
CHAPTER ONE

—BRIEFING, DAY ONE—

Jekotian High Command, Conference Room Five, Ronan

June 27th, 2985

“First and foremost, I would like to thank you all for coming here. I understand how difficult it must be leaving your soldiers on the front line under the command of another. I would like to open this meeting with some statistics about the past few years of this war. Patrick, please turn on the projector and start the slides,” High Commander Patterson said as he opened the meeting.

“Yes, sir,” Patrick replied, and in seconds the auditoriums projector screen blazed to life. Seconds later, the visual feed initiated, projecting pie graphs, bar graphs, point charts, raw data, and numbers. Each representative of different aspect of unit deployment and the kill to loss ratio for each.

“As you can see, on average, for every Brenodi unit killed, we lose one and a half units. At this rate, we will effectively run out of trained military units in eight years. We will effectively lose the war before then.

“What we are here for today is a solution, and not a simple one. Our top minds in High Command have concluded that our only hope at winning this war is an invasion, one the likes of this planet has never seen.”

As Patterson pauses to let everyone think, he notices someone with their hand raised.

“Ah, Lieutenant Commander Casten, you have a question?”

“Where will this invasion be targeted at? I have a feeling about this and I don’t like it at all,” she replied.

“Bren.” It was a simple answer, but immediately the room erupted in an uproar.

“Are you mad? There’s no way we will breach those defences!”

“This is unacceptable, it would be a slaughter!”

“We don’t stand a chance in hell, what are you up to?”

Once the room settled Patterson continued.

“This is our one and only hope, as grim as it may be, we cannot win this war any other way. No matter where else we attack, it will be a minor thorn in the Brenodi’s thigh. If we take the war to them, to their capitol, to their main command center, they will be in disarray. If we succeed, they will fall. No amount of defences can stop a full naval fleet.

“What I propose is the recall of all available units, each and every one that can be spared, as well as the entire operational Jekotian fleet. This isn’t a small assault. This is our last hope to turn the tide of war. Our last chance for survival. Our only chance for survival.

“Operation TOVR, named after the largest recording turning point in our planets history, Tal Ocha Via Reynto, is our final hope. The operation, assuming it is successful, will take place in six phases. The first phase is this briefing and the readying of units. We must create effective battle plans for use in this operation.

“The second phase will consist of the mobilization of Jekotian forces. This will involve the rearmament of all warships, as well as outfitting unarmed vessels with anything that can be spared. We will also be pushing prototype field guns into full production, as well as experimental weapons systems, vehicles, engines, and armour, like the MPRG, Sidewinder, subzero fission reactors, and ABSRE armour plating. We will also be rearming and re-manning our sub-sea missile silos to full operation, crew, and payload status. I also want all of our spies alerted, and our best scouts outfitted with our best cloaking technology. All prisoners of war are to be executed. Ah yes, and my personal favourite. It would seem the new artillery platforms and AA trucks are ready for production. Oh, and one last thing. I want him, Iota-63, thawed and outfitted now. He has a lot to catch up on.

“We will meet again in a few days to discuss battle tactics and requisitioned units. Dismissed!”