy sign outside his building; new computers and office furniture had been delivered and he had a crew for his ship.

He had hired a few Naplians to begin with as he had heard a rumour that they were adept at researching and - looking at LONG-term goals FIRST, he had thought that they might be able to HELP him.

He had hired a staff for his offices to handle the clerical and logistical side of the company and he was ready for the off.

His first ventures were...not exactly successful. Still finding his proverbial feet, he had already lost a number of crew and his ship had been damaged.

He had managed to scrape together a small profit however, but his goal of being a mogul would not come as easily as he had hoped.

He had replaced the Naplian crew with a Human crew as he felt that he got along better with his own kind. He had nothing AGAINST non-Humans, he just felt more comfortable dealing with his own species.

The main drawback was that he had not yet been able to open a galactic account for his finances. All his funds were tied to each ship's computer. If he lost a ship, he lost all of the Stellars that were in that ship's computer bank.

After a couple of weeks of trading however, his total balance was GROWING. He had been in contact with a number of galactic affiliations and had decided to join one called the Association of Free Traders, or AFT for short. They most suited his goals, both short and long-term.

They had kindly supplied him with more and bigger ships with which to trade and so his profits could now grow at a faster rate.

Next stop, building his own base, complete with the best damned bar the galaxy had ever SEEN.

Soon, he would get there...soon...

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 16

Thursday October 31st, 213

Greetings once again my friends. So it has been a while since I have recorded anything but at last I have good news to share with you all. Mashita is finally pregnant. Old Doc Miller confirmed just the other day that she is pregnant and it's going to be a BOY!!! Son of Gaijin. We haven't thought of a name yet, but I am leaning toward Usa, in honour of my friend and employee Usa Mandrill, whom - along with his crew - I almost accidentally killed.

Also, it has been brought to my attention that not everyone accesses my transmissions by audio. Apparently a lot of people have a transcription of my recordings and they read them when they're either off-duty or sitting on a planet waiting for something to happen.

With that in mind, I also understand that a number of people have been mispronouncing both my name and Usa's, so I'll say it phonetically so everyone knows how they're pronounced. My name is pronounced Guy-Jin. That's with a soft 'J' not a hard 'J' like in the drink 'gin'.

Usa's name is pronounced 'Oosa' not 'You-sa'. He asked me to point that out as apparently he now has a small number of female fans who learned of his exploits and he's sick of them calling him 'You-sa'.

So there you go. That's the pronunciation sorted.

Now some of you may be wondering why I was named Gaijin. You can thank my father for that. He's always been obsessed with old Earth and in particular, an old country named Japan. Long ago, they were a secluded people, big on honour and they considered all outsiders, particularly Westerners as 'Gaijin' or - for want of a better word - 'foreigner'. Because they were so secluded however and they considered Westerners to be barbaric and uncivilised, the name 'Gaijin' became synonymous with 'Barbarian'. Over time however, it merely came to mean 'Westerner'.

When I was a small boy, my father would often regale me with tales of the Samurai of old Japan, of their code and their exploits.

He would say to me, "Remember, my son, the Japanese aren't the ONLY ones who have a code of honour. We are descended from a line of warriors from old Earth who had their OWN code of honour. They were not as famous as the Samurai, but they were fierce fighters nevertheless.

I, however, never had the spirit of a fighter. Commerce was always my first love. Many a time, I would help out in the local grocery store, learning the trade. Mr. Juntal would sometimes show me how he kept the books and he'd - after a time - let me serve the occasional customer.

This is what fuelled my love of trade and made me want to become a trader myself. Always, to the stars I looked however. Day-after-day, year-after-year, I knew that ships plied their trade up their among those glowing balls of fire, moving goods from system-to-system.

Empires would rise and fall. Corporations would expand and collapse. Always however, there was new blood to take their place.

I dreamed of doing just that. Starting my own intergalactic business and making it GROOOOW!!! And now, that's exactly what I am doing.

I am FINALLY ready to take my place among the elite of the galaxy. Soon a base will be built by my staff, and - when it's all ready and everything is in place, it will have its grand opening.

Maybe, one day, I will show my son how to manage the business, so that he can take the reins from me when it is finally time for me to retire.

So, that is all for this transmission my friends. Just wanted to pop on and give you all the good news. In approximately seven and a half to eight months time, my baby boy will be born. I'll keep you all posted if anything happens.

This is Gaijin saying, be careful, but be lucrative.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 17

Friday December 6th, 213

Welcome back my friends. Well, the more observant of you will have noticed that I have changed my transmission name. The main reason for this is because A] People were called me either MasterGaijin or Master Gaijin; and B] Mashita pointed out to me that it made it seem like I was being a little...pretentious...adding Master to the beginning of my name. So now, it's just plain old Gaijin.

Well, I record this today, not from my usual offices, but from a NEW location. I have been granted governorship of a STARBASE!!! Yes, that's right folks, those good people on the AFT High Council finally relented to my bombardment

of requests and granted me a moth-balled base to run as I see fit.

I have only been in charge for less than a week now and have yet to digest all the information in the base's computer.

I spent the first day putting up new signs, letting people know that the base was under new management and was now under the control of G.I.T.

As the sign-fitters were putting up the signs, a number of my ships docked and the crews all congratulated me on my new management opportunity.

I decided to give them a tour of the base, since I myself had yet to explore more than the front offices. Well let me tell you all, this place is HUGE!!! I have just placed an order for a mini-hover-buggy to allow me to get around the place quickly.

Well on our tour, we came across a DETENTION CENTRE! Intrigued, I looked in to be confronted by a number of Kastorian GUARDS! After being THREATENED by them, I managed to convince them that I was their new EMPLOYER. Once they knew this, they were more amenable...SLIGHTLY more amenable.

They told me that they were guarding PRISONERS! Well, I am no gaoler. After checking up on the protocol for releasing prisoners, I have transmitted a statement on the grid, telling everyone which prisoners are being held at my base.

I am pleased to announce now that the former prisoners are now RELEASED from captivity and have been recuperating in my medical facilities. The gods only know what they have suffered at the hands of those brutish Kastorians. They refused to talk of either their alleged crimes, nor of their time in captivity. I honoured them by not pushing the matter.

The way I look at it is, whatever crimes these people were guilty of, they have paid their dues by now, It is time to send them back to be with their people and return them to their families. Especially after being 'guarded' by those Kastorians. Well after we left the detention facility, we continued on our tour. We came across a casino, bar, restaurant and shopping complex. It was all closed down.

I took my crews into one of the bars and pulled down the dust-covers. I poured us all a round of drinks and we talked about what we had seen of the place so far.

We hadn't even penetrated 1/10 into the base and already we were exhausted from walking. To be fair, the majority of the rest of the base was factory complexes which I will take a tour of when my buggy arrives.

There are many, many employees working for me at this base. On Monday, I will gather them all together and give them a speech outlining the new direction the base will be taking now that it is under new management.

Soon I will be reopening the market to allow fellow traders to buy my produce and to sell their wares to me. I will be refitting the recreational facilities to a high standard and then - when they are ready - I will be opening the base up to the general public. The only people who will be banned will be pirates and mercenaries. I run a clean joint and I don't want those scum causing trouble with the others in my base.

The pirates are scum by nature, the mercenaries - in my opinion - are no better, having lost 2 of my ships and their crews to these mercenary scum.

The down-side is, since I am going to be tied up in this base for at least the next few weeks, I will see very little of my wife. I will of course be in constant video-contact with her, but I'm afraid that - until I can get everything running to my specifications - I will be sleeping alone in the base. Mashita wanted to come with me, but this base is no place for a pregnant lady, so I insisted that she remain safely at home.

She did however make one special trip just the other day, as reported by a Ms. Skeeter. I insisted that she travel in my Luxury Cabin-equipped ship. This is supposed to be for regal or diplomatic personnel, I would wish for nothing LESS for the mother of my children and the love of my life. (No snide comments please.)

We joined Ms Luvsitt in 'The Jiggly Room' for a round of drinks. We are good friends with Ms Luvsitt who has helped my business when I was struggling to get it off the ground.

Contrary to the 'rumours' that Ms. Skeeter was trying to spread however, the AFT - as far as this trader knows - is as firm as ever and THIS trader has NO intention of 'jumping ship' as she so eloquently put it.

I will be back with Mashita well before my son is due to be born. I just have to get my head around all these reports.

Well my friends, I will keep you updated on how my new base progresses.

May all your trades be lucrative.

This is Gaijin the trader, signing off.

Journal of a would-be mogul Part 18

Sunday December 15th, 213

Greetings my friends. For today's tale, I think I'll have to play you the recordings from security. For those of you who receive my transmissions as text, I assume the computer will fill in the blanks.

Hang on, while I work this thing.

[Sounds of footsteps then a click]

Okay, are you sitting comfortably? Then we shall begin...

On-screen, Gaijin walks into view accompanied by a second man.

Gaijin: "Thanks for doing this doc'. I could have used the translator, but it sounds so...artificial...and seeing as how these people have been locked up for gods-only-know how long, I figured they'd prefer a personal touch...a living translator.

Doctor: That's okay. It's perfectly understandable. Have you any idea why they were incarcerated in the FIRST place?

Gaijin: No idea. Whatever they did though, I'm sure they've paid their debt. Especially after being guarded by those bloody Kastorians.

Doctor: Hmm, yes. They are a brutish people. Once you understand them however, they are MUCH easier to deal with.

Gaijin opens a door and beckons the man to enter. Sounds of shouting in strange alien language is heard.

Camera-view switches to detention-facility.

Doctor shouts at Kastorians in their own language. One of them pulls out a hand-gun and points it at the doctor.

The doctor shouts at the Kastorian...apparently VERY angrily.

The Kastorian looks at the doctor with a look of contempt, but then holsters his weapon.

Doctor: Okay Gaijin. You can come in now.

Gaijin enters the detention-facility.

Gaijin: What did you SAY to them?

Doctor: Oh this and that. Yo have to be STRONG with these people. They only respect those who stand up to them. If you show ANY signs of weakness, they'll eat you alive. Not necessarily LITERALLY mind you, but I wouldn't like to put it to the test.

Gaijin: Tell them they can leave here now. They're no longer needed here. Tell them to report to security.

Doctor speaks to the Kastorians in their own language.

The Kastorians walk out, throwing a look of contempt at Gaijin and the doctor before they leave.

Gaijin: How come you know so many alien LANGUAGES anyway, Doc'?

Doctor: Oh, I find it helps in my line of work. Some patients don't LIKE conversing using the translator and I've sometimes had a LOT of time on my hands when travelling between systems, so I decided to learn some of the alien languages. It wasn't that difficult actually. Although I did have a little trouble getting the Hive language down perfect.

Gaijin: Doc', your a marvel.

Gaijin pulls a card-key from his pocket and inserts it into the computer, the force-field on the first cell is deactivated. Inside the cell are a bunch of Felini. They huddle in the corner of the cell when the field is deactivated.

The doctor steps into the cell, gently, showing no signs of aggression. He begins conversing with the Felini prisoners in their own language.

Gaijin: What did you say?

Doctor: I told them they need no longer be afraid. The Kastorians will no longer bother them.

One of the Felini, a tall male, stands up and begins speaking. The doctor translates.

Felini: Who are you? What do you WANT from us?

Gaijin: My name is Gaijin. I am the new governor of this base. I am here to offer you all your freedom. Whatever crime or crimes you may or may not have committed are all in the past now.

Felini: We are FREE? NO! This is a TRICK!!! You only wish to try to BREAK us by offering us HOPE and then those BEASTS will come back to TORTURE us again!!!

Gaijin: I assure you my friends, this is no trick. You are all now free people. This man - translating for me - is my chief physician. He will take you all back to the medical-facilities and check you all out to make sure you are all okay.

Felini: If this is true, then we thank you. Long have we suffered at the hands of those beasts.

Gaijin: I will call some of my staff. They will lead you to the medical-facility. If you will all wait there, the doctor will be with you all as soon as possible. We just need to convey the good news to the other species.

Felini: Thank you. You are a good man. We have had some dealings with Humans in the past. Some good, some bad. I am glad that you are one of the good ones.

A number of base-staff appear and lead the Felini out of the detention facility.

Gaijin presses a button on the computer and the force-field on the second cell is deactivated.

Inside this cell are a number of Falconians. They too look frightened and subdued. The doctor once again enters the cell and converses in their own language. One of the Falconians stands up.

Doctor: Okay, they're ready to listen to you. Oh and this one is female, by the way.

Once again, the doctor translates.

Falconian: Who are you? Are you here to torture us also? What have you done with the Felines in the next cell? Where have you taken them. ANSWER me!

Gaijin: Please calm down. My name is Gaijin. I am the new governor of this base and I am here to offer you your freedom.

Falconian: Freedom? You LIE!!! WHERE have you taken the Felines?

Gaijin: I assure you, it is the truth. I know not why you were imprisoned here, but you are now free.

Falconian: Imprisoned? TREACHERY, I say!!! No crimes did we commit, yet here we spend our time with those creatures, taunting us, TORTURING us!!!

Gaijin: I am sorry for the treatment you have received at their hands. It will happen no more. You are now free. This person is my chief-physician. He will be taking you to our medical facility, where you will be well taken care of.

The Falconian looks at Gaijin...appraising him.

Falconian: Very well. We shall trust you, but if you DECEIVE us, YOU will be the FIRST to die.

Gaijin: Understood. Please go with my people. They will show you the way to the medical-facility.

More men enter and lead the Falconians out of the detention-facility.

Gaijin: Okay, just two cells left.

Gaijin presses a third button and the third force-shield is deactivated.

Upon deactivation of the field, a Hive jumps forward and ATTACKS the doctor. Quickly he speaks to the Hive, making strange noises. The Hive, just about to bite into the doctor's throat, pauses. It says something to him.

They converse back and forth, all the while the Hive is on top of the doctor. Gaijin stands ready, held back only by the doctor's insistence that he should remain well back.

Inside the cell, a number of Hive watch to see what transpires.

Finally, the Hive that attacked the doctor climbs off him and stands back.

The doctor stands up and regains his composure. He speaks to the Hive in a strange clicking and scratching sound.

Gaijin: Doc'?

Doctor: It's okay. He thought we were leading the prisoners away to be EXECUTED. I have explained the situation to...well...it, I suppose. I can't tell whether it is male or female and it doesn't wish to TELL me. Go ahead, I'll translate again.

Gaijin: I mean you no harm. My name is Gaijin. I am the new governor of this base and I am here to offer you all your freedom.

Hive: Freedom? Why should we BELIEVE you? You Humans all look the SAME to us. How do we know you are not the one who IMPRISONED us in the FIRST place?

Gaijin: Please believe me. I am a man of honour, I will not lie to you. The Felini and the Falconians are on their way to our medical-facility. This man is our doctor. He will be tending to you all until such time as you decide where you want to go.

The Hive examines the doctor carefully.

Hive: You are Human and yet you speak our language?

Doctor: Yes, I am fully trained in Xeno-Biology. I believe that learning the languages of my patients and conversing with them in their own language facilitates a sense of trust and calmness.

Hive: You do us honour by speaking to us in our own tongue, although you have a strange accent.

The doctor laughs at this.

Hive: I apologise for attacking you. I thought we were to be led to our deaths. Yes, we will go to this medical facility that you speak of. You will heal our people.

A third group of employees lead the Hive-members away.

Gaijin: Last one Doc'.

Gaijin presses the computer for a fourth time.

The last cell deactivates. Inside is another Hive. This one is alone however. It begins speaking and the doctor translates again.

Hive: I heard what you said there to those other members of my race.

Gaijin: Why are you alone? Why weren't you in the other cell with your people?

Hive: I am an OFFICER. I do not associate with lesser beings. Even in captivity, I am entitled to my own accommodation, even if it IS a filthy cell. So do you speak the TRUTH? Am I truly FREE now?

Gaijin: Yes. Since you are the last prisoner, we will accompany you ourselves to the medical-facility.

Hive: Very well. Lead the way Human.

The scene disappears and when it returns, we see all the different species sitting in groups in the medical-facility. Some of them are hooked up to machines, others are eating from trays of different kinds of food.

Gaijin walks in and greets the doctor.

Gaijin: So Doc'. How are our patients today?

Doctor: Recovering quickly. The tortures inflicted on them all by the Kastorian guards left few physical wounds, but the MENTAL wounds will take LONGER to heal, I'm afraid. Anyway, I've been chatting with the spokesperson from each specie and they have all agreed that they wish to return home to their own people. They long to see their loved ones once more. Many of them have children that they haven't seen for quite some time.

Gaijin: Of course, of course. I'll arrange transportation for them. I anticipated this and have taken the liberty of contacting their races, to arrange delivery of these folks to their own people.

Doctor: Well, as you can see, they are all weary and wish only to return to their homes. The Hive have regressed to a youngling-state. Don't worry, this is perfectly normal for their specie. I have been taking good care of them. There is one thing. The Hive officer, it wishes to speak to you personally.

Gaijin: It didn't revert?

Doctor: No. It said it was a member of a clan called the OPS. I haven't heard of them, so I allowed it to use the computer system. Apparently, the OPS have disbanded. Most of them were absorbed into the Flagritz Empire, the rest were absorbed into the Hexamon.

Gaijin: Hmm, I have been in contact with a representative of the Hexamon and I have arranged for the Hive to be returned to them, I was assured that they will be well looked after.

Doctor: The thing is...I'll let the officer tell you itself.

Gaijin walks over to the Hive officer.

Gaijin: Is there a problem?

Officer: I do not wish to be returned either to the Flagritz or to the Hexamon.

Gaijin: Do you not wish to return to your own people?

Officer: No. We Hive are not like you Humans. Not all of us crave our own specie. I have been having a long discussion with your physician. Just as he has taken it upon himself to learn about other races, I too would like to study Humans - and the races you interact with - more closely.

Gaijin: You wish to remain HERE?

Officer: If it pleases you, I would like to come and work for you. To which clan do YOU belong?

Gaijin: Well, we don't have CLANS per se, but I am a member of the AFT. We are a bunch of traders and explorers.

Officer: And the others in the AFT, they are honourable too?

Gaijin: Yes, of course. I have received MUCH help from them over time.

Officer: Then I hereby pledge my allegiance to the AFT. I will work for you, friend Gaijin. In your employ, I shall learn MUCH of the other races.

Gaijin: Then I welcome you to the fold. I'll see if I can find a ship for you to command. It may not be glamorous, but it won't be boring.

Officer: Thank you. I look forward to my new commission.

Screen fades. [Clicking sound is heard.]

So there you go. As I stated in my last transmission, I freed the prisoners and they have been well looked after. I must apologise to them for the delay in their repatriation. I only have one personnel carrier at my disposal and she had been tied up transporting other personnel, but she is back now and currently undergoing maintenance. So the freed prisoners will soon be back with their loved ones once more.

The freed officer, having pledged his allegiance to the AFT, I must not find a ship for him...it?...to command. He/she/it will make a fine addition to my crews.

I'll be back soon with more news as soon as anything notable happens.

This is Gaijin the trader, saying, you need to speculate to accumulate.

Go in peace my friends...Gaijin.

A Quick Update

Tuesday December 17th, 213

Greetings my friends. Just a quick update for those of you following my exploits and follies. The first batch of the freed prisoners have been reunited with their loved ones. Alas I was unable to make the journey personally as I have WAY to much to do here on the base, although I was in video link.

First thing this morning, the now-free-people all breakfasted in one of my restaurants - my chef prepared meals tailored to each specie - and then they all boarded my personnel transport.

As the Felini were both the first batch of prisoners to be released, and the Felini representative was also the first to contact me, (plus the drop-off was close anyway), I delivered them first.

My ship jumped to the designated system and we were greeted by the standard message. My captain contacted the Felini base as they were moving through the system and confirmed that everything was prepared for their arrival. As the ship pulled up into the local-space of the base, the Hiport - (a kind of space elevator connecting the planet's surface to the planet's orbit) - arrived and on board were a number of Felini. As it docked to our ship's airlock, the freed Felini were growing more and more anxious. When the pressure had equalised and the airlock door opened, the freed Felini were greeted warmly by those who had come to receive them. It was a very emotional moment. One of the Felini pulled out a video-pad which displayed the smiling face of a young feline, a child. The child spoke and my translator kicked in. He simply said, "Papa, I've missed you SO MUCH!!!"

I decided not to intrude on these people's privacy any longer and disconnected the audio. As the last of the Felini boarded the Hiport elevator, the airlock was closed and the elevator disconnected and began its long descent back to the planet's surface. Just then my comm' buzzed. It was the male Felini who had spoken to me at the cells. He said, "Thank you Gaijin. You kept your word and we shall not forget this day. You are truly a Human of honour. We are in your debt." I told him that no debt was necessary. I was simply doing what was right.

My captain told me that he would be ready to deliver the second batch tomorrow morning as soon as the engines had had a chance to recharge.

So that's one down, two to go. Lots of families have now been reunited and - hopefully - the galaxy is a little happier this day.

More updates tomorrow.
Go in peace my friends.
This is Gaijin, signing off.

A festive update

Saturday December 28th, 213

Greetings my friends. I trust you all had a good time over Christmas and for those of you who do not celebrate Christmas, I hope you all had a relaxing time too.

To our non-human friends, I hope whatever celebrations you have either went or will go with much fun and happiness. I send this message from my home, rather than the base as all our family are here, staying with us for the week. I just want to let you all know that the last of the freed prisoners were safely delivered to their people and were able to spend this time with their loved ones as I had hoped.

There were some delays as I underestimated the distances between the various drop-off planets but it is now done. As you know, the Felini were the first to be delivered. After that, my ship made her way to a Hexamon base where the reverted Hive were welcomed.

As they were transferred the Hexamon representative said something which translated as, "We are the Hexamon. We send greetings to the honourable individual known as Gaijin. We thank you for delivering these young to us and we shall see that they are looked after and are given a place in our collective. That is all."

Not much for speeches, the Hexamon, but nice folk nevertheless.

After that, the final drop-off was with the Falconians.

They were transferred safely back to their own people and were warmly welcomed as they stepped onto the Hiport elevator.

The Falconian representative thanked us for delivering their people safely back to them and then my ship came back home so that her crew could take their leave to be with THEIR families over Christmas and the holidays.

Here at home, things have been hectic but fun. Mashita wanted to cook the Christmas lunch, but in her condition I was having none of it. I hired a catering firm to cook a splendid Christmas lunch for us all the day before and my father and I served on the day.

Gifts were exchanged, silly party hats were worn and crackers were pulled.

After a fantastic feast, washed down with double helpings of Christmas Pudding and plenty of port, we all relaxed.

Mashita wasn't drinking anything because of her pregnancy, but she enjoyed the fruit punch that we had served up for the kids. (My brother's and sister's little ones.)

I'll be home until next week to celebrate the New Year. It is an old Earth custom that dates back many centuries. After which I shall be returning to the base to make sure everything is back up and running again.

I never did mention. When I first took over the base, I had a chat with the employees of the base. There were LOADS of them. I didn't realise I had taken on such a responsibility. Anyway, a makeshift stage was set-up with a microphone so that everyone could see and hear me.

I told them that only some minor changes would be made for now. The factories would be mostly shut down

temporarily. The research lab's would be unaffected and would be allowed to continue uninterrupted. I authorised construction of a couple of new facilities that I had been considering and then I asked them if there were any questions or complaints. There was a hovering microphone which was able to travel to anyone who I chose to speak with. One man asked if the market would still be open. I told him that - temporarily - the market was closed. I would be shipping some products to sell at other bases using my own fleet, but other than that, nothing would be coming in or going out. Than a Hive employee raised his/her hand. The mic' translated for me. It asked if I was going to hire any new staff. It said that it enjoyed working at the base, but that everyone was overworked because there simply weren't enough personnel to COPE. That started a few people shouting. When I finally called for silence, one man spoke up. He said there were more SECURITY personnel than there were EMPLOYEES. I told him that that was the situation as I inherited it and that you could never be too careful when thinking about security. I told them that I would be looking to rectify the situation however by buying some Employees from different markets so that soon they would be fully staffed once more. Other than that, it was just basic worker's gripes.

Well my friends, I've just been told that a movie is about to begin and so I bid you all adieu and wish you all a very happy New Year. Here's to even greater profits in the year to come. This is Gaijin signing off.

Armand's Blog

Council Shenanigans

Sunday January 6th, 213

Once the significant lords opening statements had been made it appeared to Armand that a broad concensus had been reached agreeing individual lords plans in their respective domains while acknowledging the inevitability and direction of future warfare. The Wolf Baron Armand took the floor and summed up the discussions. This would be the cue for the return of the High Lord Magnus, even more drinking and singing besides.

Elite cleaning squads were sent in to restore the council chambers to their imposing best. Bodies were removed and the less heroic stains scoured from every surface. Bleary lords returned to their clans and retinues and readied their finest combat gear. Armand returned to his flagship and begun a routine consultation with the House Magpie oracles. The results were baffling.

Days later the pristine chambers were again starting to fill as huddles of Deweik puzzled over the absence of the High Lord and indeed of the loss of his strong telepathic presence. Something unknown had removed the mighty warrior from the aether. A leadership vacuum was not to be tolerated however and combatting factions would soon start to form again.

Armand looked around at his own paltry retinue - overconfident and cocky perhaps he had only brought 100 Falconian marines. Yet virtually the whole of the Deweik warfleet orbited the falconian homeworld, in range of its huge platforms. If he survived the next few days he would be in a strong position to decide the new High Lord. Now who should it be?

Leaving

Sunday April 7th, 213

Armand glanced quickly around the communication room as if to fix it in his mind. He hoped this would be his last time here. The annex of the huge and oppressive Deweik council building had been his home for far too long and now other matters were pressing.

The omens were obvious and things were badly amiss both here and at home. He answeered a few last communique before he laft though this left him thoroughly depressed.

Falconian scientists were still at an impasse with their own designs. He was filled with scorn for them. They needed to go beyond mimicing others and find their own paths.

The bone shaman on Falconia was demanding his attention again. Did he really need her to tell him the symbolism of recent events. The stargate closing between Deweik and Falconian space (with him on the Deweik side). The breakaway group in Yank. The plague on Janthe. The new opportunities opening up to corewards. As he listened to her monologue his eyes drifted around the projection of her quarters. Skins, furs, bones lay all around together with some ceremonial weaponry and robes. A small number of action figures displayed on a shelf - surely she was too old for these now. He listened with growing irritation and then severed the connection.

Dusting himself down with pepper he finally left the room and headed for the space port. Increased security was much

evident and he had a brief chuckle as the sniffer Dewiek contorted with a series of sneezes before letting him pass. The rage was evident in the Dewieks eyes and posture but the path to ripping apart this annoying little bird would be blocked by skords. Dewiek were poor sport for his jests mused Armand. Only the young cubs understood the subtleties he performed for their entertainment. He would be glad to part company with these ill formed beings and their ravaged homeworld.

Orbital Landings

Friday April 19th, 213

A sudden impact and Armand was thrown across the vessel and slammed into the wall with a force that rattled the hidden blades under his wings. He looked around startled as crew flew to his assistance. Were they under attack? Yet the vessel carried on its orbit, no alarms warbled, nothing had happened.

"Fooled you!" He said and faked a trip. He did not want to spook his crew on this ghostly ship. They needed all their efforts to work the blocky crystalline controls designed for the strength of a Dewiek and to bypass the empathic controls.

In his cabin he took stock and dismissed the incident. Probably a stray gravity beam from some Dewiek cub prodigies experiment.

As usual a chorus of songs from his communicator vied for his attention. Among them one he had not heard for a while, that stirred him from his ennui. He had first heard the summons of the senate while falling from grace with the Brotherhood. He smiled wryly, still falling there. He had answered the senate then and would have to answer now. After all, he was Consul!

The summons to vote was a puzzle as the senate had fallen to disuse as initial enthusiasm waned and attendance fell far below quorum. A second mystery to pile upon the first. Adding his inflection to the song and the cabin became the senate building on Falconia. He surveyed the packed building from the consuls perch with surprise. The bone shaman was on the nearest perch and clasped a vulture figurine. One of the dolls he had seen in her room he supposed. Followers occupied the other perches, their feathers adorned with odd charms, scraps of fur and feather. Each held another doll recognisable as one of the active houses.

The bone shaman spoke.

"I hoped I had your attention. Matters can wait no longer, the signs are clear. Your lethargy has forced my hand here. The falconian republic is being voted back. As you can see I have proxy votes for all the houses and a clear majority."

"But how?" says Armand. Already he is beginning to realise.

"Like this" she says and picks up a second figurine of a magpie and lets it fall. Armand crashes to the floor of the cabin.

Take Off

Friday April 26th, 213

Armand woke surrounded by medics and a mixture of modern monitors and ancient protective charms and symbols. Impatiently he ordered the orderlies away and they shuffled off, ruffling their feathers in disapproval. The communicator was still set to the senate chamber, now empty. The vote had passed and there was no going back. He wondered why they had stopped at this. No vote of no confidence, no censure, no calls for fresh elections. Possibly they needed his skills. He laughed and it sounded strained. More likely they needed his influence with the DEN.

Reviewing the senate footage he used his security clearance for information on the participants. He already knew the ship where their ring leader was based.

His Praetorians would enjoy a workout. Equipped with the latest weaponry and created to be ultra loyal to the consul (me!). Confine those confounded shamans to their warship, confiscate their toys. They were too valuable a commodity to waste though. It would have to be minimum force.

The Praetorian commander examined the information package with outrage. His beloved consul had been shamefully treated by a scruffy bunch of witch doctors. Minimum force my feathery ass he thought.

The Return of the Mag

Tuesday June 4th, 213

The ship had taken an age to travel the familiar route from the Solo stargate to Falconia. The evasive course it took was to appease security who never liked him to travel without at least a warflock escort. Another negative omen as he approached the world. A couple of large warflocks swept by - only on manoeuvres he chuckled. Another ship he was anticipating still. At last the spectral vessel carrying the shaman passed. He had set another test for her in Arachnid.

He was also testing the new governor of the Dark Sun City starbase and through him the new senator, a censor now, Tamir. A last minute change of destination to former Owl stronghold Dark Sun City should get the Governor Temuchin in a flap.

It was a disappointment to him that the landing and ceremonial guard was so well managed. Governor Temuchin was affable but guarded - a word now meaning careful about what he said and not that he was surrounded by soldiers (although they were that as well). Brief impressions confirmed what the base printouts had shown. The base was again being run with purpose. His decision made he headed for the Censors manse. The hidden blades rattling under his wings

were getting to annoy him. He would get them replaced. He lifted his wings slightly and vocalised bangs as imaginary weaponry was deployed in their place. Time to move on.

The manse approached and Armand considered how he would handle the meeting and confer the rank of Aedile of Research on the new senator. Probably easier than how he was going to explain his long absence to his wife Sasha.

The Farm D Day 1 and 2

Saturday June 15th, 213

The Farm is anything but a farm and the job is anything but the breeze it should be mused the soldier as he was buffeted by the sulphuric winds on the mountainside. His combat suit braced him against this sudden onslaught and also kept out the roasting heat as he unrolled the tape from the robotic defence bunker (mk II) to the nearest rocks. There were various reasons why the job was not a doddle, he thought, A} even though it was in a core system it was caught up in the human civil war with huge opposing armies of confederates and republicans deeply entrenched. B} The outpost had been captured from a confederate sympathiser and a sizable part of the whole CNF army was its neighbour. C} His sargeant simply did not understand his helpful reminders of the regulations concerning the inspection and recalibration of rdb's in hostile environments. This is how he thought and spoke and jolly annoying it was too. Sadistic fate was about to add a D} to the list.

He was still in the open as the first of hundreds of drop pods smashed to the ground in the outer docking area. Curiously the rdbII did nothing. As the dust was carried by the wind he could see the remains of the drop pods and the mismatched camouflage outfits and mirrored helmets of the opposing mercenary force. Troops and tanks swivelled their guns towards him as he stood and hailed them on open comms. Click went hundreds of guns and the MRCs frowned. Let me explain said the soldier A] This is a core system B] Our weaponry is the cheapest EEM compliant stuff around. The EEM chip stops MRCs firing in core systems and your EEM compliant MRC training will even stop you throwing that rock you just picked up. We are allowed to pretend - points weapon "BANG".

The next day the soldier woke and stretched. He could hear a strange commotion from the MRC camp, sort of an Aaar sound. Glancing over he sees a much more colourful group. Stripey silk trousers, an occasional eyepatch. The rdbII opens fire. He jumps for cover. He knows he will not make it because A)

The Farm D end of series 1

Sunday June 16th, 213

The pirate attack never faltered. It never really hurried either. Tactical control estimated 1000 light tanks and twice that number of troops were advancing on all fronts. The tanks trailing each other and laying down a screen of dust to cover the advancing soldiers. They advanced through the outer mine field relatively unscathed and started to encroach upon the mining settlement itself. The first couple of mines were overrun and destroyed and reports indicated significant losses of the falconian employees in the mines, falconian instincts to take to the skies in emergencies instead of heading for deep levels and awaiting rescue were difficult to overcome. The defenders losses had been minimal but they had made no great impact on the attacking force. The sargeant sent off the coded report and waited for developments. Acropolis was only a jump away he thought hopefully.

Day 2

The Bone Shaman continued to work on her new manikin as her circle of adepts paced the ship fretfully. The ship was immobilised by huge docking clamps and the bruised adepts knew the hostility that faced them outside. Inside the crystal ship the Dewiek skalds were awaiting direction. They longed for the lost leadership of Adoghina and the White Priestess. Now they had the Shaman.

The shaman dropped the manikin - a replica of the praetorian commander - and headed decisively to the bridge. "We are needed in our house of power." she said enigmatically " Ancient allies unite again". On the bridge the monitors showed docking clamps releasing and orders to head for Arachnid. Arachnid where she first felt the power of the forgotten souls.

The dawn of the second day saw a second wave of drop pods. The shaman and seven hundred veteran troops hit the ground and dug in. An enemy tank drew near. The Shaman pointed her weapon and it exploded. "This is as far as they get, they are dead but do not know it yet." The pirates gradually began to be pushed back.

Day 3

In the planetary quad a small HEX intruder vessel flashed by and was gone. In its wake a few drop pods headed for battle. An ancient race indeed but never an ally. The pods brought the defenders replacement bunkers and Kastorian Marines. The forgotten ones started to remember the battles they had fought together, Kastorian and Dewiek in this very region and they were soothed.

Some days later the Shaman strolled the battleground collecting symbols and items for charms. The wrecked tanks were beginning to blend into the scenery as the acid atmosphere and extreme heat eroded their internals. The baked corpses were being collected for burial she noted while idly twirling the archaic measuring device she had taken from a dead falconian.

The pirates had not gotten away. With much of their armour destroyed they had attempted to withdraw. Caught in a ravine by a falconian warflock their story ended in two missile runs.

Scabbyfur and the Confederacy

Sunday August 18th, 213

The corewards campaign had been a huge disappointment to Scabbyfur. The confederate fleet had retreated behind a barrage of antimatter weaponry with her fleet (flock, see corrected herself mentally) of light vessels had taken significant damage. Since the sleet of radiation her fur condition had worsened and now bare patches of flaky skin were difficult to conceal. Orders were to return to Acropolis. And now that irritating Consul had changed his mind again. She was to return immediately to the cluster to await further orders. A damaged fleet running ahead of its spares and patches. How the Consul would squirm when her secret diary revealed how he was using the military for his own whims.

Dear Diary

I have barely slept since I heard I was to be in private conference with the Consul. He is soo dishy. Small of stature but with an immense ... personality

The Consul has some harebrained idea to recapture some worthless outposts he gave to the confederacy without a fight. I now have two light battleflocks to do this. The conference went well after the tightwad had finished moaning about the cost of maintaining and repairing ships at the DOM starbase. I now have a promise of ground forces and scout vessels. The scouts proved their worth in Corewards but this is a much larger and more hostile area. The FLZ are already in action around New Sussex where confederate warships have destroyed FLZ freighters on their way to the FLZ starbase in the system. DEN are in action in the Crossley wormhole quad.

Dear Diary

I am such a lucky girl! lol!

Things have gone well so far. FLZ and DEN actions have softened up the confederate forces and removed the defensive platform over Chichester in New Sussex where many of our former assets are located. Scouting has given some interesting results and many of our targets have little security. Our main objective Tartarus is insecure and its manifest shows it held with falconian troops. The Consul wants to give these a chance to show their true loyalty when the time is right. He hints that a hidden base has discovered something of great interest in the cluster and I am to prioritise exploration of this.

Dear Diary

That magnificent magpie gave such a great speech. It made my job so easy.

The consul broadcasts an appeal to the defenders of Tartarus (4082) via the flagship of the FCN fleet in its quad. View Manifest orders have shown that the defenders consist of 1000 falconian soldiers and 10 human soldiers. The base was historically FCN but was handed over to the CNF while the FCN merged with DEN. The CNF refuse to hand it back. It is hoped that FCN sympathies of these former FCN troops will avoid bloodshed when the base is ground assaulted today. Defenders will have noted that the low base security has already allowed large quantities of tanks and defensive material to be picked up by FCN, DEN and FLZ freighters. The CNF have also ordered the protective starbase shields dropped and made the defenders vulnerable to bombardment. The CNF platform in orbit has been destroyed and the CNF system claim is contested while the CNF/BHD fleet is blockaded into port. CNF reinforcements would need to pass through Valhalla or Crossley both access points controlled by our DEN allies. A FCN fleet should arrive to protect the orbit today and start reclaiming the other outposts on Chichester (one has already been taken). Our base in valhalla will be able to provide materials for a protective platform for the base which would be made secure again.

Special Action/CNF Tartarus (4802)/Return to the FCN

A broadcast is given via the blockading Falconian fleet to the remaining former FCN troops at the base seconded to the Confederacy to return to the Empire. There is a short while later a message that the humans have been dealt with and the troops stepped down ready for control to be regained.

Tartarus fell really easily and the small outposts were mopped up relatively easily as well. The old CIA base Cahokia had to be assaulted to ensure the future security of our bases. Armand considers it interest on our loans.

The superstitious falconians called a halt to operations for a couple of days as auguries showed we would lose something for no gain. I pulled my ships into orbit of chichester and they lost two days integrity for nothing because of ground assaults.

Explorers have discovered a secret wormhole linking to the inner confederacy. FLZ want to secure it.

Dear Diary

This may be my last entry. Tell Armand I have always loved him.

After two days unexpected integrity losses many of my ships are below operational limits. Word has reached us that our DEN allies and the FLZ are sore pressed at the Crossley wormhole. A huge CNF warfleet has broken through unleashing thousands of antimatter weapons. We are honour bound to respond. Scouts report that the quad will have to be taken first.

When they arrive the quad is still held by the confederates but it is a different fleet and the detailed targetting choices are no longer valid. A free for all. Scabbyfur sets a standard battle formation puts on some Felini opera and advances. Soon the communications officer receives reports of incoming fire from Hexamon and Flagritz vessels. "Let their courage see them through" she responds. She hears the communications officer relay the message "Your on your own, she says".

The Confederate force is about 40 strong - mainly 200HH vessels and two enormous 400HH alien construct craft. At the battles end only a single CNF freighter survives. The route to the wormhole is open.

The victory is marred by the losses to 'friendly' fire. Out of around 50 vessels 11 have been lost and a few more damaged too much to continue. Still we battle on and the consul in his wisdom has forbidden retaliation.

* Expletives Deleted * .

Tomorrow we reload and enter the wormhole orbit.

Dear Diary

I am so happy we have such a generous consul

It is a messy battle and not at all what I had planned. My small fleets are further split as the confederate forces desert the wormhole battlefield. We mop up a few ships in the orbit but our reloading missile ships run straight into the fleeing confederate force. Another 3 falconian vessels are destroyed in the battle and 4 more attempting to leave the quad or reload in it. Only just over half our ships are still operational. The Consul has reluctantly committed to send a heavier fleet and some tiny torpedo vessels as a stopgap. About 20 CNF vessels confirmed as kills but more may have been lost fleeing the wormhole. Analysts point out the poor missile weaponry they are now resorting to. They may be having worse logistical problems than we are.

A Brotherhood fleet 80 strong is now blockading Tartarus. It destroys one of our larger sensor vessels and a freighter flees by dumping its precious cargo of patches. This is a critical point in the battle. I order Tartarus to drop shields and declare its small platform operational.

Rumours are that a DTR fleet have attacked the London end of the Crossley wormhole and that the wormhole is now destabilised from antimatter weaponry. Just like my fur!

The Confederate fleet has left the battlefield and contacts at the D10 jump point suggest they are leaving the system. The first battle is over. Stragglers are being engaged in the quad and at the D10 jump point. Time to repair and maintain if I can get past that BHD fleet. Time to catch up on my secret diary.

Enters cryptic password and stares with dismay at the alterations that have been made.

* Expletive Deleted *

Scabbyfur and the Shaman.

Sunday September 8th, 213

My fleet (flock, she corrects herself) is further depleted as she sends virtually all of the normal hull vessels for maintainance out of the system. Scouts show the way is clear to Tartarus again and the precious patches can be collected from the dumped cargo. The vessels will limp there independantly - a risky strategy - resetting overloaded ISR drives on the way. The FLZ and DEN scorn this approach, their ships will fight to the death. She stores this information for future reference.

By the next day her decision is even more questionable as one of her scouts is destroyed in the nearby Rogue orbit. Destroyed by a substantial CNF fleet and a large platform. FCN reinforcements are still days away. It is a heated debate between the fleet commanders but they agree to wait a few extra days for these fresh ships to arrive.

Things are not going well on the ground either. Her largest ground party has suffered a serious setback against a much smaller defending force. It will not last a second day of battle. Reinforce or pull out she ponders. Still smarting from being seen to be overcautious she entertains a most glorious folly. 2000 startroopers from Valhalla, Tanks from Tartarus and the magic of the Shaman to rescue this cause.

The remaining command of the expeditors ground party are already surveying the next ring of fortifications they need to take. Some where near, but impossibly far for them is the end of this killing ground. They have obediently advanced and pushed back the defenders but at huge cost. From two thousand strong they now number a few hundred. A ragged cheer erupts as the snowy sky fills with startroopers. Drop pods crash down nearby and the Shaman and her veteran followers emerge. They eskew armour for the protective charms fashioned for them. Caught up in the moment they all storm forward into the guns.

FCN Expeditors (51351) - Ground party BLOWN UP!

Luckily there is little time to dwell on this. Part of the main fleet (flock!) is in range and a couple of torpedo gunboat squadrons (generally found to be useless in major engagements). She throws in some lrg mayhem to split the defensive fire but otherwise leaves the platform and ground installations alone. It is time to brave the planetary orbit.

As the ships enter orbit the brotherhood platform picks off one of Scabbyfurs remaining carriers. Better news is that for some reason the enemy ships are not returning fire. The gunboats gang up on damaged vessels quite successfully, lrgs light up outposts, others target as ordered to maximum effect. Late in the day the platform picks off one of the gunboats which explodes as the antimatter in its inertial damper is breached.

The following day the confederate ships flee for other systems with chaotic battles along the delta quad and a few damaged ships finished off over Rogue. Very messy she scowls as she sends ships to the delta jump quad to intercept. Necessary but not glorious, killing a few more damaged and out of ammunition ships just part of the job.

Nerves

Thursday November 7th, 213

It is the day before the important event and Armand feels nervous. His outfit is ready, tastefully decorated in all shades of Rage pearl as is the Aranorian ruby sash. Gaudiness has been avoided. He has gone beyond this frontier.

Breakfast is not helping. He looks at the strange items before him. They seem to have some kind of spicy coating and have suffered the indignity of being cooked. It will be the first cooked food he has eaten and he plucks up courage by speculating that it is just a more extreme version of sun drying.

To pass the time he muses on the strange circumstances that have led the food to him.

The Voyages of the Starfish Enterprise

On planet Enterprise in Onwards are a few salty landlocked seas. Resource factories lazily dredge the innocent starfish from their happy life on the sea floor. Interrupting their breakfast detritus and the crystal clear waters. An occasional freighter lands, or perhaps they are teleported to the main CNF base on Fellowship. Another routine freighter loads them and they are bound for the markets of darkfold or the inner confederacy. Except this often repeated journey is different. At the crossley wormhole alarms ring as the freighter begins its cumbersome evasive action and the cargo is jettisoned into space. Its fate uncertain we leave the targeted freighter here among the DEN and FLZ fleets and the blinding antimatter detonations of recent events. A second gentler scanning detects the cargo and it is soon scooped into a falconian freighter scavenging among the debris fields. Transported to newly liberated Tartarus and then as a priority item through to the acropolis markets as a falconian favourite. Soon a sample appears before Armand. Ready for its final voyage.

The Grotto

Friday December 13th, 213

The great hunt has barely begun when a small figure flits into the grounds of the University of Falconia. The house owl campus is deserted, its open air theatres growing restive in the dim light. Another dowdier intruder keeps watch remotely and skillfully patches into the university security system. This is how they operate, they are comfortable together like no other time when doing this. Guided by her calls the small figure zigzags across the grounds towards a secure elevator. It is already subverted and the door opens as he arrives. He checks his equipment absently as the lift plummets to private levels. Mask, hidden blades, protective cloak.

The door opens and admits the bitter cold of this level. His breath clouds and forms frost around his mask until he switches to recycle it. The walls of the level wind away from the elevator and gradually narrow as a thick coating of ice starts to sheath the pipeworks running through the corridor. Armand (for it is him) realises the protective cloak is no protection at all from the cold. He removes it and fluffs out his feathers. Blades rattle. The office should be near now and hopefully hold some answers to his origin. He ducks out of the way of some helpers who hurry by. He can see into the office through its open door. It is tiny and also encrusted in ice but filled by a giant of a man sitting at a control panel his beard thick with frost.

Armand makes his entrance to confront the man. His attempt to dramatically slam the door spoiled when his scaly hand sticks to the door handle and throws him off balance. The giant reaches out and sets him on his knee. "Ho, ho, ho" he says, "you soon learn to wear gloves around here. Little Armand isn't it? I had expected you sooner"

Armand splutters excuses about pressures of work but it all sounds lame even to him.

The cryogenics professor continues " It was a fascinating piece of work to store you all for so long. Necessary for your own survival I hope you realise. When the first falconian empire collapsed it was far too dangerous on Pralor. You are the only survivors I know of. Other than that I know little but the old House Magpie head gave me this"

He searches his huge bag for a while then retrieves a small piece of torn paper. On it the word 'palimpsest'

It is like an AM missile ignites in his head. He rushes back through the campus heedless of security heading for the enigmatic notebook of his predecessor.

Silith Ungol's Blog

Stardate 210.9.4 – The Political Aspirant

Thursday November 14th, 213

The harsh desert winds drove a wall of abrasive particles towards the more exposed outskirts of the megalopolis of Vex Prime. The sprawling city was battered down, blast shields lowered on even the most humble of dwellings, whilst the commercial blocks had the telltale shimmer denoting activated particle deflection screens. Nestled within the urban heart of the great city, rising majestically above even the tallest of administrative towers, sentry precincts or defence bastions, rose the modular construction that was Fessin Shpydar, primary starbase of Vexator, Imperial capital of the Cimmerii system.

The starbase appeared at ease, calm and cool in contrast to the belligerent nature of the approaching desert winds. The great fortress walls surrounding the base were more ornament than defence, designed primarily to demarcate the extent of the starbase and to ensure all its occupants knew their limits. Within the encircling ring stood a multitude of complexes, many in discreet districts laid in geometric patterns that created a maze on the ground, yet which held an intricate beauty when viewed from above. There were sizeable research and development centres each with their own educational establishments to encourage and stimulate internal creativity. There were squat circular merchandising blocks comprising small outlets offering a wide range of local goods through to great halls where the fruits of Imperialism were displayed for sale to local buyers. These blocks tended to be linked via mass transit conveyors to the warehousing districts situated next to, or in close proximity to factory districts, or to the nearby starport, shuttle ports or teleporter facilities.

The starport itself was located to one side of the base and comprised towering anchorages from which jutted immense landing platforms, each easily able to cope with all but the largest of ships. In between the towers a number of ground level platforms sat, for larger vessels, many having descending pads leading to underground harbourages and the immense maintenance bays that served the starport.

There were a multitude of other building forms denoting a range of uses and nestled amongst all were unmistakable squat domes from which rose spires taller than their surroundings, bristling with antennae and dishes, each spire shimmering with its own energy screen, the Imperial emblem of the Flagritz Empire proudly displayed on the side of the spire. These were the ever watchful offices of the Imperial Security Services.

The storm-front tore through the city, causing property alarms to blare, street furniture to bend and sway, whilst the occasional domestic speeder carelessly left unanchored was lifted and thrown on the wind like a spawnlings toy. Despite the expanse of flagritz civilisation the storm hardly dropped in intensity, a raging dervish as it bore down on the seemingly vulnerable and exposed Fessin Shpydar.

Within the command pod of one of the security spires a flagritz officer turned a lazy eye onto the displays showing the approaching sandstorm, watching its progression through the great city towards the base itself. An adjacent image showed a plan view of the starbase, encircled by a pulsing green light. Satisfied, the sentry turned his attention back to a holo-projection showing a meeting between a burly flagritz and one of the natives. The native was appearing subservient, although the officer's training told him otherwise, that the creature was masking its true demeanour. The flagritz was slightly nervous, evident by the twitching of its secondary tentacles. The flagritz produced a silvered plate and handed this over to the native, inverting it to quickly display the underside. A small phial was also proffered. The native took the phial and quickly inspected the contents before tucking it away, and with a show of obsequiousness quickly departed into a nearby doorway. The flagritz looked around uncertainly then moved off away from the building. The officer manipulated the camera of the drone to bring into focus a series of flamboyant buildings, bedecked in statuary and bizarre ornamental designs. Each building was lit up by a range of multi-hued lights, many deliberately polarised to better gain their clients' attention. The building into which the native creature had entered comprised a sprawling complex of low structures all interlinked in some weird geometry. On the front of the building above a portico of columns and statues was displayed in bold lighting the name of the venue Lady Ungol Vexed. The officer gave a low hissing chuckle of amusement and, as one tentacle produced a fifty steller chit the other lazily reached over to depress a button which terminated the holo-display.

The storm broke on the shields of the starbase, a huge flare of colour as the sand particles were vapourised by the high energy outputs from the shield emitters. Employees, visitors and slaves alike ceased what they were doing to observe the aerial lightshow. The storm was predicted to last around three hours which would give good viewing for those with the time or the inclination.

One person who did not have the inclination was Silith Ungol, entrepreneur, lady of Lady Ungol Vexed and political aspirant. She had her multiple eyes set on a more earthbound, and possibly less explosive show, yet one which would provide significantly more satisfaction than the vapourisation of a one in ten year scrub out.

Lady Ungol moved languorously through the winding ovoid tunnel, her tentacles brushing the walls either side, her lower appendages lost in a misty haze. The corridor was minimally illuminated, low levels of light emitting from globes

inset into the upper walls, shimmering on the dark-hued organic composite surfaces, slick with a mucous exudent. The slow discharge from the wall oozed down to the floor level where it reacted with another excretion much lower down to form the roiling mist, a cocktail of euphorics and stimulants ingeniously designed to be taken in through various pores on the flagritz form and provide a sense of well being, a mood enhancer to prepare the guest for the entertainment ahead. Lady Ungol felt only mildly stimulated, her toxin neutralisers keeping down the effects of the drugs, but not fully. She held to the principle that this might be work, but at least it should be fun.

The corridor wound, never straight, following an undulating geometric pattern. Other passageways provided intersections, and the occasional portal gave way to rooms beyond. The lighting remained subdued, the walls oozed and the mist provided a hazy blanket through which various forms moved. There were other beings present, a mix of flagritz and natives, the flagritz wearing toga equivalents, the native slaves being covered only for modesty at their masters' dictates. Most flagritz moved slowly or ponderously, clearly relaxed, tentacles grasping drinks held in crystal goblets or picking choice sweatmeats from silvered trays held by subservients.

A pair of flagritz relaxed in egg shaped loungers in an alcove, involved in a private discussion, a slave at their side holder a ewer of iced water.

Through an open portal, again ovoid in shape, Lady Ungol spied three members of the Cliriq caste, marked as such by their size and the bony extrusions from their carapaces, relaxing in a hot mud pool. There were two slaves present, stood a respectful distance away. A third slave lay unmoving at the rear of the room. Lady Ungol paused, her head tilting slightly to one side then slowly the other as she evaluated the scene. One of the Cliriq stirred and gestured with his tentacle to one of the slaves to seal the portal. The slave moved forward obediently, glancing up slowly to meet Lady Ungol's questioning gaze and nodded imperceptibly before sealing the hatch. Lady Ungol considered the closed hatch, then unconcernedly moved away.

The Lady made her way down the winding passageways, heading for the central atrium. She passed increasing numbers of flagritz and was satisfied to note the close presence of the Vexed workforce unobtrusively located around each. Lady Ungol entered the central chamber, a large egg shaped hall whose floor gently slanted away, disappearing under the ever present mist. A central walkway meandered across the chamber, emerging from the mist midway as the floor beneath slanted ever deeper. There were branches from the walkway, some leading to platforms with loungers and tables holding refreshments, and the occasional privacy pod for more private or intimate relaxations. Lady Ungol took the walkway across the chamber to a tier of steps leading up to a central throne, a large egg shaped lounger with an array of cushions and furs. Settling herself comfortably into her seat she reached one tentacle out and within moments found a crystal goblet containing iced wine handed to her by a handmaiden. She took a delicate sip and surveyed the chamber. Flagritz of all castes were relaxing, enjoying the facilities, seemingly unconcerned with the day to day rumours of war in the lower systems or the ongoing mop up of Consortium forces in Twilight. The presence of a larger than usual number of Xenos caste was interesting, a symbol of the Isolationist Party stretching it's tentacles to borderland systems, seeking to promote the closing of frontiers, the end to war (some an end to alien life), a rabid few the end to the Empire. Three years ago the dominant force in the Vexed was Cliriq, those warriors drumbeating and posturing to be given high command of the new range of warships being constructed. Of course they were now gone, off somewhere in Crusade or Zephyr or whatever passed for an afterlife for those brutes. Flagritz politics in action. Lady Ungol watched as two new political wannabes entered the atrium. She settled backwards in expectation; all was as it should be.

The two flagritz entered the central chamber. Whilst clearly of different castes they were nevertheless of one mind in their endeavours. They paused, the slighter of the two acknowledging the presence of Lady Silith Ungol and bringing the fact to his accomplice's attention. The pair wasted no further time and proceeded left around the edge of the chamber towards the open portal of a privacy room. Upon entering the room the pair settled themselves in loungers. A slave came forward proffering drinks which were eagerly taken. The two flagritz had an air of excitement to their bearing, not all attributable to the airborne stimulants. One activated controls on the side of the lounger, causing the portal to seal, four segments sliding inwards to meet at the centre, the overlap providing added strength. Further manipulation of the controls caused the wall adjacent to the portal to fade allowing an unimpeded view of the central atrium, a one way view courtesy of the fine manipulation of the crystalline properties of the partition. One flagritz made a sucking, bubbling sound as it squirmed it's body into the lounger, clearly settling down in eager anticipation. The pair commenced a discussion, emphasised by tentacle waving and gesticulation at the world beyond their shelter, contained within the greater chamber.

Unobserved, the slave reached up to stroke it's collar, an idle everyday gesture which would arouse no suspicion. The inbuilt recording device which was activated by the movement would record the slightest changes in air pressure, passively storing the variations through the way they ever so slightly altered the structure of the composite materials making up the collar. Changes which could, when fed through complex algorithms, discern an individual flagritz voice and all the words contained therein.

The native was clad in vestments typical for the workers of the Ungol Vexed. He had worked his way carefully and steadily through the corridors and chambers, servicing his imperious masters as directed. His movements had been by necessity slightly sluggish although the anti-tox serum running through his system had neutralised the effect of the various soporifics, which whilst designed for flagritz, nevertheless had a dulling effect on other lifeforms.

He slowly entered the central atrium just as the two flagritz entered the privacy room. The servant made his way through the chamber undertaking dutiful work, clearing away goblets to side tables and bringing drinks to thirsty guests.

All the while he made his slow inexorable way across the chamber towards the great central throne. Never once did the silver platter leave his possession. At a distance of ten metres he handed a chalice to an outstretched tentacle, the owner too deep in conversation to realise that the chalice was empty, leaving the silver platter devoid of drinks. Turning swiftly the assassin slid his hand across the underside of the platter activating a small inbuilt power cell which transformed the edge of the platter into a monofilament blade and with barely an extension of his arm sent the deadly weapon spinning across the short distance to the reclining mistress of the house.

Lady Ungol's eye caught the movement, but it was so fast, practiced and clean, a perfect execution that she could do nothing to prevent, the disc slicing the air towards her. A metre from the Lady the personal shield projected by the throne atomised the inbound disc in a flash of intense light. The assassin was already moving, sprinting across the main walkway towards the main doorway. A flagritz guard, clad in light armour plate and carrying a shock halberd moved to block his path. The assassin veered left down a side aisle and vaulted onto a table before leaping eight feet across the misty void to land on a parallel walkway. Two toga wearing Cliriq moved to restrain the escapee, too slow to stop the infiltrator. He glided past the first outstretched tentacle, before using his momentum to dive past a second reaching limb, one foot landing on the front carapace to project him over the second flagritz in a forward leap, multiple tentacles bare inches from his airborne form. He landed with a roll before bounding back to his feet and on towards a side entry. Another flagritz security guard was sprinting around the chamber, tentacles bearing him forward at speed, but not quick enough to prevent the assassin from exiting the chamber. Three security personnel quickly mobilised down the corridor after the failed assassin.

Lady Ungol watched the show with delight. The dexterity and athleticism of the creature was delightful, a beautiful specimen no doubt purchased from afar, trained and brought to this city for a single purpose. That she should warrant such attention was an indication of the threat she posed to her rivals. Delightful. But, she was the master of this house and such a challenge could not go unanswered. She shuddered slightly, before turning her attention to the privacy room. The hatch was sealed and the observation partitions obscured. Relaxing she waited the short time to observe the portal open and the two flagritz emerge. The smaller of the two, clearly of the Xenos caste, was hunkered down, her stature diminishing as the flight response kicked in. She turned and headed straight for the main portico, the second dithered to look across the chamber. Various flagritz were showing interest in the proceedings but providing very little direct action, only the two Cliriq showed any interest, heading off in somewhat slower, and possibly embarrassed, pursuit.

The flagritz met Lady Ungol's gaze. He offered a short, respectful bow, before turning to follow his quickly departing compatriot.

Lady Ungol sighed. She had survived the attempt. Those present were clearly involved but not players, merely pawns. But they had seen her strength and would likely be bought, or silenced in the case of the Xenos. Others were involved and they would suffer different fates as her followers struck out both in prearranged strikes and in retaliation. The way to the Council was fraught with danger but the Lady Ungol was close. So close. She reached within her robes and brought out a communications device; time for a lesson.

The door to the security spire command pod hissed shut. Within, the crackle and hiss of discharging electrics was accompanied by a spray of sparks arising from the terminal which had, until recently held the attention of the lone officer present. The officer lay slumped forward across the crescent keyboard, his head splashed up against the display, a spray of blue across equipment and furniture alike. The back of the officer's surcoat was burned open, the edges scorched black. A large pool of slowly expanding bluish viscera hung from beneath his body, extending towards a similarly coloured pool on the floor. A glittering fifty stellar chit lay discarded at the edge of the slowly expanding pool.

Stardate 213.41.3 – Appointment

Sunday November 24th, 213

Lady Silith Ungol lounged on the great throne in the central atrium within the pleasure palace of the Lady Ungol Vexed. She gave off a relaxed air as she surveyed the clients gathered within the entrance portico and around the chamber sides, others with more prime viewing spots on the various platforms off the multi tiered walkway which weaved through the great chamber, the central aisle spiralling upwards to the great central throne.

It was an imperious viewing position, the original two dimensional format expanded upon during the last three years to provide an increased number and range of facilities including a larger number of privacy pods, many drooping off branch like extensions of the various walkways, giving the image of a large alien tree analogue complete with branches and grossly bloated fruit. The upper levels had their own cloud equivalent, a mist of euphoric cocktails dispensed from high level, which slowly drifted down through the chamber, diluting in intensity as it went. Importantly the vision of the matriarch of the house was unimpeded as she looked on from the grand throne.

The cloaked messenger made slow progress as he, she, it, manoeuvred through the maze like chamber, a consequence of a slow gait rather than any uncertainty with the route. Lady Ungol mused that "it", as the Lady decided it was not of the race, had been well briefed.

The creature's steady advance brought it on the level leading to the Lady's throne. Now, Lady Ungol got a better look at

the creature that the Council had sent. It was of a typical height of many of the sentients within the known universe, shorter than the reviled humans yet a little taller than the primitive naplian varieties that inhabit much of the Capellan peripheries. Other than its size there was little else on show as the heavy cloak which encompassed the creature gave no hint as to what lay beneath. This piqued the Lady's insatiable curiosity. Likely as it was meant to do.

The creature stopped a respectful distance from the throne and a lone, hairless arm appeared from within, gripped the edge of the cloak and in a flourish derobed.

Lady Ungol sat forward, her control slightly broken, before she quickly regained her composure, conscious of the watching multitudes.

The creature before her was one of the natives, not a total surprise as she had judged the possibility from the size, although it was at the taller end of the local height spectrum. No, there were two items of distinction which caught the Lady's true interest.

First, was the actual creature itself. It was tall, yes, but more importantly the Lady was sure she had seen this creature before. She recalled an impressive specimen with a great musculature, immensely fit and trained beyond all natural concept for the normally docile local population. She had been sure it was enhanced and she had expended considerable resource to track and find the creature who had attempted to assassinate her three years ago. Despite her best efforts, and they had been extensive, she had nevertheless failed. She had suspected that somebody had gotten there first and cleaned their tracks efficiently and she was now wholly convinced.

The creature no longer had the toned physique that had previously caught her interest, and, as she recalled nearly ended her life, instead its muscles had degraded and could not even be considered to be comparable to the local mine workers. She noted the presence of various surgical scars and the loss of tissue, possibly from where enhancements had been removed.

Secondly, there was the silver platter that the creature now held up with a data crystal sat atop. Lady Ungol forced herself to lean back and relax.

As if on cue, the creature moved forward, passing within the range of her energy screen and came to a stop at the foot of the dias leading up to her throne. One of the Lady's handmaidens made to move forward to take the platter but Lady Ungol extended a tentacle and the servant stepped back into the shadows. Lady Ungol herself rose and moved off the throne and down the steps to stand in front of the messenger. She studied the creature in detail as she approached. Its eyes held an empty stare, fixed at a point beyond her shoulder, then they slowly moved to focus on her as she closed the distance. Its responses appeared dulled and sluggish. Then the Lady noted the head scar and she reached a tentacle round to lower the creature's head, exposing the deliberately crude suturing. She concluded that the creature had been lobotomised.

Flicking back the creature's head she focussed her attention on the platter and the data crystal on top. The platter was solid silver and, in all appearance, an identical replica of the one which had almost ended her life.

The assassin, a perfect replica platter, the message was clear, and that was before she got to the actual message.

Her secondary tentacle reached out and stroked the data crystal, her DNA unlocking the crystalline structure, causing the top of the crystal to open and a holo projection to appear above the crystal. It was an official missive from the Imperial Council. The emblem of the Empire and the Council were unmistakable. Lady Ungol's heart raced as she read the message. It was as she had been informed, and the reason for the expectant gathering within the central chamber, she was formally appointed as a member of the Imperial Council. As she read the message once more she knew that the formal announcements from the Council would commence within a short duration; her unlocking of the crystal would be noted and the Imperial functionaries would be moving in response.

Then, something caught her eye in the message, something so obvious yet unexpected that she had failed to look for it and hence had missed it completely. The message was countersigned by the Archlord himself, Lord Pessum Ire. Silith mused at this turn of events, that the invite was endorsed by the Archlord was... interesting. Lost for a moment Silith considered the implications. Archlord Ire was Cliriq, true, but like all Cliriq who rise to high rank his was a perfect specimen. Indeed, Silith had already considered the possibility of a spawning with the Archlord. As a member of the Imperial Council the opportunity was greater. She would consider this further and may even permit such an advance. After all, other opportunities lay ahead, now just within tentacle reach.

Shifting back from her fantasy she considered the other implication. Had it been agents of the Archlord who had located the assassin and traced its sponsors? The clean up had been complete, sufficient that no trace was left and would have required resources greater than those available to herself. Yes, this was certainly interesting.

Stardate 213.46.2 - The Lament

Wednesday November 27th, 213

The great concert hall of Vex Prime was packed. The central stage thrust forward, the stalls surrounding it on three sides, all recliners taken by those flagritz with the financial means to permit this viewing.

Lady Silith Ungol sat in her personal viewing pod, one of hundreds surrounding the stalls, a multi-tier of blisters affording a commanding view of the performance areas. Being a member of the Imperial Council, Lady Ungol had a prime viewing spot, more spacious and luxurious than any other pod. She sat alone, no other person permitted in her presence, even her handmaiden kept outside by two watchful security guards. She had wanted it this way tonight.

Tonight, for one night only, The Transition of Empire, arguably the greatest flagritz operetta of the modern age was being performed by the premier theatre of the Empire, with the greatest singer and skinchanger Laskar Groze in performance. Yes, this performance demanded one's utmost attention and other beings would be merely a distraction.

Lady Ungol raised a light silk gauze to her eyes, delicately dabbing away the accumulated moisture. That she was under the spotlight of the cameras was not at issue, this act wasn't for show. For the lament The Fall of Fornfell was being performed.

Laskar Groze was perfectly positioned on the thrusting stage, all lights dimmed, polarised spotlights focussing on him. He wore a thin shift covering his torso, his multiple tentacles uncovered. As he began to sing in a low, ululating tone his skin darkened and slowly formed patterns, accentuated by the lights which brightened and darkened and formed shapes in tune to his words.

Far across the Flagritz Empire old
From Cause and Breeze, to Audentia cold
The fleets must sail, without delay
To save our Empire we must be bold

The eye was pulsing up in the night
The sky was blazing with unnatural light
The energy spread, on Fornfell it fed
The cities like torches burned so bright

The spotlights slowly dimmed. The auditorium was silent.

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Tune to Misty Mountains from The Hobbit

Stardate 213.50.3 - Blockade

Thursday December 12th, 213

The Broadsword class heavy cruiser, Silith Claws broke Hammer orbit and proceeded towards the primary jump ring from Solo. On the bridge Captain Blezo strapped into his command seat, surveyed the bridge crew. All were attentive and ready for his orders. Satisfied he indicated the call for general quarters, directing all personnel to move to assigned positions and be ready for action. The order was given to bring the targeting matrix on line, known FET profiles uploaded, and the tracker set for FET beacons. The captain notified navigation of the target destination and was satisfied to receive the course trajectory some twenty seconds later. He confirmed acceptance of the projected route and relayed the command to navigation. Time to wait.

The Silith Claws paused at the jump point, as the jump engines commenced charging. Within the ship, a siren sounded with a verbal accompaniment "Jump drives charging. Jump in 45 TU. Atmosphere vent in 10TU." This would update in 5TU and every TU thereafter until venting.

Captain Blezo raised an armoured tentacle and activated the seals on his helmet, the visor locking into place, green lights flashing across the holo-HUD projected just on the inside of his visor. Bridge crew all around did the same in response to their captain.

The captain reflected on the turn of events. He had been stood in the officer's quarters at Fessin Lijori when the announcement came through on the holo projector in the centre of the room. Archlord Ire had explained that yet another group of humans had chosen to test the patience of the Empire of the Race. This was not a surprise in itself as humans were ever unaccepting of their eventual lot in life. The surprising element was the 'who' in that it was the corporate gangs of the Frontier Exploration and Trade who had this time chosen to earn the Empire's ire (he smiled inwardly at the pun). Apparently the FET had chosen to insult the Empire and the Archlord. Humans were ever posturing. That the Archlord was unhappy was clear. That the FET should be reminded of their place was also clear.

The captain had quickly made up his mind and had instructed the ship's watch to mobilise the crew. Whilst that was ongoing the captain had gone to the tactical periphery star displays. Where to go? Where? There.

The Silith Claws appeared in orbital quad Beta 10 in Fetlock. The sensors quickly updated, the light from the sun and reflected light on the planets and moons confirming their approximate positions, relative to the time lag from when the light received had been at the relevant orbital body. A ship's sensors were well developed pieces of equipment but still insufficient to detect the light from small objects such as ships or orbital stations or platforms when so far away. They were sufficient however to inform the watch stander that there was no threat waiting in this OQ.

The course trajectory was already plotted and approved pre-jump and the ship moved smoothly in response onto the projected course the ISR drives engaging to propel the ships corewards towards the target orbital.

Joust, the primary moon of the planet Champion. Insignificant in it's own right, yet suitably significant in terms of the challenge laid out. Rather ironically named considering. Joust was the home of the FET base Avalon, claiming base for the Fetlock system. Captain Blezo had assumed that as a claiming base the FET would likely have some measure of patrols or defences worthy of a warship of the Empire of the Race.

The captain's HUD displayed the approach to the world incorporating the planet's orbit around its primary and it's relationship with the secondary moon of Whip. What was clear, and disappointing, was that there were no FET ships present. He instructed his crew to plot a course that would allow the Silith Claws to most effectively blockade the world of Joust. He knew there would be windows a single ship couldn't cover but still, with the location of Avalon clearly known it was a simple measure to ensure that the approach and departure vectors could be covered. Again, time to wait.

But not long. The Silith Claws had just emerged from her first orbit when sensors detected the presence of the FET ship Hyuna, a 30 normal hulled Jack-of-all-Trades class troop transport. Whether she was approaching or departing wasn't clear for she had detected the Silith Claws and had commenced manoeuvring. The targeting computers confirmed the Hyuna was not fast enough to outrun the Silith Claws. Captain Blezo approved the firing solution his weapons officer had prepared with some enthusiasm as soon as the Hyuna was detected and the Silith Claws swung on the requested trajectory to intercept the doomed troop transport.

It didn't take long. Two salvos of kinetic missiles and plasma torpedos had reduced the Hyuna to little more than fragments of debris rapidly spreading away from the impact points. The captain of the Hyuna had been plucky; he had weaved his ship to avoid a quarter of the first salvo of missiles, however 90% of the plasma torpedos had not been avoided. They had ripped the ship asunder, blowing out engines and reducing command and control to an ineffective level. The second volley had simply blown the wreck to shreds.

The Silith Claws banked away from Champion's planetary system, tracking spinwards to the next quad before heading rimwards to the designated jump point. Captain Blezo reflected that this had been a worthwhile exercise. The crew felt buoyed with the success of the mission (so far) and the part they had played in reminding these humans that the Empire of the Race was not to be trifled with.

One ship. One day. One kill.

-----Battle Summary-----

FLZ BST Silith Claws (40922) - Ship
Broadsword Class Heavy Cruiser {Heavy Armour}
Armour: 80.0
Retreated from battle
FET Hyuna [GR] (97863) - Ship
Jack-of-all-Trades Class Troop Transport {Light Ablative Armour}
Hull Damage: 100.0%
BLOWN UP!

Acrivyn's Blog

Company Day Out

Tuesday February 12th, 213

"Mr Phillips, sir, I have the revenue figures for day one of the Anthe sale."

"Ah, thank you Susan."

Pause.

"Is this accurate?"

"Yes, sir, all verified"

"Fetch my good suit, and get me the jump co-ordinates for Rashnu Fair!"

"Not Dragon, sir?"

"Not with the stargate out of commission. We'll just have to pay the higher prices."

Pause.

"Sir, do you suppose the MOH could have had anything to do with the stargate? They would seem to have the most to gain."

"Don't be silly Susan - the MOH are peaceful traders, as we are."

"Yes sir, of course sir, sorry sir."

True Religion

Thursday February 14th, 213

Disclaimer: This story is not written by any member of the GCE, and is not in any IC way associated with Garcia Enterprises!

I hope all will take it in the spirit it is meant

With apologies to the BHD...

True Religion

The bar is silent; every eye is on the vidscreen in the corner. A trial is in progress, and all are watching. No one talks; no one moves.

On the screen the Inquisitor looks at the families in the dock before him, his harsh black eyes burning into their tormented, worthless souls. Men & women, old & young, children and adults; heretics, all of them, for they have dared to spread false teaching amongst the holy followers of the True One. For this, they must die, but mere death is too good for them. An example must be made; fear spread; retribution must be seen in all its terrible finality. For this heresy above all others must be crushed out. The survival of the Brotherhood depends on it.

The Inquisitor does not know that it is too late. Millennia too late. The battle was fought and lost thousands of years before. He does not know that attempts beyond counting have been made to crush this one small spark of heresy. All have failed, for this heresy is the true one - the true heresy on which the waves of religious fundamentalism have always crashed and been swept back. The irony would be lost on his hard metallic soul, were he capable of understanding irony, and were his mind open to the real possibilities inherent in the spark he is trying to crush.

The Inquisitor does not know that in seeking to crush this outbreak he will provide the impetus to spread it far and wide across the peripheries. Fleeing his wrath, the hundreds of other heretics across the planet will take to the stars, spreading this terrible truth wherever they go. This trial will plant the seed that will ultimately lead to the destruction of all that the Brotherhood stand for. The Inquisitor does not see, does not comprehend the terrible powers he is about to unleash on

the galaxy. His hate-filled eyes see only that he must destroy any who oppose him and his kind.

"Do you understand the charges against you?" His sepulchral voice booms across the room.

A man looks up, and opens his mouth to speak. "We do". His voice is surprisingly strong, the belief behind it obvious to all watching.

The Inquisitor stares at the man. He has not expected an answer. Few have dared speak openly before, and none with such confidence. The whole amphitheatre is designed to inspire terror in those in the dock. Taken aback, the Inquisitor is shocked to find that it has failed. There is no fear in this man; in fact there is no fear in any of them. A small spark of doubt fleetingly crosses his mind, but the last desperate attempt of a conscience to be heard is swept away before the Inquisitor even realises what it is.

Rage sweeps through him. He brandishes the piece of paper in his hand. "This is all the evidence we need. Do you know what this is? Do you know what it says?" The terrible waves of his amplified wrath break against the calm mien of the man before him.

"It is the truth."

"IT IS HERESY" screams the Inquisitor, all composure gone. "For this, you will die, your family will die, your friends will die. YOU WILL ALL DIE."

The man nods. "Yes. We will die, but in destroying our bodies you will only set us free; but more than that, in killing us you will set the truth free."

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU?"

Again, the man nods; "Yes, you are the Antichrist, and you can do nothing to us that God does not will, for our fate is in His hands. You may kill our bodies, but you cannot touch our souls, for they are held in the hands of God."

Apoplectic, the Inquisitor throws the old, tattered manuscript from him. "I will hear no more, take them away, KILL THEM, kill them all - NOW!"

In the bar, the silence is total. No one talks; no one moves. The ancient text, printed thousands of years before, lands on the camera lens. The words written on it are clear for all to see:

"27 Religion that God our Father accepts as pure and faultless is this: to look after orphans and widows in their distress and to keep oneself from being polluted by the world."

Ulian Star Cluster (third class)

Wednesday February 27th, 213

"They've awarded me what?!"

"The... urm.... Star Cluster, sir. Third class."

"But ... why?!"

"Apparently you are a war hero sir, for providing them with the light tanks."

"Providing them? I SOLD them for goodness sake - how does that make me a war hero?"

"Well, apparently, sir, your tanks have done rather a lot of damage."

"They aren't MY tanks Susan - I sold them, which rather implies giving up ownership, does it not?"

"Well, yes sir, but apparently they are very good at killing people sir."

"Don't be silly Susan, tanks don't kill sentient beings, sentient beings kill sentient beings."

"Of course sir, but this IS a great honour sir. The Ulians don't normally give medals to other species."

"They don't? How often have they done this before?"

"Apparently, you're the first, sir."

Pause.

"The first? Well, goodness me. Still, I suppose it will look rather good on the old curriculum vitae. Just don't remind anyone what we did to urm... 'earn' it!"

Don't Let Me Out Of My Cage

Thursday August 22nd, 213

"Yes Susan?"

"I found this old song that seemed appropriate to the current situation in Deva."

They listen.

"Oh, very good, Susan. It is very appropriate."

"Why do people do this sir?"

"Many reasons Susan. Laziness or cowardice are common, but my favourite theory is that of the old Earth psychoanalyst Freud"

"I don't know that one sir."

"Basically the desire to board and take control is a metaphor for poor performance in a personal physical sense."

"I see, but don't these people know that there are drugs for that kind of problem?"

"Probably, but they don't satisfy the need for control. It comes from the dark past of humanity when weak human men would try to impose themselves on women out of fear and ignorance. Most of humanity has moved on from such backward barbarity, but there are always one or two miscreants who cannot deal with the rejection that their inadequacy leads to. They have to act in aggressive ways to try to hide their inability to perform."

"But isn't it about money too?"

"Hardly Susan, I earn more in a month than even a successful pirate could make in a year. If it was about money they would all be working for Mr Garcia or one of the other oligarchs!"

I wouldn't if i were you
Thank god we're not
My finger shoots straight and true
That shows a lot

Just try it on if you dare
So tough so free
My shoulder has chips to spare
Save one for me

Whenever these bars close before me
I'll tear them down
With one fit of temper
It's hot head, hot groove, don't look, don't move

Don't let me out of my cage boy
'cos i might kill somebody
Don't let me out of my cage boy
'cos i might thrill somebody

Whatever their name may be

Who dares, who dares?
Nobody does that to me
Who cares, who cares?

Whenever these four walls close me in
I'll knock them down
With one flick of my wrist
It's so mean, so cute, don't scream, don't shoot.

Don't let me out of my cage boy
'cos i might kill somebody
Don't let me out of my cage boy
'cos i might thrill somebody

I'm counting from one to ten
One two, one two
No telling what happens then
It's up to you

It could be love or it could be war
What will you choose
It depends what i want to get out of my cage for
Choose war, you lose

Whenever the roof falls down on me
I'll come right through
With one beat of my heart
It's you win, you bet, don't cry, don't fret

Don't let me out of my cage boy
'cos i might kill somebody
Don't let me out of my cage boy
'cos i might thrill somebody

More lyrics: www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/n/nik_kershaw/

A Job Well Done

Monday November 11th, 213

"Congratulations Captain on your success. Please pass on my thanks to all your captains and crew."

"Thank you sir, I will sir."

"How do you think the tactics worked?"

"Everything went like clockwork sir. The yachts pinned him, and then Captain Altavista's tractor beams held him in place for the missile and photon ships. He was critically damaged even before Captain Henderson's torpedoes did their job."

"Spectacular I imagine."

"Indeed sir, by the time the plasma cloud cleared there wasn't enough debris to fill a thimble."

"I don't suppose you know if he was aboard?"

"No, sir. When the DNA has been reduced to plasma, there's no way to identify any of the people aboard. It's possible there may be some surviving items or people, but we won't know until the sensors penetrate the explosion site. I would be very surprised if anything survived that explosion though."

"How did the former LEE ships get on?"

"Very well sir. Considering they have had less than a week in the squadron, they have adapted magnificently. Of course

this operation was a nice little training exercise for everybody."

"Any damage?"

"Both yachts picked up some minor damage from ISR fields, but we knew they would be vulnerable. The bravery of those crews is beyond that of anyone I have ever seen. Without them though, the enemy may well have been able to flee."

"Well, I shall let you get back to your celebrations. Congratulations again Captain on a job well done."

Briefing Meeting Transcript - 213.46.2 - Location - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Tuesday November 12th, 213

"Good afternoon Captains - thank you all for linking in. Do you all know each other? Captain Kavanagh and Captain Jarrell have been in Halo for a long time. Captain Wise and Captain Beard have recently joined us from the LEE. I assume you have seen the latest regarding Halo?"

Nods and affirmations.

"What are your states of readiness? Captain Kavanagh?"

"Fully battle ready, sir. We only used 1 rounds worth of ammo yesterday and can be wherever you want us immediately."

"Jolly good. Captain Jarrell?"

"Less good sir. We are mid way through our refit, and are still a few captains short. We should be able to hold our current location with the support of the local defences though."

"That's pretty much as I thought. Captain Wise, how is your new command?"

"Very good sir. All primed and fully ready for combat. We can be anywhere between Agripeta and Coptuv whenever you want."

"Excellent, that's what I was hoping to hear. Captain Beard?"

"Arrrrrrr, we havn'a e'en got in yart. Nowt to be dun fur a week ah reckon."

"Ah, indeed, yes, as you say - well, it can't be helped. Captain Kavanagh, what is your assessment of the strategic situation?"

"The flotilla that took out the pirate base in Persian is the only force of note we are aware of. Unfortunately we lost track of them last week, as we weren't keeping a particularly close eye on them, what with them being presumed friendlies and all. They don't appear to have transitted the wormhole though so I assume they are still around somewhere. We'll know more when the scouts send their weekly report on wormhole activity tomorrow. The latest scout reports also show about 20 freighters in various locations across the periphery over the last week, although we believe most of them have departed through the wormhole having left Persian. There is a single Heavy Cruiser in Agripeta, but I don't think we can do anything about that at this time. We also have no idea which vessels belong to the faction concerned and which belong to other factions."

"Thank you Captain - what about numbers?"

"Well, if our information is accurate, we have the advantage in numbers of about 4:1, based on forces currently known or suspected to be in Halo. About half our ships are not ready for immediate action though, so that evens it up somewhat. We couldn't bring the entire force to bear anyway, due to HBO law, but as long as the diplomats iron it out quickly we should be able to handle what is already here if things go south. The real danger is if this drags on and they bring in significant reinforcements."

"What about likely targets? My view is that we should concentrate on the 3 locations highlighted."

"That was my thought too sir."

"Its agreed then Captain, although send your yachts back to Aquarium. They won't help you if this turns into a firefight."

"Yes sir."

"What about Corewards?"

"Well sir, I wouldn't want to be in Captain Irving's shoes."

"I know what you mean, Captain, I know what you mean. Well it can't be helped - we must all do our best with the resources at our disposal."

Sympathetic nods.

"And let me make one thing absolutely crystal clear to everybody. This is a defensive action ONLY. No one, under any circumstances is to fire unless GCE positions at your location are fired upon first. We will not be altering our target lists, so there should be no accidents. Good luck one and all, and let us all hope Mr Garcia's diplomacy works so we can concentrate on our pirate hunting. This looks like being a lucky escape for that Pirate the scouts found today."

Briefing Meeting Transcript - 213.46.3 - Location - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Wednesday November 13th, 213

"How are your crews holding out Captain Wise?"

Static, sounds of explosions and photon fire.

"Remarkably well sir. For a bunch of rookies, outnumbered and outgunned they have done magnificently."

"Bring them home Captain, they are not configured for this kind of battle. Going toe to toe with Heavy Cruisers requires a different set of ships to pirate hunting. I'm just sorry I left you to take the heat. It was a judgement call, and I'm sorry, but I got it wrong."

"Yes sir, we'll do our best sir. What about Captain Leslie and her crew sir?"

"Don't worry about them Captain. This is Deva. Captain Leslie will be at the helm of her new command before you get back to base."

"Captain Jarrell. Your turn. Take every ship that can fight to the wormhole immediately. We have to hold them there. Scouts report another 20 ships on the Tramoss side waiting for them to clear the area."

"Yes sir. Do you think they'll keep coming now they have what they want?"

"I don't know Captain, but we are going to act as if they will. They may want to teach us a lesson. Make sure Captain Leslie knows to get every freighter in Deva out of the area. She's in command of the Shiva defences now. Happy hunting Captain."

"Captain Beard. Select your captains and get them to their ships as fast as possible. We may need you if this carries on."

"Ahhhh, yessir!"

"Captain Kavanagh. Prepare to move. I have another mission for you. I think you'll like it."

"Yes sir."

Transmission fades.

"Susan, put me through to Mr Gaijin and Mr Nemo. They have assets in the area and need to know what is going on."

Briefing Meeting Transcript - 213.46.4 - Location - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Thursday November 14th, 213

"So, Captains. No combat today?"

"No sir - well Fleet Epsilon was fired upon as they retreated, but they all got out. And Captain Holland got some shots off as the FLZ left."

"Do we know where they went?"

"Not yet, sir - but they didn't show up anywhere else, so we are presuming they went back through the wormhole. We'll know for sure tomorrow."

"Jolly good. Keep alert Captain Jarrell - and get the rest of your ships in position - just in case."

"Yes sir"

"Captain Wise, a word in private if I may."

"Yes sir?"

"On Tuesday you reported your Fleet was fully battle ready - but I notice that no fewer than 4 ships out of 13 failed to engage."

"Urm...."

"One of them had no captain, one of them had no ammo, one of them had no defend list, and the fourth ran away. If this is what you call Battle ready, then you and I are going to have a falling out. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes sir, Sorry sir. It won't happen again sir."

"I should hope not. Your negligence could have led to a complete disaster, and it is only due to the quality of our shipyards that there were not many more casualties. You are dismissed Captain"

213.46.5 - Location - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Saturday November 16th, 13

"No further contact Captain Jarrell?"

"No sir. However, scouts report that they did not withdraw through the wormhole, so they are still in Halo somewhere. None of our Halo scouts were able to track them, but of course they didn't all report in today. The second Flagritz fleet is still holding position on the Tramoss end."

"Thank you Captain. Keep up the good work, and keep advising all ships to stay away from the Tramoss Deva wormhole."

"Governor Brown."

"Yes sir?"

"Have you seen the latest communications?"

"Yes sir"

"I think you should advise Mr Al-Schmidt to remain in his quarters, and assign him a protection squad."

"Yes sir."

Jeremiah Phillips, GCE Area Director for Halo turned off the vid screens and slumped back in his chair with a sigh. Things had been going so well only a week ago. Now, the headaches were piling up. There was one positive thing to do though.

"Susan, tell Captain Kavanagh that I am going to send his crews a bonus from the bounty we were paid for Mr Cages ship. They have earned it."

Jeremiah gave a dry laugh. Funny how Cage thought it was personal. "It's all about the money Lucas old boy." He grinned to himself. Still, goading Cage was both fun and largely harmless, and Cage had shown a tendency towards rash action, so...

Turning back to serious business, Jeremiah sat back in his chair and looked at the scout reports from Corewards.

"Look Susan, 25000 stellars worth of bounty, just sitting there, doing nothing. They have been there for 2 weeks now. It would be a major operation, but if it wasn't for the Flagritz situation.... Ah well, it can't be helped. I think I shall write a mission request for Mr Garcia though. It doesn't hurt to be prepared."

Thankfully there was nothing new to report from the Inner Empire. The TCA threat remaining unresolved, but the mission was purely protection of GCE assets. Even scouting missions had been forbidden. Jeremiah didn't like being in the dark, but even he had to concede the wisdom of discretion in the case of the TCA!

"All quiet in the Cluster and Outer Capellan too, which is good news Susan."

Jeremiah smiled to himself, looking round the room, with its huge banks of vid screens, each showing the latest reports from all across the peripheries. He had come a long way in less than 2 years, from being a lowly starship owner to the de facto second in command of the largest independent trading company in the peripheries, with hundreds of ships and outposts, and thousands of people under his command. "If only Jarlia was here with me" he whispered to himself.

"Did you say something sir?"

"No Susan, carry on."

Jeremiah turned back to his work, and began to type.

213.47.1 - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Monday November 18th, 213

"Sorry to waken you so early sir, but Mr Al-Schimdt has gone."

"Gone? What do you mean gone?"

"He's nowhere on the base any more sir. We are investigating logs to see whether we can ascertain his whereabouts."

"Keep looking Governor, and make sure you find him!"

Muttering to himself, Jeremiah Phillips stared at the screens with their flashing notifications. Glancing down the lists of transactions he quickly found what he was looking for. He paled, and reached for the communicator.

"What the hell is going on?" thought Jeremiah.

"Susan, get me Mr Garcia immediately... I don't care what time it is, this is urgent!"

213.47.2 - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Tuesday November 19th, 213

"Well, Governor? have you found him?"

"We tracked the ship that picked him up to REDACTED, where we lost her. I can only assume that she has jumped to a system where we have no scouts at present, such as REDACTED or REDACTED."

"You may well be right Governor, but there's nothing else we can do right now. All the scouts are tied up on other missions. Thank you, and keep an eye open."

The screen goes blank.

"Good luck Tarquin old chap - wherever you are, and wherever you are going."

213.49.3 - Mr Phillips' office, somewhere in the Outer Capellan periphery

Wednesday December 4th, 213

"Susan, have you seen this report from Aquarium?"

"Yes sir, I have. What do you make of it?"

"Cloaked through orbit no doubt - both ways. A stealthy ship not to be spotted by any of the ships that scanned the planet. Still, I have a name - Heroic Value."

"An ironic name, sir - all things considered. And the name gives the scouts something to look for."

"Indeed, although I doubt not even he is stupid enough to fail to reregister and rename a ship again - especially when you consider what his last mistake cost him."

"Will you meet him?"

"No - after all, I am sure I can trust him exactly as much as he can trust me."

"Sir?"

"Not at all, Susan, not at all."

Ponderings and Preparations

Saturday December 7th, 213

Jeremiah Phillips, GCE Area Manager for Halo, was a worried man. Not, it must be said, about the amusing little irritant that was Lucas Cage - even if he was behind the attack in Persian. Personally Jeremiah didn't think Cage had the guts to try a stunt like that, although the competence of the planning and execution was very Cage like.

No, what Jeremiah was worried about was the fate of his friend and business associate Tarquin Al-Schmidt. OK, so Tarquin had stuffed up big time with the Flagritz, but everyone makes mistakes, and dealing with it was just part of the business. Things hadn't turned out too badly anyway. It had been very useful to give the Manuwao Class ships a full battle work down, and they had done pretty well actually. The Waka Taua class had been a disappointment, but not an entirely unexpected one. In any case, there was no other realistic alternative for a fast ship to carry the batteries, so there was nothing to be done about it anyway. Hopefully they would only ever come up against individual raiders, so should work out ok.

What had been deeply worrying was Mr Garcia's ruthless and completely unexpected reaction to the disaster. Grabbing Tarquin from the safety of his office at Aquarium and spiriting him off to who knows where, with not a sound or message since... Now that was something to make a manager lose sleep.

Jeremiah wanted to be sure that the same thing didn't happen to him. He looked at the Blueprint in front of him, and gave a smile. "Once this beauty is ready, I'll be safe enough." It would be good to get back into space again anyway. REDACTED was a nice enough system for an office, but hardly the most exciting place in the galaxy.

Jeremiah sighed, and turned back to the reports on his desk.

213.50.2 - Mr Phillips' office, Outer Capellan periphery

Tuesday December 10th, 213

"Good evening, Captains. Thank you for taking the time to report in"

"Arrrr, we wen' ta th quad as ya said, sor, anna we saw nuffin go awt."

"Thank you, Captain Beard. Captain Wise?"

"Well, sir, we arrived and targeted one of the PRV vessels, but were unable to open fire before she left."

"What I want to know is whether we can keep the orbit safe?"

"No, sir. I don't believe we can. Not unless you give us weapons free on all PRV & MRC vessels."

"I'm not prepared to do that, Captain, as you know."

"Yes, sir. We can protect our own ships, sir, but not anyone else's."

"I am going to close the markets. No point anyone else being hurt. I hope Persopolis has the sense to do the same."

"Arrr, sor. I reckons some of 'em pirates may of docked thar."

"Why do you say that Captain Beard?"

"Arrr, well ya may of no'iced arr av sumink of a accent"

"Well, urm, yes, Captain, I had a bit..."

"Afore arr woz in the LEE, an e'en afore arr woz in RVN, arr ad sumink of a sheckered past, don'tcha know."

"I see, I see..."

"An, arr woulda docked sor. Ee must know we ain't gonna go arfta a FRE base, an issa free port, so ee knows ees safe thar. New paint, new register, an ees gone - an us nun the wiser, sor"

"Good thinking Captain - that would explain how none of them passed your ships. I can believe the boarders could get past your sensors, but those freighters aren't built for stealth. If he has docked, theres nothing we can do anyway. I want you two to keep your fleets on rotation, just in case the PRV catch a case of stupid. I'll let you know when we can scale down the action."

"Arrrrr" "Yes sir"

"Happy hunting Captains."

The vid screens go blank.

"What do you make of that, Susan?"

"Captain Beard has a good head on him, sir, although I don't think it would be wise to look too deeply into his past."

"What about Captain Wise?"

"I really don't think he's up to it sir. He's not a combat officer - his expertise is in exploration."

"What about one of the new officers from the freed prisoners?"

"Either of them would be good sir, but I'm thinking you want one of them to Captain our ship when its finished."

"Very good Susan, very good. You are of course right."

"Captain Wise is just the sort of chap that Tarquin would like." Jeremiah swore to himself. "I mean that Michaels woman."

"Susan, get me Captain Ragus at Aquarium, and contact Ms Michaels office regarding Captain Wise's transfer"

Jeremiah sat back in his chair, and frowned. Standing, he walked to the window and looked out over the shipyards. The first hulls had been laid earlier today. "4 weeks, Fernando, just give me 4 weeks."

Gath-Edhoras's Blog

Magnus has gone

Friday January 4th, 213

Gath strode purposefully through the Council Halls, Lorken stalked at his side. Gath was slightly impressed - he knew Lorken was notably unskilled at combat and you could normally tell but by a subtle puffing of cheeks and adjustment in stance he looked like a skilled combat bodyguard even if he was not. As it turned out his political advice was turning out to be very useful especially with the news or non-news concerning the Great Lord Magnus.

The council had been called at the Great Lords command and had gathered yet the Great Lord himself had disappeared his ship taken, destroyed, deliberately immobilised/ No one knew. All that was known was that the mental signature of Magnus and his crew was no longer accessible to the common mind and that had put the Dewiek amongst the Felini, so top speak, for the fur was flying.

Lorken mind nudged him subtly. Over the other end of the hall Folkvar had entered striding in without a bodyguard. Gath was impressed. Only someone with supreme confidence would take such a risk at such a time of tension.

"Folkvar is making a play for command of the Nation", Lorken muttered quietly," indications are that large sections of the fleet support him possibly with the Falconian contingent"

"Any Opposition?"

"There is always opposition and if none existed then it would be made. Some of the older clans are gathering behind Crockar on a traditionalist line though more along the - pure Dewiek no new blood approach"

"Who has the advantage"

"Neither currently their forces are balanced"

"Hmm"

That night the clans of the nation were in open discussion, in a discussion which appeared to be going nowhere. Gath returned to his quarters mentally drained from the infighting and arguing. As he approached the council hall chambers he nodded politely to another council member waiting ahead

"Astrar, greetings"

"Greetings, tonight might be hard. I would like to recommend that we join contingents together to cope with any.. Eventualities"

Gath thought it over. Astar was a minor Lord but then again so was he. Over night power plays might be attempted and there was always safety in numbers. He nodded

Later that evening he looked over his clan quarters. It was completely heaving with bodies. Astrar and two other Lords had joined them with all their permitted contingent and the door was bolted and blocked. A knock was heard on the door. Gath moved to open only to be stopped by Lorken. The various bodyguards in the contingent started moving their principals back and one guard carefully approached the door, looked round at the busy room and put his hand on the door. At that moment the right hand wall exploded outwards showering the room with debris and knocking most of the occupants over in a heap. Through the gap swirled several armoured Dewiek in unmarked red combat armour. Firearms were not permitted when council was in session but as edged weapons were old style armours gained greater usage. Efficiently they charged forward obviously targeting the Lords. Gath signalled and led his own bodyguard into the defence of Lord Cristos who had been close to that wall and with most of his bodyguard dead or stunned was hard pressed.

The fight seemed interminable. The red armoured Dewiek fought silently and efficiently and it was only the numbers in the quarters that delayed them by preventing their own freedom of movement. After what appeared to be an eternity Gath and the other three Lords - one insensible all wounded and five or six bodyguards were left defending the safe room - a room with one exit and still the red hoard flowed in.

Gath had just garrotted one of their silent opponents and slipping on blood fallen beneath the raised knife of one of the assassins when suddenly shouts were heard from behind. Another force of Dewiek had entered from a different hall

way. Dressed all in grey these had charged into the flank of the 'Reds' and they were soon fighting each other. Enough to allow the safe room to be cleared and its occupants to recover closing the door and then blocking it with bodies and any spare furniture.

Time passed and it all became silent. Eventually dawn arrived and with it a knock on the door.

Gath looked around at the others uncertain what to make of this, a voice verbally announced, "It is Dawn the council forbids further bloodshed. The Great Lords guard will enforce this." - a mental seal was sent to confirm the validity of this.

They slowly cleared the door and dragged it open to reveal a warzone. A Dewiek courtier stood gleamingly clean surrounded by the debris of a battlefield trying, and failing, not to stand on a corpse. No red or grey armoured bodies were left in the room and they had obviously been removed when the relevant side pulled out.

"Fighting of this nature is not permitted during council Lord", he stated sternly

Gath looked around, "What fighting, this was a drinking party". He grinned as the courtier scowled and stomped out of the door by the enormous hole in the wall.

"Shut the door! Were you raised in a barn!" Gath shouted at him. The courtier looked at the hole in the wall, then the door and slammed it. It fell off its hinges.

Later that day Gath re-entered the council chamber. Lorken, who appeared to lead a charmed life having been buried under some convenient corpses during the fight so had survived walked besides him

"Who is responsible?"

Lorken considered, "My investigations show the red armoured Dewiek were using traditional armour. I would suspect warriors loyal to Folkvar - several Lords opposing him and un-committed Lords were targeted last night in the same fashion by the same equipped force. You all were unknowns so a potential threat"

"The grey armoured ones who saved us later"

"They were from Crokkar with probably the same task"

Gath laughed. Only a Dewiek election campaign would be so eventful and dangerous. Ahead Folkvar could be seen surrounded by his entourage. Gath waved Lorken back and approached on his own. Folkvar moved his own bodyguard back and stood calmly awaiting his arrival. Inwardly Gath though how much respect Folkvar was gaining from his composure as all present knew of his attack..

When within two paces and easily able to attack Gath stopped. Folkvar had not moved. He dropped on one knee and pledged the support and blood of his clan to Folkvar. At this the tension disappeared and several other junior Lords clustered round slapping Gath on the back.

Folkvar just nodded and carried on doing whatever he was doing. Gath moved away

Lorken re-joining him raised an eyebrow

Gath grinned, "The Dewiek need strength, Folkvar has proved he has strength and the will to impose his will. For that he would be an excellent Great Lord. Crokkar," he turned and spat, "Crokkar is a pale shadow of the wolf. Plus if it pans out then our clan will gain new ships, new bases and new strength. "

They moved off.

Mad Science

Wednesday January 9th, 213

Gath entered a rest lounge off the main council concourse and flung himself down on a couch. In the distance the sounds of another furious combat could be heard as yet another wrinkle in Dewiek power politics was ironed out. In this case by having someone's opponents head ripped off and from what could be heard then being used as an impromptu drinking aid. Gath frowned at that -dismemberment of opposition was often not just the best way to solve a difficult political situation but sometimes the only way. Even so not cleaning out the skull made the beer taste bad and that was unconscionable.

A rap on the door introduced a limping, but cheerful, Asmode. He still looked battered but was obviously vastly improved from his near death experience a few weeks back. With him was a much smaller Dewiek scientist.

"Right boss!"

"How are you feeling Asmode"

"He better not be feeling me", Asmode raised one paw threateningly toward the scientist who shrunk towards one corner.

"No matter. Are you the scientist responsible for project Orange?"

"Yes" the scientist seemed almost gleeful to avoid having to deal with Asmode.

"Are you responsible for giving the project such a crap name?. Could be worse could have been Project Brown."

The scientist felt he was losing grasp of the conversation and looked confused.

"Sorry boss that was my idea. I was watching some old dubbed human vids. It has given me some great 'names' to use. Plus vastly extended my vocabulary"

The scientist turned to Asmode," but you said"

"FUN YOU MELON FARMER", Asmode bellowed. The scientist shut up

Gath turned to the data slate, " So how is the project going on, what can you tell me about the perceived benefits?"

"Oh they will be great"

"I hope so and what are they?"

"Oh. We don't actually know"

"Hold on I am keeping a base open under the assumption of 'exciting' advantages and you do not know what these are?"

"Well there should be some as it is all old technology - ancient even and we don't actually know what it does but we are hoping it might do something exciting. Talons crossed.."

Gath paused and glared at the scientist.

"You do not know what it does. I have a 40k wage bill for a base that is building stuff using stuff which that we don't know what it does?"

"Yes"

"How do we know it wont introduce more flush efficient toilets? If so surely we should pass it over to the humans. They will need it when Asmode next comes visiting"

The scientist did not know what to make of this whilst Asmode flung himself on another couch and opened what appeared to be a human porn magazine, " Urgh look at this they only have two breasts. Personally I find six at a minimum is a requirement and more hair. A lot more hair"

Gath threw a small statuette of Adoghina at the recumbent Dewiek and swung back to continue to glare at the scientist

"When will you find out? You realise it is traditional to celebrate the accession of a new Dewiek Great Lord by killing lots of other races and in the absence of other races then other Dewiek will do"

"Yes!" the scientist squeaked, "When we get a prototype out we should be able to work out the advantages gained"

"If any or toilet based perhaps"

The scientist grinned weakly.

Gath scowled further , " IF this prototype proves to be as rubbish as I am expecting then the base will close and you can bring your expertise to something a little more blood thirsty. I will give you the time until the prototype is out plus two weeks for combat trials and no further - take it the base is in danger of the axe until then. Understood?"

The scientist nodded his head and scuttled out.

Ships and More Ships

Tuesday January 22nd, 213

Gath strode into a large viewing chamber at the top of the starport. Asmode was back at his side- still injured but his reputation was such that even an Asmode at 80% was better than most others.

The chamber contained around eight scientists and probably double that number of technicians. The lead scientist approached and bowed.

Nodding curtly Gath moved over to a command chair and sat , " I am ready - begin"

The lead scientist nodded and adjusted his notes before looking up, " Lord. Before we begin I felt a brief digression on ship design would be in order"

Gath shrugged non-committally.

The Scientist tapped some control keys and brought up a picture of an ancient star ship.

<http://qfc99q.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pDvwHnGFraniVJUyn6lZEBb595jvhndbH34RzFeaF9jm1AeG074yokYQXNZ2564m6jW2q28Vpd3vYqD5MKEclGPANcFspu7ax/sunshine.jpg?psid=1>

"All races have to overcome racial prejudices in design terms but fundamentally space design from the earliest times has always followed the basic rule of form follows function. This often follows purely mechanical grounds but can also fulfil socio-economic and political grounds."

Asmode fell asleep and Gath grinned at his friend as he started snoring

The scientist looked alarmed then continued

"Space has no primary resistances such as friction or sea/air resistance to concern itself with therefore shapes can be whatever is required. In early days the major considerations were stellar radiation."

On the screen a picture shot up of an earth ship with a huge sun shield at the front of the ship

"This ship for example of early human design both harvested solar power and screened the living quarters from solar particles and radiation. The Felini had a similar design with a colony ship attached to an ice asteroid. The asteroid fulfilled both a screening requirement and provided fuel."

He clicked and a semi-saucer appeared

http://pnsuwu.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pLn5fBi7oZkdP24_59YXNOB011mP44UHxOQgk330JMIG_ovEWbbkp6yriuBsjJKLoQbqMx5OkVKBKFLN46sTBogp8Y4ogPHe/promalein.jpg?psid=1

"Here we have a more recent Flagritz design - saucers are very good general purpose designs as the engines can be spread equally allowing fast direction changes - remember that though there is no large active resistance when changing direction you do have to overcome the ships own inertia and this gets larger with momentum this particular ship is an advance on the basic saucer design that eventually recognised that the central section of the saucer was essentially wasted space"

"In more recent times the use of fusion engines has meant that the ship designers have had less need to design around a fuel/protection function and more ability to organise around the political requirements of the ship. "

Another click and a shot of an huge white triangular warship appeared, " For example view this shot of an Imperial Star Destroyer. Combat is at such ranges that visibility is statistically insignificant so appearance is irrelevant. The shape is functional but the colour and shape have been designed to be both threatening and visible. This is more for viewing in vid-casts and recruitment than by actual space principals

<http://qfbk3a.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pDvWnGFranj7HhYCIQ2RNmgMa8DfLpGnQcozg2JTZve1ML0TORzCcjALdyhp10wagRr0rAWJITMFy0W0tXezlNEIS2NjSrCs/ImperialStarDestroyer.jpg?psid=1>

Another click and a ship appeared with a large saucer with two strong ancillary columns connecting to a further large column moving to the rear.

"Here we have a Dominion ship this one is" he looked at his slate "is the Enterprise, not an uncommon name for the Humans. This is another shape designed to intimidate. "

http://rck1fq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pRAAVu6C1alS1KdZUnXR5p1YyCmEeQP_eAjgah3C4yfFGCV6u4iTrQzc0cEZAEGfhUCXXxPqnDvmS9y1FVDcRkobbQuaPRKX3/DOM.jpg?psid=1

A further click and a cathedral like ship with what appeared to be a huge ram at the front," The ultimate in socio-economic design is this design from the BHD. Almost a church in space it fulfils an almost spiritual requirement and also requires excess shields to protect the various spires from damage. Ancient civilisations who built cathedrals would recognise the builders of this ship as a kindred spirit."

<http://pnsixq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pEchsAC08eatGTOVXTs-t0JVUtkzmnKNjnPQUppmMbaRvjPikDefMQBJLQ5KnjEafAF40v2odg8ggy4OHNNCuYxMAA4cy23qgb/bhd2.jpg?psid=1>

or in another view

http://rck1fq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pesQ6tMmekqej5Q97RFnEh71xLHXFqztkWfz8GJsQj_NEj3_a3qcahMKG46mmIAFE_0wGRCyqroIJZ2GQDw4mLJAupK437L4W/z_graves_01.jpg?psid=1

We can move through many of the other affiliations and see equally diverse style choices.

Click " A DTR carrier. As a democracy you will not the DTR ship designers have not pushed the 'fear' button but their ships are functional and thus re-assuring to their own power bases"

http://cwcyyga.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pd050vLDicx2GxXR0resq0Ge4MbXypOWiCNV-5oi4RSTkMAaPTQFIKHFAz2JkPHySMY7gs4U_uNjSf5n5ov_7gNFvDJzhE0ql/battlestar.jpg?psid=1

Click " AFT - much smaller traders of many designs - the function here is trade and the shape therefore the designs are very varied "

http://pnsprg.bay.livefilestore.com/y1poAfNTjhnmvTu7Za-u6pnBzW5DxwfOwrBUa3oynhaktMOtxUmkUsaHM_-dYVDP17J4lqEuVbIXMUyOL2fSJRlnTv4Z6JLaeCS/firefly.jpg?psid=1

Click " and here is a Garcia Enterprises scientific vessel - note the form is basically designed around the engine structure to allow the craft to land on hi-gi planets. "

http://pnuxxw.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pLn5fBi7oZkcmSjJoLzGDo-EpnG6yo6wxrQDEREsRJonIjbjiqDFkI1Xwpe9OICJAzXSjBEGXQPOWPQ9_xUER662-tWTfzaYR/prometheusfet.jpg?psid=1

Click "an FET assault ship. The FET are the chameleons of the universe often due to them attempting to 'hide' in plain sight which helps match their own ship requirements. "

http://rck1fq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pesQ6tMmekqegcCJs8_52Y50a_tMc0ndFQajffL1_M7WZWHYkY9vsfVw7LWqfO9cC-X-V-kmmD9gc-gTW-U04oTgyLYuE86_/z_graves_06.jpg?psid=1

Click " A Hex trader- note the ships form is related to the Flagritz design"

http://rck1fq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pHDYp_nxcxoSlgD6O68HRmM39gK3UCUE-6i4EOK2g441fw2zjCczIvrcjRt8L4QdqG3KgrVQapct7lOqzDk-oEQJ4GiNzUkv/HEX.jpg?psid=1

Click " A CNF battleship - the CNF like brutal business like ships. This does not make them more effective killing machines but creates the perception that they are such. The Imperial ships tend more to the political impact whereas the CNF are portraying 'fear' in the same fashion.

http://pnujq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pEchsAC08eauy_B4tfIhK-1lhTwQeD7aG3r5I7cR9aWRJxel4_8OdrLCmdMKsDGDWifjVkwfjhGOnKE7rvpG4ZUd1Qj7JIO9t/bhd.jpg?psid=1

Click - "A MOH Astral. You will note the wide divergence that all the alien races have and the essential similarities which all the human ships can be seen to possess"

http://rck1fq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1prAAVu6C1alTHYYBHpc_aOkaAdTv7MjP6mgJEXDgD8NIhY5Gf8_F8wy9FV6nLLvXUZ3W5wDZxoztaH4mXIVtz_0ceabrMvDaF/MOH.jpg?psid=1

Click - "A GTT ship in construction. The GTT are functional to the extreme. Their craft are solid and strong. Less image conscious than some of the others perhaps their ships are designed to stand their ground and slug it out with the enemy until the foe is battered into insensibility or reduced to atoms - whichever comes first. Appearance of propaganda is therefore less of an issue."

http://rck1fq.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pLTfM_WUi9kqKV3Ue4phNNIDqDBM5UiO27jGmJnIs_A02gM88ZM2fFgzSC3itrvuSWN-wwaF6DL3uCwCIHq-WqNiD_jjHow3s/kling.jpg?psid=1

"Most of these are young races. In our own case our own designs were heavily impacted by our contacts with both the architects and TCA. Our ships tend to be heavily armoured and we also tend to hide away the internals. Other races often include them on the outside of the ships where we will tend to keep them covered and expose when necessary.

Usually we have a solid metal shield that protects the entire forward going body of the ship."

Click - "A Dewiek Ghost Wolf entering a planetary environment"

http://cwexcw.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pLn5fBi7oZkfSVSxm1ydANmYVQ7vaOm3gjG-o-_o7zbZg6ebiW-VGaWN3JmLcUm7-WFf1WKreJU2Kjth92N2pvxameLWg-NT/starcraft2.jpg?psid=1

Though I stated earlier there is no friction there is momentum and stellar particles and these can easily strip a ship of paint or delicate externals. Though modern technology allows this we still follow the traditional steps of keeping all covered. If nothing else if anything falls off it falls off inside the shell. With that may I introduce our test subject.

"More traditional designs hid function and provided protection with obvious armour. The appearance is defensive but the intent is aggressive. The ancient ship design revived here matches this ideal."

He clicked a different button and viewport opened over the sight of a large particularly spectacular star cluster. The dust was shining in red swirls around a core of bright, fresh, blue young stars.

In the far distance a star appeared to cut out and Gath looked closer - the star had not disappeared it had been obstructed by an approaching object.

"Is this the ship?"

"Sir"

More stars were disappearing now as the starship approached rapidly. From an unspecified dark mass to a shape to a recognisable object the ship came closer slowing as she approached the star port.

Internally Gath was impressed by its Captains control as she came very close indeed. Close enough to see detail and in space that meant dangerously close.

The ship, was long and thin with its prow and most of its body covered by what could almost be described as a smooth golden carapace only broken by a small slit where the primary bridge existed. This provided a lot of the strength of Dewiek design philosophy and thus strength of armour. She was a beautiful if lethal object. She almost shone as she hung probably with only a 1000th of a parsec between the ship and the viewport.

http://pnvs2w.bay.livefilestore.com/y1pfw7U4L63lmsurMFbgpj843h9-NduQHFIKNz9hBulx-CGmsf12UtO6i2TQMUa8YWzW_TmyR-WVifeDZsnHjPf0eAd43aEd5SE/eve.jpg?psid=1

"Here we can see many of the design choices. The carapace shields the majority of the internals and also provides a political point with its demonstration of wealth and power.

The colour is your own clan colour of course. Plus this is a smaller ship than many of those which have come before.

Gath nodded.

"Other Wolf Lords use their own colour usually on the carapace itself, Magnus's ships always utilised Red for obvious reasons. This almost fulfils a heraldic function. Any ship can be visibly identified instantly. Though again this is often more useful via vids as in space itself no one would tell after all a sensor dot is just a dot.

Since our own racial designs occurred when much more powerful races were active in the universe our own styles tend to involve an attempt to hide our actions and at the same time proclaim our power. We have also traditionally favoured smaller capital ships mainly because we have tended to believe smaller but better armed and armoured craft can match the larger Goliaths. Historically the ARC and Architect ships we encountered would be so beyond our technological capabilities that we had to go down that path and that particular historical quirk has kept with us and started to become relevant again as two hundred and perhaps larger ships become more prevalent."

"Would it not be better to get better armed and armoured two hundred hullers?"

"Yes and no the two hundred is a resource drain and the larger the ship the worse the upkeep. Our fleets of 150's can stay out longer thus making them worth more bang to the buck. Basically 3 200 hull ships that needs to be close to a depot at all times and in maintenance 1 week out of 4 could be argued to provide 600 hulls for combat for 3 weeks. 4 150 hull ships requiring maintenance 1 week out of 8 provide 600 hulls for combat for 3 and a half weeks. The numbers do stack up."

Gath waved his paw impatiently,

"Strengths, weaknesses?"

"Any combat ship is a compromise between conflicting design requirements. These can be listed as offensive strength, defensive strength, combat speed, ground strength and manoeuvre speed. Of these the last two are often the dump stat.

The form and abilities of the ship thus relate heavily to the intention of the ship designer and the intentions of the ship designer are both precedent based and politically based. For example the CNF historically have heavily pushed offensive strength and neglected both speeds and defensive strength so their ships used to be very dangerous but slow and brittle if attacks got through.

The FET, perhaps due to their more underhand attitudes have favoured faster ships. These can avoid trouble and respond to it equally well but pass less of an offensive punch than the CNF or the IMP.

Offensive and defensive strength are the diametric opposites whereas combat speed would be subsumed by defensive strength if it did not have an offensive utilisation in preventing the escape of slower ships. Ground strength comprises the ability of the ship to resist boarding and manoeuvre speed allows the ship to get where it is needed quickly and if necessary to leave without interdiction."

"That does not answer the question"

"No generalisations can be made - the form of the ship does not indicate its internal structure and its internal structure defines its response to the design requirements listed"

"Okay THIS ship then categorise THIS ship and what are the results of the trials?"

"We carried out extensive combat tests and we are pleased to report.."

Static. Report blocked.

Musical Interlude

Tuesday February 19th, 213

There was a tap at the door and Asmode strode in handing over a sheet of paper.

"What's this?"

"I have 'adjusted' a human song concerning the recent interminable human discussions"

Gath read

--

a one , two , one, two, four

Sh*t no fighting yet

Sh*t no fighting yet

Sh*t no fighting yet

Sh*t no fighting yet

Kantner plays with Storm, Storm plays with Sith, Sith plays with one-eye, one-eye is happy again, sylvansight plays with Zigic, Zigic plays with Tenor, Bridge builds a bonfire ,Liquan plays with it.

Whistling tunes we hide in the quad by the asteroid
whistling tunes we're kissing Wimbles in the jungle
its a knockout

if looks could kill they probably will
in games without exclusion zones war without tears

repeat

Simms has a red flag
Wanderer changing blue
they all have starbases to fly them from
except for Alge-inon
Dressing up in uniforms
playing silly games
hiding out in systems
shouting out rude names

He handed it back, "I am sure it will be a hit - maybe then they will stop shooting insults and start shooting each other. The one left standing is the winner."

Asmode pointed down, " You see what I did there with One-eye , he is not really involved in the mud slinging but one-eye is a human euphemism for"

"Yes indeed, very subtle. I am sure the music listening public will enjoy perusing its cleverness"

"Won't stop the whining"

"Sounds like something from Steps"

They both shivered and went back to work.

Lots of big bugs

Wednesday February 20th, 213

The good ship Zoolook was traversing space. Its cargo was filled with some sort of eatable stone and trade had been done, the small crew was efficiently calculating trajectories and jump paths when a klaxon sounded. Its Captain winced - they still needed to fix that fog horn which appeared to be making the sound of two wales mating.

"We have not even left orbit yet", he snapped, "so why in the Hunts name is a planet collision warning sounding when we can see the planet moving away BEHIND us"

One of the crew members looked back as she quickly brought up scan schematics, " Large object ahead"

"Not that bloody large"

She hit a control and the meteor shield lifted showing

"Failed hunt, it IS that large"

Ahead of them a huge, in spaceship terms, ship was approaching. It resembled an enormous green cockroach shell and did not appear to be slowing

"Is that what I think it is? - Olaf send a signal beacon using this code structure"

Another crew member, presumably Olaf, started furiously coding the message and soon after a jet of pressure on the left of the ship indicated that the signal beacon had launched. This could rapidly seen accelerating before suddenly disappearing as it jumped. The Captain relaxed slightly once the message was away but the beacon also seemed to cause another effect as ahead the enormous ship seemed to recognise the trade ships presence and turned slightly towards them.

"Oh Fuc"

Two weeks later.

Gath and Asmode strode down the wide entry path of the HEX base. At regular intervals heavily armed insectoids stood guard. Viewports showed the local spaceport, busily active and Gath curiously looked at some of the smaller HEX craft - one close space fighter seemed an excellent example of racial designs as it could almost be an insect itself.

http://rck1fq.bn1.livefilestore.com/y1pGcDd3u8d4viqVNWrgnwxTdhzETynNxrWoVgUGtb5p4VQmAFP1zUo_ZtScgCTi99X0WP3FAYjxB05DoJq84E_1TDmJHfDzte0/HEXShip.jpg?psid=1

His study though kept being interrupted as Asmode kept turning his head and biting behind him. Eventually Gath could control himself no more

"What are you doing?"

Asmode stopped biting and grinned bashfully, " Just preparing for all eventualities - look at these soldiers"

Gath looked closely. This particular breed of insectoids were large, a metallic green colour with heads much like a Praying Mantis and as they walked each pair of guards in turn would move their heads to keep the two Dewiek in view in perfect synchronicity . Each possessed many legs/arms. The primary load bearing ones appeared to have sharp edges whilst two arms in the creatures jointed midsection cradled what appeared to be a small angry looking plasma gun, " They have lots of arms and legs and most of these are razor sharp, so?"

"Well each of this caste has six primary legs/arms, two secondary arms for the firearm and a biting mouth. We at best can use four limbs and teeth so I was running through scenarios about what I would do in hand to hand combat and"

"Greetings", came a voice from ahead. Gath swung round realising that Asmodes , no doubt innovative, combat advice would have to wait.

Ahead stood another large insect. This one was wearing a cape and had less limbs. To make up for this it had more eyes and at least 12 stood staring at them with more appearing around its head. The voice was issuing from a translator machine that was producing a reasonable 'universal standard' out of the scratchy noises emanating from the insects mouth.

Asmode whispered in his ear, " wow this guys eyes really DO follow you round the room", he started to edge around the room staring at the insect and grinning cheerfully.

Gath regarded the insectoid calmly, " Greetings, forgive my friend, he has not killed in a while and tends to get edgy"

"We understand. Death is life"

"Enough small talk we came about this", Gath handed forward a signal beacon.

The courtier (such as this insectoid appeared to be) took it and inserted it into a spiky machine that came out of the wall.

Whilst the courtier was reviewing the data Gath turned back the Asmode who was staring at one of the closer guards he telepathically sent to him, " you are still working out how to kill it aren't you?"

Asmode nodded, You never know when combat may come upon you. Once I was on the human earth as part of an embassy that was being shown round those dreary places the humans are so proud of - all concrete and plastic and stupid amusing bins and I encountered an enormous 8 foot tall rat that was attacking some children. As you may expect I leapt into action and garrotted the rat with its own tail before inserting it into a nearby toilet to send it back to its own kind. Turns out it was human in a costume! Supposedly something called Micky Mouse - and even though I was on a diplomatic mission I was requested to never return to the 'magical kingdom' again - not that I saw anything magical unless human children's ability to vomit is 'magic'. If that had been an 8 foot tall rat though that would have been an epic combat to shout about as it

He stopped sending as the courtier finished watching turned and bowed, "An unavoidable accident"

"Unavoidable? do you realise who controlled that ship? And how big was it? Four hundred Hulls easily I would say.."

The bug seemed to deliberate a second, "We had our reasons and will of course recompense the Nation. We would never wish for such an unfortunate accident to cause difficulties"

" That at least is acceptable - the cost to recompense is 30,000 stellars, if you can find any debris you can keep it. You stated reasons - What reasons were they? They had better be good ones."

"Let us show you", he (it?) hit another button and a wall suddenly switched to a view port. In the distance another huge ship could be seen. Not the one from the satellite, this appeared parked at a close asteroid and was several magnitudes of size larger. Gath was left considering its resemblance to an elephant tethered to a drinking fountain. The most unusual thing about it was that it was covered with HEX markings and around it tiny HEX combat ships buzzed officiously

http://rck1fq.bn1.livefilestore.com/y1pKr0yLEGcgjeweER3paLf5H4cXzOfUiofXiKIB1OVpA_6BbXSLPZdYn7RyssiB5jYmVwZaABRqmjZoXDrgfnHhcktqdMj-KqE/HEXTCA2.jpg?psid=1

Asmode suddenly stuck his head between them, " the insurance and patch cost on that must be horrific and just consider the glory in taking that out!" his eyes gleamed as he contemplated the destruction of such a monster ship.

The courtier seemed to assimilate this information for a moment then blinked his many eyes simultaneously and carried on, " costs are absorbed for the good of the Hive. We endeavoured to assist in gaining control of one of the ships by adding our markings"

"Hold on a second, you painted a living unaligned TCA ship with HEX markings as an advert to join you? And it let you??"

"Yes"

"Did it work"

A pause. " No"

"Then what"

"We assaulted it"

"That seems better, what happened?"

The courtier turned and flicked a switch. The local screen switched to the sight of several thousand HEX warriors swarming at tremendous pace through the bowels of the TCA craft. Asmode turned to Gath and not so subtly whispered, "Even I wouldn't want to be standing in front of that lot", he paused, "unless I had thirty auto guns and an enormous can of insect repellent". On the screen the passageway suddenly lit up as multiple contact weapons started up ripping the assaulting troops to pieces. Even more alarmingly the walls themselves seemed to get in on the action crushing several HEX and blocking their retreat. Not that they would ever retreat Gath thought though there was something somewhat disconcerting about the sight of an adult male HEX leader being crushed by what appeared to be a large living tunnel shaped something like a bowel.

"Initial entry was gained and failed, casualties 100%, we have now persuaded the ship to take a break around the gas giant.

It seems to calm it down though it regarded our incursion as more an irritant than a threat. Risk has dropped and we are considering our next response. We foresee no danger now"

"Unless one reverses into you whilst parking", Asmode whispered behind Gath's back. The courtiers antenna twitched, "parking is an unknown concept please explain"

"Docking, he means docking"

"HEX docks only permit one ship to dock at a docking port, this precludes any danger to other ships docking - do the nation not follow this simple safety structure?"

"No, well not that of course, we do, he meant. No matter - what about the other ships we have had reports of multiple sightings"

"The others have left or were destroyed"

"Destroyed? How? That would be some feat"

"Some of the less stable craft were attempting to feed of stellar anomalies and overloaded their internal structures"

A graphic showing this action was shown on screen. Another TCA craft could be seen gorging on what appeared to be a planetoid object. Gath considered that it did not look a healthy activity to carry out but then again who knows what enormous living ships would regard as healthy. Maybe this was the equivalent of human colonic irrigation.

http://rck1fq.bn1.livefilestore.com/y1pGcDd3u8d4vgqpmk7E_xt-10trnfnf_KM4r6UK9MbIMPDE0ta7KuFuOg79NCarh21Cx4uMvbBBksHPx2utyMs9Y7ubXmlzi43/dyingTCA.jpg?psid=1

"Any understanding of why this has occurred and why TCA activity has increased?"

The courtiers antennae throbbed again and Gath surmised that the Hive brain was making a decision. The courtier indeed looked agitated.

"We do not know, we require more data"

"So the other ships could still provide a threat"

"Yes, there are unknown factors at work and the HEX have no insight into what may come from this"

Gath's mind sung with one of Asmode's thoughts - 'the HEX would not be under threat from the TCA - we would'

He sent back - 'most in the universe would, still the TCA and the Architects have been almost dormant for a while. This increase in activity has occurred at the same time as the discovery of a new galactic sector - coincidence? Either way this outbreak seems to not be a

direct threat to us except perhaps accidentally.'

He turned back to the courtier - "Apologies I was communing with my officer"

The courtier bowed one of its body segments slightly.

"If you find any information that indicates a threat to our star systems will you inform us?"

More antennae throbbing

"We will make it so"

Gath nodded, they were unlikely to get information on defensive specifications now that the HEX had one to study so this was probably the best that could be gained from the situation. At least without a hunt against the HEX which would be politically risky considering the current state of galactic politics and to deliberately antagonise a neutral would be politically unsafe. It was time to go and report back to the High Lord. Some Dewiek would just want to destroy the ship and wipe its very existence from the universe. Gath though could see the advantage in growing understanding of the ships capabilities first. As they walked back to their ship he turned to Asmode

"So? Tactical close combat analysis then - or are you keeping it to yourself? - that would really 'bug' me if you did "

Asmode grinned, " Well..."

A Fishy Tale

Friday March 8th, 213

Blogger Gavad head merchandiser of the Remnant clan was attempting to fight back depression. It was not just that his role, though important, was regarded by most Dewiek as something akin to toilet cleaning but that things always seemed to take the wrong path. In front of him sat the latest delivery of trade goods for the local starbases under his control, 10,000 boxes of fish. They were stinking the warehouse out, rotting faster than a CNF peace deal and would probably make his next week hell trying to persuade the local populace that they were a delicacy worthy of eating. He had asked for meat but oh no this is what he was given instead.

in the distance steps could be heard and he looked up as another support fleet captain approached. After a quick exchange of salutes the officer in question handed over his manifest

"What have you got for me?", Gavad asked as he prepared a fresh sheet for a summary

"Fish, and lots of it", Gavads pen scraped a large inky line across the page.

"Of course you do. How many units?"

"3,200"

"That's just great", another set of steps brought forward another eager trade captain with another docket

"Let me guess. Something piscine perhaps?"

"What?, No!"

"Oh good"

"I have fish , wouldn't carry piscine if my life depended on it - that is if I knew what it was", he laughed and the other Captain joined in. Gavads face was forming lines which he knew would eventually mark him for ever.

"If you have fish please tell me it is interesting and tasty"

"Nope tastes like crap. I would not let a human eat it. Come to think of it a cargo of turds would be a more interesting eating experience than these. Good luck trying to sell these on"

They laughed again and walked off. Gavad pictured them both being swallowed by a ravenous Spludgeon beast or being sent to be diplomatic representative to the BHD. He could not quite decide which was more un-appealing.

He stomped over to some of the recently delivered cargo and spent a few minutes glowering at it. But Blagger Gavad did not get to be head of a Dewiek Clans resource management by glowering! Oh no he had other strengths to. It was just a matter of thinking outside the box.

The next few months saw a flurry of activity as processed fish oil was shipped off to the Imperium - healthy! Then the local planet was treated to a virtuoso display of marketing as a brand new anti-aging food came onto the market - fish soup, Blagger felt that he would probably be elsewhere in the few decades when it was discovered not to work and hell he was Dewiek if they complained he would just kill them. This just left a few boxes. With a further brainwave he wrote in felt tip 'Kitten Attractors' and marked the box for the attention of Gronk.

Job done. Sighing with satisfaction he sat back and viewed the growing list of financial receipts. Shift 20,000 boxes of rank fish - no problem.

They hunt them here they hunt them there but the hunted run everywhere

Tuesday March 26th, 213

Gath-Edhoras strode through the splattered remains of the BHD troops his force had just massacred. Up ahead Asmode was playing catch with a disembodied head with his friend Ctut the hairy. Next to them, guarded by a bored looking soldier, was an inquisitor being held to the ground. This did not stop him glaring balefully up at his captors.

"What's this?", he queried gesturing towards the monk

"Not quite certain, he wont shut up though"

Gath turned towards the man and noted that he was indeed mumbling,

"Curse you, curse you to hell and back, the power of the true one will crush you"

"Not today he didn't", Asmode responded

"Shells from Satan's satanic herd will rain down on your heads"

"Really?", Asmode peered upwards, " I had better get a bigger hat"

"White hot pokers will explore every orifice when your punishment arrives"

"Not unless you pay that AFT girl extra. Perks like that cost stellars"

"You will not expect"

"Hahahaha - never expect - good one - are you Spanish?"

"You will not expect the power of belief and the strength of faith - I am armoured by my god and you cannot hurt me!"

"Really?", Asmode curiously picked the man up by his hair so his legs dangled off the floor. He was not a striking man to look at. To Gath's eyes his long arms and prominent forehead were strong evidence of the continual existence of Neanderthal genes. Still, never judge a book by its cover even if this books cover appeared to be 'Porcine thugs monthly'.

Asmode stood the man up and then hit him so hard he bounced off the wall behind and rebounded back. Ctut then head-butted him causing him again to bounce off the wall

"Cool, human squash!"

This went on for a while until whimpering the man cowered on the floor curled up in foetal position.

Asmode scowled, " looks like he was lying when he said he was armoured by his God"

"Either that or his God no longer has his back - Asmode why not just kill him - is it not dis-honourable to mistreat a captured warrior like this?"

"Warrior? We found him hiding in an oven. Not before he had sent off all the kitchen staff on a suicide attack that them all killed though - he also kept the only available gun hidden and allowed them to attack with knives. If this is a warrior then I am a shiatsu"

"What about the rest of the Brotherhood force?"

"Wiped out or ran. More a turkey shoot really as they did not have much of a chance, at least the one that hung round to fight most just ran. Top marks for effort for the one that stayed. I suspect the escapees were a weak anti-pirate formation themselves. I don't think having these guys " , he pointed dismissively at the prone Inquisitor, " helped very much - by all accounts more would have run if not ordered to suicidal attack greater force by these zealots."

"Noted, as a positive we at least helped several hundred of them get closer, very much closer, to their maker. Which squadron happened on them"

"The Lupii, the anti-pirate squadron. But they got the job done anyway"

"I would expect nothing less from Dewiek warrior cast"

"You say that but it would have been better if the militant arm of the Brotherhoods navy actual stood round and defended their affiliation. First encounter and most ran faster than a confederate diplomat who has spilt cake on his lap in a room full of hungry wimbles with sharpened teeth."

Give a Scientist a ship and he'll make an arse of it

Tuesday April 16th, 213

It was approaching dawn and Gath-Edhoras strode impatiently towards a view port as several assorted scientific types scuttled alongside.

"Well?", he demanded, " times up let us see what this ship looks like, have we worked out what it does? Or are we still at the stage of eternal bemusement"

The scientists all started nodding like some weird car toy simultaneously

"We have found it is quite extraordinarily resilient"

"Against all weaponry types we guesstimate increased survival times"

"Blah, blah in practice?"

"Here are some shots of earlier tests."

Gath looked on curiously as various missiles, beam, ion and rail weaponry were blasted at the craft. Though some damage got through the ship did appear to be surviving the stream of assault weapons better than most combat ships Gath had seen.

"Comparisons?"

The screen smoothly adjusted to show similar sized ships - with all succumbing to the same weaponry in question. Later shots showed other objects dropped on the test ship including a live cow - soon dead and a kitchen sink along with an assortment of metal objects and mines

"I get the metallic objects - providing shrapnel for the mines but why the cow?"

"We wanted to replicate a humanoid life form space collision to make certain there were no un-expected weaknesses"

"A cow? How many cows do we generally find either floating around space or crewing opposing starships."

The scientists looked confused

Gath snorted, " Okay let's move on it can take it but can it give it?" The scientists looked at one another and one hesitantly opened another screen

The test ship could now be seen using its own weaponry and the results were less than Stellar.

"Is that it? I could do more damage with a tea spoon. I would prefer to throw that cow at an opposing ship than do that amount of damage"

"Increased weaponry can be carried at the expense of defensive sustainability Lord"

"Tell me about it. Does anything hurt it?"

"The new REDACTED should be able to punch through but considering its own weaknesses that is unlikely to be a problem we would recommend a crewman with some putty deals with any problems that that could generate"

"Space putty would work though I wouldn't want to get hit with one personally", Gath scowled. The ship was borderline non-Dewiek in its lack of punch yet tactically it had possibilities even if only as an unusually impregnable fleet support ship.

"Setup some live combat trials I want to see the ship in combat with a standard offensive 200 heavy huller and we shall see how she stands up - try our allies and see if any of those want to play, is there anything else?"

The scientists shook their heads

"How long before a combat trial version can be made ready"

"a few months Lord, we think"

"Think, that's all I ever hear how about do.. No matter you have earned a stay of execution."

Gath picked up a pad and wrote furiously for a second," Here close REDACTED and shift its personnel here. Good job"

As he turned to walk off one of the scientists raised his hand," Lord? Do you have a name for the trial ship"

Gath stopped and thought, " yes call her the Sardonic Rejoinder, I will send a naval officer over to take her when she is ready."

The past

Thursday May 9th, 213

The ancient Dewiek teacher was slumped in a sleazy inn clutching a rather thin beer which he was slurping noisily through a toothless mouth to the evident annoyance of close drinkers. They did nothing though due to the presence of a huge bodyguard and his master. The Wolf Lord Hraarg.

"Continue", he said, " you are the first person I have met who knew Edhoras as he was growing up your insight is useful"

The ancient one looked over blearily, " what else do you want to know?"

"lost Dewiek follow strange customs. Edhoras appears to be no different - was he back then different even from the others. Perhaps he was slightly less willing to lead from the front?", the bodyguard exchanged looks at this and smirked

The teacher considered this," Yes he was different but no he was not unwilling to lead. If anything differentiated him from his peers it was his willingness to do what it took to win. If to win he would have to temporarily bow down to gain an advantage he would do so. He was also happy to cut corners and do what were regarded as un-Dewiek things to win.

As an example there was a fight between the students once. A college challenged Gath's college to combat and fortified their base. When Gath's cubs arrived they charged the fortifications frontally and were being beaten

"as you would expect"

"But un-expectantly Gath sent his best fighters on a flanking missions through the sewers whilst he led the weaker fighters from the front. Before his force could lose the flanking mission piled in the rear and they crushed the opposition."

"Cunning, though surely the Dewiek in the frontal mission felt aggrieved at being used as cannon fodder?"

"No, all his subordinates follow him loyally as they know that he will do his best to bring them victory. Plus he led the cannon fodder himself. His personal bravery was unchallenged but he never felt the need for direct confrontation"

"Ha! Direct confrontation is the Dewiek way"

"Winning is the Dewiek way, his Dewiek would follow him to the gates of Ragnarock itself and not through fear or clan loyalty"

Hraage scowled, " that may be so but discount clan loyalty at your peril old wolf"

The teacher laughed, " at my age I can discount anything - are you going to grant me an honorable death by combat Lord?"

The lord shook his head, " Can't you give me anything else - is he ruthless?"

"When we were cut off from the Dewiek nation we had to fight several campaigns against local aliens. In one campaign Gath was a junior officer in what can only be described as trench warfare. Our enemy forced small cubs, female dewiek and the elderly to advance in front of their assaulting forces as a screen. Against most defenders such cowardly behavior resulted in the defenders berserking into the enemy. On Gath's section of front he laid a white phosphorus screen in front of the civilians. Basically forcing them to advance into the flames or turn and disrupt the aliens forcing them forwards. Some burnt to death but others turned and attempted to move away from the flames. Once they turned Gath then just gunned the enemy all down while they were distracted. His section of front was one of the few sections to hold"

"Surely the people resented him forcing them to their deaths"

"No, as all the other civilians who were not treated in the same fashion also died."

"You said his was one of the few sections to hold, why are you still here if the enemy almost globally broke your defenses?"

" Gath used the time by holding to repay the enemy by nuking their home planet"

"He what! - the Dewiek do not nuke planets"

"We were not part of the nation then. The attackers when they realized what had happened attempted to take over our own planet and Gath and others led a guerrilla campaign that eventually exterminated them. He decapitated all he caught and then stuck the heads on poles along the roads as a lesson to others as to what happens when you take us on. So when you asked if he is ruthless the answer would be he can be is the situation demands it, as I said whatever it takes to win"

"You paint him in glowing colours - he must have some weaknesses"

"His biggest weakness is his friends and his trust in them. I doubt you can subvert Gath or even out-manuever him - he sees patterns in things beyond most Dewiek and will not commit to 'losing' just because it may be regarded as honorable - but you may be able to work through his close allies or friends"

Musical Interlude

Thursday June 27th, 213

Gath-Edhoras sat alone in the observation deck of his flagship. The deck has been darkened to allow the full sweep of space beyond to flood in and the lighting, such as it was, was provided by starlight. Other races tended to shy away from clear view decks on their space ships. It appeared an irrational fear of many races that something you could see through would be inherently weaker than something which you could not. One obvious issue was that you could see objects moving to hit the hull with wide clear hulls but be in blissful ignorance in a closed environment. The Dewiek

laughed at such fears and often added such decks where all the walls and ceilings were essentially transparent. It provided a spiritual resting place to counter the more obvious drinking holes ,though as most Dewiek preferred the drinking holes they tended to be little used - becoming unusually popular as a place to show visitors when passing through asteroid storms. Outside of these (rare) occasions it was often a quiet place in the ship where Gath could leave his cabin and get a different view on things.

He stopped looking at the stars and glanced down at his scout reports portrayed on a low tablet-table. Casually he flicked scout images one by one on and off the table until his eyes furrowed as he noticed a small blur on one report.

"bring up Gamma 10", he commanded and the tablet-table clicked and whirled as it adjusted

"stop"

"enhance 34-46"

"pull back"

"wait a minute, go right"

"stop"

"Enhance 57,19"

"track 45 left"

"stop"

"enhance 15-23"

He studied the resultant screen, a small BHD battle squadron could be seen - about ten strong, almost hidden in the immensity of the quad. They appeared to be moving cautiously, perhaps holding position. Unusually for human ships they seemed to be following blackout rules and had minimal navigation lights on display - not enough to counter a Dewieks powers of observation though.

"Give me a hardcopy right there"

The tablet-table obliged sighing gently as Gath smiled - the BHD had managed to avoid engaging almost anything except trade vessels so far and from the ship markings this was the self same trade destroying squadron, their success appeared to have made them over confident, " Happy, confident, cocky, dead", he muttered. This loose raiding was good for the spirit; though he did wonder when the tit for tat would end. The BHD and then the CNF had each blown up unarmed Dewiek Traders and then there had been the Halpingrad incident. Orders had been given to carve recompense out of the bodies of both affiliations - the pathetic BHD had been dealt with and along the way the CNF had blown up yet another unarmed Dewiek ship though Gath did not blame them for the last as they had lost an explorer to his own Dewiek forces when it had unwisely entered the grounds of the BHD's chastisement... Both groups seemed unwilling to try their fortunes in a fair combat so this would be a chance to educate them on the eventual results of such a cowardly policy. After all, he mused, when you stand for nothing then you will fall at anything. He leaned over and pressed down on the intercom, " fleet o-group in 20, prepare to combat jump to Daggern,Gamma 10 - Operation 'Machete' is a go". Leaning back still smiling as he allowed the stars light to wash over him again. Life is good he thought - and the killing and dismemberment of your opponents would make the day better still.

Skrawntic Revelation

Friday September 6th, 213

The Skrawntic leader sighed as he rested his arm on his plough and looked out over the fields of arrayed before him. It had been a hard task, the survival of his race inside a hostile galaxy.

His people had survived genocide and concerted attempts at murdering all of them jsut because they were a little different. Now though the dog days were over and the good times could begin.

In the distance he could see his beautiful children running on their three legs towards him. In the camps they had almost been destroyed yet now they could be children again and laugh, love and enjoy this glorious world.

Suddenly a darkened shadow was cast over the land and curiously the leader looked to the sky. What is this? a lunar eclipse was not due?

The spreading dark suddenly blossomed fire like the hottest of hells. The Skrawntic race were devout believers and had a range of historical prophecies though this did not feel like one of them to the leader.

Alarmed now the collected people started to panic and to run here and there but now the dark had spread over the far horizon, far enough that no Skrawntic could outpace it.

The leader did not get to lead by being slow and he reacted with unbelievable speed diving for the only underground

safe bunker. He almost reached it.

Then came a horrifying silence.

A large powered stair well slid out of the equally large warship and down it strode Asmode complaining loudly to various unknown personages still in the ship.

"Gods it is good to get out of a stinking space ship even if it is only to leak."

He sighed as a stream of gold splattered over the rocks.

"Hmph what a god forsaken hole"

He did up his suit and strode back into the space ship. The ladder retracted and the ship took off. The puddle of urine slowly started flowing down the rocks.

Under the left most landing pad the remains of almost the entire surviving Skrawntic civilisation crushed into oblivion by the ship

slowly started the process of decomposition. The leader lay in the bunker with his legs that had been outside completely detached. He focused his attention. This was

nothing greater than the evils the Nonsons had inflicted on his race and he would not let the apparent death of everyone else stop

his race's future. All he needed was to access the seed banks and bring out of hibernation some of the reserves.

Unfortunately a large flood of yellow liquid suddenly flowed down the steps and into the bunker. As he drowned his last thoughts were - "come on God, surely this is taking the piss".

Exciting Collidium finds

Friday September 27th, 213

Gath-Edhoras lounged in the command centre of Ragnarock and surveyed the surrounding world speculatively. In the distance a couple of warships could be seen tethered much like small pets to a sky elevator leading up to a hiport that glittered in space like a recent supernova in a distant galaxy.

Work-dewiek could be seen swarming over it presumably applying finishing touches. One of these appeared to be painting a single fingerclaw stuck up in a somewhat challenging fashion. On the desk behind him stood various reports. The recent hunt had ended and after the fun came the paper. Behind the desk stood a grizzled deweik miner who appeared to be grinning.

Gath swung round, " Okay you've stood there long enough, what news on the thrilling front of erm... mining"

"Great news Lord we have increased Collidium intake by almost nine hundred percent!"

Gath perked up, Collidium was key to many components in warship production and there never appeared enough to go around. The miner continued

"Here, look". He opened a small box about a foot by a foot and a half and Gath peered in to see a sample of raw Collidium. He reached in and examined it thoughtfully.

"Fascinating, where are we storing it - I would not want any to go missing"

The miner looked confused then his face cleared, " Oh no that is not the sample that IS the Collidium. Our previous intake was 5 grams."

Gath looked at the Collidium then looked at the miner. "That is, I don't quite know what that is, anyway thanks for the news and send Asmode in please"

Look whose coming to dinner

Thursday October 10th, 213

The klaxon sounded and Gath-Edhoras winced. Too much alcohol and not enough recovery time. The Captain of the

ship seemed to be spending an unusually large amount of time sending alerts out today and Gath wondered whether his losses at Poker the night before had exacerbated this effect.

Asmode strode in beaming as usual.

"You seem happy"

"Yup, I have been asked to look after security for the upcoming conference"

Gath winced. Causing death and mayhem was very high on Asmodes priority list and this was closely followed by pissing everyone off.

"Dare I ask what preparations you have made?"

Asmode nodded seriously, "Though we have worked recently with all the envoy races we do not know exactly what sub-strata of each race will be visiting plus have been recently in combat against all of them so all things considered we are having to extrapolate generalized defences based on assumed physiology alongside no guarantee of actual bad intent as this is a friendly conference. On the other hand the Hex and Flagritz both attacked everyone involved in the recent conflict whilst we were still fighting the red necks."

"You did not think all that up your self - you've been talking to a scientist haven't you?"

Asmode ignored that and continued, "The Flagritz are a case to point. If it is an octopoid sub-species then we would have to handle guards that can arm themselves with 6 plasma guns simultaneously plus they have 360 vision and can squirt ink from their arse to blind defences. Any defence for that would fail to trouble a Sloggoth sub-variant which can just acid burn anything which gets close and absorbs both edged and projectile weaponry."

"And?"

"So we have 'switched' half the fire spray systems liquid with salt, it will kill some and severally irritate the others"

"What of the variants who do not dissolve when they encounter concentrated salt?"

"I will cover that later, now the Felini are a little less diverse but are just as suited to hand to hand combat as we are plus have many reasons to hate both us and the Flagritz."

Asmode paused for effect then continued, "so I have arranged four hanging disco balls with half their reflection panels missing onto the ceiling. If combat should ensue the balls will scatter a pattern of tiny lights across the floor which they will not be able to resist following thus leaving them susceptible to counter strikes"

"Dare I ask about the Hex?"

"I am glad you did. The Hex are a bit of a problem. After all who can understand the mutterings of a hive mind and their soldiers are also single minded, multi-limbed and a bit of a git to fight, but then again who isn't"

"humans , wimbles and mohache leap to mind"

"Ok, granted I was actually thinking of those races which don't tend to explode when punched. Anyway I have had the other half of the fire system packed with a pheromone scent that we know is regarded as 'deadly enemy' to all hex. We plan on dropping this on everyone in the room. If all went well the Hex would be in a target rich environment and would therefore just attack everyone including each other. Plus it reduces risks from the other races"

"I note you have not covered the Falconians yet"

"Well flying might be difficult when all this crap is being sprayed from the ceiling, but for those that succeed in getting airborne we have had to get innovative. Firstly we have some practically invisible panels that shoot out of the walls. Hopefully any Falconians shooting into the air to avoid the massive ground combat will bump into these and knock themselves unconscious. Then we have created some deliberate combat perch like areas in the upper superstructure. Hidden next to each of these is a powerful magnet. Any Falconian drawing weaponry from above will promptly get sucked into the meat recycling facility. Plus as you are well aware all meat tastes like chicken so we get some free food as well."

"Lovely. Had you considered that these are currently our allies and if they find out any of these 'precautions' then

trouble will ensue and we do not want trouble?"

"We do have a lower grade of emergency defence"

"Which is?"

"Naked human prisoners armed with small plastic rulers, caught from those BHD/CNF ships."

"How does that help us"

"Well we thought we would just release them and in the amusement of hunting them down everyone could just have a laugh and forget about whatever ancient rivalry was riling them up."

Gath thought for a moment , " That actually has potential though I recommend that as a precursor to the meeting to calm everyone down - these humans are not slaves are they?"

"Oh no they were given the opportunity of leaving in a prison ship or getting the opportunity to avenge, these humans like avenging - especially the Monks, they would not stop babbling on about how they would avenge this or avenge that actually. Though to be fair we did not say their avenging opportunity would be easy

"Not easy as in 'facing elite armed Hex, Flagritz, Felini, Falconian guards armed only with plastic rulers' would fail to be?"

"Indeed, it should prove a laugh when we see their faces, plus I would love to see one of them whack a Flagritz or Hexamon warrior with a plastic ruler in the face. Their retaliation should prove hilarious"

Shipping Lanes

Tuesday November 12th, 213

A trader nosed it's way slowly forward through the admittedly crowded shipping lanes around Ragnarock. It's captain, a rather statuesque female Dewiek, was being extra careful. After many years working the space lanes she had learnt that her race had a tendency to over-react to the least provocation and here, of all places, that tendency was often exaggerated.

In the distance her sensors were showing the hi-port. It was a lengthy cylindrical object with large nozzles providing tethered docking ports for up to six ships. From what she could see a large fleet squadron was in attendance as many of the nozzles had attached to them in a fan shape several huge Direwolves much like cubs suckling to their mother at feeding time.

The squadron markings were not familiar to her, which was unusual, as she had seen most sections of the Dewiek fleet throughout her time from the bastard ships of the Mongrol squadrons to Lord Folkvar's primary battle fleet and back in the more distant past Adoghina and Magnus's own red fleet compositions. These though were different. They looked like an ancient variant of the existing Direwolf design though appeared to be none the worse for wear because of this. Correction, she thought, almost all as she noticed a few old friends - the Truculent Challenge and the Furious Swarm also tethered on a different nozzle.

As her ship nosed closer a small cluster of Direwolves suddenly, gracefully, untethered and nosed with aggressive silence towards her until the trader was bathed in red as 'targeting alert' warnings suddenly fired. One of the crew thumped a switch and the klaxon quietened though the red alert light continued to bathe the bridge in what was intended to be a calming light.

The inquisitive warships moved very close and watched her move slowly past almost like huge attack dogs who had absolute confidence in their ability to eviscerate you and utter control in that they were happy to wait and watch to see if you would give them the opportunity to do so. The base itself must be on a heightened state of security indeed if a small trader was greeted so rapidly by so many capital ships.

The hi-port was closer now and the trader started sending out handshake messages requesting docking permission. Little Dewiek input was needed here and the computers beeped and burred before spitting out docking instructions to one of the trading nodes at what was currently the bottom end of the port. A quick flick of her claw caused the current navigation officer to start the docking process and adjust the approach vectors.

In the far distance the planet the primary base could be seen expanding like an aggressive disfigurement over the surface. Now the trader realised a potential reason for the extra security as the planet itself was covered with even more capital ships. Large as the squadron at the hiport had seemed it was obviously a small section of a much greater whole. It looked like a very large section of Dewiek military might, and previously unknown might at that, was congregating here. The planet was so far off that the huge carapaces of the Direwolfs resembled many hundreds of tiny beetles having a mass meeting.

Something was being organised though what it was she could not say.

Bloody Monks

Thursday November 28th, 213

Gath-Edhoras scowled. Having so many Dewiek warriors in one place was leading to far too many deaths from brawling. What would be a harmless punch up to most races often resulted in deaths when Dewiek were involved. Fortunately for his mood the door swished open to show an immaculate Asmode, beaming as usual

"Great news!"

"What"

"The Cowled ones are going to make a fight of it!"

"Adoghinats teats you don't actually believe that?"

"Well that is what they said, look they are posturing and all"

He held forward a transcript of the latest mud slinging

Gath humphed, "Experience shows that the Monks are all bark and no balls, give them a few weeks and they will magically transmute into whining cowards attempting to get someone else to fight for them"

Asmode looked confused, "I'll never understand these humans, one of their leaders said they would be there personally! He is planning on washing your face!"

"Figure of speech and on the previous I doubt it."

"But what if they are there"

"Then they will die in the orbital bombardment along with the majority of the population. Look if they were willing to fight hand to hand I would go there myself but we all remember where that leads. Have you forgotten our surprise when humble Prince Liquan turned up as robo-cop all nanites and super fast cybernetic reflexes?"

"Oh yeah I had"

"Not as shocked as the rest of the universe when he turns up again at the head of a TCA fleet no doubt"

Gath sat heavily and started sharpening some hand weapons before continuing.

"It's all a matter of proportion. Prepare yourself to get down there though, if anything does happen I will want you there and if nothing happens it might be useful to pay some visits elsewhere to the cowled ones"

"Can I take our primary battle fleet?"

Gath thought a second, "No, apart from anything else that is intended for an opponent with guts. If the monks are acting on their own then a couple of old women with brooms would be just as effective. Just take the Mongrols, we can reinforce fast enough should the monks show any sign of growing a pair. It's the High Lords show anyway and it never does to take the food off his plate, plus don't forget the High Lords own forces will be in attendance"

They both shuddered picturing the last Dewiek Lord who had indeed literally attempted taking food of the High Lord's plate and then spent the remainder of the evening trying to re-pack his own stomach. Unsuccessfully.

"Have you arranged the combat trials yet?", Gath queried

"Oh yes the Hexamon have been most helpful. They are going to utilize a ship bigger than a 200 huller"

"Against our 150? That should prove interesting"

"Yup, the Hex are improving their military capabilities quite nicely it should provide a test for both races. Let's be thankful there is void between the ships as you never face one Hex there are always hundreds of them swarming you and all that ichor can really bugger up your fur grooming technique"

Gath ignored the fact Asmode has just mentioned 'fur grooming' and moved on, "Anything else?"

Fleet Exarch's Blog

Felini History- Industrialisation to Tyranny

Friday January 11th, 213

Extracts from 'Origins of the Tyrants' A primer on pre-Tyrannic Felini History

Industrialisation

The industrial era came to Pride, great cities rose, those Matriarchies that clung to pre-urban lifestyles were swamped and absorbed. The almost ritualised conflicts of the earlier civilisations gave way to larger and more violent confrontations fought by ever larger, better equipped and sophisticated armies. One side effect of this was the growth of an officer caste of educated males who had genuine (if limited) political power. Despite the efforts of the more reactionary (or far-sighted) of matriarchs, the rise of science and rational philosophy caused an equivalent rise in secularist ideals in the educated females of the lower castes, which threatened to erode the power base of the Priestesses.

With hindsight the warning signs were there and the tides of social unrest obvious. Nevertheless the first global war still caught everyone by surprise. Jets howled through the sky, artillery shelled ancient cities and territories grew and shrank and died at the tread of tanks and infantry. The detonations of the first generation of atomic weapons ended the war with the spectre of racial extinction. A coalition of the nuclear-armed powers forced a peace and an uneasy status quo. This conflict became known as the Great War of Unification, (Later as the First War of Unification) because a few large powerblooms emerged from dozens of competing Prides.

The needs of the war had driven a lingering deathblow to the gender segregated caste system. Female engineers and technicians had taken to the field in support of the armies. Male soldiers had exercised territorial authority in conquered lands. As they felt the reigns slip the Matriarchs gripped tighter. Realising they needed an outlet for aggression and to forestall revolution they tried to turn outwards.

The Drive to Space

Advances in Rocketry during the war had led to a renewed interest in space. Scientists from Prides such as the Starhunter and Deepseekers theorised the existence of other habitable territories among the stars. A fringe theory had long held that the Skydemons who had 'ravaged the west' in ancient stories were really aliens from distant worlds. The matriarchs stopped dismissing this as 'ignorant heresy' and started claiming it was truth. That among the stars lurked threats and only a disciplined and united effort (under the matriarchs guidance) could protect Pride. Unfortunately, they saw no need to discontinue the struggle for dominance between themselves.

Rockets of increasing sophistication took the first FEL explorers to orbit then to the planets and various rocks in the system. Research stations and mining posts slowly spread. Some Prides tinkered with generation ships, most with warships

The Gathering Storm

Slowly peace became unstable, new technologies threatened to tip the balance of power enough to provoke a return to open war. Even during the 'peace' terrorism, secret skirmishes and 'deniable' operations became more and more common. The Felini people approached the abyss, thankfully there stood a figure capable of pulling them back.

Leonis was a senior officer in Territorial Forces of the Central Alliance, one the largest of the political groupings on Pride, but also the one that suffered the most from internal repression and dissent. When the most reactionary elements of the Priestess caste managed to orchestrate the ascension of one of their own to the position of High Matriarch there was concern. When Leonis and other top officers received orders to prepare a surprise attack on nominally friendly Prides, they realised that the plans and orders they had been given for a 'short victorious war' were, to any sane mind, little more than the suicide note for Felini civilisation.

In a closed meeting supposedly to discuss the logistics of the upcoming campaign, Leonis railed against the government of the Alliance, indeed all of the territories of Pride. In that meeting was born the future of the Felini people.

Revolution

The logistic meeting proved to be the foundation of the 'Young Hunters' a cabal of officers dedicated to saving the Felini from themselves and the creation of a 'rational stable government dedicated to the common good'. Implicit in this was an end to the last vestiges of the gender segregated caste system and the removal of the Priestesshood as the governing class. The Young Hunters were not operating in a vacuum, the Sisterhood of Unity and the New -Rationalists were both active 'reform' organisations calling for change. But the 'Young Hunters' had both leadership and the access to military power the other protest groups lacked. Contacts were made in a web of radicalism that spanned the globe.

In the last days of spring, the High Matriarch and her Anointed sat in session waiting for reports of the first wave of attacks against their neighbours. Instead they received a commando team led by Leonis himself attempting to seize the High Temple of the Alliance. By the end of the day one of the largest cities on Pride was in the hands of the Young Hunters and the revolution had begun.

It would be an outright fabrication to characterise the revolt as either swift or bloodless. What modern FEL scholars call the Tyrannic Revolution has also been referred to quite rightly as the Second War of Unity. In space, in the air and on the ground Liberators and Loyalist met for the fate of the Alliance - before it was settled the violence had spread throughout every state on Pride.

Aftermath

The revolution was fraught with treachery, factionalism and tragedy as all such great events are. It was perhaps a mark of grace and sanity that no weapons of mass destruction were unleashed. The entirety of this great struggle is too broad and too deep a subject for easy summation, suffice to say when the dust settled Leonis was Grand Marshal of the revolutionary coalition that held Pride under its claws. From that coalition the modern Constitution of the Felini was born and Leonis was proclaimed the first Tyrant.

The Felini Language

Thursday January 17th, 213

Feline is the singular noun for a member of our race, Felini for two or more of us. The usage is irregular, however, depending on the nature of any term- 'Feline warriors' is correct, because a warrior is by tradition a single being, but also 'A Felini team', or 'A Felini Platoon/Army/strike-force/etc.' is proper usage, because each is by nature dealing with multiple beings. This can cause some confusion at times for younger pupils

Grammar for Cubs, 4th edition

Below some pointers to the feline language, both in it's own form and as translated into galactic standard.

Felini Linguistic History

The Felini drive to sentience came from the harsh demands of the hunt on the savannahs of Pride. Their Languages came from the same primordial roots, the hunting calls and dominance rites of their proto-felini ancestors.

The Felini language makes extensive use of body posture and to a limited extent pheromones as a supplement to move beyond conventional verbal communication. The body postures are the oldest part of the language, dealing primarily with emotion and social positioning. The spoken words add clarification and specific distinction to this. There is a delineation between 'Informal posture' which conveys the actual emotional state of the feline in question and 'Formal Posture' which is intended to add context to a spoken word. For example the posture {ready for hunt} combined with the word for Spacecraft indicates a warship while the posture {well fed and content} combined with spacecraft indicates a freighter.

'Posture' - Body Language

Formal communications using body language are sometimes known as 'high postures' as a speaker will usually only use abbreviated, upperbody movement in order to allow for rapid and precise communication. Informal postures are consequently known as 'low postures'. Since the lower half of the body - especially the Felini's expressive tail - will often convey the speaker's actual emotional state, regardless of his 'high posture'. To say that a feline has 'Mastered his tail' is to convey that he has a considerable degree of self control.

Some felines hold that Mrrshan's rapid rise in diplomatic circles comes in part from the loss of much of his tail in combat during The Scourging of Pride, thus making it easier for him to 'master his Tail'

'Evocation-Pheromones

Pheromones are used for particularly strong messages and emotions, or for emphasis of the long-lasting nature of the communication. Many are sexual or aggressive in nature, but others show surprising delicacy and nuance - for example one particular pheremone which makes many mohache sneeze indicates a desire for firm friendship, while also rejecting the possibility of mating. Words and postures can even play secondary roles, especially when the forms of diplomacy

and Honour are being followed against the feline's best desires.

Written Language

Felini script is mixture of phonetics and determinative symbolic glyphs which represent postures and pheromones. While some attempt has been made to convert the former to galactic standard, much nuance is lost without the posture-signifiers. Attempts to use human-style accents as a substitute results in a visual mess, so most of the translated feline literature available is in a hybrid format with galactic standard on one line with feline posture-glyphs immediately below

Language families

At one point there were just over a dozen major and three or four dozen minor languages on Pride. Though both geography and the common roots of Now there is only 'Pride Standard'. Standard is an artificially derived language composed of elements from three of the most widespread and 'linguistically simple' languages. Surprisingly, this language originated prior to the Tyrannic revolution as an 'international language' for the purposes of diplomacy and coordination of military efforts between different prides.

After the Revolution it was made the official language of the Tyranny and made great inroads into supplanting its parent tongues. The other languages of the Felini were largely wiped out (along with their speakers) during the Scourging of Pride when the survivors from different prides were forced to intermix radically.

There are still many words in 'Standard' that are derived from other Felini languages, especially names. When a translation of a Felini name is rendered phonetically but untranslated into Galactic Standard Translation nexus, it means that name is derived from one of the 'dead' languages that was not used in standard (For example Mrrowfel which meant 'welcome' in the birth tongue of Marshal (later Tyrant) Leonis). When a term is translated (such as Pride Starhunter or Pride Heart-Resplendent) it means that the name derives from one of the three 'Key' language groups that went into making standard.

'Technical and Classical'

There are two 'dialects' of Pride Standard, Technical and Classical

The advent of long distance communication and recorded sound brought a major shift in Felini language. Postures could not be conveyed by such means, so vocalisations of the postures were developed, creating a version of the Felini language that was entirely audio. It found use especially in the military where unambiguous communication was greatly prized. In modern times it is this 'Technical' language that is used to communicate with Aliens who lack the upbringing, instinct (and often tail) to interpret Felini postures. It is also used in areas like engineering or research and any other occasion when unambiguous clarity is desired without the need for visual or olfactory cues. 'Classical' Pride Standard uses postures and pheromones with no particular emphasis on words.

A word on Bast

The language of the Bast Felini is different from Pride standard due in part to the mix of native tongues of those felines which were taken not matching the three key root languages perfectly, and in part to linguistic drift during the time that the two peoples were sundered. Fortunately the basic postures (which are rooted in evolutionary psychology) remain the same which allowed baseline communication between Bast and Pride Felini even with no common phonetics

Words and concepts from Bast Felini have made large inroads in to Pride standard. The advanced state of Clan technology led to the wholesale adoption of large swaths of technology and scientific terminology. Bast art and literary structures are also popular. Going the other way, Pride Standard was designed to be easy to learn (for felines at least) and as such enjoys great popularity among the clans replacing a cluster of local dialects. Gradually the languages are hybridising into a distinct third language referred to by some as 'Felini Standard'. Interestingly, the Bast language in its pure form also has technical and classical dialects, although the verbal cues that replace posture and pheromones are incompatible

Felini Opera

Wednesday January 23rd, 213

The performance artform whose title is translated as 'Felini opera' is an old one. It is a means of telling traditional stories, both religious and secular to a large audience. There are other artistic traditions of performance art but 'opera' is considered the 'highest' form and its performers. There are several elements that make a performance 'opera' rather than any thing else.

Masks and Posture

Because of the difficulty of a large audience being able to read posture of performers. Opera performers wear brightly painted masks Since Felini colour vision is weaker than that of many races 'brightly painted' by FEL standards can be

quite extream.)(and make slow, exaggerated, stylized postures to convey emotion and linguistic meaning. These postures resemble an odd dance to those not conversent in Felini bodylanguage.

Language

Many traditional operas are also 'sung' in older pre unification dialects they where composed in. There are a number of specific terms in opera, which are similar to the context cues in 'Technical' dialect of Felini, (and which many be the oldest form of that dialaect) which are used to assist in conveying meaning to the audience. Being conversant in opera terms has been seen as a mark of a 'cultured individual' a 'snob' or a 'wastrel who spends too much time avoiding work' depending on the time and place

Scents

One of the earliest innovations in opera was the addition of artificial scents, an operas 'scent mistress' would burn carefully selected herbs and materials, or uncork and mix volatiles perfumes and chemicals, at different points around the amphitheater and at different stages of the performance, which her apprentices would then fan the the fumes carefully over the audience. With proper preparation and skill this causes interlinked and blending clouds of scent that greatly magnify the effects of the opera. While modern technology can produce synthetic scents which are used in cheaper productions and the Felini equivalent of 'modern entertainment'. Traditional 'high' opera still uses burnt herbs and 'secret recipes' to create scents.

Opera Today

Traditional Felini Opera has seen a revival since reunification, it has been adopted wholesale by the former Clan population, who see it as a connection to there roots and a new generation of the so called " Antioch Operas" are delighting audiences through out FEL space.

To outsiders, classic felini opera seems to consist of garishly dressed FEL dancing confusing and elaborate dances while yowling incomprehensibly as other Felini waft foul smelling smoke and strange smells into the audiences faces, to the Felini its art.

Opera sayings.

"Opera Postures" (as in; 'it looks like a load of Opera Postures' or 'hes putting on Opera Postures if you ask me') Refers to the exaggerated stylised postures used in Felini Opera, it means exaggerated or false ,covering up real feeling or behaviour that is suspiciously over the top, often its used is roughly equivalent to the human saying " the lady doth protest too much"

"Smells like a Bad Opera" Means some thing is out of place. Originates from the accidental mismatching between scene and scent that can occur in a poorly staged Felini opera

"S/hes for the Opera" They broadcast there emotions and feelings loudly, they wont shut up.

The Second Tyrant : Ascension

Monday January 28th, 213

Extract from Age of Tyrants: A Primer on Modern Felini History

Editors Note: These extracts concern the ascension of The Tyrant Shhsala, second of the Tyrants, known to history as Shhsala the Consolidator and the Heir of Leonis. Her ascension and her reign are important because the set the stage for the Felini's first contact with the Flagritz and the beginning of the war, we will deal first with her ascension with later extracts dealing with her reign and the War with the Flagritz

Origin

Born into a high caste family in the twilight of the Second Unification war, she was among the first generation to be raised after the war's end. The post war years were hard for the Felini, with Leonis' sweeping social programs often enforced at claw tip and under the barrel of a gun, unrest and and outright revolts flared up, burnt and were brutally extinguished.

Shhsala was initiated into the lower ranks of what passed for the priestess caste, before pursuing a career in the growing secular administration. She first came to the Tyrant's notice as one of his Archons, roving judges charged with overseeing the newly unified system of justice Leonis had imposed. She showed a deft claw, at times ruthless at others merciful, but each case generally resolved satisfactorily from the Tyranny's perspective, if not that of the subjects. She rose through the ranks, becoming a senior adviser and then an Avatar.

The succession

The succession after Leonis was a pivotal moment in Felini history. While his demise was clearly of natural causes, what came after is considerably more murky. A grand council was called, the Avatars gathered along with senior Pride representatives. There were rumours of a final testament, powerful forces were moving and many claimed that Leonis' acclamation as Tyrant had been a temporary expedient and that his intent - and that of the coalition that elevated him - was that the office would pass with him. Many had their own ideas on what should follow, not least among them the surviving but disenfranchised Matriarchs.

What actually followed is known to scholars as 'the Night of Hidden Claws'. While details are sketchy, it is clear that during the night before the council was to be formally convened, a number of military officers, Pride representatives and even functionaries of the central government suffered..... unfortunate accidents. There is even a persistent rumour that a running gunbattle raged for over an hour in the grand council chamber, claiming the life of Avatar Marshuk.

As dawn rose, the delegates from each pride entered the chamber, to find technicians fixing the damage and Shhsala on the Tyrants throne, with none among the officers or avatars to gainsay her. In that moment, Feline history teetered on a knife edge. If they had rejected her, then centralised government of the Felini would have ended, probably resulting in yet another planet wide civil war. What she said to the assembled Prideleaders is unknown, the records were sealed, then lost to war when the Flagritz attacked. But whether bold threat or reasoned debate it is recorded that the session then ended. She was acclaimed unanimously as Leonis' successor and the true birth of the Age of Tyrants was begun

Karrsh- awaiting judgement

Sunday March 3rd, 213

Karrsh brooded in his..... well it would be impolite to call it a cell, the Prideelders were leery of imprisoning someone who was simply following the Tyrants orders. But he was a prisoner none the less, and if it was of his own conscience and guilt, it was perhaps a harsher prison than the Tyrants worse dungeon. 'When duty and honour conflict none survive unscarred' an old saying made bitter truth. It has been half a year since the confrontation; when in pursuit of duty he had shot his superior, Pridesenior Rasshan. He was not technically in disgrace of course, it had not even been a crime given it had been done to fulfill his duty to the Tyrants order. Nevertheless Rasshan had been popular, an icon to his Pride and to Karrsh himself and so Prideelders would judge him. If they could not execute him or excruciate him without the Tyrants blessing, what they could do was worse; review his fitness for further service and exercise their authority to send him to some dank irrelevant post to waste away his life in ignominy; stained with shame. He let out the long rumbling hiss that served the Felini as a sigh. Disgrace cut deeper than claws. The soft footfalls of unbooted paws echoed outside his door and he stood to attention as it opened "Karrsh" it was strange to hear his name without rank or title from so junior a functionary " the Prideelders will see you now"

Flashback

Change of command (Aug 20, 2012, 05:15 PM) ~From previous blog

The holodisplay showed the glowing outline of the world, a lone Felini stood brooding; gazing over silver tracers of day that played around the image. Until a soft footfall made him realise he was not alone. A familiar presence, one that on any other day he would have been pleased to address, but, today, today was a different day. He turned to face his Pridesecond

" Karrsh, excellent, what is the status of our munition and troop deployments?"

"Unchanged Pridesenior."

The Classical Felini language carried meaning at many levels, scent and posture as well as vocalisation. The Advent of modern communications had evolved a flat and unpoetic dialect that conveyed all meaning by voice. It was common practice to speak it in military circles poetic ambiguity sacrificed for precision. Still to the perceptive there were always signs. Karrsh's posture was respectful his tone calm, but his scent.... ah his Scent; Rasshan knew the reason for his coming. He practised the tail mastery drilled into him by moment tutors at his long ago days at military academy and showed none of his feelings, instead he ostentatiously turned his back on Karrsh, a gesture of trust familiar to all those who studied the classic operas.

"Is it not beautiful Karrsh?" Gesturing towards the image. " Our Pride has done well here, we have built roads and schools, hospitals and houses. Cites we built are kept warm and citizens are fed by the beneficence of our science"

"yes Pridesenior"

Rasshan could not help but chuckle Karrsh sounded for all the world like an Infantry Redfang, humouring an obstreperous new officer. The moment of humour died and he allowed a hardness to creep into his stance.

"And now I am supposed to hand them over to monsters; and they are monsters you know, the DEN, their vileness puts even the Flagritz to shame"

"Pridese...."

Rasshan drove on not giving his doubtful second a chance to speak.

"Lies are their currency Karrsh; we cannot trust them to honour any terms and it is foolish to do so." a snort of utter contempt "Remember their 'guarantees' about battlefield? or the 'Flagritz medical supplies' they used to justify breaking there word?, too cowardly to admit they couldn't win the war with honour. They murder planets, they kill and eat prisoners, they consort with slavers, but will they stand up to anyone who might dent their precious ships? Of course not. They snivel around them till they are sure no cares, and strike at those they know can't not stop them; sound stratergy, but the festering hypocrisy makes them far more deserving of demonhood that those wretched squid. Strong flesh, weak souls "

A sweeping hand-gesture caused the looming forms of the Defense platforms to appear on the hologram

"We can hold this planet Karrsh, hold it true, protect them from those murdering scum, if we can't hold it we can hurt them. I have told the Tyrant and the other Councillors this, repeatedly; Just because the DEN have gained the right to rename the system with there incomprehensible gibberish there is no reason to quit"

"The strategic situation Pridesenior..... it is not good, the terms..."

"THE TERMS!" hate finally boiled away control

Karrsh almost flinched, almost, but simply shift posture and continued.

" the terms are irrelevant sir, we have our orders"

Ice returned to Rasshan's voice "I have discussed the terms with the Tyrant, I believe I can convince him and the others to change those orders"

"Sir he spoke to me directly He told me....,"

"I know what the orders are Karrsh, and I am not minded to comply with them at this time; so the question becomes, Pridesecond, what are you going to do about it?"

Karrsh paused, this was it, what he knew would happen, his stomach twisted, and for a moment he hated the DEN as much as his Pridesenior, to bring such a thing to pass, he saw reason was futile and reached for his comnode, enough security could subdue the Pridesenior without... then he froze and his eyes narrowed as as he spotted the bulbous form of a Talongun hidden amidst the folds of the Prideseniors robes and saw him shift into gunfighters stance. There gaze met, Karrsh's claws flexed; he felt the weight of his own gun pressing against his fur.

Time stopped.

The weapons discharges bought the security teams running in, it was over by the time they arrived.

Karrsh- Judgment

Saturday March 16th, 213

The circle of judgement was old. It predated the Tyranny by many centuries. It had survived the scourging relatively intact, the rocky fastness of the original Starhunter Prideholds had been abandoned to the interests of scholars and tourists long before the Flagritz came and no one had wasted the firepower needed to shatter the strategically irrelevant if historically significant rocks. A single battle had been fought here, between desperate refugees and a clearly lost

Flagritz patrol, afterwards its remnants had simply been hosed off the thick uncaring granite.

When the Flagritz had left and the rebuilding had begun; the surviving Starhunter Prideelders had moved away from the radioactive ash stains that had once been their cities and returned to their ancestral home. Modern conveniences had been tacked lightly on to ancient stone and for a while the Prideholds had lived again. As the Tyranny had recovered the Pride's business had moved back to the bustling starbases, leaving the holds almost empty once more. But still they came here, for council and for judgment, seeking solace in the time-worn rock.

The circle was twelve paces across, surrounded by a wall of nine foot tall granite slabs. A gentle breeze blew up past him from the entrance. Atop the wall reclined the elders. To Karrsh they were just silhouettes, back lit by bright artificial lights mounted in the sconces of ancient torches. He knew who they would be; family heads of core septs, representatives of technical groupings, Clade leaders of the Karlosse, and Harrur. There would be no Priestesses present of course. Even amidst the recent religious revival the Starhunter Pride remained resolutely secular in its Pride business.

-Karrsh, you have been called to judgement by the elders of the Pride- The voice was cracked and withered, by ancient tradition the eldest spoke first and the council spoke through her. He knew that voice, Kaliashh, matrilineal ancestress of Rasshan.

The voice almost shook his resolve. But he held his posture in the position of polite attention and his tail showed nary a twitch.

'Yes eldest'

'The Tyrant has approved your actions as in the interests of the Tyranny' the voice was flat, spoken in the technical dialect with all emotional cues absent. The direction of the gentle draft and the brightness of the light meant he could neither read her posture or sense the evocation of her pheromones, the words might have been spoken by a computer or an alien for all sense he could gain of her true feelings.

'Our judgement is on your capacity to continue to serve the Pride and the Tyranny. A judgement the Tyrant has left to us, do you understand?'

'Yes eldest' He did understand, he had done what was necessary; but the Starhunters controlled almost half the Tyranny's space going military. The Tyrant could not afford for them to become disaffected. Allowing them this judgement was a sop to Pride autonomy which would help silence nay-sayers. Well so be it.

'Do you have anything to add to the record?'

Karrsh knew the forms, in a true trial, there would be Archons present and evidence and rebuttal but this was not a trial, they knew what he had done and he did not deny it, it was a judgement. So he stared up at the Eldest, his eyes watered from the light but did not waver, his posture correct and his tail still 'No eldest, all pertinent details were in my report'

Only the shifting of shadows marked the conversation among the elders, either by ancient engineering or modern whisperfield no sound carried down to him. He simply stood and waited. After a while the movement stopped and the Eldest spoke.

'it is the consensus of the Pride that you have acted within the interests of the Starhunters, and that based on your record and the recommendations made previously by Pridesenior Rasshan you be appointed to the office of Pridesenior'

The words hit Karrsh like a blow to the head, control finally knocked back by sheer shock 'El...Eldest?'

'Notification of your appointment will be dispatched to the Tyrant and to all Starhunter holdings, security and authorisation privileges will be transferred to you forthwith '

The lights dimmed a little and he could see the elders clearly now, each rose from their couch and made the gesture of submission. Some grudgingly, some with clear signs of anger, but each submitted.

'By your leave Pridesenior?' He could read her emotions at last, a dry amusement mixed with a touch sorrow.

He numbly indicated his ascent and one by one the Prideelders left, some on foot, some by simply cancelling the subspace link that had projected their holograms, leaving him alone in the Circle.

The Second Tyrant - Interlude

Thursday April 4th, 213

The years between Shhsala's ascension and the coming of the Flagritz are regarded as something of a golden age. While not without their problems they were certainly among the most peaceful and productive in Felini history.

The Withdrawal from Space.

During the 15th year of her reign, Pride's star (known to Felini as 'the Sun') entered a period of massively agitated solar activity accompanied by a rise in ion storms throughout the system. While Prides magnetosphere ensured there was no threat to life on the surface, except round the poles: the effect on technology was profound. The various space installations were shut down, stripped and abandoned. Constant interference led even to the abandonment of satellites for communication. Painfully aware of the resource limitations of a planet bound culture, one of the last duties of the orbital tenders was the collection of the majority of Prides satellites and bringing them home to be recycled. There are social and economic problems associated with an autocratic command economy, but also benefits. Shhsala commanded a solution, so one was implemented. Pride moved away from radio broadcasts and microwave satellite relays and instead built a massive network of hardened, shielded cables. Most of which were optical data lines. Further, 'vulnerable' facilities were moved into new shielded facilities. A massive overhaul of infrastructure, power production and data management system, driven through by the will of the Tyrant. Shhsala's 'Seven year plan' created a central, planet wide, hardened datanetwork, as secure as any of its tech level. A secondary consequence, and one that keeps the conspiracy theorists wagging tails and tongues, is that the overhaul also massively reduced Prides electromagnetic spoor. The tell tale traces of an advanced, industrialised world hidden amidst the shielded cables and optical driven remote access systems. Obscured further by a taste for semi burying industrial facilities so as to preserve the aesthetic of the landscape,

Warfare marches on.

Beyond the brushfires of Leonis' reign, and a few incidents in the early days of Shhsala the Felini were at peace for generations. At peace and being peaceable are not of course the same thing and this peace did not lead to the expected demilitarization. While the Archonate and the various Pride security services served as para-military police when required. Shhsala still maintained the Tyrants Guard as a true military force and still pushed military RnD. The reason for the lack of disarmament was three fold, the first was tradition, the idea of no military was so foreign to the minds of most Felini; they rejected it. Second there was the symbolism. The Tyrants were military rulers and it was a truth of their creed that the uprising by the military castes had saved Pride from extinction at the hands of the matriarchs. Abandoning or radically downsizing the military would be a symbolic rejection of the work of Leonis. Thirdly was good old fashioned paranoia, no enemies to fight now, did not mean no enemies to fight ever. The possibility of traitor prides opposing the Tyranny, or (the most likely considered scenario) two prides coming to blows and needing to be sat on by the Tyrant were taken as reasonable inevitabilities. Further, the 'Invaders from space' memes had been ingrained in Felini culture by post first unification war agitprop, and for their own reason neither of the Tyrants had taken steps to dispel it.

End of the Golden Times.

In the 52nd year of Shhsala's reign solar activity dimmed which alongside the development of new alloy techniques using the ore thorillium seemed poised to open the heavens to the Felini once more. But before they could go to the stars, the stars came to them.

Opera Gossip

Sunday April 7th, 213

It was the traditional signal of the start of the opera. The columns of smoke drifting gently from the scent burners turned black and the scentseconds wafted the gentle aroma of white root through the auditorium. The audience laid aside their bowls of berry rubbed meat strips and other delicacies, then slipped gracefully down across their couches, stretching and reclining into position.

Battletechnician 3rd Hrssh and Tactical 2nd Mrssh were nestled almost alone amidst the high couches, the majority of the patrons had packed themselves in the middle ranks, where every opera enthusiast swore the superior conjunction of scent sound and sight occurred. The truth was that the pair of them were incorrigible gossips, and it had been months since they'd had a chance to catch up. Even an occasion as sacrosanct as the opera was unlikely to shut them up for long. So, mindful of good manners (and the stern claws of the ushers), they had stuck themselves somewhere where they were unlikely to distract anyone.

“So what’s this about your commander being a Hew-mon then? ’

"Yes that is correct"

"What really? a... " Hrssh words were interrupted by the opening aria of the performance.

Mrrykal's 'The Vindication of Dushhin' was a modern opera, clawed down in the opening years of the Flagritz war. Dushhin, the war addled male who spouted comically exaggerated prognostications of woe and doom, had been a stock character in many of classic operas and being called a 'Dushhin' had once meant to be a woeful and ignorant naysayer. Thanks to Mrrykal's work it now meant unheeded and wrongfully dismissed prophet.

Its opening scene ' the mockery of the court' was the source some of the wittiest and cruellest put downs in the modern Felini language and even Hrssh and Mrssh fell to silence to enjoy them.

Finally the shifting currents of scent and posture moved the opera on to the more elegant but less interesting scene of 'the 'romance of Krieesh' they returned to there conversation.

“A human?”

“Not my direct commander, no but the whole battleclaw is under the authority of Admirral C'sspase" Mrssh pronounce the human name with care.

“But how does that even work?” Hrssh complained “ What Pride is it in? Who are it's elders?”

“It...” memories of xenobiology and xenorelations briefings hastily fought to the front of her mind and she corrected herself, “She.... is not in a Pride....”

“Exactly!”

Mrssh continued patiently “She’s a direct military vassal of the Tyrant, like the Fleet Exarch, he values her fleet experience”

“But every one knows that the Fleet Exarch is a Starhunter!”

“Yes but he holds the post not as Pride member but as a” Mrssh sighed Hrssh was slipping into the posture which Mrssh privately called 'obstinate incredulity' which she often did when it to talk turned politics, time to change the topic.

“So what’s this I here about Grishh and Kssha sharing a husband, I thought they hated each other?”

“Oh them.....”.

Reading the News

Tuesday September 3rd, 213

The cave was a nest of scavenged materials, high techs components and personal effects. But as eclectic as the assorted gear was ,It was neither slapdash, nor dirty. What ever the occupants current status, he had been a spacer once, given to the habitual neatness bred by military necessity. He lived a simple life now, in many ways freer than his previous one. He had a few friends still who would see he received the necessitates and a totally illegal tap into the subspace grid that at least kept him up on the news. His old wounds ached, without access to proper medicine he though they where slowly getting worse, maybe they would kill him one day. so be it, it would not be an unjust fate. He slapped another precious patch of the nano pain suppressants and eased himself onto the comm couch. The news channels where full of the same wretched buffon of a Flagritz, but between its perorations there lay news of import and as much as it made his head hurt he began to sift through.

Comet Duty

Sunday November 24th, 213

Kallish Blackfur had begun to hate comet duty, someone had to do it, but why him?

He stood watch over his tech-group as they emplaced the charges. He felt a strange restlessness seep into the marrow of his bones, but years of discipline locked it away from his posture.

He had though time had endured him to the cramped oppression of his icy home; but his new task has reignited a old hunger in his soul. Since this phase of the project had started he had dreamed of nothing but open skies and unrecycled air.

"Charges set Senior-Tech" the eager voice slipping over the com-net broke Kallish's reverie.

"Acknowledged" he replied as he ran through the telemetry data; confirming the tell-tails and did a quick review of the optic feed. "Confirm all is green, head back to The Cave."

The Controlled Demolitions Command Center; known, without any affection what so ever, as 'The Cave', was as cramped a workspace as was feasible without compromising basic operations. The habitat tunnels on the Comet's far-side where not palaces but the Tyranny had has a least tried to make them liveable. Stale pheromones, likes the ghosts of emotions past, clung to the small facility and most of the teams simply slept away there free time in the hopes of making the duty pass swiftly. Today was different, today was the teams last day in necessary exile, the cumulation of their work and the small command bay was packed with every tech and officer who would fit.

"Confirm with Outpost Command, we are ready for ignition"

"Outpost Command confirms, orbital traffic is clear, ignition on your command"

"Then the command is given Tech-Second!"

There was a simple snick as the Tech-second slipped a command claw into the trigger and activated it.

A series of lights changed colour on the board. Then another sequence did the same.

Some old instinct rebelled as the silence of it all.

The loose vapours ,which the charitable might have called the Comets atmosphere, did not carry sound or force; there was, perhaps, a faint shivering in the floor, which might just have been a phantom and then nothing.

The visual monitors told a different story. Driven by carefully placed charges, plumes of ice fountained upwards; lakes, even oceans worth of water blowing clear of the comets feeble gravity. The jagged chunks of ice spread like a necklace into carefully plotted trajectories; the starships would come soon to guide them on there final path.

The ululating rumbles, hisses and yowls that served the Felini for cheers echoed through The Cave.

Kallish let his mood rise with the noise, tracking projection confirmed success; the water would soon be en rout to sooth the parched life of a new world. The near generation spent dwelling amidst the ice tunnels vindicate in a flowering plume of raw ice, sent to a home that would one day be his, where his wives and his children and his children's children could hunt on plains or live on cities knowing every drop of water they drank had been clawed from the sky by themselves or there ancestors.

Perhaps comet duty wasn't so bad.

Darius Shirazi TCA / ARC

The following is a serialized form of information passed to me by numerous sources during my time as Falconian Consul.

Some of this information was collated by intermediaries and probably originate from the databanks of a number of affiliations. It was considered an important project for human and alien alike and would not have been possible without the help of e then Commander of the Confederate Forces, the MIA Prince LiQuan, MOH Smokes in Mountains, retired members of the SMS and DTR plus no doubt others who braved the challenges involved in obtaining this information.

For the benefit of all, I hereby will publish this information with as few redactions of a sensitive nature as necessary. I would ask that commentary be kept on topic so the discussion remains a useful resource for interested parties in times to come.

Darius Shirazi

TCA / ARC

The TCA (Terran Colony Annihilators, a name that stuck following the first encounter with humanity) are a race that were created by the ARC and later rebelled against them. Little about the TCA is known but it is believed they grow within suitable gas giant creches and take the form of huge organic ships. Both the TCA and ARC utilise Meklan as ground troops in the war.

Even less is known of the ARC (Architects) other than they seem to have played a hand in the development of a great many races such as the Dewiek, Kastorians, TCA and others and feats of engineering include the Dyson sphere and the Acrux ringworld.

Early SMS encounters

... SMS after they investigated an fleet of explorers that explored the peripheries prior to the Stellar empire officially putting down colonies, all of these ships were lost and never returned. Tracing back the history of this it seems they met up with aliens in Skord that were possibly TCA and then went on to other systems where they were either destroyed or were lost. An SMS ground party was discovered by the DTR on one of their planets in T'Tauri and returned to the SMS, it seems they were dropped off by one of the survey ships which failed to return to collect them on account of going missing/being destroyed.

"Details of the early exploration into the peripheries prior to expansion were fairly haphazard at best. Out of the missions that were sent, some never returned. At that time the largest vessels were supra freighters and surveyors were the standard exploration ship.

The results report only the location of the systems in the Capellan periphery. After long searches there is nothing found that appears to indicate some secret. One mission in particular though is interesting as it was directed to what is now known as the Skord system, where in later times the Alien Artifact was found. They were never heard of again. The fleet was a couple of surveyors and a supra freighter."

As to who the TCA are or why they were created it is unsure, what is known is that they laid waste to large sections of the peripheries and used to use Meklan converted from the native populations as troops to assault aliens they found. Some of these Meklan bases still exist around the peripheries. The remains of TCA ships are also to be found, these are generally the remains of battles and crashed ships from combat. Also rumoured is that the TCA fought the KAS at one point in the history of the peripheries, this is the reason for the large amount of debris to be found in and around the systems of Ruin, Kastor, Skord etc.. in the past. It is also rumoured or believed that TCA ships may exist either dormant or repairing or growing still within Gas Giants.

The TCA Mining Ship

The IMP found the ship in a system close to Aladdin. They tried to communicate with it but it didn't respond. They then

decided to attach

a thrust engine to a repair bot and sent it over to the alien ship. It started to drill its way into the hull but soon malfunctioned due to extremely high radiation. The ship didn't have any doors if I remember correctly. These actions seem to have taken at least two weeks. The week after the repair bot action the ship was gone. They didn't know where but soon everyone could read about an alien ship attacking FET Grumbach. I guess it wasn't too hard for them to learn the location of the colony so they went there. The FGZ had been looking for the ship too so they showed up. And they derelicted the ship together. I don't think they had any trouble with that as it "only" had 10 Plasma projectors. The FGZ were lucky enough to board the ship after the battle. The IMP tried but came second.

The ruins of Grumbach were investigated after the incident but there were high levels of radiation, so no details were gathered.

The ship was estimated to have the configuration 10-150-4. With such a small engine section they have to have quite special engines. The IMP somehow knew that the engines could "transform" between thrust and jump.

TCA Colony / Hurley / Aladdin - FET Grumbach Exploration

The first step in understanding the TCA was to explore the colony where the first TCA incident occurred. This colony was located on Hurely in the Aladdin system.

Surface Exploration/Mountains/Hurley

These high mountains are nonetheless eroded by the constant winds that roar across the planet. No life is detected.

Investigation/Hurely/Grumbach/Ruins/20-43

There is very little that can be seen of the colony. The radiation level is marginally higher than the surrounding area but not dangerously so. The area is blasted and little of interest remains. The structurals are twisted and cannot be exploited or removed. There is nothing worth taking from this ruin.

Investigation/Hurley/Ruins/Weapons

A study of the destruction of the colony is carried out. It reveals that the colony has been hit by many plasma projectors over a short period. The damage that each inflicted is consistent with current technology.

TCA Mining Ship - FGZ

At present it is in the control of the Flagritz. They issued this statement

Flagritz Public Announcement:

Quote:

Several messages have been sent through the usual channels of Intergalactic communications concerning the capture of a TCA ship by the forces of the Flagritz Republic over a year ago. The Flagritz Republic became indeed the owner of an alien vessel which had the inscriptions on the hull for the "Trans Cannaly Alliance", which we believe is what all of you call the TCA. As the ship became highly damaged during the assault, it is very difficult to conduct any type of investigation of its components. The Flagritz Republic scientists have been working on this and, although the ship now sees service in the Flagritz Fleet, investigations are still underway.

The information gathered until this time is classified until the investigations are over. By that time, the Flagritz Republic will make it public so all the affiliations can prepare themselves to meet a much more advanced race which may be threatening not only the Infernan

Periphery but all the others as well.

TCA Crash Site / Brontes / Titan

Surface Exploration/Brontes/Craters

Jagged Fault lines can be detected in most of the surface of the asteroid indicating that it has recently undergone a horrendous collision. This collision fragmented the original planet into the two asteroids, the other in orbit named Phoebe. An anomaly in sector 1-1 5j seems of great interest. Apart from the anomaly little of interest is discovered on the asteroid. The rock is of the standard silicon with traces of iron and other minerals.

Investigation/Brontes/Anomaly/1-1 5j

The source is from an ancient vessel of alien classification, probably TCA judging by the configuration. It is obvious that it was in the orbit of Brontes when the supernova struck. That it wasn't obliterated reveals a lot about the type of shielding used on the ship and the mass of the sections. All that remains though is a ruptured shell of the hull. There are indications that numerous items have been removed from the wreckage possibly of mass 10mu's each. They were stored in the engine section and were definitely weren't engines. There are traces of gold around the site although not enough to collect.

Investigation/Brontes/Craters/Other Artifacts/1-1 5j

There are other items in the surrounding area, these are parts of the hull of the ship. There are 10 command hulls, 55 main hulls and 10 engine hulls that are in condition allowing a position to salvage them. Up to 5 hulls can be collected per special action. AS for internal items, there is nothing that is not beyond repair or even identifiable.

Investigation/Brontes/Wreckage/Scintillators

The engine remains are checked thoroughly and the conclusion drawn is that the items removed were almost certainly Scintillators. Seems it was someone's lucky day.

Investigation/Brontes/Wreckage/Identification of Alien Fragments *

Searching the small piles of wreckage reveals numerous boot prints. Among them a few have treads that had letters. One very clear set states 'property of Galactic Trade and Transport'. Further searches around the site reveals nothing new. Searching further away discovers a lone item. This is stored on the ship.

Warp Generator (20 mu): Who created these items is a complete mystery.

They are obviously of alien technology and analysis of the materials places the age of them in the ten's of thousands of years but as to the alloys used in their construction, these defy the scanners. They cannot be researched as the technology to understand them is far beyond that of any race currently known in the peripheries. Maybe they were created by the infamous Architects, although it is possible that they predate even them. All that is certain is that they are weapons of destruction with an inherent accuracy of 20 and a damage of between 80 and 100.

Investigation/Brontes/Wreckage/Original Size

Using scanning equipment an estimate of the original mass is produced. This gives the total ship size as anywhere between 230 and 320 hulls. This makes it big but the ratio may have been 3:16:4 as much of the main section lies completely destroyed.

Note: Configuration range: 30/160/40 - 42/224/56

Special Action/Brontes/Removal of Hulls

Despite the most intensive of investigations, the wreckage hold no more secrets. Possibly they have already been discovered and taken. The crew set about removing some hulls and loading them onto the ship. 1 command hull is taken. A total of 9 command hulls remain. 50 main hulls left. 45 engine hulls can still be salvaged.

Investigation/Brontes/Wreckage/Age

As the mean distance of the outer reach of the nebula is 800 million kilometers from the center of the system and the cloud is expanding at a rate of around 300km/h, the age of the supernova is figured out to be 300 years old. Analysis of the radioactive particles found on the ship places the age of the crash around this time. The metals of the ship itself are much older possibly around 700 years.

Investigation/Brontes/Alien Hulls

The ship hull is examined to reveal some strange materials that might well have been organic but now are little more than a fossilized husk of remarkable strength allowing it to be used as a hull. If there was any thorium or the equivalent, there is nothing now.

Early SMS Publicly Released Information on the TCA

Quote:

This is other information from different sources that can be tied together to give a picture of the TCA. Firstly the TCA are NOT ARC. They are different and were active at different times. ARC have not been seen since the wars with the DEN but the TCA have. The first and most compelling piece of information comes from KAS:

The only information I have on the TCA is a ship the size of a small moon was found in skord a while ago which was blown up which the KAS believe to be TCA, also the kastorians fought a war with them a long time ago and won before the great civil war and the kastorians exodus from kastor. When the TCA were fighting us they mutated certain kastorians into Meklan which they used as ground troops as being so large (living ships) they needed something smaller. When they fled they took some kastorian traitors with them which the DTR have found in arachnid and proving to be hostile to every one, this is the information the junta released but I can not confirm any of this as we have no prove only what mica told me the junta's version. SMS has relatively good contacts with KAS and this information was given freely. There are a few points that need to be considered in detail.

the TCA is a ship the size of a small moon was found in skord a while ago which was blown up which the KAS believe to be TCA. This is the TCA space station that was found in Skord and destroyed in the battle for dominance. We got Jacium/Thorlium alloy from this but there was not much left to examine so there are no leads to follow here.

When the TCA were fighting us they mutated certain Kastorians into Meklan which they used as ground troops as being so large (living ships) they needed something smaller. This states that the TCA _are_ living ships and not a standard race. At first this sounds stupid but there is other evidence for this. The FGZ gave a statement as follows:

As Warlord Draco said, somebody is trying to drag the Flagritz into this TCA paranoia. The Flagritz are, as told before, trying to get

more information from the Alien ship. This seems difficult, as the 'thing' seems to be fighting back, but we are convinced that we might be able to disclose some information to all of you in order to help the correct build-up of your war fleets (In case this seems necessary, which is not yet proved). Until then, do whatever you want to do, but turn to the people who really know about the TCA, instead of harassing the Flagritz Republic.

This indicates that the ship that they have hold of is the 'alive'. It changes the whole aspect of the mining ship incident and goes some way to answer some very simple questions. The TCA mining ship was taking metals from planets, some people questioned why it was doing this and one possible explanation is that it was eating after a long sleep. The IMP evidence suggests that the ships internals were highly radioactive, which is not the correct environment for a computer as suggested for the mining ship. I suggest that the radiation is an energy matrix held inside a ship, that is a living TCA.

I have reliable reports that the ship sent out a distress signal before it was captured. The Flagritz claim that they have blocked all radio signal after the ship tried to transmit again. I would not want to have possession of that ship because it might be the only captive member of the TCA race in Capellan, and if the TCA come after anyone it will be the Flagritz.

Meklan which they used as ground troops

I have found out very little other than that the Meklan had several colonies in the Ruin system. I'm looking to get a tech manual entry from someone but I have nothing yet. I have been informed by the DOM PD that we will find more of these in Arachnid. Hopefully FET should be able to cover this.

When they fled they took some kastorian traitors with them which the DTR have found in arachnid.

This is just another reason to go to arachnid. If we could get hold of one of these Kastorians then we could extract more knowledge about the TCA from them.

Lambert Lizard

Source unknown:

Quote:

Lambert knows a lot more than he is saying. He has access to TCA technology in the form of warp generators but is unwilling to say how he came by them. He may have access to more information through his finds than others would credit. He has made 2 statements on the TCA situation, although he refers to them as the OLD ONES (perhaps indicating that the TCA and are related, although the ARC and TCA have no connection at present).

The FGZ and the KAS should find this TCA sighting rather disturbing. The release of the TCA information would help prepare others to assist the great FGZ and KAS affiliations, if the need arises. In the past the OLD ONES would reactivate there mighty sleeping colonies and in list the assistance of lowtechs for the great battle. The OLD ONES would remember where to find the middle aged races of the known universe. Have you forgotten the time of the great cleaving?

The OLD ONES would take over a group and throw them into a system with no jump engines. The only hope to survive is to fight destroying your enemy or die trying. The FCN have much history behind them?! Where did they really come from?! Not all who fought for the TCA were willing parties! Plus, the OLD ONES have been moving for about 1.5 years now its about time they strike. I'll stand behind the FCN with them

spiting plague at the crunchy creatures! We'll support you (up) all the way?!

The second comment is very worrying in light of the information that he has. It could all be bluff but the FCN were the first to ring the warning bells on the TCA and it is not inconceivable that they are not trying to find out what other know to help the TCA. The FCN was formed by several players who wanted to make a new type of alien race that was not just furry humans. They may well be GM plants. i.e. the whole FCN is a for runner of the TCA. I do not want any information to be given to the FCN until they have proved themselves.

Lady / Dryad - FET

Sector 1-6, 1A, Desert (Terrain Class 3)

The desolate waste of this region range on all sides. Suddenly the sensors pick up something in the square 6b. It appears to be manipulating the aurora, channeling it down to the square. It is obviously unnatural but apart from that nothing else can be said about it. There are high levels of electro magnetic charges in the region that need to be overcome if any sort of investigation is to be under taken.

Investigation/Lady/1-6

A ground fighter is directed towards the electro magnetic funnel in order to obtain more information. Before any charges to the flight path can be effected the controls become inoperable. This leads to the swift demise of the ship. The information gained leads to the belief that there is some sort of large electro magnetic device altering the magnetosphere of the planet.

Investigation/Lady/High Levels of Charges/1-6

The charges of the surrounding area are enough to ionise much of the gases that are channelled into the area from the stellar wind. The energy here is quite impressive, but nothing compared to the power that must be produced by device in the center.

Investigation/Lady/Device/Opposite Charges/1-6

The crew work in reconfiguring the weapon systems to send out charges of opposite polarity. When completed they are launched into the funnel effectively punching a neutral space for a short while through which the sensors can scan. It would appear that there is a colossal device in the centre that is busy doing something. It is not quite known yet although two hypotheses are proposed. First is that it is a power generator, the second is that it is a terraformer. If the latter then it isn't working particularly well.

Investigation/Lady/1-6/Device at Centre

Using the reconfigured weapon systems to punch a hole through the field, a repair bot is strapped to a ground fighter and projected into this hole in order to attain the device at the centre. The field closes swallowing the two machines but it is thought that they made it to the centre in time. Now it is just a question of waiting for some changes.

Investigation/Lady/1-6/Desintegration of Field

Monitoring the EMF of the field shows that it is decaying exponentially with time. In order to shield the ship from the damaging effects 1000 jammers would be needed in the command section of the ship but this number will drop by half each week. Therefore week 20 will only need 500 in the command and week 21 will need 250 etc. In order to scan the region, similar number of scanners will be needed.

Low Pass Scan/Lady/Alien Device/1-6

The device is no longer pumping out vast amounts of radiation and now

appears to be quite quiet. It is very large and of very alien design in a black metal that seems to absorb light and most of the sensors scanning sub particles.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/1-6

The device is colossal, in the region of 30,000 mu's and seamless except for one crack in the a half buried corner. Tests show the device to be of an unknown metal alloy. Judging by the slight depression the device must have been landed from orbit although there are no thrusters. Maybe this damaged it and it was left, although what actually moved it into orbit is a mystery. The radiation levels have now decreased allowing minimal shielding and further investigation. It seems to be both power generator and an atmosphere generator but how it works ???

Investigation/Alien Device/Controls/Metal

There are no controls visible although the sensors show that it does respond to dedecahedral orders when transmitted from very close range using high energy particles. This was how the repair bot shut the device down. Starting it up would be as simple but the device would have to be fixed first for any useful results. The metal is of an unknown alloy showing a very dense molecular structure, possibly similar to metal hydrogen (found in the cores of gas giants). It is far in advance of even the thorlium/jacium alloy and impossible to reproduce.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Crack in Corner/1-6

The amount of force needed to inflict the crack is astronomical ! Why the device did not make a crater taking up the adjacent few kilometers is a mystery. Something very alien happened here that absolutely baffles the science officers. If it is cracked it landed with great force, if it landed with great force then where is the crater ??? Gravity damping fields ? If so then why the crack ? The insides of the device can be seen although there are no moving parts just solid state components. There is a slight energy flux which is situated near the operating control, presumably the starter.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Surrounding Terrain

The terrain shows signs of being subjected to high levels of radiation caused by the device. These now are rapidly falling as the very unstable particles created are swiftly decaying into more normal isotopes of stable elements. There is 5 mu of hermadite that is swiftly gathered by the crew and stored on the ship. Only a few fissionables are left. There are not worth the effort to take though. The surrounding terrain does not reveal any more components of the device. It would appear that it is still in one piece.

Investigation/Interaction of Radiation with other Materials

In the case of non organic materials, the radiation can alter the nucleus of the element changing the structure as well as imparting high levels of energy causing rapid heating. Both of these can do tremendous damage (e.g. atom bombs!!!). With organic life forms there is also the chance of genetic mutations even at low levels of radiation causing cancers, sterility or at higher levels rapid burning to the point where the victim glows a pretty shade of red before becoming a cloud of dust (not nice, but fast). Radiation is horrendous stuff.

Invsetigation/Lady/Alien Device/Creators

The device is searched for some form of data memory storage unit. While not actually able to find any localized unit, data is forth coming via sensor stimulation using quantum particles. The results show that the device is very old, having been built by the TCA many centuries ago. Who the TCA are is uncertain although it is obvious that they are (or were) not humanoid, maybe organic matrixes. It seems that they were going to relocate a humanoid species to this planet as an experiment. Things went wrong and they abandoned the project. No more data is forthcoming.

Investigation/Lady/Metallic Structure

There is little else to discover regarding the metal. It is very dense and has a fantastically strong inter molecular bond. This means that very little of it is needed to build a solid structure. It also means that it can't be replicated with current technology. If it could, then wow, but it can't.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Internal Components

The crew send a remote sensing device into the object in order to get a better overview of the device. This reveals the projection unit, and other areas roughly to do with various functions although quite what is uncertain due to the alien nature of the device. A separate object appears to have been rigged to the projector. This is removed easily and transported to the ship for better analysis. It would appear that the device was using this as a basis for the field projector. It will need to be replaced if the machine is going to work but could be interesting to investigate (tech manual order).

Investigation/TCA

Apparently an acronym for Terran Colony Annihilators on account of the first encounter with them they vapourised an FET colony. Not much is known save that they use plasma projectors to burn holes in the crust of planets and utilize tractor beams to collect the ions. They are far in advance of humans but appear to be very wasteful in use of resources. There is no further information regarding the humanoid transportation available from the device. Not even what the humanoids looked like.

Investigation/Lady/Device/Other Devices

The device appears to be on of a batch, this is certain, there is some mention of a nebula and white dwarf as well as neon production. Nothing else is available, no star name, system name, planet name or relative position.

Investigation/Lady/Device/Missing Technology

The missing technology is that of creating quantum neutron stars. It is as far in advance of current human technology as interstellar travel is from cavemen. With current technology trends it is estimated that 5000 years will be needed. That means that this is truly the work of an advanced race.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Artifact/Communications/1-6

Now that the device is off-line, stimulation is attempted using high energy particles at extended ranges in an attempt to discover any communication devices. The range appears to be only a few tens of meters due mainly to the interaction with the atmosphere, but also due to the metal casing structure. This could explain why it was never fixed if the builders of the device were not willing to land on the planet for any reason, it would be impossible to communicate with it from orbit. This all seems very strange. An advanced race without the basic self repairing machines or even long range communication.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Self repair/1-6

The device has no means of repairing damage. The reason for this is uncertain but maybe it was not meant to be damaged in the first place, it certainly appears to be resilient enough to withstand damage. This is a bit of mystery, as is why it never was repaired by the TCA. Maybe the TCA never had chance to return, maybe they can't land on planets, maybe they found something better to do. Maybe they found a more suitable planet. There is no record of any race being deposited on the planet nor any record of which race would be put here.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Communication Device/1-6

There is no indication that there has ever been a long range communication device of known type, but there may be one among the various solid circuits. If there is then there is no chance that it will be found as it is completely alien with no external signs such as a transmitter or receiver nor have any of the investigations revealed the presence of emitted signals. The final conclusion is that this is a mystery.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Transplanted Race/1-6

There is no mention of the race that was originally going to be relocated to this planet, nor is there any mention of whether they were related to the TCA although the data banks indicate that the TCA were probably not humanoids on account of a lack of life supports scanned on any TCA wreckage. The question remains, who were they moving and why. It seems certain that there are going to be no more answers found in this piece of wreckage.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Self Repair

Using a fine array of quantum particles, localized regions of the machine are scanned for self repair capabilities. The results prove negative. The toughness of the outer coating as well as the method by which it was built were apparently considered to be sufficient to prevent the machine from being damaged in the first place. Obviously the engineers got it wrong.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Power Generator

The device absorbed in a number of bands including most light, gravity and magnetic. The position close to the pole suggests that this placement was purpose in order for the device to interact with the magnetic fields of the planet along with the rotation. Conversion of these forces and electromagnetic waves to power was achieved through unknown devices of a solid state nature, probably the housing as not the actual location can be indentified as the source of the power.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/Gravitic Drives

The device does not contain anything that appears to be a gravity altering device although the absorption of gravitons by the housing may have been a damper. Unless the device is switched on and dropped from a height (almost impossible) this cannot be clarified. Assuming this is the case, the device would only have a damping effect on gravity proportional to the field, i.e. it would not cancel gravity only lessen the effects, this would not alter inertia though.

Investigation/Lady/Alien Device/TCA Protocols

The device is scanned using high energy particles attempting to access the database in order to extract information regarding the TCA, namely protocols communication etc. The results are strange, it is as if the knowledge is not there just the ability to recognize protocols when they are given. i.e. the protocols themselves contain the information that instructs responses. The best analogy is a computer that is unprogrammed and is waiting for the operating system to be issued that will then allow it to interact with follow on programs. The machine is therefore an idiot savant.

Berry / Forest - FET

Surface exploration/berry/craters sector 1-1 1a

The surface of berry is pitted with meteor craters and many of them are Recent. Apart from the bitter cold and lack of air any colony here would be threatened by constant meteoric bombardment. The debris from numerous Meteors is scattered all around. You also see that there are strange circular tunnels honeycombing the undamaged areas of the surface.

Investigation/circular holes

These holes are unnatural. They may have been for ore extraction in the Dim and distant past, but it is evident they have not been in use for a Long time. The edges are unstable therefore a structure of 30mu is required to probe the depths.

Investigation/circular holes/plasma cannon/where fired from

The plasma must have been fired from orbit which means that if present Technology was used it would mean that the weapon must be tens of times

More powerful !!! More likely though the item used superior technology that enabled the beam to be focused into a smaller region

Investigate circular holes using 30 mu's of structural units
These holes are of dimensions of about 50 meters across. The depth is in the order of 1/2 km, the base of the hole is slightly curved with a pattern similar to that formed from a plasma cannon. It would appear that the hole was formed from an unusually highly controlled form of plasma, if so this is an unknown technology.

Investigation/alien artefacts
There are no items in these structures.

Special action/circular holes
There are no items in these structures

Dyson - DOM

Special Action/Communicate with TCA Ships
The ships are advised of the situation concerning the DOM war fleet in the space square surrounding this location. They are requested to deliver the Dewiek colonists in return for korondite. To this they readily agree. While talking they advise you that they know of the T.tauri and Venice systems but these were always off limits as dictated by the ARC. They were never told the reason but suspected that another race was already there and the ARC did not want to deal with them. They will now be leaving the system altogether.

--SPECIAL ACTION:

--Last week, we had a chat with the TCA ships and
--gave them some Korondite so they could flee.
--Kurt the super biochemist and his squad of
--rather ordinary biochemists
--will now spend some time analysing the talks and
--the reactions of the TCA to try to get answers
--to the following:
--1. Do TCA ships display any kind of emotions?
-- For instance, when they learned they were
-- about to be mashed, did they display any
-- kind of fear or similar? When they were
-- given the Korondite, did they display
-- relief or joy or similar?
--2. Did the TCA seem to have any kind of
-- dislike towards humans? What impression
-- did we get of how they felt about us?

The TCA are a strange race of beings. They see things in a very different light. It is probably something to do with never being able to land and a near immortality. They are very aware of their own constraints, but by the same token, they were engineered to serve purpose at least in the beginning. They showed little of what can be called emotion, or at least nothing that humans could detect. Maybe a 0.01% increase in engine drive might be considered excitement. As for emotions towards humans, they do not appear to consider you either way. In fact they appear rather apathetic towards all life. It seems likely that this is due to racial differences.

TCA Alien Ship - FGZ

Quote:
> From: Kraa Inikay Rahm, FGZ Trading ataman
> To: All who may concern

- >
- > As promised in the past, the Flagritz Nation is now disclosing information on the TCA Alien ship captured by the forces of the Republic.
- >
- > Please note that the ship took a lot of damage both during the Space Battle and the Boading Action, which prevented a more detailed investigation.
- >
- > The ship is configured 10-150-4, which would give it a Base Speed of 14.4 using the Thrust engines currently known in the Galaxy. The truth is, the TCA use a special kind of engines, that you may call Dual-Purpose Engines, which provide at the same time SubSpace and HyperSpace movement. The SubSpace speed is comparable to that of our ships which shows how advanced their technology is. We have no information on the Hyperspace speed but we do know that switching from one to another is automatic.
- >
- > The hulls of TCA ships contain a number of peculiar hollow spaces microns wide which once contained organic substances. This were capable of limited manipulation of some ships structures. The ships are believed to be Self-maintaining as well as Self-Repairing, to a certain degree of damage.
- >
- > The ship is controlled by an Organic Matrix located on the Command Section, which makes us believe that no Crew is carried on board. In fact, this Organic Matrix is in itself, the Crew. This points out that Ion Cannons may be well ineffective against this ships.
- >
- > This is the information the Flagritz Republic has disclosed to all the affiliations in the galaxy, with no exception. We hope this is of some value to help all of us prepare to a possible future meeting with the TCA. Other information remains Classified as it is pending further investigation and research. It will be disclosed, if the High Command so decides, on due time.
- >
- > This was a public announcement by the
- > Flagritz Investigation and Research Department (FIRD).

A TCA Ship blueprint Tech Manual that the FGZ got hold of:

Quote:

TCA Vessel (25020) - 100 mus

None

Item Type: Blueprint (Normal)
 Race: Native
 Production Limit: 20
 Tech Level: 4
 Required for Item: 20
 Prerequisites: 1 Huge Ship Size (8004)
 Design: TCA Vessel (20)
 Hulls: 400 Light Organic Hull mkIVs (67)
 Armour: 91 Ablative Armour Plate mkIVs (463)
 Installed Items: 50 Jammers (112)
 45 ISR Type 4 Engines (155)
 10 Thrust Engine mkIVs (163)
 1 Jump Drive (175)
 3 Jump Drive - Backups (176)
 18 Cargo Decks (181)
 100 Gatling Laser mkIVs (218)
 10 Rail Cannon mkIVs (276)
 300 Shields mkIVs (118)
 20 Shield Generators mkIVs (122)
 3 High Gain Shield Modulators (123)
 12 Targeting Computer mkIVs (110)
 12 Sensor mkIVs (106)
 1 TCA Control Deck (1650)
 1 TCA Mind (1651)
 1 TCA Scutter Bay (1652)

Horn / Curly

The gas giant is a vast planet composed predominately of helium and hydrogen with trace amounts of other compounds. There are numerous metallic structures orbiting this gas giant and by the looks of the scan report that they are not naturally occurring. A detailed scan of one of the nearer objects indicates that it is part of a hull. If this is the case then there were numerous ships in orbit or a few the size of FGZ baseships.

A precise sensor scan of one of the objects reveals it to be a fragment of a hull. There are approximately 500 such fragments in the orbit of the planet amounting to 120 hull sections that are of sufficient size to allow a salvage crew to cut usable chunks from them. Cataloguing the hulls reveals the following: 80 command, 90 main, 35 engine. Up to 5 hulls may be taken per special action.

A crew is sent to investigate the hulls. They are mainly Dewiek!!! There are also a few other alien ones that appear to be TCA. Dating them places them over 500 years old. This is the first recorded find that the DEN have been in the Capellan Periphery. The question is why and what is the TCA connection?

One main hull is brought aboard. It has to be cut from some of the surrounding wreckage and shows signs that it has been hit by plasma fire in the distant past.

The wreckage is definitely from a battle between the TCA and the DEN sometime in the past. There are only a few TCA ships present compared to the number of DEN hulks. What is unusual is that the TCA ships appear to have taken less damage, almost as though the DEN fired into a much larger force of which most of it has either survived or has fallen into the gas giant below.

Trafalgar / Victory - CNF

Low Pass Scan/Trafalgar/Technology

A scan of the surface of the world is undertaken in order to determine if there are any signs of abandoned technology, possibly as a result of the alien seeding-program. The only sector that appears to contain a large amount of manufactured items but nothing in the way of emf is (6,10) This region also contains a large number of lakes.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Technology/(6,10)

A thorough scan of the region reveals the presence of a number of hulks within the lakes. While the number of hulks is uncertain, what is known for sure is that they were huge, larger than baseships. It is probable that they were either ARC or TCA vessels as the scan detects large amounts of organic material.

The hulks still remain despite their carbon-based structure on account of the cold and the depth at which they exist. It is fairly certain that the hulks (presuming that there is more than one) were not supposed to land as they have fractured and are in multiple pieces. If there are any data storage units present then they are well buried under a mass of soil and other naturally accumulating debris. There

are no signs of kastorians-based technology present.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Technology/(6,10)/Hulks

A team of sub aquanauts are despatched to the bottom of the deep lakes in order to investigate the ship remains. First of all they are able to report that the water below the upper twenty metres is effectively free of life. This is due to near zero oxygen levels. This phenomenon is normally a function of a thick impermeable crust below the water preventing the oxygen cycle.

The hulks have been badly damaged and lay largely under tonnes of mud although due to their shape large portions extend upwards. There are approximately 720 salvageable light organic hulls. Getting them however is a severe problem on account of the depth of the water and the amount of rocks on top of them.

This gives two choices. Get what can be got easily. This can be done now by the team and will salvage 120 hulls. Alternatively create and outpost and tool up the tech Special Bio-resource Extraction. This will also require the expenditure of 100 transport modules.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Wreckage/Ship Class

A team of divers are sent to investigate the wreckage of the ships situated at the bottom of the lakes in order to determine their construction specifications.

After taking a number of readings of the size and shape of each section they return to the surface. Once there they use the data to try and reconstruct an image of the ships present.

The completed images show one complete ship and the fragments of possibly two more, but more likely to be a single ship that was badly damaged. The ships are approximately the same although each has individual features. They were massive, far larger than baseships although each shows signs of damage and integrity breakdown.

They were obviously not capital ships, more like freighters. The team believe them to be the elusive TCA ships.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Technology/(6,10)/Items

The team of divers scan along the bottom of the lakes searching out the various recesses of the hulk for items of interest. There is a thick layer of sediment over much of the debris which when disturbed causes considerable reduction in visibility. This hampers the mission making the locating of small items very difficult.

They find a number of cargo decks and various items that can be identified as sensors and engines. They even find a few bones that upon testing are revealed as kastorian in origin.

The final thing that they find has them very excited. This is a packed and intact blueprint, which upon examination turns out to be for the mekkanisation of kastorians (unwilling ones, i.e. prisoners).

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Wreckage/Ship Recovery

"After taking a number of readings of the size and shape of each section they return to the surface. Once there they use the data to try and reconstruct an image of the ships present. "

While they find the sufficient pieces of wreckage to identify a complete ship, there is no indication that the ship is actually in one piece. It is broken and twisted and situated over a square kilometre. The team are only able to identify it as a complete ship as broke up once it hit the water/ and the fragments reached the bottom in a localised region. Patching will definitely not be effective in this case.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Wreckage/Origin

After some studies of the fractured edges of the sections the team are able to conclude that the ships suffered from integrity breakdown. This occurred while they were in orbit and in some cases appear to have been purposefully instigated from within.

It was therefore an emergency landing, on water that prevented the ships from being totally destroyed and reduced to dust.

A sensible suggestion is that the ships were transporting prisoners and that they somehow managed to destabilise the ships, possibly even taking control and landing them on the world. This was a one-way trip for the ships.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Shallows/Wreckage/Data

A team of divers sift through the wreckage of the various hulks in order to identify anything that could be some form of data archive. TCA ships do not normally use crew (except where they require directions) and as such do not have computers in the typical sense of the word. Instead they have organic ganglions not unlike a brain. While the team are able to identify some forms that could be these, they do appear to have suffered from ice crystals forming within the cells causing them to rupture.

Extracting data from these may not even be possible. The team however manage to take a number of ganglions (30650) from the wrecks. If these are taken to a starbase with an installed copy of organic hulls tech, they will be able to unlock the secrets held within.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglions

Having found preserved TCA ganglions and taken time to research methods of decoding the fatty acids and chemical emitters that the ship used as memory the team believe that they have uncovered secrets never before known.

This TCA vessel was bio-engineered by the Architects and is not, as previously thought a natural life form. It was done so in facilities built within a gas giant. The team are able to de-scramble some images and believe that system may still be unknown.

The earliest images from the ship however show it leaving this system and arriving in a star system that is almost certainly the Mizam system in Dewiek space.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ship/Origin/Gas Giant

Having discovered something of the origin of the TCA vessel, the team are able to identify that it was built in an Architect starbase within a gas giant. While this structure is very alien parallels can be determined between starbase and a starbase built by humans within a giant.

The memories are however hazy so any real correlation will only be defined by personally visiting the site, it does however appear to be quite large (or did when this ship viewed it).

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ship/Origin/Route

From what can be compiled from historical records, the Meklan along with the TCA swept through Darkfold half a millennia ago wiping out virtually all technologically capable races except for the Kastorians. While no

actual proof can be found in the memories of the TCA ganglion to either disprove or support the hypothesis, the scientist's opinion is that the ship arrived from a system in the Darkfold Periphery rather than from a currently unknown system.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglions/TCA Origin

This ganglion has nothing that can confirm when the original TCA vessel was created although this one is just over five hundred years old. As for their purpose, it appears to be specifically for the transport of meklan and their colonisation equipment. This equipment appears to have taken the form of some modules for complex construction and some blueprints, presumably for meklanisation of sentient races although this is not clear. It also appears that the ship transported 'prisoners' including kastorians. These were no doubt scheduled for meklanisation at previously established starbases.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglions/Reason for being in Trafalgar

A thorough search of the memories of the TCA ganglion sheds no light on the reason why the TCA vessel was here.

History of this period is rather fragmented. It is known that the TCA invasion was repelled. It is therefore possible that this one retreated here only to fall victim to its cargo of kastorian prisoners. It is probable though that the truth will never be fully uncovered.

Investigation/Trafalgar/Ganglion/Architects

The Architects are understood to be a race of sentient creatures that grow slowly within a gas giant. They are capable of interplanetary flight. They are known to be a very old race, travelling between systems within the Peripheries for around ten thousand years. Despite this though it is

understood from the ganglion that they have never been a prolific species. From the ganglion it is determined that they spliced something of their own genetic code into a cyborg vessel, the TCA. These could be produced in a similar manner to ships.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglions/Gas Giant Creches

The ganglion is studied in order to determine how the TCA matured within a gas giant. It is found that they tend to reside at a depth not too dissimilar to that used as the standard pressure ridge (classified as the surface of the giant for the purposes of Phoenix). At this altitude the nymph TCA ship is subjected to nannites that build it up from hydrocarbons found within the giant. These slowly assemble/grow the vessel in a similar manner to a shipyard, although it is believed that it takes years for a TCA ship to reach mature status.

It is therefore presumed that a suitable creche planet for a TCA vessel must contain hydrocarbons, and possibly other minerals.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglions/Organic Resilience

It is not a question of whether organic material is better than metallic material with respect to resisting the effects of pressure, but more a case of resources and technology.

The ARC were living ships that presumably could not land on planets. They did however evolve within gas giants and presumably this was where they built their starbases and housed their technology. It is therefore unsurprising that their technology was organic based.

Organic probes are no more resilient to the depths of gas giants than metal probes.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglion/Communication

Studies of the biology of the TCA ganglion have revealed some interesting nodes the purpose of which only speculation is possible. The team suspect however that some are associated with emf on account of the presence of metal ions sensitive to electromagnetic frequency radiation. The team

believe that these are the organic equivalent to radio transmitters and receivers although they are likely to be sensitive to a much larger range of frequencies.

The team also believe that the ganglions are capable of communicating through subspace although how they achieve this is a mystery.

This level of development is consistent with a highly evolved cerebral system.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglion/Cloning

While preserved due to the exceptionally low temperatures, it took time for the heat to dissipate. During this time the cells died rather than become cryogenically frozen (effectively instant freezing).

These cells are excellent for study purposes but are dead. They cannot be made into living cells through any known technology. Once dead it cannot be cloned, as this requires the cell to be able to function. In order to clone a cell, a living sample of the TCA needs to be found.

Investigation/Trafalgar/TCA Ganglion/Drugging a Live Vessel

While any number of chemicals and pharmaceuticals will affect the mind of a TCA vessel in much the same way as they would most organic life forms, getting the ship to actively 'imbibe' the drugs would be very difficult.

This could only really be achieved following a successful boarding action. It would probably take a good few hundred mu's to be effective.

Brighton / New Sussex - CNF

Low Pass Scan/Brighton/TCA Creche

The scan of the lower altitudes reveals some interesting masses that are generating emf. The amount produced is nearly lost in the background although this scan specifically for TCA nymphs is able to discern something that appears to be in line with the organic growth of one of these ships.

Total TU cost for this action is 72

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph

The scan of the emissions from within the giant points towards the presence of a nymph stage TCA vessel within the depths of the giant. This nymph is quite advanced and appears to be close to completion, possibly only requiring a few more years at the most (it is currently around 390 normal organic hulls). No attempts are made to contact the nymph, as it is likely to be

capable of leaving the giant and may well prove to be hostile.

Currently though it is deep within the atmosphere (below the 'surface').

Special Action/Brighton/Likely Response of TCA Ship to being contacted

While no affiliation has publicly revealed first contact with TCA vessels the team know that in the past some have been lucky enough to win the alien's aid and hulks of the ship have been flown for a certain period of time. How they managed to pull off a peaceful first encounter is simply not known.

The team are concerned that the alien ship may well prove to be aggressive especially as it virtually full-grown and does not appear to be either damaged, or restrained. Furthermore, the odds currently look distinctly in favour of the TCA vessel.

Are the CNF likely to make public the results of this encounter in order to aid future explorers?

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Monitor Ship Communication

The sensors are locked on the TCA nymph and monitoring of the emission produced by the ship are collected and analysed. These appear to be fairly random static and are definitely not indicative of standard communication protocols. The ship does not appear to be in contact with any other TCA vessels at

this time.

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Current Activity/204.35

At the present time the ship appears to be doing little more than moving between quiescent regions of the giant's atmosphere. A closer inspection reveals that it is actually basking in the natural upward plumes of gases from deep within the atmosphere.

The speculation is that it is slowly growing by absorbing trace chemicals. At this rate it is likely to only grow a single hull per year.

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Final State

From fragmentary records and scanning the superstructure of the nymph it is clear that it is close to reaching maturity. The ship is expected to be four hundred hulls in size. It is expected to reach full maturity by 214.

As for speeding the process up, this would require the construction of a starbase with shipyards and some basic plan of how to speed up the assembly. This would also presumably require the cooperation of the nymph - unless of course the brain will be removed and replaced with a nice bridge.

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Final State/Detailed Scan

A pair of probes are designed and fired into the gas giant in order to gain a detailed reading of the TCA vessel currently residing within the depths.

The probes beam back information before running out of power and dropping into the maelstrom below.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

>TU 197: Detailed Scan {55440}

Scanned:

TCA SHIP NYMPH (55440) - {400 Light Hulls}

Tca Vessel Class Freighter {Light Ablative Armour}

Aff: Terran Colony Annihilators (20)

Officer: None

LifeForms: 3

Class: Tca Vessel

Hulls: 390 Light Organic Hull mkIVs (67)

Armour: 91 Ablative Armour Plate mkIVs (463)

Hull Damage: None

Max Boarders: 3616

INSTALLED ITEMS

18 Cargo Deck (181)

100 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)

3 High Gain Shield Modulator (123)

45 ISR Type 4 Engines (155)

1 Jammers (112)

1 Jump Drive (175)

3 Jump Drive - Backup (176)

10 Rail Cannon mkIV (276)

12 Sensor mkIV (106)

20 Shield Generators mkIV (122)

300 Shields mkIV (118)

12 Targeting Computer mkIV (110)

1 TCA Control Deck (1650)

1 TCA Mind (1651)

1 TCA Scutter Bay (1652)

10 Thrust Engine mkIV (163)

CARGO

3000 HESH (293)

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Initiate Contact

A third probe is launched into the gas giant and used as a remote output for an initial attempt at communication with the vessel.

The response from the ship is very alarming. It beams a message to the probe waits a short while then launches what is obviously rail-gun ammunition destroying it.

After the initial shock the team set about attempting to decode the transmission. While not one hundred percent certain they are confident that the message was a request for specific identification.

It appears that the ship is operative and hostile.

Investigation/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Initiate Contact/Information Requested

The team believe that the TCA nymph was requesting information in the TCA language that the team have also discovered is encrypted.

Without the key to break the encryption and knowledge of the language, the team are at a loss to discover what was asked and what the appropriate response should be. It may be a simple query but without the appropriate response the ship perceived the probe as hostile.

Additional -

Subsequent to these special actions COH ships detonated Nukes on Brighton to destroy the TCA here or extricate and then hide the evidence.

Night System - FGZ

Investigation/Darkness/ARC Nymph/Other Nymphs/Removal

From communication it is determined that in the ancient past it was common practice for Architect ships to remove nymphs from one gas giant and seed them in another. This practise was undertaken as each gas giant has a unique mixture of chemicals and isotopes. This ensured the maturation of the nymphs into superior vessels (in game terms higher mk of organic hull). The nymph knows of no recent attempts to perform this operation and does not know of any other species performing the task on an nymph other than the ARC.

Investigation/Darkness/ARC Nymph/Other Nymphs/Destination

At the height of the Architect civilisation (if this is the correct term to use), a nymph would achieve maturation in less than three hundred years. Now sadly this is the first to even come close to reaching adult stage within this gas giant and that has been roughly half a millennium and it still has a long way to go.

It is important not to mistaken the ARC for the TCA. While both are organic ships and while it is suspected that they have either a common ancestry or are otherwise related there are distinct differences - at least this is the information that is believed although there whole topic is immersed in secrecy and rumours.

Special Action/Darkness/Attempt Embarkation of Nymph

Currently the embarking Size of the nymph is 12600 mus. This is slightly too large for this ship to cope with although with some changes to installed items it is feasible to move the ship from here to another location.

As to how it will deal with this sudden upheaval, this will not truly be known until the attempt is made to displace the vessel.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

Entering orbit of Darkness (460)

Scanned:

TCA SHIP NYMPH (29506) - {17-32} - {75 Normal Hulls}

Hulk Class {Medium Ablative Armour}

TCA SHIP NYMPH (29506) - {17-32} - {75 Normal Hulls}

Hulk Class {Medium Ablative Armour}

Aff: Terran Colony Annihilators (20)

Officer: None

LifeForms: 0
Class: Hulk
Hulls: 75 Normal Organic Hulls (78)
Armour: 102 Ablative Armour Plates (460)
Hull Damage: None
Max Boarders: 1012

INSTALLED ITEMS

None

CARGO

None

Borks Dilema / Rebellion - FGZ

Result:

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/Ship Size/Week 35 Year 204

Since the last measurements in year 202, there has been little change in the total hulls of the ship. The main section has marginally increased from roughly sixty-nine to roughly one hundred and five although there is no apparent change in the rest of the ship.

It does not appear to be particularly active although ARC nymphs never do.

Investigation/Probe/Internal Rocks

The probe powers through the upper atmosphere of the gas giant in order to reach any of the rocks detected by previous probes. This time it is programmed to seek these rocks out. Once again the ion shelled vacuum starts to form around the probe, this time faster as it approaches the rock. The signal starts to fade and finally flickers out, but not before some the probe detects high levels of radiation and a significant change in the radiation levels of the gas giant. The last image from the probe is that of a spacecraft that bears an uncanny resemblance to that of an ARC ship but much smaller.

Contact ARC Ship - FGZ

A request to communicate with the alien ship ends in failure. The ship not only does not respond but from the limited scans possible, it does not appear to have even noticed. It could be that if this is as suspected a 'creche' for infant ARC ships, it might not have developed the means of generating communication. On the plus side however, no other communications are detected such as a request for back up.

The probe is launched towards the ship in order to determine whether the ARC vessel has grown at all in the last few weeks. The interference from the environment distorts the sensors, but from what can be scanned, no discernible change has occurred. Thus the changes to the mass of the ship must be less than a few percent. It is estimated that if the changes are on the limit of detection, the ship will require decades in order to grow to be the equivalent to 400 main hulls. It may well have been here for a few hundred years presuming that the growth is exponential but slow.

Investigation/Ship Mission to ARC Vessel/

The computer model of the results of a ship plunging into the atmosphere of the gas giant in order to reach the ARC vessel is not promising. First the ship would have to pass through nearly five thousand kilometers of gas in order to reach the ARC ship. During this descent the radiation levels will have topped those bearable by the ship, reaching levels equivalent to that of a hundred ion cannons. This is all considered before taking the nanites into consideration. It does not look pretty.

Investigation/Shuttle Expedition

The team study some theoretical models based on the dynamics and thrust capability of a shuttle and the likely implications dropping into the atmosphere. If the fate of probes is anything to go by then it is very likely that a mission into the interior of the gas giant will end with a free fall into the abyssal core of the gas giant. Strangely enough there are no volunteers for the mission.

Space Fighter/Dock with ARC Ship

The space fighter is not geared up to deal with the turbulent atmosphere of the gas giant. Still it is still unexpected when the space fighter spins out of control after only a few hundred kilometers and plunges into the heart of the gas giant without getting near the ship. The only thing the team has to go on is a rapid build up of vacuous space around the fighter.

To date it has proved impossible to block subspace communications to a particularly effective degree. In this case however, the gas giant has its own interference, so it maybe possible to shield some transmissions. To cover all directions however would be impossible due to the sheer size of the world. At best around 80% could be blocked.

A gas giant of this size is no easy thing to destroy. Even a comet the size of a small moon would be swallowed up although the event would severely disrupt the weather patterns for some time. In normal terms, destruction of the planet would not be possible as it would almost certainly reform under its own gravity. Maybe a research project and a few million mu's of fissionables/pulac could do the trick.

Kasmer System - IMP

Investigation/IMP Starbase Cape Canaveral/Study of ARC Signals to Kasmer Stargate

The presence of Prof Sandra Fox (+3 Gate Harmonics) gives the team a much needed expert opinion on the actions of the ARC ship. From the study of signal fragments, she is convinced that the ship was uploading some new software, in much the same way that Stargate Manipulation can be used to turn it on or off.

This might be a more advanced version of stargate manipulation or an organic ship's equivalent to a blueprint (not having fixed installations, there have always been questions about their development of technology).

As the process was halted part way through she cannot say whether this was the entirety of the intent of the ship or whether it was just the first step towards some other goal such as changing the resonance to add a gate, change the key or even remove a gate.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Mature Mind/Removal

The mind is intimately tied to the entire ship. Severing it from the rest of the ship would simply kill it.

Update: 208.42

The mind once severed dies. It is frozen in deep space and stored in the ship's hold.

Investigation/ARC Plasma/Dampening

"No sir, I'm afraid that what you are seeing is the dampened effect."

"You're joking, surely?"

"fraid not sir. Had this been a base on a world without an ISR field, the damage would have been a thousand times worse."

"So how the hell do they pump so much damage into a blast without it being attenuated into subspace? That is how it works, isn't it?"

"Yes sir and I haven't a clue - they are alien and do have a millennia of technology advancements on us. Those weapons aren't just installed; they are

part of the ship, like a leg or an arm to us. Maybe that makes a difference?"

"Well, if it has finished its business over Guardian, it might be turning its attention here. Can we stop it?"

"Requesting permission to transfer to Jax."

Twinkle System - IMP

Action:

Analyse the stargate, scanning for any frequency modulation that may suggest it is being altered in any way as a result of the beam, record data and submit to Cape Canaveral, care of prof fox, so she might assist in the analysis.

Result:

Scanning the gate reveals that it is behaving exactly as expected. The ARC whatever it was doing, it does not appear to be interfering with the gate.

Destitute / Ruin / CIA Data [Recruit] [Delete] [Lock] [Edit]

Entering orbit of Destitute (343)

Scanned:

TCA SHIP INQUEST (71372) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Total TU cost for this action is 22

>TU 167: Detailed Scan {71372}

Scanned:

TCA SHIP INQUEST (71372) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Aff: Terran Colony Annihilators (20)

LifeForms: 1

Class: Tca Adult

Hulls: 400 Heavy Organic Hull mkIIs (89)

Armour: 503 Armour Plate mkIVs (453)

Hull Damage: None

Max Boarders: 2512

INSTALLED ITEMS

1 Battle Bridge (101)

8 Bunks (98)

64 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)

16 Jammers (112)

2 Jump Drive (175)

32 Scintillator mkIV (128)

16 Sensor mkIV (106)

32 Shield Generators mkIV (122)

64 Shields mkIV (118)

32 Targeting Computer mkIV (110)

40 TCA ISR Drives (120040)

8 TCA Plasma (120041)

32 Thrust Engine mkIV (163)

16 Tractor Beam mkIV (343)

CARGO

Total TU cost for this action is 50

Scanned:

TCA SHIP INVASION (98424) - {400 Light Hulls}

Tca Carrier Class Freighter {Light Armour}

Aff: Terran Colony Annihilators (20)

LifeForms: 19916

Class: Tca Carrier

Hulls: 400 TCA Carrier Hulls (120039)

Armour: 91 Armour Plate mkIVs (453)

Hull Damage: None
Max Boarders: 3616

INSTALLED ITEMS

97 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)
3 High Gain Shield Modulator (123)
45 ISR Type 4 Engines (155)
50 Jammers (112)
3 Jump Drive - Backup (176)
20 Meklan Pod (120037)
25 Sensor mkIV (106)
20 Shield Generators mkIV (122)
270 Shields mkIV (118)
1 TCA Control Deck (1650)
1 TCA Mind (1651)
5 TCA Scutter Bay (1652)
10 Thrust Engine mkIV (163)

CARGO

19908 Meklan - Naplian (713)
1 Meklan Control Unit (860)

Special Action/Ruin/TCA Vessel/CIA Assistance/209.5

The CIA politely enquires as to whether they can be of any assistance to the TCA vessel that appears to have spent long time (by human standards) at this location for no apparent purpose.

The vessel does not appear to be responding to any hails or attempted communication. It does not even appear to be active.

If the team had to comment, they would say that in all honesty it appears to be asleep or in some type of hibernation

Special Action/Ruin/TCA Vessel/CIA Assistance/Expert Opinion on TCA Vessel's Activity/Post Metamorphosis 209.10.

A polite communique to the vessel asking what the CIA can do assist the TCA comes back with the suggestion that the CIA do not interfere with its task.

This is the meklanisation of the native inhabitants of Ground Zero.

Should the CIA wish to be of assistance and even be rewarded (avoid meklanisation themselves amongst other benefits), they would seek a device within Zion (3820) - an enslaved TCA mind used to control meklan (860).

They should make all efforts to destroy this device as soon as possible.

Plague System - DTR

Starting Location:

Stargate (1253) Orbit - Quadrant Beta 7 - Plague System (23)

Scanned:

TCA SHIP INQUEST (71372) - {400 Heavy Hulls}

Tca Adult Class Capital Ship {Advanced Heavy Armour}

Special Action/Stargate/TCA Inquest/Actions/Week 208.37

The TCA ship appears to be doing absolutely nothing. It is not actively scanning, it is not interacting with the gate, it is simply in stationary position in relatively close proximity to the gate along with all the other positions here.

Presumably it is in a position to passively scan positions entering and leaving the stargate.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

Special Action/Stargate/TCA Inquest/Contact Point

Following the rising activity of both the TCA and the ARC and the loss of creche sites, it looks like reliable locations to contact the TCA directly may soon come to an end. As such the captain opens a channel to the TCA

ship near the gate and requests the location of a place where it is unlikely the TCA will relinquish control such as their secret system in the Dewick Home Periphery.

The ship responds that this is not a viable option at this time.

The captain wonders at the qualifier to the statement. What did it mean by "at this time"? What are they hiding, are they concerned about something or are they finishing something.

The ship then indicates that it will be remaining here for as long as possible. For a species with an indeterminate though clearly long lifespan it is beginning to look like this gate may become a fire zone, though from an organic ship's point of view there might be decades till then.

Special Action/Stargate/TCA Inquest/Inter ARC Relations

The vessel contacted seems surprised by this question, at least as surprised as they can appear when they have no obvious features and tend to respond in monotone.

It states that the ARC are individuals each with its own agenda at least they believe this is the case as individuals will sometimes appear to be working counter to others. This said, they do seem to have an overall goal one they have been working on for thousands of years and one which even the TCA can only guess at, but did require the construction of both the Acrux Ringworld and the Dyson Sphere.

Special Action/Stargate/TCA Inquest/Information Regarding ARC Infanticide/208.44.2

Having given data over relating to conversations between the ARC and a third party, in which the ARC instructed the party to annihilate ARC Nymphs, the crew await a response.

The organic ship powers up and requests immediate information regarding the location of the creche sites apart from Bork's Dilemma.

Plague System - CIA

Special Action/Stargate/TCA Inquest/Communication/209.50.

Attempts to communicate with the TCA vessel fail to elicit a response It is clearly active as it is riding against the natural drift of the system.

Passive scans however do not detect any significant emissions from the vessel.

The crew believe that it is waiting and monitoring stargate activity and would probably go so far as to suggest that it is expecting something to pass through the stargate.

Han / China - DTR

Orbital Scan/Han

The orbit of this giant contains quite a large halo of gas. This is quite diffuse and is steadily dissipating into the surrounding space. The nebula material has a higher than expected radiation. The elements producing the radiation are commonly associated with nuclear fallout although this is likely to have been some years ago, possibly decades.

Beyond this the team note nothing else anomalous.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

Low Pass Scan/Han

The atmosphere is relatively free of turbulence resulting in strong winds that blow at velocities in excess of eight hundred kilometres per hour.

These become distinctly opaque beyond the surface producing a deep blue featureless vista.

Temperature and radiation fluctuations are noted deep within the atmosphere.

These do not appear to be natural although the team fail to identify any large anomalies such as ships.

Low Pass Scan/Han/EMF Levels

The deep scan of the giant reveals thousands of localised emf sources, the largest measuring a few hundred kilometres. These are found at altitudes that span more than two thousand kilometres, well above the core, but still far below the surface.

They are presumably nanite clusters associated with organic ship development but only a few appear to have micro-gravitational fluctuations that could be associated with a masses.

Total TU cost for this action is 75

Special Action/Han/Comparison to Bork's Dilemma

While the energy signals have a much greater energy value associated with them they are much more nebulous. Even the regions of concentration within the atmosphere of Han are still not a thousandth of those scanned in Bork's Dilemma.

If the team had to guess, they would say that this site was attacked and that it is in the process of repairing itself.

Investigation/Han/Date of Nuclear Strike

The ship performs a number of scans of the background radiation and from measurements of the parent-daughter ratios are able to determine that the nuclear strike against this world was roughly sixteen years ago, give or take a couple of years.

It is estimated that there must have been somewhere in the region of up to two thousand nuclear missile strikes against the world.

Investigation/Han/Skim Nanites

The ship descends into the cloud layer of the giant and utilises its interplanetary ram scoops to sift for a few of the nanites known to be within the atmosphere of the world.

There are a number of electrical discharges across the ship that are anything but natural and while integrity is lost, the overall effect is fairly poor.

This is also reflected in the state of the nanites once they are examined once the ship returns the surface of the giant.

Nanites should in theory quickly interact, forming nets and structures as part of their protocols. These ones however appear damaged at least a large proportion of them are.

After further observation it is clear that some of the active nanites are busy repairing the ones that are defective.

There is a significant amount of minerals within the nanites that the team would consider unusual for an organic based entity but until these can be compared with nanites from either a known TCA or ARC giant, the team is not prepared to categorically assign the nanites to one side or the other.

Redundant / Dyson - DEN

Special Action/Guardian/Architects

The colony representatives admit that they are not in contact with the Architects, nor have they been since the system was completed. They believe that the Architects left after a war with the Dewiek. Even though they won the war, it was a Pyrrhic victory. They have retired to rebuild and recuperate, but as they are virtually immortal, they reproduce very slowly. It may be thousands, possibly tens of thousands of years before they are ready to return in force, although maybe a few may venture here in the mean time. They cannot and will not reveal what they have been built to defend or who they defend against.

Brighton / New Sussex - COH

Special Action/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Fate of the Hexamon

Having introduced themselves to the TCA Nymph in the atmosphere of this world as the descendants of the Hexamon that were rescued from Titan by the

TCA fleet, the Captain requests any information on what may have happened to others that may have got lost on the voyage to other star systems. The nymph is able to confirm that information was seeded into this world only recently by a TCA that passed through after leaving a few Dominators in the Cluster. It would seem that a few hundred years ago some of the fleet split off and headed for another part of the Home Periphery - apparently this was the system where the very first TCA were spawned. Unfortunately the Nymph has no further clues as to where this system is beyond that is near or in the Dewiek Home Periphery.

Special Action/New Sussex/TCA Origin

When asked outright if the TCA were created by the Architects, a direct answer is not forthcoming. The Nymph only replies that the answer is not present here and that the question has no relevance to the current situation. This seems unusually evasive and certainly not a denial although the team believe that they are missing a piece of the evidence.

Special Action/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Offer of Aid/206.8

The Nymph is asked if there is anything that the COH can do for it. It answers yes, there is, the COH can supply it with 50 Twinkle and 50 Noctollis stargate keys.

Special Action/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Offer of Aid/206.9

So the offer of aid was only expected to extend a short distance - so be it. In return for these keys the nymph has knowledge of an asteroid that is known to contain antimatter. The nymph will supply the location of this asteroid once the keys have been delivered and it has successfully reached its destination.

Special Action/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Offer of Aid/206.9

After being told that the COH cannot manufacture the keys, the nymph accepts this as a fact and is content to wait until the COH can negotiate a deal. The only other thing that the nymph would like is approximately 100,000 mekkan, more if possible, failing that, 100,000 humanoid life forms suitable for mekkanisation. It will not explain why it requires these.

Special Action/Brighton/TCA Nymph/Reason for Sublight Relocation from Titan

The answer is actually simple, by the time the Hexamon had been loaded onto the ships and were prepared to leave the system the star had become unstable and ISR supporting field had collapsed. It was impossible to utilise jump fields and to stay while the star exploded would have killed the ships and the Hexamon. The alternative was conventional drives and a slingshot. The fastest velocity with greatest chance of success was in the general direction of the Home Periphery. The flight exhausted so much fuel that it took more than a century of interstellar flight to collect enough free hydrogen to replenish supplies. By this time there was no point in changing direction.

Bork's Dilemma - COH

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Nymphs/205.5

A scan of the depths of the giant quickly establishes the presence of a moderately sized ARC vessel. It is currently registering around 325 hulls and is showing considerable power emanations. There is also a halo of bright nebulous material around the vessel.

TU 190: Detailed Scan {64208}

Scanned:

ARC SHIP NEW SHIP (64208) - {18-18} - {325 Normal Hulls}

Arc Young Adult Class Freighter {Medium Ablative Armour}

The detailed scan was jammed.

Total TU cost for this action is 50

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Nymphs/Relocation of Darkness Nymph/205.5

The ARC ship responds that it has no objection to the relocation of a nymph to this location. The reason for this is that it has been specifically increasing its own growth rate and is expected to leave this giant within a year's time.

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Nymph/Halo/205.5

The team scan the region of bright light around the nymph. This is found to be the thermal energy signature of a cloud of nanites. These are responsible for the construction of the ARC ships. Normally, at least according to previous data, the process of building an ARC ship takes decades, or possibly even centuries. Scans of ARC ships in creches taken years apart have revealed very little difference in the size of the ship and have not noted a halo. This ship however appears to be undergoing rapid construction and this is presumably reflected in the thermal output of trillions of nanites in close proximity to the ship.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Ship Altitude/205.51

The ARC ship states that as it matures it is unable to withstand the torque and stresses placed over its increased hull length at the lower altitudes within the gas giant. After a certain age it can only dive as low as the 'surface'. This is where it currently resides and for a ship to detect it, it must have entered orbit and scanned the location. From what it has determined in the past there are very few visitors to this planet. The COH are however welcome to build an observation post on the 'surface' of the giant if they so desire.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Ship Plans/206.2

Having delivered the ARC ship is currently sifting through the outer nebulous gases of the giant, drawing in large amounts of the nanites that are known to be present here. There is a faint sheen on the hulls due to the energetic reactions that are taking place along natural join lines. The ship is obviously growing.

The team contact it in order to determine what its plan is after completion of its growth.

The ship responds that it has not yet decided although a general tour round the local systems is probably the most likely scenario. This may take a couple of years.

The team suspect that it has an agenda that it simply does not wish to share at this time.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Ship Plans/Growth Rate/206.2

The ship has been increasing its growth rate for some time now. This is due to two reasons. First of all, growth rate is actually determined by size.

Something that is larger has more areas that can grow and more area for nanites to work on. Its growth rate therefore is exponential.

The team also get the impression that the ARC ship is in something of a hurry - why this would be is left unspoken.

As for hull type, the ARC ship states that this is typical of a ship, but it is not unheard of for an ARC ship to have been of a different type as defined by humanoid standards. These ARC ships however do not normally have the same life expectancy for one reason or another.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Disembark Nymph (29506)/206.3

The Nymph is successfully disembarked into the orbit of the world and is last observed descending into the upper gaseous envelope of the world. It remains in communication and after a conference appears content to allow study of its growth by an outpost constructed on the giant.

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Ship Study

Research into both the ARC and their nanites carried out on this world can benefit by the construction of a university.

A one-off special action exhaustively using 100 BCM's, 50 ICM's and 100

SM's could establish a university giving a +2 in Advanced Racial Design -Architect and +3 in Nano-tech principles (maybe other bonuses in related fields)

Result:

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Hexamon Stragglers

The ARC ships in the giant have only the most rudimentary knowledge of the exodus of the Hexamon from Titan prior to the supernova. They know that there were hundreds of hexamon vessels and a fair number of TCA ships aiding them. The ARC however had nothing to do with this and have no idea if there are any hexamon stragglers still scattered around the galaxy - probably.

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Ship Study/Components

The various components found on the ship are all grown during the later stages of development. The control deck allows the mind to effectively control the ship (consider it a bridge and AI navigator respectively) The scutters are responsible for running the ship and keeping the systems in check (crew).

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Architects Plans/206.1

The Nymph passively views the data showing the destruction of the TCA vessel. The next step is to destroy the creche preventing any more TCA Nymphs being seeded into the atmosphere of the giant. In order to achieve this, approximately 500 nuclear missiles need to be launched into the giant - but only after all ISR fields have been destroyed (if any are present) as they will dampen the explosions.

The Nymph knows of a cache of missiles in the Night system - can the COH reach this system?

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/War between Architects and the Dewiek

The Nymph is asked about the war and what involvement the Hexamon had in the events.

The Nymph states that the Hexamon had absolutely no involvement in the war. They were a separate issue that occurred a few decades before the events that led to the destruction of the Dewiek Nation. The saving of the Hexamon by the TCA was one of the last acts performed on request by the Architects.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Architects Plans/Nukes/206.1

The nymph transfers the knowledge of the asteroid containing the ancient receptacle of nuclear weapons. This is just a cave on a world just outside of the corona of the star. All that is there are WoMD launchers and nukes. As full authorisation is given, everything can be picked up

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Architects/Maintenance Bots/206.1

Offline Maintenance Bots means that they have been removed without consent of the Architects. These bots should be, if found brought to the Architects. There they will be reactivated and indicate who was responsible. The next stage is then up to the Architects.

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Nymph/IMP and GTT Actions

The Nymph has never been contacted by the Imperial Stellar Navy and has certainly not transferred knowledge of the China system to them. This is a disturbing piece of information that has been revealed by the GTT. It desires further knowledge of the IMP's involvement in the affairs of the ARC and wishes to know how they have achieved this information. Finally, what is this about reuniting ARC minds with ships? The Nymph demands more information.

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Nymph/IMP and GTT Actions

So the Dominion captured the ARC vessel from this very world (it is still a very small nymph stage and internal organs such as sensors have not developed making it reliant on the unintelligent nanites and external

communication for much its information).

It advises the GTT to see to it that the IMP return the mind as soon as possible as a chain of events has now been set in motion that will not benefit the IMP if they persist in retaining control of the mind.

Investigation/Bork's Dilemma/ARC Nymph/IMP and GTT Actions/Events

At present the Architects are completing designs that have been five hundred years in the making. Once completed, they will be moving once again through the Peripheries. It would not be wise to draw the attention of an adult Architect vessel by keeping a mind prisoner.

How does it know this? It just knows!

Dingo / Erasure - COH

Low Pass Scan/Dingo/ARC Vessels

The scan of the world reveals the presence of an ARC ship deep within the atmosphere. This is pumping out energy, consistent with the final stages of growth.

It has also had recent contact with humanoids and is currently assessing data collected during this time. It therefore has no interest in interacting with humanoids until at least 206.30.

The team are slightly perturbed by this rather abrupt attitude and suspect that the negative personality traits of Humans has rubbed off on the vessel.

Special Action/Dingo/ARC Vessel/Human Contact

According to the ARC vessel it has been in contact with humans. It is not able to give individual names but it is clear that humans spent around a year within the ship. These were part of the FET collective. The ship has also been in communication with the SMS sometime in the past, prior to the FET. Total TU cost for this action is 75

Terrain Type: Clouds

Scanned:

ARC SHIP NEW SHIP (97808) - {23-15} - {325 Normal Hulls}

Arc Young Adult Class Freighter {Medium Ablative Armour}

ARC SHIP NEW SHIP (97808) - {23-15} - {325 Normal Hulls}

Arc Young Adult Class Freighter {Medium Ablative Armour}

Aff: Architects (50)

LifeForms: 254

Class: Arc Young Adult

Hulls: 325 Normal Organic Hull mkIIs (79)

Armour: 270 Ablative Armour Plate mkIIIs (462)

Hull Damage: None

Max Boarders: 2690

INSTALLED ITEMS

1 ARC Control Deck (1654)

1 ARC Mind (1655)

1 ARC Scutter Bay (1656)

3 Cargo Deck (181)

2 Cryochamber (188)

40 Gatling Laser mkIV (218)

33 ISR Type 4 Engines (155)

50 Jammers (112)

3 Jump Drive - Backup (176)

15 Landing Engine mkIV (171)

1 Photon Battery mkII (313)

4 Photon Cannon mkIII (310)

15 Sensor Decoys (111)

15 Sensor mkIII (105)

200 Shield Generators mkIV (122)

200 Shields mkIV (118)
1 Stargate Key - Eden (964)
1 Stargate Key - Forlorn Hope (962)
1 Stargate Key - Inferno (966)
1 Stargate Key - Kasmer (960)
1 Stargate Key - Noctollis (963)
1 Stargate Key - Plague (968)
1 Stargate Key - Solo (965)
1 Stargate Key - Twilight (969)
1 Stargate Key - Twinkle (961)
1 Stargate Key - Tycoon (967)
5 Targeting Computer mkIII (109)
15 Thrust Engine mkIII (162)

CARGO

250 ARC Scutter (1657)
TCA Nymph

TCA SHIP NYMPH (29506) - {17-32} - {75 Normal Hulls}
Hulk Class Destroyer {Medium Ablative Armour}
Aff: Terran Colony Annihilators (20)
LifeForms: 0
Class: Hulk
Hulls: 75 Normal Organic Hulls (78)
Armour: 102 Ablative Armour Plates (460)
Hull Damage: None
Max Boarders: 1012

INSTALLED ITEMS

None

CARGO

None

Darkness - COH

Special Action/Darkness/ARC Presence

The team believe, based on the ARC's use of gas giants as breeding starbase to find a starbase present here. What they do find however are a number of anomalies within the upper atmosphere.

These scan positive for life and are believed to be ARC nymphs. There are definitely five present and some static that may be more.

These appear oblivious to the presence of the investigators and their scans.

Special Action/Darkness/ARC Presence/Compensation for Static/205.48

Static generated by the giant covers the full range of the spectrum. This means that it is impossible to pick up more information than is currently already been achieved.

The five nymphs are all small, the largest no more than a few dozen hulls (in standard Peripheries scale). It is also noted that the largest are at higher altitudes in the atmosphere where this also substantially less noise. Even the largest one however is still well below the 'surface'.

Investigation/Darkness/Atmosphere

The temperature of the gas giant is very low, below 50K. This accounts for the lack of turbulence and fast speed of the clouds. These are banded into layers corresponding to relative density of the gas at the specific altitude. Occasionally clouds of a lower level will rise into the zone above and form white or blue clouds. The primary component of the atmosphere is hydrogen, making up over ninety five percent. Helium makes up much of the rest although nitrogen and other gases are also present.

Investigation/Darkness/ARC Nymph/COH Communication/205.49

The captain is easily able to communicate with the ARC Nymph. It is however quickly determined that the Nymph is not particularly intelligent despite having access to a modest amount of scientific knowledge.

In terms of allies and treaties it cannot remotely agree to this as it is simply an individual (the ARC are can be considered to be IND for the purposes of treaties). Each Architect ship speaks only for itself.

This ARC Nymph is ready to venture onto the final creche - but unfortunately has no idea where this creche is. It has memories of its 'parent' being guided there by another ARC but it does not know the way itself.

Special Action/Darkness/ARC Nymph/Communication/Hexamon and Titan

The nymph, surprisingly enough is able to inform the team that the ARC instructed the TCA to collect the Hive on Titan and bring them to Acrux. From all accounts they should have arrived in Acrux a couple of weeks after departure through use of the stargate. The Nymph has no idea why they travelled through slow space. This was not part of the original plan. They should have arrived in Acrux roughly 500 years ago.

Special Action/Darkness/ARC Presence/205.51

There still appears to be five ARC Nymphs that can be detected in the gaseous envelope of the giant. These are all in decreasing stages of development. The smallest is only on the very cusp of being detected and only then because the team know what they are scanning for. It is entirely probable that there even smaller ARC nymphs present that are simply too small to be detected.

They may need relocation in the future although this will not be necessary if adults are able to reach them in years to come.

Certainly they will not need any help until the next largest one, is ready in a few years time.

Hexamon Background

The exact origins of this race are still a mystery and so a lot of the information here is rumours and myths. What is known is that they were created to serve the Architects 500 years ago. They were to be a replacement to the first slave race created called the Hive. The Hive had been found to be inefficient and not up to the high standards their creators wanted so they redesigned the race and created the Hexamon a similar yet stronger race in all areas. Upon completion the Architects placed them in stasis aboard their craft and several of the Tcath ships to send them to fight in the war with the Dewiek, at that time the Dewiek war was still going strong and it was still relatively undecided. The journey was to take 2 years however for some unknown reason the ships disappeared and was not heard of for 500 years when they reappeared at their original destination of Acrux. They arrived to find a war that had been over for centuries, their masters long gone and their old enemies once more in control of the system. Even though their technology was so old and the galaxy had changed they prepared to fight. They took over the DEN colonies in the system and claimed it for themselves. They quickly tried to build up the colonies and begin production of equipment, as they feared their forces would be destroyed. However the DEN had been in an isolation of its own and had lost a lot of its technology so the Hexamon in fact had the advantage over them. In several pitched battles the HXM came out the victors routing their enemies' forces and splitting their fleet allowing them to destroy them separately. After some titanic battles against the DEN and its new allies the DTR and DOM the Hexamon won and the war was called off. During the war the hexamon lost 2 of their 6 Tcath ships and the others sustained heavy damage which ended up being a deeper wound than their enemies had believed, as they had no way of getting new living ships to come and help them. After a few months of rebuilding and gathering information on what had happened they lost hope.

Although now a free race they were trapped in a hostile galaxy far away from their creators' protection and guidance. The Living ships, which they viewed almost as gods were weak and would not be able to face, another onslaught, which they feared, would be coming. It was decided to evacuate the system and retrace their steps back home. They split into 3 groups. The advanced group left immediately and was never heard of again. The second group was made up of the 4 TCA ships, which would follow as soon as they had loaded up and regained enough strength, they never departed and ended up going to help another race. The third group was to construct more transports and load up all the equipment captured and demolish the colonies. However before the third group could finish the 3D alliance attacked and this time destroyed all but a small group of Hexamon who fled in an escape pod. And so the HXM were gone...

A few weeks later an escape pod appeared over the KAS colony Rubis. They asked for protection and equipment to set

up a new home. They had lost the information needed to get home and lacked ships and equipment to attempt to trace or contact the rest of their race. A colony was set up and the Hexamon decided it was no use trying to get home and focused on building up a new empire. After a lot of scouting they discovered the system Wastelands was uninhabited and claimed the planet Sahara as their new home world. All went well and they explored, built up their colonies and traded. They decided to make Wastelands the capitol colony. However a trade disagreement with the FCN caused a rouge faction within the Hexamon to openly protest the Hexamon policies towards other races. They went unheard and decided to move to the Yank colony where they had supporters for the cause. Several weeks after they had left the FCN invaded and captured the colony of Wastelands leaving the HXM with its colony in Yank. In an attempt to secure themselves the Hexamon applied and was granted membership into the Flagritz Republic as a chartered affiliation. However this alliance did not fair well as the Hexamon found that the Flagritz views conflicted with there own and they were forced to pull out. Again the rouge factions spoke out about Hexamon views on other races but were ignored again. They decided to take action and seized control of the Yank colony. They declared the Hexamon dead and changed to the ANT a peaceful race looking to change the way everyone saw them. They went through a period of isolation. Not sure who were friends and who were enemies. During this time the built up supplies and decided to open diplomatic relations with the IMP and its chartered Affiliations. The talks went well securing the ANT some much-needed friends. After a lot of Scouting and exploring they found a suitable world and ask for permission to build on it. They were overwhelmed by the helpfulness of the IMP so much that they decided to open talks with the Flagritz. Again the talks were an overwhelming success. The ANT decided to let everyone know of their existence and that they were willing to trade. Soon after they were approached buy many races all wanting friendship. The Story of the DNA stuck in the hearts of the ANT because it was similar to their own plight. They have commenced talks and only time will tell how the young ANT race does. They may be peaceful but they have the means to defend themselves if needed be. They will never allow the Hexamon belief of crush and destroy rule them again. Will they survive with their new found friends or will the all powerful ARC return and enslave the race once again.....

The HXM was created by the ARC to fight their enemies which at the time was The Hive. After the defeat of The Hive, the HXM was sent on the fateful journey towards the Dewiek, only to arrive some 500 years later. If you are interested in knowing more about this particular time in our history, have a look at the links below.

How does the name COH fit into this? The creator of the HXM was an ARC called Hexos. He was the father of the race and he was worshipped as God by the HXM. We have a different view on things. We dont worship him but keep the name as a reminder of the power he represents, or represented. But Hexos is still "the father of the race", that is why we are now called "The Children of Hexos". It is our view that the ARC are now an extinct race. They only live on through the legacy they left behind, that of deceit and animosity that still can be found amongst their pawns in their struggle for survival through dominance.

We have entered a new phase in our evolution. In the quest to find a place in the peripheries we have been forced to adapt to a new role to ensure the survival of the species. We have become Hitech Merchants in order to fund our growing bases. Where this road takes us only the future will tell.

Will it be possible for the current leadership to constrain the instincts of the warrior caste?

Hive Background

..... Soon the Architects started pitting Hive against Hive in deadly fratricidal wars that threatened to wipe out the entire race. However threatened with extinction the fast evolving Queens developed a sense of sisterhood and subservience to eldest sister, this not only stopped the wars, but made the Hive an even greater threat to the Architects. Their fear turned panic. The solution came with the creation of the Hexamon. These were exactly the same as the Hive only they did not have a Queen, making them more susceptible to following Architect orders blindly. And they had a major weapon against the Hive. They could enter any Hive and not be detected as enemies until it was too late and came close enough to the Queens to kill them, and by killing the Queen the Hive would surrender and easily convert into Hexamon. With each Queen assassination the Hexamon gained the full power of that Hive.

Honeysuckle / Jasmine - DTR

Low Pass Scan/Honeysuckle/TCA Creche/Interference Hotspots/Localisation of Noise

The noise arising from the areas of most intense output are found to fluctuate over daily and even hourly intervals. There is no obvious reason for this, it is not found to be set patterns or set periods. The change also appears to be changing sectors. At best the team believe that it is probably due to transient sources, maybe a lot of them that move apparently at random but resulting in localised hotspots.

Low Pass Scan/Honeysuckle/TCA Creche/Interference Hotspots

While there are many scattered regions of emf activity the region producing the most noise can be triangulated to {22-34,28-40}.

Attempts to decode the noise or produce some sort of structure to it fail.

It appears to be just noise.

Low Pass Scan/Honeysuckle/TCA Creche

While the sensors do not detect any TCA ships there are some very unusual readings. If anything it is suspected that there is something or more precisely some things down there being shielded from sensors. The interference is quite widespread so there are probably quite a lot or they are very large.

Orbital Scan/Honeysuckle

More than eighteen poles are recorded. At least eight of these are very close together, projecting into space from within a narrow solid angle.

These move across the surface of the world, influencing local weather but also polarising the faint ring system around the giant, causing it to glow blue or red.

TCA and ARC - MOH

Special Action/Destitute/TCA Ship Inquest (71372)/Trade Knowledge of ??? System

Having dealt successfully with other alien life forms the captain (exploration lvl 2), tentatively makes communication with the TCA organic ship in orbit. Information regarding the ??? system and ARC nanites is used as a bartering chip with the hope that something useful will be forthcoming in return.

The ship is obviously unused to barter and simply demands the information although it does not threaten at this point. It eventually relaxes and offers to establish itself in orbit of their homeworld and defend them for the next 5 years - though it will need knowledge of the system.

Special Action/Destitute/TCA Ship Inquest (71372)/Trade Knowledge of ??? System

The ship is aware of the system, in fact states that the removal of the Architects from the system was part of the ongoing conflict and was perpetrated by the TCA and their allies. This appears to have been one of the final engagements before the war ended. It does not explain who the allies might have been but the most likely candidate are one of the species involved in the war that destroyed the Dewiek Empire.

Special Action/Destitute/TCA Ship Inquest (71372)/Reason for Homeworld Protection

The ship admits that the motive was not entirely altruistic and was in fact based on never having encountered or even known the existence of the Mohache that prompted the offer. Five years in orbit of the Mohache homeworld would grant it an opportunity to study the culture of the species. The TCA have undertaken similar studies in the past on pre-interstellar technology cultures.

Special Action/Destitute/TCA Ship Inquest (71372)/ARC History

This vessel does not know where the ARC originated. This is something that they have never revealed. It is probable that they are tens of thousands of years old and that some individuals are thousands of years old. They certainly live longer than the TCA, the oldest living vessel known is still under a thousand years.

The TCA were spawned by the ARC into creche gas giants. Their genetic material, sourced from the ARC was manipulated and probably spliced with species that exist on rock worlds.

As to the war, the ship states only that it was necessary for TCA survival and will only end once all the creche sites of the ARC have been destroyed. At present though a stalemate exists as losses during the last conflict reduced numbers of adults to few individuals, most of whom were scattered in sublight between the stars.

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Special Action/Destitute/TCA Ship Inquest (71372)/Communication with Others

The ship states that it is acting independently but following the purpose of the TCA. It will not be drawn on the issue of a homeworld, though it is likely that they do not have a specific homeworld, rather a number of creche giants.

As for being in communication with others of its kind, it states that should it desire to communicate with others it has the capability. This last statement seems to indicate that it is not an instant form of communication such as subspace.

Investigation/???/Scan for Nanites

The nebula and surrounding region of space is scanned repeatedly for unusual objects that specifically include microscopic complex molecules known to be the denatured residue of organic nanites. While trillions of mu's of carbon is scanned, scattered over a few light minutes, the team are only able to collect a single mu of denatured nanites. Their use is questionable as they are for all intentional purposes as dead as an air-locked prisoner.

Investigation/Denatured Nanites/??? and Rebellion Link

Two sets of denatured nanites are examined. These come from two very different locations, Bork's Dilemma in Rebellion and the ??? system. Bork's Dilemma is a known ARC creche while little is known about the significance of the ??? system. The two samples are examined and compared.

First of all they differ in isotopic abundance. This indicates that they were manufactured or more likely grown in different locations.

Second, even though similar there are differences in the composition and presumably function of the two samples even though both samples contain a wide range of unique though denatured nanites.

The differences are marginal, in the same way that cells from two different humanoids will be different even though they perform the same function. The similarities however are similar enough for the team to determine that they are both associated with Architect physiology.

Investigation/Denatured Nanites/Comparison with ARC Nanites

The denatured samples are consistent with ARC nanites as has previously been determined. The denatured nanites however are beyond repair as they have important chemistry missing and as a sample of nanites may have a few billion individuals which were divided into millions of unique tasks, the task of repairing them would be on a level of bringing back a corpse from the dead by repairing the organic tissue - only going to happen in horror stories.

As for innate memory, the team do find unique clusters of molecules, some of which are repeated in other samples and do not form part of the overall requirements of the nanite. It is possible therefore that these are part of the memory transfer system though from the whole sample. A few billion denatured nanites however does not have much of a story. Presumably these snippets of information are added to the trillions of other packets of information supplied by nanites during the growth of an ARC vessel.

Special Action/Bork's Dilemma/Atmosphere Required by the Architects

The MOH, relaying through the COH question the Architects as to whether there is a specific atmospheric component that is essential for the growth of the Architects or whether they can adapt to any gas giant? The nymph is quite open in admitting that not all gas giants are favourable to the growth of the Architects and that some are suitable for different stages in the development of the Architects, but the limiting factor is largely down to the infrastructure in the form of nanites within the atmosphere, certain levels of radiation from the core and some trace minerals that are in dynamic equilibrium at certain altitudes. There are probably only a handful of giants that are optimal.

Investigation/MOH Ant Farm/Historical Records/Mention of Sentient Organic Ships (ARC/TCA)

The hive have never been ones for holding historical records as the past, except for developing new technology is of little importance and the queen generally only passes on what is required for the future of the colonies. This is one of the reasons why the Hive seem to know less about their own origins than other species and the discovery of Titan as their home system something of a surprise albeit a rather uninteresting one; except maybe for any claims on technology. As for influence on their history - they have no records and if any exist, then the one place to look would be in the ruins of their home system.

Investigation/TCA/Historical Knowledge

While historical data indicates that they have been around for hundreds of years, even involved in the Kastorian civil war and destruction of the Ruin system, they have been absent from the Peripheries for some centuries until 196 when a lone vessel appeared. The vessel in question opened fire on an FET base and was itself destroyed after forces arrived to retaliate. As nothing was known about the species, it was dubbed the Terran Colony Annihilator or TCA. Since further encounters with the TCA have failed to elicit their name for themselves, TCA appears to have stuck. The species have never commented on whether they are displeased by this acronym.

They have been associated with the Architects and rumour has it that they are both related and enemies. Beyond the first encounter with the FET, they have kept something of a low profile though a few arrived along with the Hexamon though it is uncertain whether they were all destroyed by the Dewiek during the short and brutal war that waged in the Dewiek Home Periphery.

Special Action/Destitute/TCA Ship Inquest (71372)/TCA Cultural Study

Unfortunately the last TCA breeding giant within an ISR supporting system was destroyed recently. This was in Brighton in the New Sussex system. Travel to a breeding world can therefore only be achieved at sub-light speeds through interstellar space. Even at near relativistic speeds the closest is approximately one year away for the passengers but this would equate to approximately twelve for observers (no time at all for the TCA). They are happy to carry away

a delegation though. The last two cultures studied by the TCA were the Squamata of Skye and the Hive of Titan, this though was some centuries ago. As for the benefits for the Mohache - in the case of the both the Squamata and the Hive, the TCA were responsible for saving them from extinction.

Investigation/Hive/Historical Knowledge

There are no official records dealing with the origin of the Hive. The only open documents indicate that the Hive existed on the moon Fake in the Teller system though there is sufficient supposition to presume that they did not evolve on this moon. The only other open information regards the arrival of the Hexamon in the Acrux system, escorted by the TCA. It is known that they travelled through open space in order to reach Acrux. The facts are that Titan is not near Acrux - nearly five hundred light-years away and that there were many other stars nearer. If travelling at near light velocities though, it would explain their arrival half a millennium after departing.

There are believed to be ruins in Titan, it might be possible to confirm the story in the system.

Investigation/Historical Knowledge/Squamata

Digging through general archives and contacting various representatives in the EEM and the KAS reveals some information regarding the Squamata. They are an unusual species that are presumed to have originated on the planet with the same name in the Skye system.

At the time of their discovery there was only a few in existence, apparently survived in suspended animation since the time the stellar nova wiped out their civilisation.

It is not known if any still survives to this day. It has been presumed that the Felini exterminated the species when they colonised the planet.

They have never heard of the term Benefactors before.

*** END ***

Armand

Consul of the Falconians

This information is from the Wimble Grandfather. Many scattered populations of wimbles exist though the story appears to be the reverse of the truth. Evolutionary evidence suggests one of the binary planets as the homeworld.

ARC/WMB

When I became Grandfather of the Wimble Nation I instigated a more detailed search for our roots. Our oral traditions contain stories of "Light Ones" who saved our people in the distant past. The descriptions seemed similar to those that accompanied stories of the beings known as the ARC. I had the opportunity to question one of these beings. This confirmed that they had transported the wimbles in the past. It suggested that a search for the location that they transported them to could best start in the Pegasus system. The only other identification we were given was that the system in question "had a binary pair of planets (where the moon and the world are approximately the same size)"

DTR Speaker of the House of Lords Leonore Sylvansight

Quote:

though the story appears to be the reverse of the truth.

Individual ARC / TCA are notorious for telling folk a big pack of lies. Especially when they've been offered incentives in return for sharing information which they either don't know or don't want to share. This doesn't stop them from taking the incentives and spinning a yarn.

I wouldn't be surprised if that kind of thing passed for entertainment in their parts: sensors set up in really remote places, enjoying a laugh at the confused behaviour of <naive groundbased species> when the holy grail isn't located where the nice <ancient sentient ship of unknown objectives> ship said it'd be.

Armand

Consul of the Falconians

There seems enough information here for a sizable documentary on the TCA.

The more recent information on how the TCA use their naplian mekkan to seed a gas giant with nanites for a creche is probably more useful as an understanding of their biological need for the mekkan might (and I am dreaming here) lead us to getting them to use a more acceptable way of producing the nanites they need. Otherwise I wonder if they can take the losses that can be inflicted upon them now almost every species has the means to fight them.

Darius Shirazi

I have had to redact a few things but this is all that was known by around 209 to me.

I am certain there is more to know in the files of various affiliations who have interacted with the TCA / ARC or those who have explored their various technologies more fully. There are also systems I had no access to at the time that may have been fruitful avenues of exploration. I would also imagine if anyone knows about the ARC or TCA, it was the late Wolf Mother Adoqhina whose public life I have only read about after the fact.

The late Supreme Commander Jackson also hinted that they had access to some technology and investigations that followed from the Trafalgar discoveries. And who knows what the BHD or DOM have learned in their past meddling with ARC based technologies such as meklans and the Dyson sphere. Not to mention the hidden histories of Flagritz and Hive that are far from my vision to see except by rumour.

This therefore could be considered more an introductory course. There are many more questions raised than answered.

However, I think something rather different has emerged in their behaviour. I have reason to believe that this is very much tied to the integration of the mind of Prince LiQuan into a TCA host.

Investigation/???/TCA Activity/Inter-ship Communication

The team do not detect any obvious attempts being made by the TCA to communicate with each other. They even launch some 'dust' grains between a few of the ships in order to detect speckle from tight-beam communication systems. If the TCA are communicating then it is probable that they are using subspace. This though seems unlikely as this sort of communication is slow and erratic requiring the message to be cycled for hours at a time so that all the packets of information is eventually received. Within short distances such as when in the same orbital quad, using emf is standard. Maybe being so old, the ships no longer feel the need to punctuate silence with their voice and are content to observe the antics of 'LiQuan in at the Deep End'.

The rumours of massive battles between TCA and ARC around a known creche system with some very interesting properties suggests matters have either progressed to a decisive point or the entire formulation of a centuries old plan has been diverted by the actions of younger species such as ours.

Of course, whether this is a good in of itself or how we should react I cannot say for certain. I do not think the TCA or ARC are likely the only ancient players we should be concerned about.

Perhaps the ancients fear what we have become and perhaps they will stay away but the question remains: Where are the gate builders?