

Journal #1 - Private Jacob Allen of the Jekotian 83rd Airborne Armoured Division
October 28th, 2989

This is my first time in combat since boot, and things have drastically changed. I was trained to be a grenadier in one of the anti-armour divisions, but a shortage of soldiers has had me reallocated to one of the airborne armoured divisions.

So far, it's looking like hell. I've had a brief lesson on how to react in the event of an emergency drop, and now my tank is in a plane some hundred feet above the ground. We're supposed to land near a `Brandy outpost, and as I write this, sniper teams on the ground are supposed to be clearing the AA crews. The worst scenario we're looking at is a hot drop just under MACH 1, at fifty feet, during a crash. I just hope I survive.

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Journal #2 - Private Jacob Allen of the Jekotian 83rd Airborne Armoured Division
October 29th, 2989

Today was hell, nearly everything hit the fan. We lost most of our platoon in the drop, and the snipers responsible for taking out the AA crews were wiped out.

At 1500 hours we found out. The wing commander of the transports carrying us got a distress call from one of the sniper teams, heard an explosion over the comm, and then it went dead. Soon after, we were under heavy AA fire. Since there was no chance of a safe drop at one-hundred feet, the formation was ordered down to a fifty foot altitude for a hot drop. This is what I feared the most.

Hard drop. It literally means a hard drop. All our tanks have a parachute on the back; we just have to release it, and it pulls us right out of the transport bay. As soon as we're out of the transport bay, the chute snaps off and we're free fall. Tanks aren't exactly built for freefall. But compared to a hot drop, a hard drop would have been a walk in the park.

We all scrambled to our tanks, and waited for the order. Five minutes? Ten minutes? I lost count. I later found out it was only about a minute. We got the order, released the chutes, and were hauled out of the transport bay. In seconds my tank was in free fall. These things are heavy, the second-largest tank in the Jekotian arsenal. Only thing that made me happy was the thought that the Brenodi would be clueless. It's not every day that an armoured division falls from the sky.

That happiness soon disappeared. Even though it was a fifty foot drop, it was fast. I guess a one-hundred ton tank falls fast. My tank hit hard, crushing an AA gun that was trying to tear through my bottom armour. I broke my left arm in the fall, cracked it hard on something. Thank god for the standard military genetic-engineering, it would only be broken for a day or two, and I could still use it. For the most part. I heard countless impacts as the rest of the tanks from my division hit, then a gut wrenching explosion. One of them landed outside the drop zone, inside a mine field.

Then hell really broke loose. My tank needed time to get off the AA turret it fell on. I didn't have time. In fact, I needed more time; the engine was too hot to move the tank. I put it out of my mind, got into the control seat, and looked around. It was chaos. No, that's an understatement. With the tanks falling from the sky, it looked like Armageddon. Among it all stood a lone Brenodi tank. Then another, and another. They were waiting, the whole time, in concealed bunkers.

I screamed in fear and hit the throttle. I had to move; they knew it too. I keyed the comm and alerted my division. In moments we had regrouped and engaged the enemy. It was a hell hole. The Brenodi tanks were half the size of ours, exploding into fire storms of shrapnel when destroyed, blinding us while their comrades shot through the debris. I don't know how long we fought. Seconds? Minutes? Hours? It was nonstop explosions,

nonstop chaos, nonstop death. There was debris everywhere, I couldn't tell friend from foe.

Then things got the worst they could. The transports, our only extraction option, were crashing. We were stranded in a hostile war zone, having barely survived an ambush, with no chance of rescue. We're going to be stuck here for days, weeks, maybe even months. We were able to salvage enough munitions from the Brenodi wreckage to restock the tanks, but we're stuck.

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Journal #3 - Private Jacob Allen of the Jekotian 83rd Airborne Armoured Division
November 5th, 2989

It's been a week since I've had time to write a journal, and its making me insane. This is the only thing that lets me get my thoughts down and maintains my sanity.

We succeeded at our mission, thank God, managed to take out the weapons lab that was supplying this region with biologically degenerative payloads. Unfortunately our intel was wrong. We were informed by our spies that the payloads were safely sealed and posed no threat, but as soon as we destroyed the facility there was a pressure wave carrying hell-knows-what. We lost five men to it, and six tanks are too contaminated to even go near.

We spent the following days slowly heading back toward our main base for this region, positioned far up north. We're still on our way there now. We get to stop at night to make repairs to the tanks and sleep, but it's pretty restless. Everyone is hungry as we didn't bring enough provisions for an extended operation, and there's still no contact on the radio.

The entire platoon is paranoid now; we've been ambushed twice, and can't take much more. At this rate they're going to find us in the night and carpet bomb us. Our CO says there's no threat of that since we're so far north that a carpet bombing would create havoc on the coastal Brenodi cities. Since when do the Imperials give a shit about their igloo-dwelling population?

Why did I sign up for this shit? Oh, wait, I didn't. When I get back home, I'm putting a bullet into my draft officers' head.

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Journal #4 - Private Jacob Allen of the Jekotian 83rd Airborne Armoured Division
November 7th, 2989

I don't know how many times I've said it, but thank god for engineers and their 'magical calculators.' As an AP shell tore through my left armour breaching the hull, I turned my tank to present the other side to the enemy, and an engineer started reshaping the armour on my left side to seal the breach. Poor bastard got blown away by a HE shell part way through the repairs. Seconds later the platoon's weapons specialist Brian Aslakov called over the com,

"High Cherenkov radiation levels from the tank I just marked, it's got a fission reactor, keep your distance!" As soon as I heard that, the only thing on my mind was 'shit. This complicates things.' If a single round breached the reactor, anything within a five meter radius would have been decimated. Thank god it was just a low-power reactor. Or so I thought.

I rotated my turret to face the marked tank and saw that it was an Imperial Heavy tank. Three other friendly tanks turned to face this threat, two of them light armour, one a modified medium tank with an armour piercing auto-cannon. All four of us opened fire, careful to avoid the engine compartment. Me being the biggest threat, the tank turned to face me and opened fire with a rail-gun, tearing off three inches of frontal armour.

Brian Aslakov in the modified medium tank opened fire with his auto-cannon, and accidentally pierced the enemies' reactor. I cursed over the com and yelled for everyone to get back. Then the real surprise comes. The breached tank started venting gas. I realized Brian screwed up his readings. It didn't have a fission reactor. Before the tank blossomed into a fire ball, it launched a low-yield tactical nuke at our communication array, consuming two light tanks, a medium tank, and our supply jeep.

We lost six good men in that skirmish, can no longer contact any allies, and one-hundred pounds of munitions detonated creating the largest 'hit me' sign in this entire region. For the first time in my life I find myself praying to the gods, the ones I don't believe in, to see us safely through this. We can't last much longer. If we're lucky a friendly MAC saw the explosion and will investigate. If we're unlucky? An enemy MAC is already preparing for saturation bombing.

As we prepare for another night of restless sleep, I remember what an old friend used to say, "When in doubt, shoot. When cornered, take them to hell with you. When without hope, run." It was an age old phrase meaning shoot when it doubt, detonate your munitions to take the bastards to hell with you, and live to fight another day if you can't possibly win.

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Journal #5 - Private Jacob Allen of the Jekotian 83rd Airborne Armoured Division
November 12th, 2989

This will be my final journal. Everything after this day is classified and we are to create no record of it. Our numbers are dwindling and our strength weakening, but it doesn't matter anymore. We reached one of our hidden arctic outposts and radioed command. Turns out they thought we were dead. Apparently the Imperials thought the same. This means we have an armoured division in the arctic, equipped for arctic warfare, which the Imperials don't know about. Perfect. An entirely new operation is being built around this advantage; Arctic Tundra. As of tomorrow, we officially no longer exist.

Over the coming days we're going to rest up in the safety of the outpost, while supplies and reinforcements get dropped in. High altitude stealth bombers are going to be retrofitted for troop and supply deployment and fly in high over radar range to drop crates and troops. An entire special-forces division is dropping in, roughly forty men and women. A para-insertion at that altitude? I feel sorry for the poor bastards. Very, very cold. And the suits to counter that cold are very uncomfortable. Plus, if enough moisture condenses in their chute packs and freezes, they're as good as dead. They'll be accompanied by an eighty crate drop of fuel, munitions, weapons, provisions, arctic survival gear, parts for the vehicles, and anything else command can spare.

We're going to hit Glycen like it's never been hit before, and the Imperials won't have a clue till we're pushing armour through their defences. My only real concern is the so-called *White Knight*, some sort of Imperial weapons system built for arctic warfare. If even half the stories are true, this thing could tear us apart. But, I prefer to ignore war stories and focus on intel. And according to intel, it doesn't exist.

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