Project Landship: Chapter 2

By: Patrick

*After Rick and Penguin left the office, Sergeant Nick returned inside and sat on the chair.*

*“You didn’t tell them everything, Captain.” Nick said quietly.*

*“I know, Sergeant.” Jimbo sighed.*

*“Why though?” Nick questioned.*

*“We don’t need to burden them with more information that they don’t need.”*

*“That they don’t need? Like Krazy may have the important plans? That the mission can affect the course of the entire war!?”*

*“Exactly Sergeant.”*

*There was silence.*

**Secret Training Camp**

**8:55**

“GO FASTER! FASTER YOU ASSHOLE!” the instructor screamed, spit flying out of his mouth.

Rick panted along the track, his heart burning and his body melting. It had been three days since they had gotten to the training camp and he was pretty sure he had already sweated more than he had in his entire life. (Well, apart from that time he participated in a half-marathon). Penguin wasn't faring much better. He was gasping and wheezing and nearly fell over at times.

They were on the running track, shaped like a long oval. The track was in the middle of the camp, which composed of several buildings not unlike the other training camp. Their instructor was a man named Noble, a tall man who was possibly even more severe than Sergeant Nick.

Noble had an eye patch and a large scar over his left eye. He had short, black hair and wore a hat on his head. He bore the marks of a veteran, seeing as he was one.

“RUN FASTER YOU ASASDSDS! ARE YOU ONLY THIS GOOD!? THOSE COLLIES WILL R@PE YOU IN SECONDS! **Год јебено проклетство**!” he cussed.

Finally, Rick and Penguin finished the course. Rick collapsed to the ground, drowning in sweat. Penguin passed out and flopped on the ground.

Noble facepalmed and sighed,”By the Emperor.”he muttered. He wasn’t in a good mood. After all, he had been temporarily stationed for a month from the 82DK headquarters to this desolate area. He missed his buddies back at home and was anxiously waiting for the end of the month so he could finally get back.

“10 minutes. Pretty terrible, but better than nothing.”

Rick slowly got up and clapped his hand to his chest. He looked around wildly and vomited on the track.

“Ok you don't need to vomit your intestines on the track now, **дете**.” he clapped a hand on Rick’s back,”You’re going back inside, you’ll be introduced to the rest of your squad in there.” he smiled grimly,”Ready to meet them?”

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**Colonial Prison**

**21:00**

Krazy was lying in his cell, waiting on his cot.

His cell was pretty basic. There was a mattress with a small, dirty blanket and a gross toilet in the corner. A blinking light hanged overhead.

Krazy looked out of his cell door, then he decided to actually look at and study the plans, he hadn't got a chance to actually look at them. . He looked out of the cell door and saw no one. Slowly, he took out the plans and looked at them.

The papers Krazy stole from the facility consisted of the plans and several detailed reports. The plans were a blueprint of a large, rhombus shaped, vehicle. There appeared to be tracks around it along with cannons and guns on the sides. The plans were a small sheet of blue paper, with a blueprint on one of them detailed reports on the others. He squinted at the blueprint. It appeared to be a large vehicle shaped like a rhombus and with tracks around it. There were cannons and guns in both sides, and it appeared to dwarf half tracks and trucks.

He looked at one of the reports. It read,”*We call this the land ship. It has thick, metal armor with tracks around it to move around quickly, it's armor capable of absorbing RPG shells. It's sheer size will allow it to smash through walls, barbed wire, and sandbags. It is equipped with cannons and machine guns to deal with fortifications and enemy infantry, respectively. This vehicle is larger than the half track and will easily destroy lesser vehicles.”*

Krazy’s blood chilled, “*It's sheer size will allow it to smash through walls, barbed wire, and sandbags.”* He shivered a little and imagined the metal monstrosity, chewing through defensive lines and mowing down soldiers. He read on.

*However, the land ship exchanges armor on its side in exchange for its maneuverability. Additionally, it can get stuck in mud and other areas as such. Future variants may correct these issues.*

Krazy felt something hope,This metal monster could be destroyed, but if it was deployed now, the Wardens would have no idea how to without the plans and reports. *“All the more reason to not let the Colonials realize I have them”* he thought.

Suddenly, he heard noise from outside. He quickly shoved the plans and reports back in his underwear (“*Urgh, he thought”*) and laid down in his bunk.

He heard footsteps outside. A guard and a captain were walking outside, discussing something. Kraft moved forward on his bunk to eavesdrop.

“So how's your day so far karpik?” the Captain grunted.

“Assigned in this place? Not so great.” Karpik grumbled.

“Yeah? Well I've been here for months, you have no right to complain. Anyway, this is the high-security block. As you can see here, this is where most of the Warden prisoners are kept, thus, they get shittier cells.”

“Understood sir.” Karpik looked around,”Are they only soldiers here? Or?”

“Well, there are also VIP’s here. Very Important Prisoners.” The captain smiled.

“What kind of prisoners sir?”

“Well, in there,” he pointed right at Krazy’s cell,”We have a Warden agent who was recently captured. In there,” he pointed at the cell next to Krazy’s,”We have an engineer, an unaffiliated one, to be precise. Says he’s a pacifist.” he snorted.

“Er, why is he here then?”

“Well…,”he whispered into the Private’s ear and Krazy almost couldn’t hear it,”We’ve got trumped up charges of espionage on him, so it’s a matter of time until he joins us. After all, better alive than dead... Anyway!”, he clapped his hands together,”We still have the other areas to tour, like the staff quarters…” Krazy waited until they walked past. He mulled over what he had heard. Apparently he was in a high-sec area where Warden soldiers and “VIP’s” were held. There was apparently an engineer in the cell next to him. Interesting, Krazy sought to talk to him later. He laid on his cot and slept.

**Colonial Factory**

**21:00**

Three miles away from the prison, there was a Colonial factory, a special one.

This particular factory was used by the 75th Research Regiment, a Colonial group in charge of most of the research for the Colonials. It was they who created the half track, the heavy gate, and several other revolutionary inventions that defined the war today.

Inside the factory was noisy as workers rushed to their posts and whacked their hammers on things. Overseeing all of this was an old man with a cane, Colonel Burns.

Colonel Burns was the head of the 75th RR. He, however, wasn’t that respected. After all, he was in charge of a research unit, not a combat one. And each time his unit created some new revolutionary product, everyone would look up and say,”Oh look, that seems cool. Let’s use it.” then forget about the people who created said product. As such, Burns had an impatient personality and was constantly looking for ways to earn respect and prestige.

From a catwalk, Burns looked down observing what was going on down below him. Workers were busy constructing the new project. A rhombus-shaped vehicle, incomplete. The tracks had been put on and only the cannon was left, which was being lowered at that very instant.

Captain Remily came up to Burns. Remily was Burn’s second-in-command and his deputy. He saluted to Burns, who waved his arm,”At ease.”

Burns gazed at Remily and asked,”So how have things gone in my absence?” Burns had been absent for some time, being summoned to Colonial High Command.

“It has gone fine, sir.”

“Really?,” Burns smiled and leaned forward,”I have something to say to you.”

“Yes, sir?”

Burns face twisted into a furious expression,”It has come into my attention, that in my absence, the project has been delayed, set back, and possibly even compromised.” he stared into Remily’s eyes,”All while I had put you in charge.”

“Sir, we have been making... steady progress and what do you mean by compromised?” Remily nervously asked.

“You have not heard of the infiltration of our facility a few days ago? You don’t even think that the person who was captured still has the plans?” Burns growled.

“We have searched him, sir. He does not have the plans on them.”

“Then perhaps the project still has a chance then.” Burns frowned, still suspicious,”However, that does not address the delays to this project. I have grown tired Captain, so I want a test by the end of the week.

“Sir!” Remily shot up,”Are you sure? It's still in the prototype stage…”

Burns’s cold eyes made Remily shut up.

“I mean, yes sir!”

“That is what I want to hear. The success of this project will finally bring recognition to the 75th research regiment. Colonial high command will give us extra funds, we will finally win this damn war, ***and I will finally be respected,*** he silently finished in his head. Remily, realizing he was being dismissed, hurried away.

Burns looked back observing what was going on down below him. The workers had finished lowering the cannon and were now emblazoning it with the Colonial emblem. Burns smiled.

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**Secret Training Camp**

**13:00**

Noble led Rick and Penguin along the hallway, who had gained consciousness. The hallway was mostly clear with the occasional box filled with god-knows-what. Along the way, Rick asked,”So, who’s on this mission with us?”

Noble looked back with his patched eye and grinned,”Well we’ve got a Corporal from the 82nd Death Korps Regiment, which happens to be the unit I actually come from, soldiers from the 501st Brigade, and even a crazy mercenary from PUG, the elite mercenary organization who constantly helps us and then decides to backstabs us. I have no idea why we still rely on them”

They finally got to a set of doors. Noble gestured,”After you.”

Rick was pretty calm considering he was about to meet a member of the legendary 82nd (from which he had heard vague rumors of that it was nicknamed “The Quirky Company” for ominous reasons), soldiers of the 501st (he had heard that they were apparently a semi-cult that worshipped someone named “Lightning”, whoever that was, there was also a story that they had decimated an enemy regiment by only using lighters), and of course a person from PUG (He had no idea why they were named after a dog, but that may their reputation even more renowned). So he took a deep breath and walked in.

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There were five people in the room.

The room itself was mostly bare. There were gaps in the walls with wires sticking out, not fully finished. There were chairs and benches in the middle of the room.

One of the people had brown hair parted to the right. He had green-blueish eyes and had a big nose. He was tall, even taller than Noble. He was sitting on a chair and humming to himself.

On the bench were two soldiers with an insignia shaped like a lightning bolt on their uniform. The first was a lanky short man who had dark hair. He was playing with a lighter and occasionally whispered,”We will enlighten them.” The second was taller and had blond hair. He sighed as he watched the first play with the lighter. Judging from the lighter and insignias, Rick knew that they were from the 501st.

Then finally, the last person was on another chair, sitting by himself. He had a uniform with a symbol of a pug on it. He was surprisingly short and had his arms crossed over. On his hand was a tattoo of a pug eating a boar.

When he got through the door, the man with brown hair clapped his hands together and said,”Finally! We've been waiting in this dump for ages!” A distinct British accent could be heard in his voice. He stretched and yawned.

The two soldiers of the 501st looked at Rick and Penguin, frowning. The first one put away his lighter.

“Sorry for keeping you people waiting for so long, they’re finally here.” Noble entered the room.

“Well it’s about time! I’ve been sitting off my ass for three hours!” The brown haired man sitting on the chair stretched his arms and also yawned, standing up.

The black haired 501st soldier muttered something incomprehensible. The PUG mercenary on the other hand, stood up and proclaimed,”The HB has blessed us with your arrival! Now I no longer have to listen to the ramblings of those cultists over there!,”he motioned over to the 501st soldiers,”There is only one true lord! And that is-”

“Ok whiskers, you can shut your asshole now.” Noble interrupted,”We don’t have time, so shut it and pay attention.”

Whiskers muttered something that was quite rude to Noble.

“Anyway, now that we’re all here, we might as well introduce ourselves. First off, we have Corporal Carmain of the 82DK.” he indicated to Carmain who smiled and winked at him.

“Next, we have Commander Gugulu, he pointed his arm at the blond-haired man who all of a sudden smiled and became very friendly,”Just call me X. My buddy over there,” he nodded his head to the other 501st,”is rasmus.” he frowned,”*Don’t know why we sent him on the mission. Probably so Lightning wouldn’t have to endure him for a while.*”

Rasmus pulled out a rusty saw and grinned,”Anyone want a medical examination.”

“No rasmus, put that back now.” Gugulu ordered,”*We don’t want another dead private.”*

“Right and finally we have this guy,” Noble gave whiskers a cold look,”A backstabbing traitor who shouldn’t be on the mission.”

“Thank you for your kind words,” whiskers grinned,”I’m whiskers, elite mercenary and ~~meme queen~~ combat expert.”

Noble sighed,”Anyway, now that we have briefly introduced ourselves, it’s time to introduce the mission.” He walked over to a whiteboard, which read,”Saving Agent Krazy.”

“Right, so here's the background. About a week ago we lost contact with a mercenary which we hired for a mission. He belongs to PUG by the way,” he glanced at whiskers,”Therefore, we’re launching a rescue mission for him *though I don't know why we should.”* He grumbled mentally.

“We believe he is being held in a Colonial prison near here.”

“Why are we located near a Colonial prison?” Rick asked.

Noble sighed,”Let's just say it wasn't me who decided where this facility would be located.”

“Anyway, so the primary objective is to rescue Krazy, hopefully it's not too late. However, we are NOT liberating the other prisoners there.” He emphasized

Immediately there was some protest and arguing,”But they are our fellow soldiers! It is our duty!” X argued,”You're telling me we’re prioritizing rescuing a mercenary who may or not be dead over our fellow comrades!?” He demanded.”

“Yes, we are. It's your mission.” Noble answered sternly

Gululu opened his mouth to argue and Noble cut in,”Ok listen. I didn’t decide the mission. I only got orders from my superiors.” He glanced around as if checking no one was listening and lowered his voice,”Ok, you can rescue a few prisoners, but please try not to institute a prison riot. There are other criminals in there as well, not just soldiers. Now don’t tell ANYONE that I said this.”

The room was silent for a moment.

“Anyway, let’s continue. So as I said earlier, this facility is actually located near the prison we’re trying to get to. So you guys are going to be traveling there by foot. From there on you guys gotta do your own shit since we have no idea what the layout of the prison is. I suggest you guys first survey the area before you go in. Also try not to alert the guards you’re there, got it?”

“Oh gee, don’t alert the guards!” whiskers mocked,”We totally wouldn’t have realized that Noble! Thank you for your wisdom!”

Noble was silent for a moment. Then he walked swiftly up to whiskers, who realized he made a terrible mistake.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU YOU CUNT!” Noble screamed,”ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME TO MURDER YOU!?!? DO YOU WANT ME TO RIP YOUR EYES OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS AND REPLACE MY EYE!?” he pointed to his eye patch.

Whiskers gulped,”No, sir.”

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To be continued in Chapter 3