

Prologue

“Lieutenant Dobbrick to the command center please. Lieutenant Dobbrick to the command center please.” A call echoed through the stone walls of the base, tight and narrow in its passages in its rock work. An Officer messed with the radio mounted into the panel of slanted computer interface. The room filled with computers and officers tightly packed, softly mumbling as the work went on.

“Are you sure it's a good day to inform him of this? You know it is a sensitive day for him and how upset he gets when disturbed.” Captain Colton said concerned.

Comms Officer Jacques stopped messing with the dials of the radio, his face filled with annoyance as he tapped his feet.

“Well what else do you want me to do Colton, I mean I can't get a hold of the damn relay to Newport! Engineers can't figure anything out!” He snapped at him frustrated.

The captain took a step back clenching his fist. “Why are you acting like this is my fault! I am just trying to make sure this base is operational! We have to keep the Servants in check! So you are blaming me for what, trying to do my damn job?”

Captain Colton fired back angrily.

Everyone popped up from their consoles muttering to themselves and one to another.

The door opened as the room went dead silent. “Did someone call for me?” A slightly raspy voice filled the room.

The room scuttled everyone quickly standing to attention, the captain saluting making sure to keep eye contact with them.

“Thank you for being here Lieutenant Dobbrick Sir. We have an issue so Private Jacques called you sir.” Colton informed the Lieutenant. Dobbrick waved his hand to the room, everyone quickly sitting down.

He looked at him stern and perplexed. “So what is the issue Private?”

“Well Sir, I haven't been able to contact the relay to Newport all day. I've been trying for hours. Should I show you sir?” Jacques offered as Dobbrick nodded.

Jacques's eyes scanned the panel as he slid up the bar raising the antenna, slowly turning the dial as the signal amplified, finally switching to the right frequency and pressing the button to hail the relay. They waited a little bit for a conformation blip but nothing, not even a flash of light on the indicator.

A slightly disturbed look grew on the lieutenant's face. "Jacques, have you heard any relays from North Star base?" Dobbrick asked nervously, trying to keep a calm facade.

"I will contact it right now sir." Jacques started quickly fidgeting with the dials, he pulled the microphone close to mouth and spoke. "North Star come in, we haven't been able to contact the relay to Newport all day, what is your status?" he turned off the microphone waiting for a response, a few awkward seconds crawled on as he waited for a signal or anything but all that came through were a few grains of static. "What now sir?" Jacques asked unsure.

Dobbrick started to fumble with this belt patting his hands around it before reaching a pouch. Taking out a small booklet he pulled a small metal card out of the sleeve, quickly his eyes scanned it before slotting it into the card reader.

"Alright listen up!" He raised his voice to get the room's attention. "We need an emergency relay ready, I want it ready for launch in five minutes!" He ordered.

Everyone looked around confused as the room dimmed red and orders on the screen appeared. Prescribing what needed to be done, the operators flung into work scrambling around the room. Flicking and pressing switches raising the

new relay into position.

“The relay is ready and is being loaded into the rocket, you can record the message when ready sir.” An operator rang the Lieutenant.

“Good man.” Dobbrick responded.

He pulled the microphone to his lips taking a deep breath before recording. “This is Halberd Base from the planet Montror to Hampton Space Station we-”

A violent rumble shook the command center, Screams and gasps filled the room as people were thrown. Dobbrick fell onto a panel quickly reaching for his radio.

“What is going on?”

“Sir! Glad you are ok. Taking fire from the northwest and being shelled currently!”

The voice on the radio speaks muffled. “*Get on the wall and return fire damnit!*”

Dobbrick turned to the Captain. “Colton, get your ass out there and support them! Bet you it is another servant rebellion, this cannot turn into another Alreth!”

Colton ran out of the command center, his pistol at the ready. A P62 combat pistol fitted comfortably in this hand index finger resting next to the trigger, safety off, and ready to fire.

He stumbled as he ran trying to get back his

footing as the base rumbled. Dust and debris spewed out of the walls as the shelling beat the base. Red lights blinking as a siren screamed down the hall.

A few soldiers followed behind him rifles at a low ready, their hearts beating scared as they ran down the hall. Shelling continued, as a support beam crashed slamming in the wall. Some soldiers fell back as others kept moving past the beam.

Colton rushed to the inner perimeter, the trapezoidal shape of the battlements marked with gored bodies, bullets, and scorch marks. Machine guns now inactive from the short skirmish. The few alive clinging against the wall trying to get down.

A soldier ran up to Colton. "Sergeant Major Burch, Sir! I've tried to hold the perimeter, but they just keep pouring in, sir. What are our orders?" Colton quickly looked around, rallying whatever remaining forces they could.

Troops dashed wherever they were needed, setting up defenses with sandbags, crates, concrete slabs, and whatever else they could find. The dead and mangled were dragged away, replaced with fresh troops to continue the defense. The siege raged on for hours slowly battering the GSR hold.

Insurgents scattered across the vast field ditches, scrap, and other debris littering it. jumping into

ditches and running into a small forest as the troops continued to take potshots at them. Sighs of relief escaped their mouths as many sat down trying to breathe. Minutes felt like hours as they laid there in exhaustion sweat pouring down their bodies, gasping for it to be over. A soldier juttet around getting back up their legs trembling from the battle. A low, almost rumble slowly grew as more soldiers stumbled up. Then they saw it.

“TANKS!” A soldier yelled jumping to the ground running frantically behind cover as others followed.

The tanks crawled closer to the base, their eight legs thumping louder and louder as they got closer. Shells began to slam against the wall as the defenders huddled next to their defenses, clutching their rifles as close as they could. Burch fumbled with the Rocket launcher trying to get it ready as fast as possible.

“Get ready! They are gonna breach the walls!” Colton yelled in anticipation.

The wall burst open as the tanks began to crawl in firing on anything they saw as they tried to advance deeper. Soldiers fled as the machine guns spit lead into their lines climbing over their defenses smashing whatever was in its way. A screech flew through the air as a rocket slammed into a tank. The legs flew off violently crashing to the floor, but

more tanks just poured in. Insurgents followed behind wearing tattered clothes and whatever armor they could find off any soldiers. Bullets fired between the groups as soldier after soldier fell. Coltons eyes grew wide as he saw the inevitable, his eyes grew wide, as if he looked into oblivion, a chill shocking the spine.

“RETREAT INTO THE BASE!” He yelled, running as fast as he could to door desperate troops following behind.

Colton and the few remaining rushed to the door as it slowly pried open, banging against the wall pleading for the door to open. Insurgents got behind them their rifles raised and with a pull of the trigger and the fall of the hammer the banging stopped and the courtyard fell still.

“Dobbrick! The Rocket is too damaged to launch. All we can do is try and get out of here or...” Jacques slumping in his chair defeated.

Dobbricks face grew worried as a few tears rolled down his face.

“Dammit... no, no, no. Those savage bastards we give them work and food and they do this... They aren't civilized people like us I am telling you. We need to get out of here before the rats come and kill us all.” He rushed to the door, opening it.

A slug entered his chest and he stumbled

back falling on the floor, his face cold and lifeless stuck with a face of shock. A few more insurgents entered the room.

“We will no longer be slaves to the GSR!
WE ARE THE PEOPLE! AND WE DEMAND
FREEDOM! ”