

A complex digital collage representing a sci-fi narrative. The top half features a space battle with various spacecraft, including a large grey battleship and several smaller fighters, set against a backdrop of a large planet and a cityscape. A robot with a blue eye and red accents is positioned on the left. The bottom half shows a man in a white trench coat and hat standing in a lush, green environment. He is surrounded by various creatures: a large yellow dinosaur-like creature, a smaller dinosaur with red markings, and a large, spiky, horned creature. A robot with red and green lights is visible on the right. The overall scene is filled with dramatic lighting and a sense of action.

PLANET CALYPSO:
Chronicles of the beginning

PART 1:

The past

Chapter 1

No hope

No hope... That is what one could hear on Earth on every TV stations and newspaper. They were so right. It all started with the Third World War in 2012 as a result of the economic crisis back in 2008. The main leaders of our planet started fighting over oil and food... More for the food after 3 years of desperate fights across the continents. The North Koreans made us all a big surprise by wiping half the world with nuclear bombs, breaking the no-nuke pact signed in 2011. Things eventually settled as after all wars, 3 billion people trying to carry on with their lives. As the economy and world peace settled in again, in 2094, the world scientist made a breakthrough after finally analyzing the results from the Large Hadron Collider tests.

Discovering numerous particles that were not known by that time, we finally had the chance to create complex machines meant to bend space and time through the creation of a bubble around objects. Combining this with a special engine that used dark matter as fuel, we got the recipe for high speed space traveling. It was just a matter of time before we travelled to other systems, analyzing foreign planets and distant stars. As history tends to repeat its self, tragedy struck again, as an advanced virus took control of almost all artificial intelligence on Earth. War reined again, billions losing their lives in what seemed to be a mass extermination that could not be stopped.

Years of battling and hiding from the robots led to the desperate decision of the remained world leaders to use the Large Hadron Collider facility as an electro-magnetic pulse emitter. The result was our victory and our defeat in the same time. All the artificial intelligence was wiped out along with all our

generators, satellites and other electronic equipment. The only territories not affected by the blast were a part of Alaska and NE Russia along with both the South and the North poles...

My name is Alexander... In 2202, right before the EMP blast, I boarded a transport ship along with other people running away from the robots. My destination: Calypso. This god forgotten planet is localized in the Stain Region of our galaxy, in the ox-564 constellation. It's a planet almost 2 times smaller than Earth and has 2 continents, Eudoria and Amethera. Humankind has started colonizing it from 2188, as it was the closest planet that could sustain life. Colonists built cities, stations and outposts, even building complexes designed as tourists' hubs for the folks back on Earth. Long distance traveling is made by teleporting. To do this, one needs to use special small buildings that have fixed locations all over the planet. This technology was discovered right after the warp engine breakthrough in 2094 and using them is free due to their insignificant power consumption. Communications between colonists are made using chips inserted into the brain, called Telcoms. These chips amplify the human brain waves so every human on Calypso can communicate with each other telepathically. They also have a built-in RLGPS system to help pinpoint the exact location of each colonist on the planet, accompanied by an irritating womanly voice that announces you every time some shit happens...

There are many professions one can choose from here, one of the most common here being hunting. Colonists can hunt animals, robots, even aliens (all called mobs for short). There are also professional miners, that find ores and enmatters, resources that are used by crafters to make tools, weapons, armor, FirstAidPacks etc. Talking about looting, the actual process of plundering dead animals carcasses became even simpler than our ancestors used to do. Every weapon on Calypso has a small molecular absorption unit (technology that was also invented after the tests with the Hadron Collider), which is activated by the hunter when he's around a carcass or wreckage. This unit automatically scans tissues and materials, trying to absorb any resources it may find: muscle

oils, eye oils, wools, hides, robot parts and even other unusual items. It's amazing what some creatures can eat on this planet: hunters, miners, their armor, guns even bloody furniture...

The molecular absorption unit compacts the loot and transfers it to a small backpack (we call it Inventory).

Everything here has a value, calculated in PEDs, our planet's currency. The economy model is based on the trade terminals (TT's for short), every item having a designated TT value, a standard value in PEDs. All things also have a markup, small or large depending on how much demand is for that item. The absorption unit also calculates the loot and if it is over 50 PED, It's considered a global, and a small text is sent to all colonists through the telecommunication implant. The text message is displayed on the human eye's retina, the first 100 loots after their value in the last 24 hours being posted into a hall of fame list and are called HOFs.

Every colonist also has a radar unit integrated in the Telecommunications chip that gathers information about ground activity from the space station. On the radar HUD, friendly units, like other colonists, appear as a green dot and enemy units appear as red ones. The radar has only a 100ft range.

Chapter 11

The Beginning

D-DAY: The day I arrived on Calypso:

I was boarded on a transport ship along 3 other future colonists. 100km from the planet's orbit though, our ship was intercepted by 2 generation 10 Attackers that blew our human asses into pieces. Fortunately, the government forces retrieved our DNA from the ship's debris and recreated our body, inserted the Telecommunications chip, gave us the 'Standard colonist jumper and pants' and a very well placed kick in our brand new colonist asses :D

D-DAY +1:

Well there I was in good-old-new-for-me-though Port Atlantis (PA), with no money on my PED card and no friends to go to. So I started like any colonist that didn't received any money from Earth: stealing life essence. Yeap, and it's also a very interesting thing to do here. You go near a mob, and start concentrating on it, like you were expecting something from it. After you have concentrated enough, your hands start burning into green flames. After this, you reach for the mob... Its life essence is slowly absorbed and if you are lucky, bottles of 'life energy' are moved to your Inventory. The price of sweat (as how it's commonly referred to) is low these days (around 0.4-0.5 PD per 100 bottles). Sweat is usually combined with nexus, a raw earth-like transparent enmatter to produce 'Mind Essence' (ME), which is used by Mind Force users. The colonists buy special chips from old Earth that run on this Mind Essence. The most common chip used is the Teleport chip. This can be used in ultra-fast transportation on short distances using ME.

So, on this day I started sweating some mobs around PA. It was strange walking on this planet, the gravitation acceleration being just 6.59m/s^2 , a third less than on Earth. This means that on calypso I have around 20kg less. Makes me feel young again...

D-DAY+2:

Today I went to the heart of PA, a small market with a teleporter in the middle. There, I found out that a good 'sweating place' was to the North, near an outpost called Swamp Camp. There, I found a lot of sweaters and also a guy from Romania, my homeland country. He has been like a mentor, being the first one to put a gun in my hand and most importantly, how to use it in an honorable way on a planet where the army and police are represented by the population it's self...

Part two: The present

Chapter I

1 year later

One year has passed since I came on Calypso... A lot of things have happened, sad events, happy ones too, a lot of mobs killed and a lot of friends made. . . so I thought...

-Alex, stop writing in that log and let's get moving, Sakalu said. It was a team hunt in PVP contaminated near Akmul, on Amethera.

-So, only stackable items can be looted in PVP contaminated? Ade asked...

-Yes, all stackable items except ammo and ME, Vio responded.

-C'mon let's move, MD said. 2 lessers to the west!

We teleported there and started hunting attackers... Loot was good, 2 Hedock SK-20's and one minor TP chip. All of a sudden a green dot appeared on the radar. A green dot in a PVP area spells danger.

Sacalu, the strongest in the team, equipped with boar armor and using a ml-45 was killed... 1 second later he revived at the revival terminal at Akmul TP just outside the PVP area.

-RUN! get out of there! He transmitted us.

I had my TP chip loaded and off I was. The hunt ended all too soon but the loot was good so I ended up +70 PED that day. Things have been going well in the last weeks, also finishing my disciple period a while ago. In 2 months or so I came from 150 to 1000 PED, doing a lot of trading on the streets of Twin Peaks market hub but also having a lot of hunts. This period is also marked by my first solo hunting global (well let's call it a mini HOF :)) of 234PEDs at a Caudatergus young.



During this time I've also participated at almost all stages of WOF (World of Firepower)... It's a hunting competition in which people representing their countries from old Earth fight for the title of WOF champions. We are currently at stage 4 Round 1, making our way through the semi-finals proving to be a great challenge this year.

Chapter 11

Korss 400

~Somewhere, around Orthos west...

I was walking... Loot has been bad on this run and the ammo was almost over.

-DIE! You god damn prick!

The Molisk's carcass fell to the ground. "The creature carried no loot" the text bleeping on the molecular absorption unit's HUD.

-You got to love this planet! I said to myself.

On the next mob I took a more 'commando' approach, coming up from the bushes, flanking the molisk. Took the Riker UL1 in my hands and aimed down the sight... Squeeze, don't pull...

-ALEX? You buying ores? A voice rang all of a sudden in my head. The name 'Princess Maria' showed up on the HUD on my eye.

-NO god damn it! I'm hunting now! Call me later...

-OK! Gl! (transmission ended)...

-Jesus! It's hard being a trader and a hunter. When you are trading, you want to hunt and when you're hunting clients call you, messing up your hunt. 380 light weapon cells left...

-Ehe, got to get going. So I started heading out to the Orthos teleporter. On the way, after killing an adult molisk, I got a loot of 20 PED. It will minimize my losses. After doing all the calculations, I lost around 12PED on that hunting round. As you use items, like guns, FAPs etc you gain skills in different fields like: Laser Weapons Technology, first aid, rifle etc... As you have more of these skills, you can use guns, FAPs more efficiently. I now focus on handguns, working on maxing Korss 380. After I will have experience in using this gun more efficiently, I will move on to Korss 400, a fairly good weapon.

~ Again, Somewhere around Orthos

A normal 50 PED ammo run, loot was pretty good and after killing an Atrax young, it was even better, scoring my second solo global!

This day was a pretty good one, ending up with a 80 PED profit. The Atrax at which I globaled had some thyroid oil and gremlin arm-guards. Talking about 'protection' my way is shogun, an armor that offers an overall good protection against cut, stab, burn and impact damage types. If you want to be fully protected, you need 7 pieces of armor: foot guards, shin guards, thigh guards, harness, arm guards, gloves and face guard/helmet. In addition to this, in all these armor parts you can insert one armor plate per armor part, thus increasing protection. I have full set of 3A plates, a low-mid range quality choice.

~Still, somewhere around Orthos

I've just started another 50 Ped ammo run...

Headed south from the teleporter. On the first mob, a 2 PED loot, almost 2 times it takes to kill it. Suddenly, a Drone starts shooting at me...

-Ahh, damn drones PISS ME OFF !

Pulled out my Korss in style and started making wholes in that tuna-fish can...

When looting the drone, I had quite a surprise 😊



Yep, got my third solo global... For now I have globalled at Caudatergus, Atrax and Drone all young except the Drone that was generation 1, the 'youngest' of Drones. I now aim for a Faucervix global.

~I can't get enough of Orthos...

Another 50 PED run... another profit. +12 PED on this run with no special loot. Hunting and trading have been going well in the last week, my capital rising at 1200 PED+.

~6 O'clock in the morning...

BOOYA! An explosion threw some shrapnel in a crowd of Faucervixses... I bought a "Jvumpor 4" or something like that; it's a rocket launcher that uses explosive projectiles looted from mobs. It's the weakest support-type weapon but I must start with cheap equipment because using more advanced rocket launchers would not be economical without having skills to use them. It does about half of the Korsss' damage but it's good to attract crowds of mobs. So where was I? Oh, yea, the Faucervixses coming at me... There were 4 of them hitting me and after I killed two of them, the third dropped me a nice surprise:



It was close to a global... Ahh better luck next time... Good run though, ending up with +50 PED. Trade capital is at around 1300PED and increasing.

Next day, another late night 50 PED run... Starting to get bored of these mobs bit things are going on + around here so I am planning to stay another couple of weeks.

"ALLERT! Incoming buggy at 5 O'clock!" The proximity detection system rang in my head...

-Ok, let's see what's so danger... BANG !Got knocked out 20ft into the air by a Faucervix provider ...

-Ahh... That will leave a mark... Picked up my Korss from the ground and shot 2 fires in the mob. The beast fell to the ground, raising dust.

-I got to start listening to the voices in my head more often... I said, walking to the carcass to claim the loot. I am thinking of moving as fast as I can to Korss 400 because I have already maxed the 380. I also want to buy a new amp for my gun. I currently have an A103 and I want to move to a A104 but it's quite expensive at tt+250...

While looting the Faucervix provider I found something interesting:



"I now aim for a Faucervix global!" I said some days ago... Mission accomplished!

Global nr.5 and I feel that more are to come.

An 89.41 Korss 380... Sold it at auction for 100 PED. Trade capital must be around 1400 PED. Done more hunting than trading in the last month and had a lot of skill gains...

Well, I now have my desired globals, I want my first HOF ! But I also want to go to some team hunts, because I've been solo hunting a lot !

~Orthos is my home...

Well, could have had 2 globals today but I only got mini's ..big mini's ! A 49.63 PED loot and another one of 44 PED both at Molisks:



I don't complain though, the day has just started and I am on +80 PED! Better luck next time!

~ -Wazap Conte?
-Well, Everything is fine
-How's on CND ?
-It's great but I lost around 1k hunting here till now...
-I told you to come back down, hunting is better here ☺
-I'll see... Anyway I'll catch up with you later ! Bye !
-Bye !

"Conversation closed", my Telcom announced...

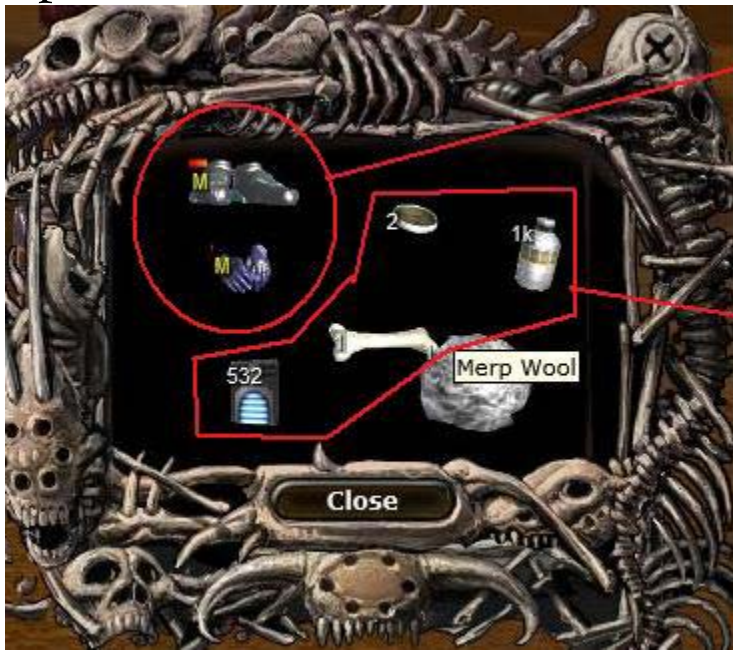
I just had conversation through telepathy with Sacalu Conte Linxu, a friend of mine, which is currently on CND, the space station on the asteroid. Meanwhile, I just remembered there are 6 days left till WOF stage 4 round 2... by then, I must have maxed the Korss 400, and started using Hedock SK-20 as FAP... I have a lot of work to do !

This round we battle against the Americans. They will have a huge advantage at this round because most of the Romanian hunters will be off duty celebrating Easter, and old tradition. Combo, one of the best hunters in the national team will also be on a small vacation... Sir Attack will be on duty, and Sacalu... or MD will take Combo's place. I must have the Korss maxed so I can do some damage out there, and get those real globals fast ! I will be hunting Troopers along Eve and Morfoc, also pretty good hunters.

~Friday before the WOF...

Change of plans: Huyrus are now main targets for my small recon team till we get a global at them and then we will move to Troopers. Conte is part of the main team now, Vio, Ade and the rest low-mid hunters will be at troopers from the start.

Meanwhile I am working hard on maxing Korss 400 before the WOF round begins. Started a 70 PED run at Orthos today and at the first 2 mobs I had a surprise:



First mob loot (merph young)
Paladin footguards+gremlin
gloves 17tt both but +12 PED on
paladin and +110 PED on gloves ;)

Second mob, Atrax young, a 59
PED global, thus, scoring global
number 6 !

Because I had the global, I decided to keep the armor parts for myself, both being better than my shogun parts.

Capital rose at 1600 PED+

8 Hit Ability (HA) at the Korss 400 but only 11/20 uses per minute at the Hedock SK-20. So I will be FAP-ing with the Vivo T10 and FAP 50.

~Testing around...

Today I had a 100 PED run on the Troopers with Ade, Vio, Conte and Papadie. Only a 135 PED global from witch I got 55 PED ☺

The global was on a Warrior generation 2 though, didn't get anything from those Troopers. Better luck next time, at WOF !

The gremlin gloves have 60 PED tt value max, so I need 55 PED only to have them repaired... Damn expensive but it sure offers good protection. Getting a full set will be hard but I'll find a way. Another bad news, remember the A104 amp I wanted to buy? Well, a damn idiot gave offers by up to 200 PED over markup at the auction... Now if I want an A104 I must pay TT+460 for it...

Chapter III

Conte: " Fight or die!"

Alex: " But I have no ammo!"

C: " Then hit them with the rifle!"

-RX Units attack Calypso

EBN: "Based on information retrieved from Mulaak's camp, security forces expect a wave of RX Units to arrive on Calypso on the following ours. The toughest RX battle Units will attempt to take the oil rig in PVP2, while a lesser surveying group will attempt to scan PVP1 for a suitable base site."

This message was received by all colonists on the dawn of this day...

I know I have no chance against an RX Unit, a special force unit belonging to the rogue robot forces, lesser or not.

I tried though ;)

Rounded up a small team to give it a try.

Me, Ade, Vio, Jasmine and Maria. We were standing on the outskirts of PVP1, all having the teleport chips loaded.

-Alex: Last position of an RX Unit: 214 with 134 easy on the trigger boys

-Ade: ahmmm

-Alex: and galls, srry ☺

We all teleported in at the same time.

I spawned near a three, most of my team being near me. Shooting, explosions and a lot of screaming (damn...) were being heard from just north of us...

We went to that direction, and after 50-60 ft our radar turned green from all the dots. There were maybe 200 hunters or more there all chasing an RX Unit...

-Alex: Lol, poor RX Unit, getting pwned like that from those noobs ☺

2 seconds later, I crashed to the ground with a big hole in my shogun harness, smoking blood pouring out of my lifeless body...

10 seconds later, just outside the PVP area, near a revival terminal:

-Alex: Damn that hurt!

Nanomicrons were slowly healing my wounds... I Think it was pretty creepy to see me coming out of the outpost with a hole in my guts, with small machines sewing my skin...

-Alex: Got to kill one of those bastards ! Team, report !

-Team: Right behind you...

Looked back,... Vio was growing her hand back; Ade was missing her leg and half of her face...

-Ade: Damn, thank God for the drugs these nanites inject into you at teleportation...

-Alex: Damn we are noobs... Did you hit him at least ?

-Vlase: Yep, 4 times ! Gave him only 4 damage... total. We can't penetrate that reworked Infiltrator armor they are wearing ...

-Alex: Ok then, let's go hunting !

Hunted that day some Atroxes and small Berycleds, +32 PED at the end of the hunt !

~1 day before the WOF round...

Tension was building up...

Today I only traded because this won't be just a 100 PED hunt... It will be a vicious and desperate fight worth 200 PED of ammo ☺

Meanwhile I repaired my gremlin gloves and moved from T10 to Hedock SK-20
Now working on maxing the darn thing...

~12 hours before the WOF round

Traded a bit and released some steam by going on my first Ambulimax hunt with Vio, Ade and Adi...



Ok, now let's get to serious business... WOF round starts in 4 hours. I will put up 300 PED in ammo for this round; we really need to score big at in this round if we want to have a chance to qualify for the next stage...

~8:00 O'clock

We were all gathered at Orthos...

A quite interesting and fascinating, I might add, display of armors, firepower and coolness (and I am not talking about the skill). Sir Attack (in Shadow armor), Eve (in Nemesis), Combo (in Ghoul), Conte (in Boar) and a lot more brave Romanians: Jasmine, MD, JJ Matrix, Adi, Afrodita and... me 😊 just to name a few...

8:05 We went off to hunt Troopers... Me, Vio, JJ Matrix and Jasmine. Loot was awful and by 9:30 we went oh Huyrus... No luck there either... Thanks God the main team had more luck than us.

11:00 WE WON! We beat Sweden! Now we must wait and see what the Yankees will do...

The next day:

*On the top of the lighthouse in New Switzerland (the town not country) Hurricane (the WOF organizer): So the final results are: (for our group): Cuba: 139, Sweden: 438, USA:384, Romania 489!
WE ARE IN THE SEMI-FINALS!*

Chapter IV

Off-World semis

*Yep, the next round, 2 weeks from now, will take place on CND.
The main team will hunt Despletors, Kretlins and Aurlis.
We (the support team) have to choose between Tripudons and Berycleds...*

~The preparations:

I have approximately 10 days to get ready... I now only trade because I want to have a FAP 2600 at the WOF round. It has a markup of 160 PED so I have to do a LOT of trading!

On the WOF round day, pilots will be "the hunted" out there !

Incoming transmission...

-Vio: Alex, you there ?

-Alex: Yea, Wazap ?

-Well, I've been thinking about the next WOF round... It would be better if we go up to CND 24 hours before the round, so we can avoid not having a pilot at hand on that day...

*-Alex: Well yea, that was exactly what I was thinking... We will see...
Still have 9 days until then.*

~The battle

On the WOF day, I flew to CND for the first time... 20 PED fly up, 20 PED down. I went and visited the main complex, the control room, the shops, and most important, Club NeverDie ! It was pretty cool there, good music and good lights ! Enough with the fun ! We have some semis to win !

We started the hunt at Plumaterguses, we really needed the bonus points for that mob. After taking a good 200 PED global at them (thanks to Bianca), we moved at Tripudons and after getting one global at them, we settled for the next 2 hours at Berycleds, big Berycleds ! Big as a house...damn beasts ! Instead of an Emkit 2600 I bought a FAP 80. Helped me a lot, died only twice or so.

At 30 minutes mark, before the end of the round, ran out of ammo (200 PED of it) and stopped, because the losses were huge. Went to club NeverDie, where I found Hurrykane, the organizer and the 4 judges that helped him count the globals and HOFs. NeverDie himself was broadcasting between songs and at one moment he said:

“ This is NeverDie, giving you all listeners a round-up at the current WOF round. Romania is leading out there getting HOFs after HOFs, we also have here at the club 2 new guys, Spike representing Tibet and Alexander keeping an eye for all the Romanian globals and helping the judges keep count of them. Good job both of you ! ”

Wow that was cool ! People hearing my name everywhere on CND. Didn't quite helped them keep count of scores but I was there for my team ☺

Incoming Transmission:

-Black Hawk(WOF Romania main team): Alex come to dome 16 North we need all the help for the last stand.

Rounded up some other people from the support and went there to help him in the last minutes...

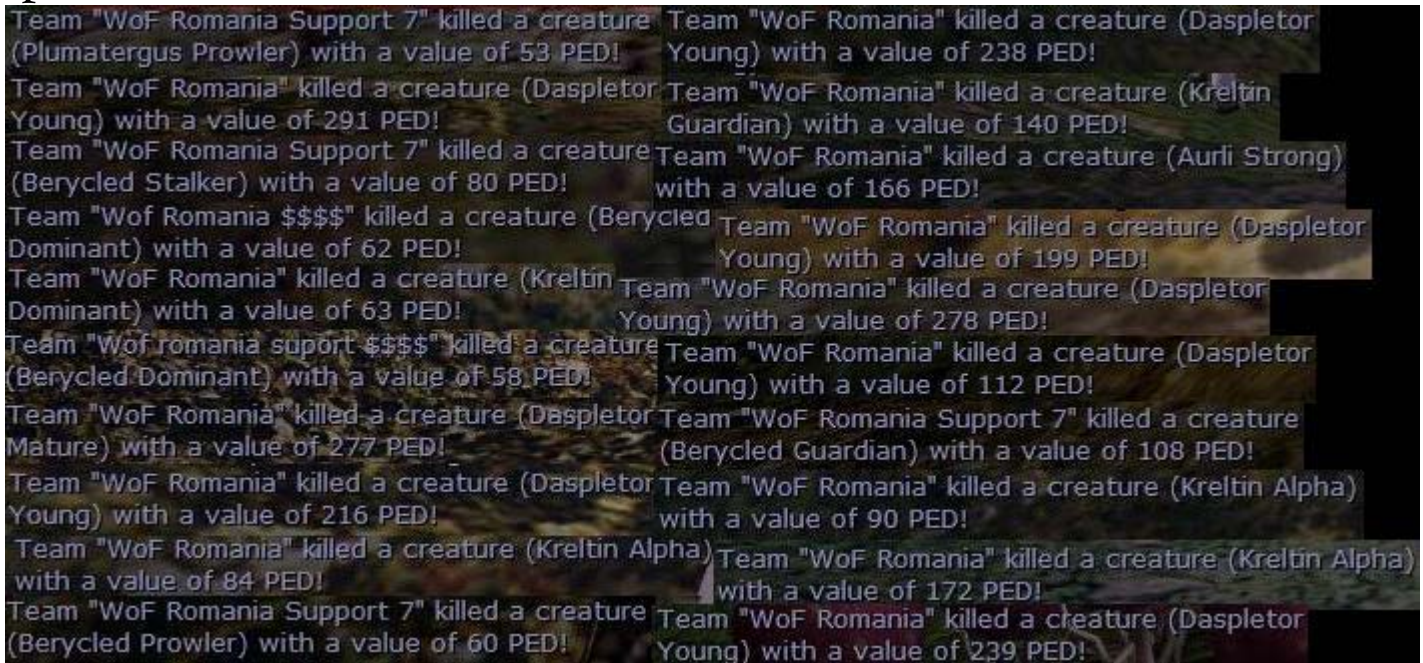
Those Despletors were tough as hellhounds ! 300 damage if you have the bad luck to attract one's attention...

Suddenly, the judges called the main team leaders... After minutes of waiting for the results, we finally got them:

Tibet 520 Romania 650

WE ARE IN THE FINALS !

These are some of the globals the Romanian teams scored out there in the deep, cold space...



Lost around 200 PED (plus the flights) at this WOF round but I'm glad we won ! We danced and partied a bit. Some remained on CND but I took a flight down, because I had a lot of work on trading ...A small photo from the club:



VIO

Conte

ME :)

CHAPER V

The Finals

~14 days left or so...

This one will be hard...

Main team mobs are: Mulaak'f, Osseoculum and Areneatrox.

I saw Mulaak'f... bad creatures, evil too.

Areneatroxes are also one of the toughest creatures on Calypso...

The support teams will encounter Mulmul's, Kerberoses and Tantillions.

Kerberoses and Tantillions are a piece of cake. Low chances of globaling at them. Mulmul's on the other hand are tougher, so the chances of a global. Ok, now here's the catch: The only spawn on Mulmul's is in the north side of PVP4... That's the one N-W of Akmul, the lootable one...

~7 days left

Somewhere around Orthos...

-Alex: God damn Merps! Wicked fast !

Just a few moments ago, accidentally stepped on a sleeping one... Right on its damn horn...

Pulled out the Korss and made 2 smoking holes in its head.

"No loot" I have to move on...

A Drone generation 1 comes to my attention...

-Alex: Come here, ya evil bag'a bolts !

I shot her dead... eeeaaa... shot her deactivated and claimed my loot. And quite a good one, scoring global nr. 7 ...

Ok now I think I've recovered a big part of the loses... There are 7 days until WOF finals and I really need to maximize the Hedock SK-20



~The last stand...

-Alex: 5 Minutes left ! Go Romanians ! I shouted to a group of injured people emerging from the revival terminals...

4 minutes later:

-Hurricane: Sweden 302, Romania 289, England 554...

Yep, ended up third... Well, at least we reached the finals ! It was a pleasure and an honor to fight among the bravest Romanians on this planet...

Good Game !

Sir Attack, Combo, Hawk, Sacalu Conte, Tzepu, MarianMD, Eve, Alina, Honey, Scarface, Cezar Luc, RA, JJ Matrix, Afrodita, Adi, Vio, Ade, Skar, Morky, Imre, Remo and a lot more...

Was helping Conte at the spider and along other support members we were each hired by the team members. Sacalu paid the decay ammo and Mind Essence for me, Vio, Alyss and 3 more hunters.

We fought and died many times...

A long journey at its end... 24 teams, over 1000 participants, around 100000 PED tt loot, over 1000 globals 200 HOFs and millions of mobs killed... No worries, the next WOF competition starts in 6 months or so... WOF 2009, Here we come !

~Final Round moments:





Combo: Leader of one of the greatest societies on this planet... The most skilled Romanian here...and Adi: Close friend of mine, aspiring at Combo's wealth



Conte: Also a close friend of mine, hard work and perseverance earned him a place in the main team this year...

Chapter V

Reaching for the Gremlin

~2 lessers east of Jason's Center

I ran and took cover behind a rock...

-Alex: Scan map area and search for artificial intelligence on a 200ft radius, NOW!

*-Voice in my head: Detected artificial intelligence life forms on the specified area. Number of possible hostile forces: 18. Type: Drones generation 1 to 4. Warning! Current analyze of protection equipment predict a 64% chances of critical mission failure! You are advised to *static* (closed the damn analyzing system...*

-Alex: Okay, now that I have some quiet around, I'll start doing my job... Got out from the rock's protection and headed towards the red dots on the proximity radar.

-Drone: Human presence detected! Initiating offensive proce.... The drone crashed to the ground with two holes in its cybernetic brain.

-Alex: Initiate this, you bastards!

One hour later, around the same area...

-Last Drone: Your efforts are useless, human, you will never stop us!

-Alex: Well that's too bad because you won't be there to see it!

Went through the Drone's chest with my power fist and ripped its main hydraulic line...

It crashed to the ground in human-like spasms, warm oil bursting out of it...

And that was the end of my first Drone hunt... Quite a good one too, profit of 40 PED.

~My first PVP (Player Vs. Player) event !

Heard a couple of days ago about an event sponsored by Simon the Guide at Zychion Citadel that would take place today... So I rushed to buy a ticket and in my surprise, it was free, and the last one too !

From the looks of it, it had to be a noob event but when I reached the Citadel, I saw some strange things...

This was definitely not a noob event, there were pretty good guys out there.

-Alex: Hmm, I won't go down that easy today !

-Another guy: lool, look at this noob ... You are mine out there

Alexander! 5 more minutes !

-Alex: We'll see about that... (teleported back to Akmul), Time to crank up this party ! Establish secure connection with Sacalu Conte !

-Alex: Hey Conte !

-Conte: Hey Alex ! What's up ?

-Alex: Fine, in 5 minutes I will take part at my first PVP event...

-Conte: Hehe, Alex, I knew this day would come... Where are you ?

-Alex: Akmul, but...

-Conte: Hey !

He was near me...

-Alex: wow you are fast !

Sacalu initiated a secure trade sequence and gave his boar armor... full set !

-Alex: Dude this is a 10000 PED armor set, I have no collateral for this !

-Conte: Don't worry dude, I thrust you ...

-Alex: Thanks a lot man !

-Conte: Yea, yea now go there and kick some ass !

-Alex: sure will !

Teleported back to the Citadel...

-Jid: Well I'll be damned ! Its Alexander The noob WITH BOAR ON HIM ? What the ?

-Alex: Like you said, see you out there ...

-Simon: Ok people ! Event starts in 10 seconds !

-Ice: Let's get this party started !

Looked at the statue and saw a strange guy...

Craze3...He was wearing a Salamander armor and had a ML in his hands...I had nothing to penetrate that armor and that ML would rip through my Boar.

PVP Protocols initiated...

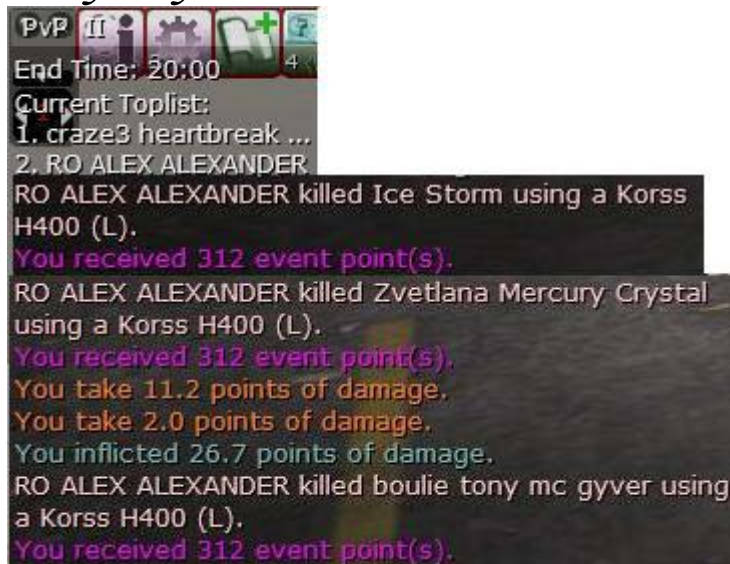
Jid, wearing Vigilantly armor, was in front of me:

-Alex: Hey, let me show you something, noob ...

Pulled out my trusty Korss in style, and aimed at the bastard. 3 Shoots and he crashed to the ground. Didn't even have the chance to pull out his gun...

First blood ! but right after that I got killed by Craze3's ML...

Although I didn't have a chance against Craze3, I pretty much owned everybody else ...



After 30 minutes of PK-ing, the event ended, with me on second place...

I had a lot of fun though and learned a lot !

Teleported to Akmul...

-Conte: Grats man ! you should have won, I'm sorry I didn't had my ML... His Salamander has no protection against that...

-Alex: No problem dude... Wouldn't have made it without your armor...

-Conte: Dude you're a noob... The Boar has roughly the same burn and penetration protection as your armor

-Alex: Man, that means...

-Conte: Yes, it means you are a good PK-er and with some help and training you will become one of the best someday !

-Alex: Cwl...

Me, In Boar:



~My birthday...

Yep, today was my birthday and to celebrate it I organized a beacon mission at which I invited my best friends. Unfortunately, 2 of them didn't show up. Conte and Kate. Conte was sleeping and Kate, an old friend from Earth, didn't made it... It really made my day. The beacon mission went on and at the end, I had a surprise from the people that came: a present consisting in a blue texturized Feodora hat

:P





~Droning around...

2 lessers east of Jason Center...

Drones were falling like leaves in the wind... The spawn was a mixture between Drones, Atroxes, Caudatergus, Berycleds and Sabakumas... bloody worms !

Some of those Drones are real baggers (English for 'pain in the ass'). Fortunately one of them dropped me my first big gun (BFG) ;)



~The killing fields

With the occasion of celebrating the 4th of July, I went off in a 300 PED run with some guys from a social group I joined a while ago.

We started hunting some Longus, BIG ONES ! We soon had our first globals and after two hours of hunting, we finished our ammo at some Falxangiuses... At the end, -10 PED but I had some fun... single in Entropia...



~Up for some Ambulimaxes...

One morning while trading in Twin Peaks, I received a connection from Vio...

-Vio: Hey Alex! Are you up for some Ambu's?

-Alex: hey! Why not?

We've met at Nea's Place, rounded up a team name (BiBaBu).

Ok, I know... not too much originality in it but it brought us some luck. On the first global Vio got an ESI (empty skill implant) with a TT value of 12 ped but a markup of 900%...

During this hunt I also unlocked Ranged damage assessment, a skill that will help me at using more advanced guns at maximum capacity. The 300 PED run ended up all too soon with a profit of just 12 PED.

~"There's a change soon to happen... I can feel it in the wind, I can feel it in the ground, I can feel it in me..." Alexander, on the outskirts of Ithaka Island, glazing alone at Cape Corinth... 2203.07.20

As I was glazing at the wonderful view, this report came in:

E.B.N. released a report later that day, as a warning to all colonists:

"Dear colonists, through this report we confirm the rumors about a secret organization called Crytec's. It was founded 2 years ago and its purpose was, and is, to analyze and predict cataclysmic events. We, the EBN officials, have received a report from Crytec's a while ago and decided to make it public so that everyone will know the truth. Recent analyses have confirmed the Crytec's scientist's theory, a theory stating that our planet's natural frequency is changing. The causes are still unknown but specialist in string physic guess that it has something to do with the astronomic speed our galaxy has picked up in the last thousand years as it still expands after 13 billion years since the Big Bang.

This change is already being felt by all of us, making us think that time is passing by faster with every year that comes... After studies, scientists predict that in 1-2 years Calypso's natural frequency will have a resonating impact on the optical neural cells, cells that compose the tissue which is responsible for carrying the electrical impulses from our eyes to our brain. As every stain of matter vibrates at a certain frequency, the optical neural cells tend to be slightly more sensible to changes, especially changes in the frequency that air molecules will have in the near future.

Further investigations about the effects of this event are been carried out, and EBN will keep you informed as the situation develops. "

-Alex: Those sons of bitches ! And they are telling us this now ? Bleah, hope I will survive this like I did with the rest...

~Total Blackout

10 minutes after...

-Alex: Initiate teleporting procedures... I said, planning to reach the Teleporter in the center of the island

-(Telcom ran a diagnosis and responded)

Unable to comply...

-Alex: What the...? What do you mean by that ... ? What the HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU ALL !?!? God damn you, everything is broken nowadays !

-I apologize, Alexander, but I was unable to contact Calypso's satellites in order to get teleportation coordinates... Right before this blackout, I intercepted messages from across the planet stating that one by one, teleporters, trade terminals, turrets and revival terminals went offline without a warning... right after all comlink satellites went offline as well...

-Alex: So that means that I'm stuck here ?

-Until satellites are up again, affirmative.

-Alex: Ok, then we should head N-E on foot, to the center of the island. Fort Ithaka is a safe place to be. Also, all the colonists trapped on this island will go there, right ?

-There is a high probability that they will, Alexander.

-Alex: That's my good girl... Darn it, I have to stop talking to my Telcom, that's how my grandfather got mad...

So I started heading out before the night could catch me in the Atrox swarming forests surrounding the fort. After 3 hours of walking, trying to avoid the herds of Atroxes, I could see the walls of Fort Ithaca.

-Alex: Hmm... strange. Is there a battle taking place here or what ?

Indeed, gunfire and explosions could be heard from the fort. When I got closer I realized what was happening...

The Atroxes have started to attack the fort, and without any turrets to protect us or TP's to go through, the colonists trapped on the island were forced to stand and fight ...

I head to the entrance and I was almost blasted by a passing rocket !

-Alex: God damn you ! I'm human, you good-for-nothing bloody bastard !

-Colonist: Sorry, my bad !

-Alex: How are things holding up here ?

-Hunter: It's like hell ! We are trying to hold the beasts away and also try to get the bodies to safety. Revival Terminals don't work and if the Atroxes eat the colonists, they can say bye bye from reviving ...

-Alex: Don't have a lot of ammo on me but it sure seems you guys need all the help you can get !

I ran up on the East wall of the Fort and a war scene unfolded in front of my eyes. The moon was the only light source, casting a fade and bloomy light over the fields swarming with those dreadful beasts

For 3 hours I fought them side by side with other brave hunters...

It was around 5 in the morning when the waves stopped coming and I could rest after that battle... I instantly fell asleep on the Fort's barricade with the gun still in my hand, just in case...

Darkness ... black, .. I was surrounded by darkness. Not even the faintest light in sight... As I would have been blind.

-Strange voice: Alex, ..

I turned around in that black world and saw... someone... It had a white armor, and was slowly walking towards me.

-Strange voice: Come, Alex, come with me...

-Alex: Who are you ?

It reached to its helmet and slowly took it off...

It was... Kate...

-Alex: Impossible... I said, falling to my knees, my heart was pumping mad... I reached towards her with my hand; tears started falling on the black ground ...

Suddenly, she started fading away into the darkness...

I was alone again, only sadness and sorrow surrounding me...

-Hunter: Wake up, dude ... Are you okay ?

-Alex (waking up): Why shouldn't I be ? I said, getting up from the ground... The hunter was looking kind of strange at me... I then realized I had tears on my face...

-Alex: Yea, have a pretty bad injury at my right leg, I lied. As I looked to the TP I noticed it was working again...

-Hunter: Ok man, FAPs work now, and everything is back to normal... Thanks for helping us hold the Fort...

-Alex: No problems dude...

I headed into the TP... I reached Twin Peaks... Things got back to normal here quite fast. So I started trading right away. There are 4 days until her Birthday...

~ 4 Days later

Prepared quite a surprise for her... Bought a red flower... It was morning. We met at Billy's Shipyard. She liked the flower but had absolutely no idea what she will get later that day. I got a tamer to make her pet do tricks and level up so it could be registered with a name in the EBN pet database. Kate always wanted that and I always remembered what she likes. She was also glazing at cool black clothes, black being her favorite color. While being her favorite color, black is also the most expensive color on this planet...

But, 1 year ago...

-K: Isn't that black outfit cool, Alex?

-A: Huh? Aa... Well yea but I am not that rich... on this planet. Tell you what I'll do though: If I get lucky and hit jackpot on a hunt, I promise I'll buy you those black clothes...

-K: Alex, that's sweet...

(After some seconds of not talking)

-A: Ok let's go at our house by the river for a swim

Well, the jackpot never came ... And I ended up alone... But I intend to keep my promise at all costs...

So, after 3 days of desperate searching for Luna black+orange shirt and black pants, I found them and the last part for her birthday present was ready.

~2 weeks after...

*Trading, weapons and medical equipment budgets suffered quite a blow...
Never I have spent so much money in a couple of days but f**k it, was worth
it...*

*Meanwhile, those stupid RX Units don't give us a break... EBN just sent this
report to all colonists:*

*"On August 13th 2100 (tomorrow) an undercover agent that has infiltrated the
ranks of the RX Units will attempt to pass advanced RX technology over to
colonist militia. Based on a unique electrolyte compound, the technology greatly
enhances the firepower of almost any weapon.*

*Our government agents requests colonists militia protection from RX Units
while he tries to pass the technology to the colonist that reaches him at the RX
Base in PVP1.*

*Kill shots on RX Units will be rewarded at Twin Peaks and one colonist will
escape with a weapon utilizing the new technology."*

*I've talked to Greuceanu and Conte, both members of the ROUA society and
they and other members of that soc will make a move on at the RX base. I, on
the other side, will go on a hunt because I know I have no chance to kill an
RX Unit...*

The next day:

The hunt went pretty well and I even managed to make a trip to PVP1 zone (see map1.jpg) to see how the event was developing.

A lot of ubers and the RX Units were putting up quite a fight. Conte and Greu were there, and Greu even managed to kill one.

I was just a spectator... and a victim from time to time



Photo was taken before the event... It seems an RX Unit was already there 😊

Chapter VI



As of today, I started dedicating myself and my equipment to hunting drones and nothing more. So I sold my Gremlin and Ghost armor parts along with the full 3A plates set. With 580 PED I got from these, I bought a full kobold armor and full 6A plates set. I even had some PED to spare so I went to a hunt to see what this combo can do.

Drones generation 1 and 2 do 1 damage and generation 3-4 do 5-15 damage. So I am not using the FAP anymore. My FAP bill is almost 0 but my armor decay has doubled. Overall there is no difference but now I can hunt without fear of being killed on by each group of drones. A +40 PED at the end of the hunt so I decided I can compensate the First Aid skills I am not getting anymore with a charity act...

So I went to Nea's Place and FAPed 1 hour straight !

The next day I decided to spend 1 hour of FAPing while I was getting hit by a crowd of Combibos. So, while I am learning how to use my FAP faster, I can also learn how to evade mob attacks.

I also go on a drone hunt every day. Hopefully my luck will turn up and I will have my long awaited HOF...

~Finally a Big One !

Last night I had a dream. I was wielding a Marber Plasma Annihilator . That's a 600 PED gun and no matter how much I had profited I would never bought one...



So I went today on a usual drone hunt...

In the middle of the hunt I had a good loot of 48 PED at a drone. It would have been enough to make me break even that round. But at the next Drone this hit me...



Yep, I couldn't believe my eyes...8861 PED...

So many friends sent me telepathicall congrats messages, I ended up passing out, crashing to the ground from all the brain activity .

Now I finally have enough money for trade and to buy all I ever wanted...

~All I ever wanted 😊

Here is me after some shopping ...



This is the new... Alexander, the white suit offering me a Shinoby look, especially with that Katchuiky Determination sword



And my pride, the very own Marber Bravo Type Plasma Annihilator from my dream before the HOF... Had to buy one after that dream !

~A new life style . . .

Started a new way of living that consists of trading on CND and blowing the profit back down on drones...

I need to grow in skills and resistance to attacks... I need to sustain more hits from other mobs or players. This resistance is measured in Health Points... As you may have already seen on my HUD, my guns deal damage in this Hit Points system. I also receive damage points in the same system. Currently I have 105 HP. Not that good if I want to go into PK (Player Killing). There are a lot of colonists out there that can kill me in 2 shots... Sure, armor will help but not too much. If I hunt a lot, I will get tougher, more experienced and have more HP.

So, drone hunt runs have increased to 200 PED/run and I also have bought an A104 amplifier for my Korss400 and an Alzrek precision scope... Although I can use the Korss at maximum capacity, the scope somewhat helps me in better understanding the principals of the gun's mechanics, thus gaining more skills.

Alternating hunting with trading for maximum efficiency, I always said...

In my outgoing quest of becoming better, more protected and more economical, I decided to start moving from kobold + 6A to Vigilante without any plates... I will keep the 6A plates though because the Vigi+6A is a great combination for PVP.

In the same time I am in desperate need of a better FAP so ongoing skilling on the Hedock SK-20 is in effect.

~ A small mining run

Decided today, September 24'th 2100, to try out mining a bit more serious. There are 2 types of mining, going for Enmatters or Ores. Each requires different types of equipment but the principal is the same: You use a finder witch you equip with probes or bombs (for Enmatters or Ores). Now here comes some differences: The probes are dropped on the ground, they hover the ground a bit and after 3-4 seconds the probe, equipped with a smart sensor starts drilling it's self into the ground and after a certain depth (which is determined by the finder's type) it explodes, leaving a small part of it to determine if there are any resources in the small cave it just made. If a resource is found, an automatic claim marker is deployed from the remains of the probe on the surface. This claim marker absorbs the resource from the ground and transfers it into a small storage container in it.

Now, all the miner has to do is to excavate the resource... using a matter driller or ore excavator. Point the just mentioned equipment towards the claim, (must be in 3 feet range) and the resources are transferred into the Inventory. Same principal stands for Ore finding... Instead of probes one can use bombs...

Ok now, too much talking isn't good so let's get back on my mining run. Packed some ammo with me in case some mobs decide to interrupt my mining... I would have thanked myself for that later. In the middle of the hunt I struck my biggest mining claim so far, a 39 ped Iron deposit:



Ehh pretty good, combining Ore mining with Enmatter mining. To the end of the run, while heading back to a TP, a damn Berycled jumped on me... Pulled my LR41 out and killed that beast... 1 mob 1 global hehe:



~ Heavy on the drones

*Hunting drones is now a full time job for me, no more trading ! yeeepy !
My goal now is to be skilled enough so I can join the ROVA society, one of the
best on this planet.*

*I will not post satellite photos of my globals anymore, for the simple fact that
they are already too many to catalog ! ☺*

I will only post sizable loots over 200 ped in value...

*For example my first Empty Skill Implant (at solo hunts). These implants are
used by other people to keep their knowledge from different professions or to
sell this knowledge to other colonists. As information is expensive, so does the
ESI's.*

I was on a regular hunt when I was struck by this apparently normal global:



Yea, not that of a big deal you might say, but considering the markup on the ESI... around 950%, yep, that means that at my 76 PED tt ESI, This global is worth 740 PED or so... Good run !

With the extra cash I bought an Isis LR49 and a ISIS CB19, the LR being the best laser rifle I can use at the moment and the CB19 the best BLP rifle I can use at almost maximum capacity. So I will use these guns from time to time, and after a while I will be able to use even better weapons !

Currently, I am hitting at around 108 HP and with the Land Grab soon to come, I really need more !

Hmm, what is Land Grab you might ask... Well, if I hadn't told you already, it's the biggest event on this planet. Once a year, lands from the Amethera continent are made free to grab by any society. Here's the catch: If you are in a society and you and your pals want to get the land and receive 1-5% mining

and hunting tax for a full year, you have to fight for it ! The society that hold's position around a Land's marker for 2 hours get's the land ! So here starts the society wars... This year I want to go with Sacalu and fight for ROUA. We will be allied with Menace to Society, where we have a Romanian as member. MTS is one of the best Societies but we will probably have to face the Warrants and other big groups of old citizens.

~ A bit of PVP



Ok is this a convention or something? Nope, just a bunch a noobs teaming up for a PVP4 raid... So we have me (big sad guy in middle), RedDragon, Grossman, Sacalu and Zgarcitul. Oww, and Alina was coming from TP (wearing angel+nemesis witch is possibly the worst combination for PVP but none the less, a skilled man).

So we went off into the PVP zone and started killing some attackers ...

-Alex: Ro here, advise to cease fire on those attackers, there is no point in hunting for other ... laughs heard in casket (in a team we have radios in the armor's helmet).

Zgarcitul was near me on a hill scouting, Sacalu just TP'ed and Dragon and Gross were hunting behind us). Alina was somewhere ☺

-Sacalu: Ease up squirt, didn't noticed too much activity at Akmul auction.

Suddenly a green dot appeared 200ft South (radar range).

-Alex: ENEMY!!! MOVE UP DUDES GET HERE!

-Sacalu: No mercy for this one boys!

Moved at the top of the hill, Zgarcitul and Conte close to me, Dragon and Gross coming fast from behind. Took my Marber rifle and aimed through the scope. Shot her twice till she got close to us, lending superficial damage. Conte rushed to her with his LR and start firing at weapon's range. Killed her but she had nothing in her inventory unit...

Played around till Alina came, and started moving deeper into the PVP area. Suddenly 3 dots S, W and N...

-Alex: You got to be kidding me dude ! Defensive positions ! Sacalu got any ID on these 3 ? Team ambush ?

-Sacalu: No, they are from different Societies. Seems they don't see each other but see us and are rushing towards our positions. This will be quite interesting. Prepare for battle !

Equipped Marber and zoomed on them one by one...

-Alex: Eon armor to the S, Infiltrator E and Infiltrator combined with something else to the N ! We are dead...

-Sacalu: Ehe let's give them a tough time at least !

Started Marbering the N one; Meanwhile, The guy from the W broke our lines and started shattering us one by one with a DOA (Death on approach one may say). My North guy started shooting with a ML.

-Alex: Need backup on this one dudes !

Looked back fast... Zgarcitul and Gross were running W like little girls, Conte was dueling the E one and Alina was having a blast with the S PKer. I ran towards Sacalu and fired at his enemy, lending him the kill shot! The N guy killed Sacalu, Alina's enemy blasted me with a rocket launcher and the other 2 guys must have got Alina afterwards...



~ Umbranoid attack

I was mining a bit (I know it's starting to be addictive 😊) when Ade contacted me...

-Ade: Alex wanna come at Hadesheim C ? There's an umbra attack going on at the orb here.

-Alex: Sure, be right there !

A year ago, 6 or 7 orbs appeared on calypso at different locations, and along them, some strange logs were looted from the creatures around the black orbs. These are all the logs people have discovered so far:

" Log 10328:

This is a godforsaken place. We arrived at the site during the night and set up camp behind some wood covered ridges to the east. Though we cannot see the object from here, we can all sense its presence. The area is so silent with hardly any wind. It is as if even the majestic sky has bowed in silent worship. The camp was easily built, not like in the old days when all you had was an undersized tent and a few handheld data units for logging. Now it's more like a small village, complete with teams of technicians, researchers, drivers, doctors and chefs. I even have my own private tent; complete with a lab almost as good as the one i have back at the office. I can understand those who say that field work has lost that exciting sense of adventure it once had. The old knee is at it again, hurting quite a bit to be honest. I can still walk on it, but not much more. I am fully aware that this may be my last real excursion as these old legs of mine might not be able to carry me into the field for many more years. I had the usual 'pep talk' with Greg before I left and he almost said it out loud this time. Not that he had to really, I already know. Even if he's right - even if this is my field trip - I am more than willing to make it a grand finale. The subject is more than promising, harboring all the intriguing mystery of this new and alien world. Tomorrow we will travel to the site to begin our studies. Ivan. Catherine and I will be the ones to approach the object. At least she convinced me to let Reilly take us there in the truck this time. I don't think I will get much sleep tonight. God knows what we will find.

Log 10329:

The short journey was just as bumpy and uncomfortable as Reily promised, but in hindsight it was worth every second of it.

My god, it is absolutely beautiful. I realize now that the reports from the Minopolis scouts don't come anywhere close to describing just what it is I am looking at now. The strange object is maybe 10 meters in diameter, it's hard to tell from a distance. Shaped like a perfect orb... jet black surface with only a hint of reflection. It hovers a few meters above the ground, and just as the scouts reported it seems to be... pulsating slowly, almost as if.. breathing.

We are still on hundred meters from it as we do not want to risk exposure to any unforeseen radiation. Our sensors only detect a faint distortion in the magnetic A40 to C50 range... but ... We will have to come back tomorrow with all the necessary protective equipment. Right now I just want to stand here and gaze at this wonderful object. What can have caused this? What placed it here and why here? Aliens? Nature? I can't wait to begin my studies.

It was Catherine that pointed out to me what i should have noticed as soon as we arrived; there don't seem to be any birds in the area. I can only guess as to why. I honestly don't know what i could do without her. I am not a youth anymore and it becomes more and more apparent everyday that I need her alert senses and her unwavering intuition. Maybe one day I will be able to tell her just how much.

Log 10330:

Today we managed to get closer to the orb. Dressed in protective gear from head to toe like ridiculous astronauts we made our way up the hill until we stood right next to it. I'm not actually certain we need the suits, but I don't want to take any chances. I cannot properly describe the feeling of standing here... I, an educated man, who has never been at a loss for words, found myself to totally speechless, unable to open my mouth for several minutes. Ivan felt the same, I know, and probably Catherine as well. It took us almost two hours just to set up the equipment, do some initial visual observations, arrange the sensors and begin data collecting. The surface seems impenetrable and if I should touch it I know it would be cold. I don't know why.. I just know. After performing some initial scans of the surface I found to my great surprise that our data base found a match almost immediately. There were no specifics, but still a match of some sort. To begin with I was almost a bit disappointed as i had expected something as utterly fantastic as this to be totally alien, but then i started thinking. Somewhere deep in the database there must be a similar record, perhaps someone, long

ago, found something like this before. I must get on the uplink and check the colony data base as soon as i get back to the camp.

The day just flew by. Suddenly I looked at my clock and it was already late in the afternoon. I fell just like an hopeful, impatient child on Christmas... It was a long time since i felt that way.

Log 10331:

I was right!

The sky opened up this morning and the rain was so severe that we reluctantly decided to postpone our studies until tomorrow. Instead I sat all day in my lab digging through tons of data from the colony database. Initially it seemed like an hopeless project, I didn't even know where to start looking. I could feel myself getting that frustrated feeling again, even though Catherine always tells me I have to stop being so impatient. The slow data link did nothing to help. But then i found it. Finally! Several years ago a professor Jensen went deeply into the western Eudoria wastelands and sent back strange, confused, disconnected reports of a huge black object. Jensen himself disappeared, but all of his reports are here, a sadly forgotten treasure chest of data and observations Most of it is hopelessly corrupted though. I can try to have the computers clean up, but it will take some time to make any real sense out of it.

But still. There must be a connection... There must be.

Log 10332:

Today we found something else. I do not know where to begin really as I have never seen anything quite like it in my whole life. During a break in our studies Ivan ventured out into the woods on the other side of the orb. When he came back, the poor man's face was as pale as a ghost. I have known him both personally and professionally for many years, but have never seen him so shocked. It took him several minutes to just regain enough self control to stop trembling. Since he refused, or rather was unable to tell us what he had seen I decided that we should explore for ourselves. We didn't have to go far before a horrible, revolting stench hit us. So strong we had to wear our masks. In a small clearing in the woods we found them - argonauts. I wasn't even sure they were actually argonauts before I dared to go closer and have a better look. There were hundreds of them - all dead. Some of the horrific mutilated carcasses were skinned like pigs. Most showed signs of being having been eaten upon, their dismembered bodies and limbs forming sickening patterns laid on the ground, hung in the trees in almost ritual manner.

I didn't tell the others, but I know. I have no idea how but I know it was them. They ate each other.

Log 10333:

I have begun making some sense of the first snippets of data from Jensen's distorted reports. Apparently he was one of those adventurous researchers, traveling the length and breadth of the continent, exploring every inhospitable, hostile corner of it. Years ago he took a team to the western regions of Eudoria. The terrain was horrible and they were getting desperately low on resources when they discovered the object on a desolate, cracked plain. Jensen immediately began collecting data from it. He describes it as a 'perfect sphere. So dark it seems to reflect nothing but the darkest night'. He was excited. I can tell. Just like me.

Log 10334:

I don't feel very well. I couldn't keep anything down at breakfast, not even my usual cup of coffee. Those Horrible Mental images of the argonauts and what was left of the poos beasts keep coming back. I wish i could get rid of them, but i can't. I saw them in my dreams last night and every time i close my eyes.

Catherine came over at breakfast. She knows me only too well. She only had to take a quick look at me to tell me i had to stay at the camp today. 'You look horrible', she said in that way only she can. Of course i refused. Staying back just isn't an option at this stage. It just isn't.

Log 10335:

Damn! I can't believe it! How could he be so...so stupid! Ivan touched the orb with his bare hand! How could he? Haven't i been clear enough about the risks we are taking? The importance of wearing protective gear at all times? However i can't help but i feel it was my fault i was right next to him the whole time performing tests and scanning the surface. I saw him put his gear down carefully, remove his gloves and, like it was the most natural thing in the world, place his hand on the orb. In the end it was Catherine who pulled him away, but then it was too late of course. His hand was stained with a large dark purple wound, almost like gangrene, the skin all but burned away on his entire palm. We tried to use the Faps on it but it didn't help. Instead the wound seems to be growing darker by the minute, already almost completely black. Almost jet black. As Reilly took us back to the camp i tried to ask Ivan why he did it? But all he said was that he suddenly felt an urge. One he just could

not resist... After the waiting emergency medical team could take over, Catherine took me aside to my tent. In a calm voice she looked me straight in the eye and asked me why i didn't stop him? Why i just looked on? Why it took so long for me to act? For the first time in my life i lied to her and told her something about freezing up, zoning out, whatever. I didn't tell her the truth, because i couldn't. I had felt the same urge.

Log 10336:

Ivan's wound hasn't gotten any better. Instead it's gotten a lot worse. His Entire arm and most of the right half of his chest is now completely black as if someone dipped him in oily, black tar. The medical team hardly dares to touch him now, instead they have isolated him in one of the iso chambers of the med unit for observation. They've shot him as full of painkillers as they dare. They should be helping, but he just keeps screaming

log 10337:

I managed to speak to him today.. Catherine tried to talk me out of it, but i just had to. Just for a few minutes while he was at least reasonably calm. I could see he was in incredible pain, but at least he was quiet. I asked him questions and he looked at me, or perhaps through me, and whispered. He whispered to me in a voice that didn't sound the least bit familiar. he Said he wanted to go home, home to the sea, to drink from the dark sea. We have to send him back; there is nothing we can do for him here. Reilly has told me he can evacuate him back to Minopolis in a few days. I wish it could be sooner. I wonder what I will tell his father?

Log 10338:

Our sensors tell us it has grown. I have no idea how, and neither do the computers. instead they have told us what i have suspected for several days now. The orb somehow affects the area around it so strongly, that is affects the thin layer of space time. I have never seen anything like it. It speeds up time around itself, sending out pulses that ripple across the very fabric of subspace.

I'm beginning to think that this is an artifact. It is beginning to scare me.

Log 10339:

I have managed to retrieve more scrambled information from Jensen's reports. From the

short pieces of data it seems apparent that he came to the same conclusions that we did...initially. The surface is made from an unknown alloy but beneath it, the inferior solid mass is rushing around at an immense speed. On the outside it is calmness itself, but inside it there is a constant raging storm. The friction alone should make the orb hot as the sun, but of course it is freezing cold on the surface. Damn it! I know there is something more to this. There must be some way to tackle this in a scientific way! But the orb just hovers there like a taunting riddle from the other side of the universe. I don't know why but since I've gotten here i never leave my tent without the crucifix i wear around my neck.

Log 10340:

ivan is gone.

Catherine woke me up around 4 o'clock and told me they had found him dead in the iso chamber this morning. She was pale, her voice trembling as she told me. There had been a lot of blood. Apparently he had some sort of extreme attack during the night and that he had done things to himself, bad things. She didn't have to say it but i know she was thinking the same thing as i was. She was thinking about the argonauts. things are getting out of hand now. I can feel it all slipping through my fingers. I Should never have come here. But now it's too late.

Log 10341:

Reluctantly we have returned to our research this morning. We have returned to the orb. It really is against my better judgment at this point, but i am compelled to continue. I just have to be more careful. I have to make sure i do not lose control for one second. I must unlock the secret. Catherine insisted that i rest this afternoon, God bless her. after the usual argument i finally agreed, but my dreams didn't give me much rest at all. In the dream i am back at the site standing right next to the orb without my protective gear, but somehow i know it's not a problem. Somehow i know it is a dream. Catherine is there as well. Standing there frozen like she's waiting for something. Her suit is stained, in red, not white like it should be. Then i look at the orb and i see it; blood, floods of dark red blood dripping in thick streams from the mirrored surface. I walk forward, unable to help myself. hands outstretched towards it like it is calling out to me. I feel so thirsty, wanting to drink from it, but something else is there. Then i woke up. I must have bit myself in my sleep because i had the taste of blood in my mouth.

Log 10342:

Catherine is missing!

I don't know what happened. We said goodnight last night after our usual game of chess, but this morning she didn't show up for breakfast. To begin with I assumed she was just feeling ill and went over to her tent, but she was nowhere to be found. By then I started getting anxious and alerted Reilly immediately. He tried locating her link but with no result. Finally we had to send out team to scan the entire area. by the time we returned to the camp it was dark and we had found nothing.

How can she just disappear? How? This can't be happening!

I Don't know what to do. I feel lost without Catherine.

Log 10343:

We have spent two days looking for Catherine. We scanned the entire area but it's like she was never here at all.

Something else happened today, something even odder. It happened during the search. I saw an argonaut in the distance, almost up by the ridge to the west. Nothing unusual about that except that it just kept looking at me. It didn't attack, Instead it just followed me for several minutes, running along the tree line like it was studying me before running off into the woods.

Log 10344:

Something is going on in the camp. I can sense it. The crew is whispering when they think i don't hear. Rumors are spreading like wildfire. I can see it in their eyes like frightened sheep.

Eventually Reilly took me aside and told me in a low voice that they want to evacuate the camp and go back. They were not afraid, but concerned. He thinks i have lost it. that i am at the end of my rope. He didn't tell me straight to my face, but used other more diplomatic terms, trying to make it sound like it was for my own good.

I refused of course. There is no way I can leave the site when we are so close to a breakthrough, not to mention when a member is missing.

Something came over me. Maybe it was fatigue but everything that has happened these few days. Maybe it was my hurting knee, i don't know. Anyway, I hit him. I hit him right across the face! it was stupid of course. The man is almost twice my size.

I don't know what is going on - this not about science any more.

Log: 10345

I am alone now.

Reilly left this afternoon together with the rest of the camp. Packed everything on the trucks and drove off. Damn him! Surely he must know that I cant possibly – not in any way – leave with a member missing? What is he thinking? Of course he isn't thinking... He's just afraid, and I suppose he is right about that. But I just cant leave without Catherine. I just cant. I owe her too much. How would I ever forgive myself? At least they left me my tent and an uplink. A small comfort.

Log: 10346

I searched all day today, or at least as long as I could before my aching knee forced me back to camp. There was no sign of her. I've tried to put it off but I know I will have to look in the are closer to the orb soon.

Jensen's notes are beginning to make less and less sense; the fragments of information about whispers in the wilderness, the discovery of some sort of animal, or demon, eternal darkness, people disappearing. Days of logs are missing. He is scared now. He's probably all alone at this point... speaking of final journey, like he knows what is going to happen. I can almost see him in front of me, his eyes full of fear, staring out in to nothing. Like an animal led to slaughter.

Log: 103547

Something astounding happened to day. For the last day or two I am being observed by roaming Argonauts. Sometimes there are only one or two, sometimes small groups. They seem to be drawn to this area. Their numbers have clearly increased during the last two days, I am sure. They have kept their distance so far, but this evening when I came back to the camp, I saw a few of them just as they scurried off like scared animals in to the shelter of the forest. Everything was in shambles of course. They had turned absolutely everything upside down. But the pure facts that they dared to venture this close makes me a bit worried I must say.

But what was even stranger was what they left behind them; an old dirty piece of paper with strange, erratic drawings on it, like the smeared, frantic scribble of a deranged child.

It was hard to make out but I think I could see a twisted, nightmarish landscape with dark, straggling shapes with anonymous faces frozen in silent, terrified screams. Looming above this bleak scene, hovering like silent gods, as if waiting was a sky filled with dark, jet black orbs...

Log 10348:

I found her today. I found Catherine, or what was left of her. I feel completely paralyzed now. The possibility was there of course, but god why? I've known her, worked with her for twenty years. To see her like this, it's like something I can't describe. I suddenly feel very tired, drained of every ounce of energy. I can't even remember the last time I cried.

I tried carrying her back to the tent. I had to. I simply respect, no love her too much to leave her out here in the dirt, in the filth, like an animal! She's too beautiful for that. But my knee couldn't carry us both. I tried, but it just cannot take the strain. I know it's against all logic and rationality but I have decided to stay out here tonight with her. Nothing will happen to her while I'm here! I have made a fire to keep us warm. She is so beautiful. Sleeping like a princess. It's getting dark now. I've made a fire to keep us warm, both of us. The orb looms over us like a dark, silent full moon.

I can see you. Whatever you are, I know your secret, I am watching you, watching me... watching you.

Log 10349:

What is happening to me??! I couldn't help myself. When I woke I was so hungry. It was still dark. It was like I was still asleep, like it was a cursed dream. I thought it was a dream. I had an urge, a hunger like I hadn't eaten for days. I had to eat something. Oh my god! Oh god forgive me! Please!

Log 10350:

This is my final log. I know this now. Maybe I've always known it. The orb has changed like it too is aware. we sit here watching each other, dreaming each others dreams. I realize now that i was meant to here. I could never leave. Catherine was just an excuse, but i never had any real choice. I know what he was talking about now Jensen. I know what he did. I know it's the only thing i can do. I have to [unreadable data]

My knees hurt like hell. I can hardly move the damn things at all now but i just need them for one last stretch. Even if i have to scream all the way up there, i just need to make it up the hill. If anyone, someone in the future finds me, please do not bring me home. I wish to stay here on this hill, in this dirt. I leave nothing behind in this world but this final wish... and these three words:

They are coming...

Log 10351

I woke with a jolt. I panicked – thought I had lost my sight. I gradually realized I was imprisoned, but at least still alive. Imprisoned 'cause I couldn't find a way out and alive because I was still breathing. My knee was hurting as usual and I had an odd headache. I was hungry, thirsty and afraid.

I can't quite grasp why I'm still alive. I've seen what they have done to other captives; what they did to Catherine.

Although I felt feverish and my body heavy like lead I needed to clear my mind. I needed the scientist to take control. My nerves confirmed the existence of my old body with all its infirmities of old age, even though it was pitch dark, I still had my PDA in the breast pocket of my coat. Why hadn't they searched my coat? I wonder if they knew what I could do with this equipment, or were they so sure it wouldn't make a difference?

I turned it on. It still had power, but no signal reception. I played with the antenna direction for a while but still nothing. I wondered if they had managed to block the signal or were the antenna circuits broken during my capture?

Same thing with the positioning system. Just a bunch of really strange readings. First a strong signal but then nothing. Then the position jumped from continent to continent. I foraged in my darkened prison to find any material for an antenna, but only found small twigs, a blanket and a bowl of some liquid that I knocked over.

Curled up in the corner I drew the blanket close to my body and faded into a slumber. I prayed to all known and unknown gods to take me away from this godforsaken place. What could I do? Why was I being kept alive here? The scientist in me began trying to think; the human was terrified.

Log 10352

When I woke up today I could see one of them in my room. He left a bowl with some fruit and another with some foul smelling slime. It was still pitch black, The only light came from my PDA. After several attempts I finally initiated the analyzer tool and ran some tests on the slime to keep myself occupied.

After passing some time testing, I started to feel my fingers hurting. Soon after my skeleton began to ache as if I was experiencing delayed pubescent growing pains, which gradually spread throughout my whole body. Something was terribly wrong. The pain was inside me. I began to push myself against the floor and walls, my jaws clenched shut in agony. And so it continued for hours and hours before the vicious pangs finally abated. Something wasn't right. Am I the object of a cruel experiment. Why do they keep me here?

Log 10353

When I woke up today I found some instruments lying by my PDA. I found

an energy refiner, the old model from Omegaton.

It was almost worn out by the look of it but it was still functional. Its low humming was oddly comforting once I had turned it on.

I still can't put the pieces together. What is this type of technology doing here? Not that I even know where I am. Why wasn't I a skinned corpse like the rest of them? I know it's the Umbranoids that are keeping me prisoner.

They are keeping me here for a reason, and the instruments left in my cell are also for a reason. Beside the instruments I found some powder and strange figurines. The figurines look blue and pink from what in can make out in the dim light. On top of each of the figurines were some symbols. I recognized them as Mars and Venus. When I touched the figurines I felt them crumble in my hand. they seem to be made of very porous material. Whatever these materials could do, I needed to be very careful with them if I wanted to find out.

Log 10354

I'm awake again but I can't tell if it is day or night; I just don't know anymore. If only I could get out of here.

Even though it's almost pitch-dark in here I can see them outside. I can hear them chanting, howling and conducting rituals.

This cell is really just a crude little hut with a door made of thick wood and firmly bolted shut.

With help of the little dwindling light from the PDA I searched for where the floor meets the wall. if I could just find a little crack; a faint crack of hope. But no. The situation seemed hopeless. I turned back to the equipment they left; in pure desperation I ran tests on all the material I could find in the cell.

I had to find a way out!

Log 10355

After days of testing and innumerable compound experiments I finally made a breakthrough. By combining the strange powder I had gotten from the figurines, I have made some really astonishing discoveries. The fine powder works on the body's cell structure allowing a human to morph into any type of

strange shape. When I woke up this morning I found out that they had been again snooping through my stuff. The morphing small experiments I had performed with the powder and refiner were all gone. But yet the PDA was left in my possession. I even found more samples they had left for me to experiment on. I know I'm being set up.

Log 10356

They are not cautious anymore. They enter my cell while I am awake. They shout at me in a language I can't understand. They are becoming more threatening also. They point at me and then at my instruments. They scream and shout. Today one of them tugged at my skin. It hurt like hell and I thought my moments was there and then. After I had fought him off it kept screaming and pointed at my instruments and then to me. Communication is not working. They want me to do something. I don't know what. Everybody is getting frustrated. All I can figure out is that they have been allowing me to experiment pretty freely with a refiner, my PDA and compounds which they are supplying. The resulting morphine experiment results have been confiscated by them while they continue to press me to carry out more. They want this morphing technology. They want to be able to morph, to change their appearance. To be camouflaged. To infiltrate the ranks of their enemy and destroy it. I must get out of here. Now! “

Quite interesting ... Time will tell what this guy will do to escape. Me, Ade and Sacalu went there, hunted some Umbranoids but no interesting loots ...

~ Sacalu's kindness . . .

I was having some fun in the ring at Twin Peaks (The ring there is a place where you can kill other colonists without being punished).

Suddenly . . . :

-Sacalu: Alex, come here . . . I have something for you...

-Alex: ???

Sacalu started a secure trade and gave me his Master Coat and Feodora Hat.



He told me he will not sell it to me but he will let me have it for how long I want 😊

Meanwhile, my first lucky claims in mining started to appear, after a long run from Nea's Place to the Omegatron West habitat.



This, plus another global of gazzurite . . .

~Small trip to Cristal Palace...

Cristal Palace is a space station with 4 biodomes where you can hunt rare mobs: Kreltins and Aurlis, which are aliens.

There, I hunted them along Adi and some other hunters from the "We like Chiuaua!!!" team... They hunt in teams of 2-3-4 using Korss400's... Not a very good gun for these mobs but a very economic choice. Had around 20 globals in 2 days there. As armor, Sakalu lend me his Gremlin and 56 plates set. Broke even those 2 days but gained some good skills.

~As I dreamt...

-Chanti: You can unbuckle your seats guys, we landed safely!

-Alex: Thanks for the flight!

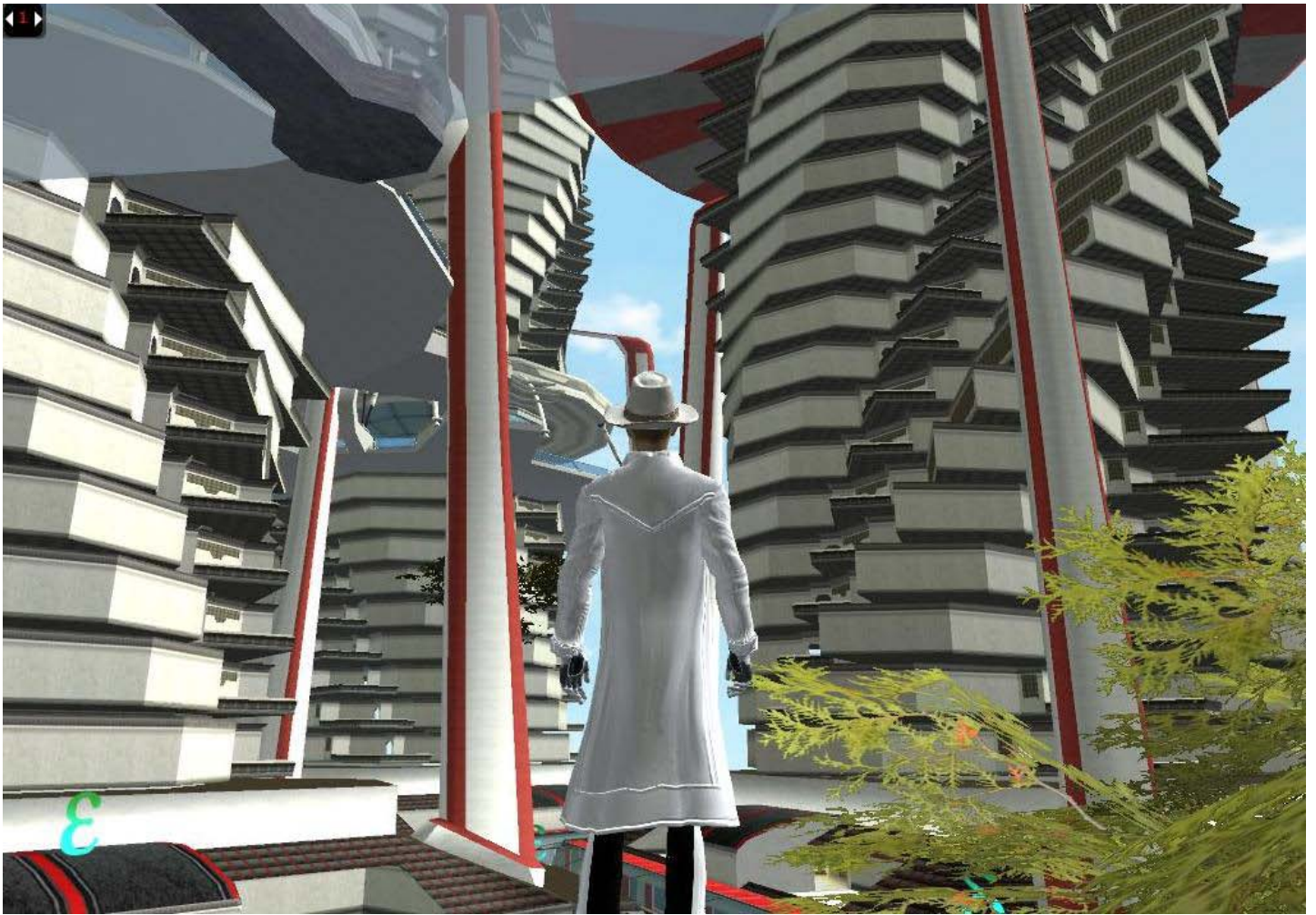
-Chanti: No problem, good luck all!

-Other passengers: Thanks and good luck!

Teleported from the hangar to Cape Corinth's TP. Selected as destination Omegatron West Habitat Teleporter.

The sun was shining high on this part of the planet, on Amethera...

I could hear the Kingfisher's growling from the sea... The air was salty and my white coat was waving in the cool breeze... Started walking to the Gamma Building...



Reached the Televator and selected the 13'Th floor...

Entered apartment B... I was tired and my feet hurt from the gravitation readjustment when coming back to Calypso.

Crashed in the sofa near the window and started glazing at the seaside ...

I still have no bed since that Old Kingfisher crashed into my window and ate it... Grabbed a book and started reading...



Alone... I was alone in a field. The leaves were making a strange noise, like something was coming out of the wind... Butterflies were playing near some fruits on the ground... I was feeling something strange in that place... like something wanting to come out of me and be free, to unite with the rest of the world... Was it good or bad? I couldn't tell... I felt like my right hand was floating, rising slowly with a slight sensation of pleasure coming from my ribs. I couldn't control it and I felt I didn't want to, either... It bended and reached for the chest... slowly touching the Korss's pad... My fingers were crawling around it and slowly pulled the gun out. Couldn't feel the cold metal as I used to before... My arm was rising with the gun in its hold as I felt the same fade pleasure, now in my head... My eyes were closed all along and as I opened them, steering at me was the Korss's barrel.

-No... I slowly whispered...

The laser's beam flash came, blinding me, waking me up in the same time... Slowly the red light was fading, as I noticed I was in my sofa, safely... for now.

~Mob migration

"RDI detectors located throughout Calypso have begun to detect trace amounts of the famous Eomon pheromone. Long overdue their annual migrations to the Echidna crater, the mighty Eomon were last seen during July of last year. Speculation has abounded as to their whereabouts, with many fearing we had seen the last of Calypso's gargantuan herbivore. Today's pheromone readings would now seem to suggest otherwise.

Colonists, sharpen your knives! We're having Eomon for dinner."

Received this message from EBN as I woke up. Decided to see those 'rare' animals so a small team was rounded up near Omegatron, near my home building.

As you can see in the photograph below, the Eomon is an incredibly massive animal with six legs needed to support its own weight.

A hard skin armor combined with its size is enough to keep most predators away, making this creature one of the largest herbivores on the planet:



It was a hard day fighting those big things... At the end of the day, crashed in one of the sofas and fallen asleep instantly...

Chapter VII

Robot Invasion

As I woke up the next morning, I've found out that EBN and CDF released the following reports to colonists all over Calypso:

"2 Dec 2203

Calypsonian authorities have entered negotiations with representatives from the robot forces.

Sources within CDF indicate that the negotiations are designed to stall for time in order for Earth to send reinforcements to Calypso. There has been no confirmation on this from CDF High Command."

"CDF official broadcast

2 Dec 2203

This is an official Calypso Defense Forces broadcast. There is a heightened state of alert in Wolverine Hope and Nate Valley on Amethera, and Fort Ithaca, Fort Troy, Zychion and Hadesheim on Eudoria.

Please make sure you have supplies and survival gear stocked. Restrict outdoor movement as much as possible; try to remain indoors. Please cooperate with Imperial forces and follow their instructions.

Repeat: there is a heightened state of alert in Wolverine Hope, Nate Valley, Fort Ithaca, Fort Troy, Zychion and Hadesheim. An evacuation order might be issued for these areas. This automated broadcast will be repeated every two hours."

It's true that in the last days of Drone hunting I've noticed something strange in their behavior but I couldn't believe that they would invade us again... so soon...

Suddenly, I heard a strange noise coming from the windows. I slowly approached, quite nervous, having only my orange pajamas on me. The view made my day... 100 m from the building, a mothership slowly hovered over the sea, agitating the waters under.

-Alex: What the fuck is this!?

As an answer, 2 attackers shot out of the mothership, heading right towards my floor.

- God damn it! Not my new window!

I grabbed the LR 48 rifle from the table, a stack of ammo, my inventory unit and hit the ground, as 2 missiles broke through my window and destroyed half of the apartment...

- You God damn sons of bitches! I screamed at the mothership, infuriated. I ran out of the apartment, teleporting to the ground floor then running to the TP and off I was to Jason...

Initiated a telepathical comlink to Sakalu...

-Alex: Where the hell are you dude? Those stupid robots blasted my apartment!

-Sakalu: ALEX, FUCK THAT! Those tin cans blew my fucking apartment building while I was sleeping! I'm full of nanites and I have to find my right hand too now!

-Alex: Ok... so you're screwed for a while, try coming to Jason Center as soon as possible!

-Sakalu: Got that, Conte out!

I met up with him after a couple of hours... The air had a slight taste of oil in it, even at that far distance from the major robot activities...

2 days we wandered from TP to TP counting in our way the ones we lost to the robot forces. We received another message from EBN and CDF:

“EBN: Separatists negotiating with robots

4 Dec 2203

A self-proclaimed group vying for independence of Calypso has entered the negotiations with the robots. The hitherto unknown group, called the "Provisional Government of Calypso", has issued the following statement:

"This is the Provisional Government of Calypso. The Provisional Government is negotiating with the robots and Calypso Defense Forces to ensure our planet's independence. We will soon be free from Imperial rule!"

CDF authorities confirm that the group exist and has entered the negotiations, but will not give any details at present time."

“EBN: Robot codes cracked

5 Dec 2203

For the last week, the robots have used the Calypso emergency broadcast system to piggy-back their own sinister messages. Of course, the messages themselves were encrypted. Thanks to a valiant effort by a community of code-breakers, the robot codes have been cracked, even as the robots switched communications protocol to make decryption harder.

"We owe these clever people a great deal", Major Jenny Carramone says.

"They've cracked the code and given the CDF a peek inside the minds of the robots that have been invaluable to us. I would like to express my gratitude to each and every one of them. They may very well have won the war."

However, Major Carramone still has concerns about cracking the code on a public forum. "They know that we know" she says, "and the code has evolved all the time. I fear that pretty soon, we won't be able to read it."

A couple of hours after we got the last transmission thought, the sirens all over Calypso rang... Me and Sakalu were housed in the auction building at Jason Center, along with other people that have lost their homes. We all got this message from EBN shortly:

“Declaration of state of emergency

5 Dec 2203

For the last days, robot motherships have threatened several of our cities. We have requested help and stalled for time for Earth to come to our aid. However, the Federal Imperial government has responded that we can't expect any help from Earth. We're on our own.

Because of that, and in response to the robot attacks on Calypso, I am declaring a state of emergency. Effective immediately, I am personally in command of all Calypsonian civilian and military agencies.

All citizens bearing arms should report to duty stations immediately. Crafters and miners will be needed for the manufacture of weapons, ammunition, provisions and supplies. Anyone found knowingly or unknowingly supporting the robot hostilities or any separatist tendencies will be dealt with accordingly.

This state of emergency will be enforced for the duration of the robot attacks. Questions about this declaration should be directed to Defense Forces personnel or to my office.

Thank you for your cooperation.

/Major Jenny Carramone, Calypso Defense Forces high commander”

Sakalu turned his head towards me, like he was waiting for me to say something...

-Alex: Well... It sure seems the shit has hit the fan blades now...

-Sakalu: Heh, so things are going to be messy around here for a while.

-Alex: So it seems mate...

~Roaming behind enemy lines

According to Skam, our local war reporter on Calypso, our metropolis Hadesheim has been under fierce attack the last few days, along with other less populated settlements such as Atlas Haven, Jason Center and Fort Medusa. Both Jason Center and Atlas Haven are two of the oldest settlements on Eudoria, and it is speculated that the robots are choosing spots where their GPS units have already worked out the terrain during their last visit.

Since the first robot war (RWI) we have seen how the robots have evolved, upgrading themselves into more advanced generations and types, the newest being the Eviscerator, which is believed to have lent its design from its polar opposite; the nature's own creature and one of the most feared creatures of Calypso: The Araneatroxes.

As an overhanging threat, the robot motherships are hovering over many of our settlements, polluting the fresh calypso air with their ships smog. In addition to Fort Ithaca, Fort Troy, Zychion and Hadesheim the robots now also seem to take an interest of Amethera outposts such as Wolverine Hope and Nate Valley.

Calypso's defenders have regrouped since the robots have reorganized their plan of attack. It seems the massive onslaught against our colony planet proved to be an inefficient strategy, and have now found it more productive (or so they think) to send smaller groups in frequent waves. While roaming the battlefields, I found individuals holding their own, while teams fought against the more challenging robot units.

I got back to hunting drones east of Jason, cutting their supplies from the mothership stationed there. After a week from the beginning of the invasion we received this new broadcast:

“EBN: RDI searching for new robot technology

9 Dec 2203

As the robots have evolved into the new forms that have plagued our colony, RDI is very interested in learning the exact form of the latest step in robot evolution. In order to understand the robots, RDI need salvaged parts from the robot invaders to analyze.

"[The robots] have to have a plan somewhere; it's just a matter of finding it and decoding it", says an analyst for RDI. "The robots don't take a dump without being programmed to. Actually, they don't take a dump at all, but you get the point."

Specifically, RDI needs the following items:

Exceptional Robot Contraction Unit

Exceptional Robot Hyper Charger

Exceptional Robot Optical Lense

Corrupt Contraction Unit Blueprint

Corrupt Hyper Charger Blueprint

Corrupt Optical Lense Blueprint

If you are in possession of these particular items, please hold on to them.

Any colonist who acquires a complete sample set of 21 pieces should present it to RDI to collect a reward. “

I've looted some parts but it seems the one type can only be found at big robots such as Legionaries, Eviscerators, SEGs etc, robots that I can't take down on my own. So my plan of cutting off their supplies from Jason worked well until...

“CDF: Robot Tactic Change; Jason Center Attacked

7 Dec 2203

This is a CDF update. CDF intelligence indicates that the robots have switched tactic. The robots seem to be deploying recon teams, mainly in south central Eudoria. Jason Center in particular has been heavily attacked. There is no indication that the assault was intended to conquer or destroy the city, but appears to be designed to protect a sigint unit that came under attack from colonial militia. CDF Intelligence believes that heavy reinforcements are coming.

Please be advised that a state of emergency is still in effect. Civilians should stay indoors, and should move to shelters as quickly as possible if caught in the open when a robot attack occurs. If you want to help, produce weapons, ammunition and supplies for the troops, or care for the wounded. Colonial militia should defend revive and teleport terminals. “

From this day I couldn't fight the drones at Jason due to the robot attacks against the teleporter. Major Jenny Carramone has sent orders to all colonists around Calypso, some to counterattack the robots push at Hadeshiem or Wolverine and others to deal with the increasing numbers of mobs at some key areas on the planet, creatures that were normally hunted by us. Me and Ade received orders to kill a number of Oculus and Sumimas. That day we scored 7 globals but the important thing is that the numbers were rebalanced in that area.

The following days I was also sent at Atroxes and Ambulimaxes with Sakalu, where I also learned how to keep my coolness in really tough situations. As you can see in the photo below I am wearing a new set of armor composed of Jaguar, Tiger, Solir and Martial armor parts. These armors pieces are specially made for hunting mobs, unlike my Vigilante set which was made with the sole purpose of keeping robots at bay. On the new set, the 6A plates were

useless so I had to buy an 8A set of plates, made especially to protect me from impact, cut and stab attacks from the vicious creatures of Calypso.



The new armor set and plates cost me around 1200 PED, price that also includes a spare Martial foot guards, Boar Thigh guards and 2 plates. In the following days though, robot activities have increased furthermore, colonists around the planet barely holding the lines against the dreadful machines. On 22 of December, our lines of defense at Zychion Citadel were overwhelmed by Elite Eviscerators, Drones, Warlocks and Second Entities. A transmission was intercepted by CDF and forwarded to all colonists, announcing us that a priority target called "Sicylia" was around Zychion, leading the attack against our positions there. The elite hunters organized a taskforce operation against the Robot leader, and in less than 2 hours of heavy battle, the leader was taken down...

“CDF: Crisis Over

22 Dec 2203

The crisis is over! The robots have left Calypso, and only scattered forces remain. We have been tested by a ruthless enemy and emerged victorious! Through our combined efforts, Calypso has prevailed!

On a personal level, I would like to thank you all for your courage and sacrifice. Words cannot express how proud I am of my fellow Calypsians that have defended our homes from the invaders. Of all my heart, thank you. As of this moment, the state of emergency is lifted. Authority is restored to civilian agencies, effective immediately.

/Major Jenny Carramone, Calypso Defense Forces high commander “

So we have finally defeated the invading robot force, after weeks of fierce battling around Calypso. Hopefully they will never return, although I feel that they are planning something even bigger for the future ...

Chapter VIII

Cristal Palace

-January 25th 2203

I decided today to go out on Cristal Palace to camp-hunt the Aurlis and the Kreltins there, along with an old friend of mine, Adi.

Brought in from planet Nornune for experiments, the weird shape of the Aurlis can be seen only here, on Cristal Palace. It seems to be able to withstand any degree of cold; it is virtually invulnerable to radiation and can survive for extended periods in vacuum.

The Kreltin was brought from the Malus system for use in medical experiments. Voices have been raised against the project, as the Kreltin is the bearer of several bacteria lethal to man. It feeds by spraying its prey with a dissolvent, then sucking up the resulting goo.

Cristal Palace has 4 biodomes, each measuring 2 square kilometers and containing different maturities of those two mobs. In dome 4 we have big Aurlis, in dome 3 big Kreltins, in dome 2 a mixture of medium Aurlis and Kreltins and in dome 1, small maturities of those. We planned to camp in dome 1, our added up firepower and protection matching the young mobs toughness.

As we left the ship parked in hangar bay 14, we headed out to the domes 1-2 terminal junction. As we walked through the security slide doors across the palace, scanning sensors searched for any foreign contaminants that we might be carrying. Security is pretty tough here; keeping the aliens in their domes is a top priority as a massive escape would spell big trouble up here. I've even heard rumors that a 1 gigaton bomb (1000 megatons) is programmed to set off in case aliens breach any of the hangars bays, thus making sure nothing and no one escapes alive from this facility. I wondered why there never were any problems here considering how dangerous these creatures really are. I later found out

that a special biochemical spray is released in the biodomes along with the recycled air, the resulting mixing consisting of 75% air and 25% concentrated anesthesia that helps the mobs remain in a calm and veggie state, but still being able to inflict massive damage. In comparison, a concentration level of 6 % would kill a human. Imagine if they weren't sedated...

Hunting them was kind of tough at the beginning but after 2 months, I got the hang of it. The aliens, under the influence of the anesthesia, run amok in zigzag patterns when humans are near them, making the hunt even more difficult.

March 3'rd, 2203

Just seemed like another normal day hunting my ass off with Adi... At the end of it, at the last mob, something wasn't quite alright. As I lend the final blow to an Aurli, my head burst into pain, caused by what seemed to be a high frequency noise... The dying Aurli's eyes were focused on me, and by when I figured out he was causing the pain, Adi, which was also in a noticeable discomfort, put the rifle at it's head and after a small bang, warm blood flew on the dome's floor. The pain was gone...

-You felt that too, Adi?

-Yea man, that was some strange shit right there. We should probably call it a night and report this tomorrow or something...

-Sure. Come on, race you to the dormitories.

-Damn you noob, you know I can't run with all this loot in my inventory unit!

The next morning, before starting the hunting session, we visited the control room to get the latest news on the station's status and have a friendly chat with the captain. This is the most secure room up here, with reinforced doors and turrets protecting it from aliens or other disturbances. After all the authorizations and security checks, we managed to get it, where a dozen of people were monitoring the domes, the station's temperatures and oxygen levels. Kerrigan, the station's captain, was standing in the front of the room, with a clear view upon the domes.

-Morning captain!

-Ahh good morning Alex! Adi, good to see you guys up here again. So, how are things going for your team?

-Nothing changed, Kerrigan, the loot is good and Adi is still a fat ass whole, I laughed.

-Up yours, noob! Adi shouted, pulling his Modified LR from the inventory and aiming it at me.

-Wow! No shooting in the cont.... BAM!

Adi pulled the trigger, splattering my brains all over the monitors...

-That will teach him not to make any more stupid jokes...

-Damn it Adi, you are two deranged bastards, you know that? I told you last time when you blasted him not to do that again here! I think you do it on purpose God damn it! You're lucky his blood teleports along with his body or else you would have made this place sparkles!

-Hehe, small price to pay anyway.

After reviving, which was particularly painful due to the nature of my wound, I came back to the control room, where Adi was still holding the LR in one hand.

-Ok, Ok! Joke's over! Damn you Adi, can't you take a good one without killing me?

-Guess not! Anyway, back to the matter at hand. Kerrigan, I wanted to talk to you about something strange that happened yesterday in Dome 1. It seems that an Aurli attacked us with some kind of telekinetic waves, just before he died. Do you know something about this?

-Hmm, well, that is strange; the Aurli naturally possesses telekinetic capabilities, like interfering with our brainwaves or even attack us from the inside, but the sedative should cancel or heavily diminish his 'powers'.

-Wait a minute, I stepped in, you mean this bastards can control our mind?

-Technically, the higher maturities can, like Queens and Ravagers, sometimes Soldiers too but that is impossible, they are sedated 24/7. I think that was just a tougher one, but he is dead now, isn't it?

- Yea, dead as a pie in front of Adi, I laughed.

-Ok, before you start shooting each other again, get out of here ! Nice talking to you guys, and if you have other problems, don't hesitate to pay me another visit! BYE !

We exited the control room, and headed out to Dome 1, preparing to hunt. Kerrigan went back to the Dome 1's main window, and watched as we entered the pressurized dome, the security doors closing behind us.

*-Hey, Eric, do a check up on the anesthesia levels in the Dome's air, please... *Silence*... Eric ?*

The captain turned to the corporal, but as he looked at him, a deep pain invaded his mind, making everyone in the room collapse to the ground. Kerrigan, a seasoned fighter and a former telekinetic commander, managed to remain conscious, but the pain was still tremendous. Everyone was affected except Eric, which stood up and walked to the power grid panel. The captain understood what was happening and tried to reach his gun. Eric did the same, and aimed his plasma pistol at the panel, started shooting at it. Kerrigan, in an access of adrenaline, pointed the gun at Eric and shot him dead. The pain suddenly stopped, as the lights around Cristal Palace went out...

Back in Dome 1, me and Adi were just looting a Kreltin, when we found ourselves in pitch darkness.

-Alex, what the fuck have you done ?

-What do you mean what I have done ? Stop blaming me for every stupid thing YOU do !

-Stupid?! Let's get out of here, blackouts are not a good thing in space. We ran to the Dome entrance, Adi lighting our path with an emergency flashlight. As we reached the security doors, we remembered that they automatically close in case of an emergency like this.

-Damn it ! We're trapped, Adi !

-Stay calm dude. Come, there is an emergency exit for humans at the other end of the dome.

-And how the hell do you think we can reach the other end of the firkin dome ?

-Simple... we run!

And so we did. On our way, we met other hunters that were trying to reach the Dome's entrance. They teamed up with us and together we eventually reached the emergency exit. As I looked for the last time throughout the Dome, I noticed the mobs were all standing still, grouped and seemed like they were waiting for something. Suddenly, they started agitating, running amok towards the exit, battering the secured doors.

-Adi: Come on Alex! Move your ass!

-Alex: I'm coming! I shouted, catching up with the gang.

-Marian: We have to reach the teleporter near the control room and alert the authorities! This thing has got out of control!

-Manique: You're right, come on then let's go!

As we ran through the labyrinth of tunnels on CP, loud noises came from within the walls, scaring the shit out of most of us.

-Adi: They must be so pissed... It's probably because of your 25k HOF, Marian, you lucky bastard!

-Marian: Yea, blame it on me now, noobs! Just shut up and g... What the fuck?

We just ran into Kerrigan, which looked beaten up, with a nasty cut on his neck.

-Alex: KERRIGAN! What the hell happened with you dude? Somebody give me a FAP! NOW!

The captain dropped to the floor, barely breathing, blood rushing out of his wound.

-Kerrigan: Alex... come closer... listen to me: there is not much time left... the ones in Dome 4 broke in the control room... they destroyed the power grid... the revivals ... don't work anymore... I... I was the only survivor... there is a queen leading them... there are a lot of people ... trapped in the domes... you got to save them before... before it goes off...

-Alex: What goes off? The... bomb? Is it true? You guys have a ...

-Kerrigan: Yes... you have to move fast... don't die... you got... 30 ... minutes until... bang... go to the emer...

He died in my arms then. I checked his pulse ... nothing. I waited his body to be teleported. But nothing happened. Silence reigned across the team members, as we could clearly hear the raging aliens pounding the walls of the station...

-Alex: How can we save everyone? We can't evacuate in 30 minutes, not with these creatures howling through the station. And even if we could, the ships can't undock!

-Marian: He said to go somewhere... Emer... I got it! Emergency control room! It's a kind of a small backup room where you can access the station's primary systems. That Doomsday device must be there too.

-Adi: You heard him guys! Let's move! Marian, you are the lead! That emergency room wasn't too far off from our position and reached it in 2 minutes.

-Alex: This must be it! How do we pass this security door now? Does anyone know the cipher on this thing?

-Manique: Kerrigan said nothing about no cipher. You guys sure this is the right door?

*-Alex: It says Emergency Control Room on it! Of course it's the right damn door! Let's try some codes ... 1111 let's see... *Access Denied**

*-Adi: 1111? How original Alex... This is a security door not a phone! let me try... *Access Granted**

-Alex: What the? How did you know the code?

*-Adi: I just tried 1234... *laughs across the hallway**

There was no time to celebrate as an Aurli suddenly appeared, rushing towards us.

-Everybody in!

We entered the room and closed the door. I went to the control panels and tried rerouting the power to the defense turrets. It didn't work and so I tried to find the bomb. It was behind an ammo box, with the digital clock on it giving us less than 15 minutes before the bang... Having advance knowledge in electronic warfare equipment, I started opening the bomb's case, wishing to stop the countdown process, while others watched nervously behind my back,

**shootings could be heard throughout the station as other colonists were fighting the mass of aliens* I suddenly stopped...*

-Guys... maybe this isn't the right thing to do...

-Adi: What the hell is wrong with you today? Stop this bomb go off, you can do it!

-I know I can do it, but... should I do it? I mean if these aliens reach Calypso... We don't know how well organized these creatures are. And we know that they can reproduce extremely fast.

-Marian: He is right... We should let it go off... Die like heroes!

-Manique: Ah... You guys are probably right, but there must be another way.

-Alex: It is... Kill the queen and stop the bomb afterwards...All this in 10 minutes. According to the video cameras, she is in docking bay 1, she is probably trying to get in space somehow...Ok people, let's go! Adi, you stay here and watch us on the cameras... IF and only IF we manage to kill it, you cut this red wire here and reset the bomb primary system, you got it?

-Adi: Yea... You guys just get that bitch down ok?

We exited the room, and headed out to the docking area. On the way there we encountered several Aurlis but taking them down was an easy job. We quickly reached the first docking bay, a dark and cold hangar where a group of Aurlis were guarding the queen.

-Alex: Come on guys we have to get her first, if she dies, they will probably run off. Marian... Marian what the hell happened to you? He fell to the ground in pain and after a while he got up on his knees and started talking:

-Queen(via Marian): You... humans are pathetic. Keeping us imprisoned here for your entertainment... You all shall pay as we colonize your planet and kill all your siblings.

-Alex: We will see about that... I am sorry mate, I hope this works out... Aimed my gun at Marian's head and pulled the trigger... The queen screamed in pain, as her guardians started running towards us.

-Get them all! The queen is mine!

We started taking down the big Aurlis. While my comrades were fighting the aliens I slipped off behind their lines and faced the queen... Had no ammo left on my Adjusted Korss, so I threw the gun away and pulled my sword out...

-Eat steel! I swung my Katchuiky towards the queen, cutting one of her arms... With one of the others though she threwed me 10 feet away into a pile of boxes. As I got out of there, I realized most of my friend died in the battle, Remo being the only one still fighting the guardians, with the queen heading up to him... I started runing to her, swinging my sword madly in the air... As the queen turned towards me, I jumped, stabbing her in what I thought was it's brain... She struggled for a moment with me hanging on her back, when she finally colapsed to the ground. As I predicted the rest of the guardinans took off, running from us...

I turned to the security camera, signaling Adi to cut the wire... I ordered my Telcom to countdown the time I had untill the detonation, while I headed out to the control room. As the timer reached 0, nothing happened, and a huge sensation of releafe went throughout my body ... Adi disarmed the bomb... I reached and entered the room using the ingenious programmed code.

Adi was lying on the ground, breading fast and with sweat pouring on his face...

-Adi: I thought that was the end... Damn it man, it was so close!

-Alex: I am surprised you finally did a good thing, Adi...

-Adi: Ow shut up, you prick! By the way... good job up there...

-Alex: Thanks... now let's try and get the power back on ok? We have some survivors left and a shitload of bodied waiting to be revived!

We managed to get the power back up, activating the emergency lines and generator. With all the turrets back online, all aliens were targeted and shot dead throughout the station. The revival terminals got back online and all the bodies started teleporting at their locations. As I went to the main terminal junction, the crowd of revived colonists screamed in celebration, thanking us for the fight we put up and for not letting the Doomsday device go off...

Almost all hunters headed out to the teleporter, wishing to take a break from Cristal Palace... at least for a while...

**In front of the teleporter **

-Hey noobs !

I turned around and was happy to see Kerrigan alright.

-Alex: Good to see you man !

-K: Yea well I am alive and well, thanks to you guys... We all here owe you our lives you know ...

-Alex: It's fine, dude, you can buy me a drink next time I come up here.

-K: Well, as long as you bring it along with the next supply shipment,

laughing

-Alex: You little bastard... Well, take care of the station, captain ! And if something wrong happens again, call me !

-Adi: Stop acting like a hero, you are still a stupid narrow minded hillbilly boy to me...

Pulled my Korss out and without any hesitation blew Adi's brains on a passing hunter...

-I just had to do that hahaaa !

-K: Damn it Alex, just got this place cleaned up. Get the hell out of here until he comes back and blows your ass to pieces ! Bloody tired of cleaning up your mess ...



Picture of me and Adi before the alien escape

Chapter IX

World Of Firepower

Chaos Dawns! Tournament Inspires Mob Revolt!

“This just in from the planet's administrators; they relay to us that one of their teams of field operatives has brought in a worrying report. From analysis of the behavior of some of the more intelligent species found on Calypso, it has been discovered that a growing resentment has formed within Mob ranks, a resentment against what has become for them a relentless annual slaughter; the WoF.

Included in the report is evidence that the Tribal Mobs had been planning a retaliation against the Tournament for some time. A widespread operation of applying a herbal accelerant to dozens of different predatory beasts had been in place for months. The report mentioned Mobs in cages and held in underground bunkers, hundreds upon hundreds of a size very rarely seen, but we cannot verify any of the findings as yet.

More worrying was the mention of the construction of a transmitter in Tribal Lands. Although hastily dismantled after a single day, the operatives fear it was being used to summon re-inforcements of some kind. Their fears were compounded when the signal was traced to Robot Ships fleeing to Akbal Cimi after the recent conflict. We can only hope the signal was not answered. We also have reports of people being killed by something so small and quick it has yet to be identified, doubtless another part of the vengeful plan of the Tribal Mobs.

The Company has responded to this news by adding as yet unspecified Weaponry and Winners certificates to the existing prize of this years WoF Champions Jackets for each Main Team member. Runner-Up prizes of Weaponry and Attachments and Certificates will also be supplied.

From WoF HQ comes the announcement that mystery prizes will be given to Support Teams who are first to Global on both support team mobs and the bonus mob in selected matches in later stages. It is hoped with these further incentives we can overcome whatever dark end the Mobs have in store. The only translation of their final edict came out simply as "the age of panic". Scoring will also be amended to include an extra variety boost for scoring each possible number of points (5, 6, 7, 8, 9+10) as well as each species of mob, and the Support Variety Boost will be doubled from last year. The last advice in the report was to be ready for anything. Anything !

*We at WoF HQ ask you brave competitors to stand firm in these tumultuous times and remember what you fight for...
For Flag, For Fun, For Glory! "*

Hurrikane, WOF organizer

It seems this year we're in for a blast !

On stage 1 we bravely fought the Big Bulks, mechanic beasts build to withstand massive punishment, pushing their way across the battlefield and killing anything in their path. We managed to get a good score on them but it seemed that stage 2 caught us in a bad moment, those alpha Hogglos and Globsters being quite a challenge.

We regained our lead in stage 3, while taking down hundreds of Malcruentors, huge dinosaur like beasts from the Atrox – Atrax family. We didn't show them any mercy in stage 4 either, blasting the hell out of those tremendous Warlocks, the most violent machines known to have invaded Calypso.

And so we found ourselves in the finals, fighting teams formed by the most imposing people on the planet. It was a tough round on the CND asteroid but we prevailed and managed to get hold of the WOF Champions Title for the first time !

Black Hawk leading us to victory



Combo in the killing fields



Sakalu fighting bravely for our country



They were not alone though, Tzepu and GGX lending helping hands across the competition, Ciobyna Deria saving us from a near tragedy when the main team was one man short, Janis also filling an empty place one round... Mczimi Imre, and Rony Macaroni showed their skills in the last rounds along with Sir Attack and Remo El3cric. The Jackal (Sakalu) was... well he was the glue that kept us together till the end of it. And who can forget the feminine touch Gia H0n3y gave to the team, making the final victory all so possible... We thank them all and let's not forget those that helped the 12 patriots reach for the title, the little guys, the ones that supported them in all their actions, saved their lives in many heroic situations and gave their own so that we can call ourselves "Champions" . . .

Chapter X

The End

“EBN: Crytec public statement

July 2203

We hereby inform you about the latest news from the Crytec, our organization of cataclysm warning and prevention. The process of frequency changing that is currently affecting our planet is about to reach its peak, and stabilize in the following 30 to 40 days. Intense studies made on living organisms show that this new state that will impose it's self on the planet in the immediate future is life-sustainable to a degree of 80 to 90%. Death will probably not occur on more than 0,5 to 0.8 % of the planet's human population but there will be a hard period of accommodation. All citizens are advised to stay indoors or away from any danger in the 16-20 August period. Those transition days will be the most difficult for us and the full effects are even now not known, but colonists are to expect nausea, strong headaches, temporarily loss of sight and/or even natural coma induction.

More information is to be made public in the following weeks.“

I was in the Twin Peaks bar when got the news on my Telcom...

The bartender looked at me:

-Damn, hope I won't be included in the “losses” percentage that won't make it through the night ...

-Alex: I sure hope, I've been asking you for beer almost 3 years now and you always promised that bloody shipment will come soon.

-Well, that's what I've been told, hehe...

-Alex: Ass whole...

After a couple of minutes, as I was sitting at my table in a dark corner (yea, I never liked making friends that much), the doors slammed and a group composed by a woman and a big escort entered.

I soon recognized the woman as Jenny Carramone and as I was steering at her, I noticed she and her staff was heading towards me.

-JC: Are you Alexander, citizen of Romania on Earth ?

-Ahmm, probably ?

-JC: Come with me then, this is a matter of planetary security.

As I looked at the armed soldiers she was dragging after her, I noticed a familiar face that was nervously looking at me.

-Alex: Hey JJ Matrix is that you ? What the hell is this, a pub meeting ?

-JJ: Just come with us dude.

I got up and followed the crew up to the teleporter where Jenny introduced some special coordinates in the TP's interface, coordinates that seemed to lead in the desert near the oil rig. As we Teleported, I found myself in a strange complex with a lot of people in white shirts running around.

-Where the h...

-Jenny: Classified, just call it HQ.

As we walked across the lit-up corridors, she started explaining why we were summoned like that...

-You, along other colonists were selected for a special job. It's time to fight for your planet, ladies. This way...now!

-Alex: Hey now, I didn't come here to be swiped out whenever the government likes as they did back on Earth. I need some explanations and I need them now, lady.

-Jenny: Hold your pants, slick, you will be briefed...

JJ Matrix was calm, and as I looked at him, he inspired me to be the same. We finally arrived in a round chamber with a big ass table in the middle of it...

-Free chairs over there boys, Carramone said.

Me and JJ took our places at the table and after that I realized how big the table actually was. I think there were around 20 other that were apparently waiting just for us.

Carramone headed to a holograph displayer and turned it on. I could not resist looking at the other people at the table and I noticed pretty important guys and chicks there, Skalman and Medea were talking to each other, Black Hawk was very serious and quiet and GraveDigger and Remo were laughing at one of Stoicow's jokes. Also I could recognize Sententz, Atti, ReQ and other old colonists.

-Jenny: So, probably some of you already know this but I'm gonna be straight ... A war titan is heading towards Calypso. An interstellar fleet is being formed up and will be sent to intercept it. Each of you has been chosen because of your special qualities and skills.

-Well why is Alexander here then ?

I immediately recognized the voice. It was Test0s's voice ... We go way back from Earth, mainly because one night at a bar while we were having a beer, the waitress gave me her phone number, and slapped Test0s, for grabbing her. I started laughing but he was drunk and didn't take it very well. We both spent night in prison that day...

-Jenny: His abilities as a fleet commander.

Everyone stared at me, amazed. Even I was kinda shocked.

-Me, Fleet-what ?

-JC: I said abilities, that does not mean you will be the fleet commander of this operation ... His multitasking skills and the ability to take decisions in harsh situations is making him a valuable asset to this operation . Anyway, back to the mission, you all have to make sure that robot titan doesn't reach Calypso ! Life of millions are in your hands, this is the time to show what you are really made of ! Those that don't want to take part in the greatest operation all of you have ever seen in your monotone lives, stand up and leave the room...

Silence took over and I soon realized nobody will stand up...

-JC: OK then let's do this boys ! head to the armory and get suited up. You will all get an envelope with your assignments. Why an envelope ? Because robots can't trace or hack paper... Get moving !

We all stood up, saluted and headed towards the designated direction. As we left the room we each received the envelope... I opened mine and I was pretty amazed by the title I got: Lieutenant Second in Command on designated Heavy Strike Vessel 'Alexander'.

-Alex: Darn fucking cool... I knew that Eve game back when I was a child will do me good. Hey JJ! What are your orders? Ammo feeder at the turrets? hehe...

-JJ: Actually Alex, no. I've been designated as ship commander. Finishing flight academy pays off too, you know ...

-Alex: No fucking way! I passed through the academy too, darn you! What ship anyway?

-JJ: Ehh, Strike Vessel Alexander... You know it?

-Alex: God Damn you, JJ ... Probably envelopes got mixed up or something, can't be... can't fucking be...

-JJ: Chill, lieutenant, you'll grow up ... eventually.

-Alex: So be it commander, I will await you on the ship!

~2 hours later

After some other debriefing and last minute preparations, we were called at the hangar bays, so we can board our ships. It seems everything was planned and ready before we got there... As we came into the docking bays, we passed through numerous security filters and at the last one, we were all given a pistol and ammo, telling us to always keep 1 bullet in our suit pocket; not for the robots but when and if the time will come, for ourselves...

The big group separated in the meantime in smaller and smaller groups, reuniting with their crew and boarding their ships... When I entered the docking room for H.S.V. Alexander, it was only me and JJ.

-Alex: Where are the other crew members?

-JJ: Aboard the ship, waiting for us, JJ smiled. Look Alex, if anything goes wrong there and I won't be alive to run things down, please be wise and

make the right decision for our crew and planet. Hopefully we will all get over this without a scratch.

-Alex: Aren't we always? told him, smiling back. Before we boarded the ship, I took a photo as a memory. It would have been a great story when I would come back, I thought:



Heavy Strike Vessel 'ALEXANDER'

Inside I met Geanina, a fellow drone hunter which was responsible with operating the turrets. Our pilot, Chanti, was heating up the engines and Skam, our communication manager, was patching the interface of the holographic com-link.

-Skam: Darn these things! They are older than this colony for crying out loud! They're sure not paying us enough for this...

-JJ: They sure don't guys, but we must stand up together and fight this menace! For Calypso and the citizens we now leave behind!

*-Alex: Yea! For the bunch of pussies back home! *the control room filled with laughter**

-Skam: Sir, we got the green lights for mission "Retaliation" !

-JJ: Chanti, you ready ? Let's see what tricks this bird can do.

**Undocking permission requested... **

.....

**Undocking permission accepted... **

As the ship cleared out of the hangars, main engines started and tons of lift power pushed us into our seats. The sky turned black as we could see the stars appearing...

*-Alex: We are soooo dead guys ! *started to laugh as over 6G forces were pushing me against the chair*. Others just nudged their heads as a sign of approval.*

As we reached the space, I felt like there was almost no gravity. It was the most pleasant sensation I've felt in my life...

-JJ: Start fire up the gyrostabilizers !

I was just floating out of my chair when the artificial gravity kicked in... As a result I came crashing down head first, landing a series of curses to the guy that gave the command.

-JJ: Stop being such a pussy, Alex. Come on, take command, I have to inspect the ship before we engage the robot titan.

-Alex: Ok, .. your heard the old man, let's go ! Skam, give me a full status report. Chanti, prepare to start the warp drive, you have the coordinates.

-Skam: Ok, so we have all systems fairly responding, shields are at 100% from what it seems, armor is a bit scratched, the paint is a goner, and as far as structure integrity goes, well, it has seen better days... a couple of decades ago.

-Alex: Brilliant ! Chanti, How's the sync with the fleet going ?

-C: They are all awaiting the go for warp out.

-Alex: Ok then, go !

-C: But sir, we have to wait the orde...

-Alex: Chanti, stop being such a pussy and start those warp engines !

-C: Ok, you gave the order...

The ship slowly reached warp speed, entering the warp tunnel at over 3 billion km/s...

~After 30 minutes:

-JJ: BATTLE STATIONS ! BATTLE STATIONS ! Get us out of here Chanti !!!

-C: I can't, they've scrambled our warp engines !

-Alex: Geanina, target those blasted interceptors !

*-Skam: Shield at 73% and falling, we are taking a huge beating he...
Oww my fucking god ! 'Anthony' just got blown to pieces by that citadel torpedo ! Shit what a bang ! it was probably carrying extra nuclear fuel...*



Heavy Strike Vessel 'Anthony' blowing up

-JJ: Get some fucking speed !! Web those interceptor god damn it ! then he turned to the communicator and screamed: Who is in charge of the fleet now ?

-To all ships, this is Test0s from Julius Cesar, I am now in command of the fleet ,we are taking heavy damage from the war titan, those bastards put us primary target, we need help right n.... *interference sound*

-Skam: We lost comms with "Julius Cesar", sir.

-Geanina, as he was commanding the turrets: Mannnn, Cesar got ripped into two pieces. Shit, I don't think your friend made it, Alex...

-Alex: Damn it ! We are being shredded here ! Chanti, pick up the speed !

Communicator: -'Octavian' here, Boudica just blew up and 'Xerxes' is pretty torn up here next to us. JJ Matrix... from 'Alexander', that makes you head of the fleet ! Awaiting orders !

-'Darius' here, we are heavily outgunned, I suggest a retreat before we lose other ships... wait... Leonidas what the fuck are you doing ? Change course god damn it or you will hit that titan ! Oww my god, they just rammed Typhoon !

-Skam: Incoming torpedo ! Hold on to your pants boys ! The shock was absolutely terrifying, knocking everyone off their feet. JJ tripped and hit a steel corner as he fell... He remained on the ground unconsciously, blood gushing out of his head.

-Alex: Get a medic here fast ! What the hell are we going to do ?

-'Leonidas' here, the titan stopped firing... I suggest you all retreat NOW !

-Alex: Ok, listen to me commanders, warp out immediately ! We are going to rally up near Nouvukaien system ! 'Damocles', what are you doing ? Where the hell are you going !?

-'Pompey': We lost comms with them sir, they aren't responding to anything.

'Damocles' was picking up speed and leaving the retreat formation...

-Alex: We cannot stay any longer here, we have incoming cruise missiles and they've deployed more interceptors to scramble us. WARP OUT NOW !

~6 hours later

-Skam: Shields at 12% and front side armor plates have melted on the surface a bit... Power generators are barely holding up and engines will never work over 60%... Also medical center reports JJ is stable but still unconscious. Comms report all ships that have survived are here and awaiting command.

-‘Pompey’: We should go in pursuit sir, who knows what will happen if the titan reaches Calypso .

-Alex: Of course... I forgot that little detail... But what THE HELL can we do to it in this current state ? We are heavily outgunned and most of the ships can barely crawl...

*-Skam: We’ve just received information from HQ that Typhoon is aimed for impact. *silence across the conference*. It seems it will hit the Western Ocean on Monday at midnight. Sir, that’s less than 16 hours.*

-‘Octavian’: God save their souls...

-Alex: NO ! I shall NOT let that happen ! I screamed; We got to do whatever we CAN to not let this happen , you heard me, boys ? It’s our home and we can’t let some robot bitches destroy it ! Sooo, are you ALL with me ???

-Comms, bursting all at once: Yes Sir !

-Skam: We’ve got more info from HQ: It seems they have ordered a full evacuation... They’re trying to move everyone to Exodus station... And they also ordered us to return to Calypso asap, the frequency destabilization phenomena has already started ! It’s chaos there, hundreds of colonists started passing out into comas, the medical centers and revival terminals are overloaded !

-Alex: Damn it... those robots knew what was going to happen with us... Ok guys let’s go ! Start up your warp engines ! Target to pursue : Typhoon War Titan !

.....

2 hours later:

An armada of civilian ships took off from Calypso and surrounding space stations, in a last ditch attempt to stop the approaching War Titan Typhon... The plan was to get close to the War Titan under long range cover fire from the just arrived fleet under the command of Alexander, and insert special operations team in order to destroy or divert the War Titan.

The plan quickly went haywire. As the armada left atmosphere and were preparing for their gauntlet run towards Typhon, they were intercepted by the missing Medium Strike Vessel Damocles. The leaders of the armada decided to divert some ships to board the Damocles, while the rest moved on to Typhon.

The ships attacking Typhon suffered heavy losses, despite the cover barrage from the Federal Imperial Navy. The special operations teams did not succeed in their mission: contact with the boarding party was quickly lost and Typhon's trajectory has not changed. The fate of the Damocles team was equally grim: the last transmission from the landing party before it was lost revealed large "Scylla" like mechs. No number count was confirmed.

The pursuing battle group continues to pound Typhon, but at the range their weapons are largely ineffectual. Damocles is in high orbit above Calypso, and is out of range of the battle group. Ground forces are on high alert and requested to assist at evacuation locations.

~Onboard 'Alexander':

-Skam: Shield are out ! armor integrity 87% and falling FAST!

-Alex: Maintain fire of the titan ! It shall NOT pass !

-This is Raven Jade, in command of 'Darius', we just got our shields down! We can't do anything here anymore ! You should order full retreat or else we'll all die for nothing !

-Indeed sir, we just lost 'Leonidas... 'Darius' has reappeared and started shooting our own. I don't know what the hell is going on here, the special task force that should have infiltrated the titan is not responding and their life signatures have stopped.

-Alex: Ok then... To all ships ! Attention ! I am issuing a direct retreat order. Regroup 10 thousand kilometers away from the titan , now !

-Skam: Sir, situation is looking pretty bad on the battlefield; Berendt, commander of the 'Octavian' Heavy Strike Vessel has speeded into some robot battleships, so that the civil armada can retreat.

-Alex: Berendt, do you hear me ? Get out of there !

- Berendt : Go guys I got them occupied ! Speed up, we'll be on your tails.

-Alex: All commanders, head away from the titan, full speed !

-Skam: Sir, 'Octavian' won't make it, their engines are webbed.

-Alex: I know.... Chanti ! Full speed towards 'Octavian' !

-Chanti: Sir, yes sir ! Should I activate microwarp drives ?

-Alex: If you please, Geanina, prepare to overload the turrets !

As the ship picked speed towards the titan, we received a transmission that in approximately 1h, the war ship will hit Calypso.

-Alex: Ram that robot battleship Chanti ,they are holding 'Octavian' !

-C: Aye sir !

The impact was massive and we all hoped the structure wasn't affected. Geanina kept his coolness the whole time and was shooting at the small interceptors orbiting us.

-Alex: Prepare me a suit now !

-JJ: What the hell are you doing, kid ?

I turned around and I was surprised to see Jjmatrix standing, with a hudge bandage on his head.

-JJ: One minute I'm gone and everything goes to hell !

*-Alex: You know me, JJ * I laughed * Geanina, launch a perforator round right there, on that bay hatch; I told him, pointing towards the titan.*

-Geanina: Sir, are you sure ?

-Just do it ! JJ, you're in command !

-JJ: Don't you dare leave this ship, boy !

I ran out of the command room, equipped the suit that was prepared, took an prototype Isis LR 70 laser rifle and headed to an escape pod chamber. The pod shot out of the ship with great speed, heading towards the titan.

-Alex here, JJ get that tin can out of there right now !

-JJ: Alex, you son of gun, what the hell do you want to do ?

-Just get the crew to safety JJ, you heard me ?

I switched the communications off and I watched as 'Alexander' was slowly turning away from the titan. A small rocket flew off of it, hitting the titan just where I told Geanina to aim. He was still manning the turrets, taking down all interceptors close to me...

Soon I approached the titan and my pod went right through the whole the small perforator rocked blew. After the hard landing, I shut open the pod's hatch, and got out... Small drones were running amok the crash site, but they were no match for that big fucking gun. I opened a small envelope from my shirt... Carramone gave it to me telling that if I will ever end up in the Titan war ship, there will be written instructions. I opened it and unfolded the paper. On it there were directions to the engines room... "Of course..." I said to myself...

For a war titan, security was pretty loosen up... Although I had to zig-zag the robot security forces so they won't figure out my plans... The suit, a cheap copy of Carramone's personal armor, offered quite good protection from the droka's security forces attacks.

~Later on, in the engine rooms, near a command panel:

-Alex: Ok, so these are the nuclear fuel cells... don't touch them... yes... It would be better if I don't touch these... Ok, from these damn instructions I must:

1. *Bypass fuel protocols... hmm * some clicking around * ... Done !*
2. *Link up fuel bay 1 to kerosene booster canisters 1 and 2... what the... Kerosene ? What the hell is that ? Anyway... *clicking some more* Done !*
3. *Enable 10 Giga Newton afterburners. Hmm... Done ! That was easy !*
4. *Die in glory for your planet...*

Major Jenny Carramone

-Alex: Oww... that was the catch when she promised me 100000 ped as reward for my 'brave actions'... DARN YOU ! As I gestured in the air, I accidentally hit some switches.

Suddenly, the titan shook violently ...

*-What the hell have I done this time ? Fuck ! *emergency sirens started to rang* .*

I started running, leaving the engine rooms . I felt the ship picking speed... Something was not normal...

After some minutes of running... I reached a maintenance bay hangar and climbed in a scout-probe shuttle. Started engines and felt the ship hovering over the hangar floor. Took sight of the counterweights holding the bay doors closed and shot the massive chains several times. As they shredded, the maintenance doors opened and I accelerated out of the titan... But it was too late... It was already entering atmosphere...

-And it was all my fault...

The engines exploded, the blast wave threw the shuttle spinning uncontrollably, as it was starting to burn in the atmosphere...

.....

The Last Transmission



War Titan Typhon impacted at Hadesheim at 00:00.15 UTC August 17th 2203.

The explosion was large enough for debris to be thrown into space. Firestorms are raging across north-west Eudoria. An ash cloud is quickly forming over Calypso, blocking the sun. Surface readings indicate that the global temperature is dropping, and scientists are expecting a minor ice age.

Planet Calypso has been declared a disaster area by the Federal Imperial Navy, and travel to and from the planet is restricted until further notice...

End of Chronicle

THANK YOU & SPONSORS

I would like to thank Baradur (EF.com username) for the cover he personally designed. I thank you again, it's bloody awesome !

<http://www.entropiaforum.com/forums/members/baradur.html>

Best guy at doing what he does ;)

Thank you Jjmatrix for revising my book ! Typos suck ! :P

Thank you Atlas Haven Radio for shouting the book's launch a couple of times ! Also thanks to DJs sapeian sap kilmore and RavenJade ! Great show put up on the last day on VU 9.4 !

www.atlashavenradio.com *tune in at the best radio station on calypso !*

Last moments of VU 9.4

<http://www.entropiaforum.com/forums/eu-videos/159593-special-end-world-video.html>

See you all in VU 10 !