

**FEDERATED SYSTEMS INTELLIGENCE SERVICES CONFIDENTIAL  
INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE RANK EPSILON+ EYES ONLY**

**CONTENTS: RECOVERED DOCUMENTATION CONCERNING EVENTS ON  
CHARON-527b RELATING TO CLASSIFIED OPERATION: STARDIVER**

Files intercepted via outgoing interstellar comms relay, believed to belong to  
Planetary Landing Corps Pvt. L. Davis

Decrypting disk...

Done!

Transcribing messages...

Done!

Transmission 1

Hey there, doll. I'm not supposed to be sending these, but I couldn't help myself. I picked up an encryption chip between deployments and thought I'd try and put your mind at ease. I know how hard it's been for the both of us. I promise you it won't be for long. The next check I send home should be more than enough to get us through the next couple seasons. Maybe even squeeze in a vacation! Exciting stuff for sure. Just gotta make it through this next op. I'll never get used to the feeling of those damned drop pods. Those anti-sickness drugs they make you take just make things worse. Your insides start churning like hell but you can't vomit so you just gotta start hoofing it with your stomach raging like a tsunami. We did get a fresh restock of rations and armaments at least. Nothing like fresh underwear, a hot cup of ramen and a shiny new plasma rifle to put the mind at ease. It ain't easy relaxing with how busy this port is. Cargo ships in and out every hour of the damn day. Oh well. We'll see how this next deployment turns out. Talk to you again soon.

End Transmission 1. Loading 2...

Transmission 2

Back again, love! We've got boots on the ground on Charon-527b. Planetfall went fine. Can't complain about a cold drop. This place is nicer than I expected. It's about 65 degrees out almost all the time, and the atmosphere is clear enough that we

only need the light rebreathers. So long full body respiratory suit! You will not be missed. I wish I wasn't here on deployment, it's quite beautiful at times. One sun in the system is a cold red, while the other is blue hot. All the foliage is gorgeous in shades of blue and purple. I'd love to be out taking it in but I've been stuck in the firebase for the past 3 days while the forward scouts check out the area. I know this ain't a vacation, but I'm still bored to tears. They let me try the new kit at least! It's about time we upgraded to plasma. I must have vaporized a dozen beer cans and it still didn't get as hot as the old photonic model. Helps reassure me I'll stay safe for you. Jones is with us on this deployment again. Smug son of a bitch but I can't help but like him. We should have him and his wife over for dinner sometime, I think they only live a couple parsecs from the capitol. Talk to you again soon, love.

End Transmission 2. Loading 3...

Transmission 3

Hey doll. I'm back again, but not for lack of trying. We saw combat for the first time this week. They got Jones. Send some flowers to his missus, would you? I don't want to worry you with all the details, but this planet ain't half of what it appears. We went out on patrol, half a klick in felt like I'd run a marathon already. Our armor crews have the roads under control so us grunts get the pleasure of trudging through miles of thick plants and bullshit. I got a bite on my arm that looks like a second elbow. Med team gave me some vile concoction and said it'd prevent an infection. Maybe the infection would have been better. My mouth still tastes like it and I've spent all my ration coupons for the week drowning the taste in diet soda. Can't quite sleep anymore. Something about this planet's gravity makes my head spin whenever I wake up. I'll send another message soon. Love ya.

End Transmission 3. Loading 4...

Transmission 4

Made it through another week. Hope you're doing well. We were on another patrol recently. I don't like the fireteam leader replacing Jones. Seems like a real bastard. Won't let us in on anything. I asked where we were going and what we're doing there and he just said "You'll figure it out." Christ. One 7 mile trek through purple

bullshit later and we're in the middle of this big pump mine. Everything had been dropped in a hurry, all the heavy equipment was just lying around. We had to scuttle it to starve the enemy of fuel and parts. I picked the short straw so Reynolds got to work the plasma torch while I planted bombs on the engine blocks. I hate the smell of burning metal. When we detonated the charges the ground underneath gave way and exposed another layer of the mine. It looked like the pipes kept going down for a very long while. I didn't get a chance to check it out further though, the noise drew a handful of enemies to our position. We almost didn't spot them. 3 of them were pale blue, one was deep purple and the last was cherry red. All of them were caked in dirt and face paint, wearing antique mag carriers and carrying ballistic weapons. The ambush was only made worse by our piece of shit weapons jamming. Even when they did fire, they lost all semblance of accuracy. Still, we made it out of there. Vlad took a bullet to the wing, but he'll live. Med team hasn't had to deal with bullet wounds in a very long time but they're managing. I don't plan on catching one myself. Staying strong for you, love.

End Transmission 4. Loading 5...

Transmission 5

Hey babe. Things keep getting more tense at base. More reports keep coming in of weapons jamming, they might get recalled. Not looking forward to using an EM weapon again. Supply shuttles got shot down earlier this week, so we're savoring what food we do have. I'd give anything to sit down and eat takeout with you again. Patrols were more uneventful this week, thank God, but that asshole I mentioned last time is still acting up. I'm tempted to write him up for all the shit he keeps swiping for himself on patrol. At least that'd get rid of him. We keep getting sent to pumping stations in the middle of nowhere. Must have been the big moneymaker here. Head keeps spinning in the morning and it's getting hotter out. The humidity alone would be enough to drive me crazy. Looking forward to being back home with you in a couple weeks.

End Transmission 5. Loading 6...

Transmission 6

Honey, cross your heart and hope to die. I shot my CO. I haven't been able to stop thinking about it. We were on another patrol, this time the mine was occupied before we got there. Had to divide and conquer from the cover of the brush. I approached from the landing pad, took out their lookout, and the rest of the squad cleaned up. Clean operation. Officer Shitbag was doing his usual sweep for documents when I decided to see what the deal was. The papers I read were about safety concerning molten magnetic elements and their transport. Apparently they blew the bank on getting ships that could transport the stuff off-world. I got about halfway through before the officer saw me reading and pulled his fucking gun on me! He started yelling some shit about classified information, but this is a Planetary Landing Corps mission, not a trashy spy movie! He turned his back for a second and I thought I had no other option. I grabbed one of those projectile weapons and shot him. His blood went fucking everywhere. Made me wish I'd vaporized him instead. At least I got some real use out of those anti-sickness meds. Vlad and the gang hated him too, so they covered for me at base. Food shuttles have returned. Lots more air activity in general. Haven't heard anything from the other firebases, I hope this operation gets wrapped up clean. Can't wait to see you again.

End Transmission 6. Loading 7...

Transmission 7

Back again, darling. Command didn't suspect anything about Officer Jackass' death. Still, I don't think we got off scott free. The superiors keep giving our squad dodgy looks and a lot of intelligence agency types keep showing up. This blitz may just turn into a full scale invasion. I hope not. I miss you. Things are quiet this week, despite the continuous orbital bombardment. The capitol bureaucrats aren't happy with how things are going, I assume. Rumors keep going around that they're gonna land a proper landing force and not just us drop troops. Means things will wrap up sooner, thank God. It keeps getting hotter and all I want to do is go home and see your smiling face. I love you.

End Transmission 7. Loading 8...

Decryption error. Partial recovery only.

Transmission 8 [PARTIAL]

99113**darling**732335449090824910499143325843298821033984698141715756010  
82970658306521134707680368069532297199059990445120908727577622535104  
09023928887794246304832**they7found4me**5991801969678353214644411892606  
31526618167443193550817081875477050802654025294109218264858213857526  
68815558411319856002213515888721036569608751506318753300294211868222  
18937755460272272912905042922597877106678738**Had3to3run**6167721546384  
4129237119352**enemy7lines**08918016855727981564218581911974909857305703  
3266**prisoner2of0war**2875743056537260276898237325974508447964954564803  
07715981539558277791393736017174229960273531027687194494449179397851  
4463159731443535185049141394155732938**jamming9sattelite**912549749819308  
71439661513294204591938010623142177419918406018034794988769105155790  
555480**magnetosphere**645337598186284641990522045280330626369562649091  
08276271159038569950512465299960628554438383303276385998007929228466  
59503551**I2love1you8so4much.**

End Transmission 8. Loading 9...

Transmission 9

I'm OK now darling, I promise. I've been fed and sheltered and communications have been restored now that the guerillas have shot down the jammers. I hope you weren't too worried, I know I told you nothing bad would happen, and now that the dust has settled things haven't turned out too bad. Let me start from the beginning. 3 days ago when I got back from patrol a couple of the men in black types passing through said they were here for *me*. They started grilling me about classified information and my encryption chip and accused me of being a spy. I played dumb but they started getting that irritated, violent look in their eyes. I took my only option and ran back into the jungle for my goddamn life. They probably figured I'd die out in the jungle, and that damn near was the case. When the rebels found me I was out of breath and melting in the 90 degree heat. I dropped my weapon and they dragged my unconscious body to one of their camps. Half of it is underground mining infrastructure they've repurposed, so it's fairly cool down here. Of course, a cell is a cell. It was a long, stressful day watching them chatter about what to do with me. One of them knew a second language, but I still had no idea. On a hunch, I

waved one over and showed them the documents I'd pocketed. His weird little eyes went wide and he went to flag down who I assume was his CO. She was crimson, and wore a beret despite some vestigial growth on her head. Surprisingly enough she could hold a conversation with me. Her name was Vay, or that's what she could communicate it as. Her forces have been fighting the colonists since they first landed. According to her, all the derricks *were* pumping out something magnetic, all the way from the core of the planet, and its removal has led to the planet's atmosphere degrading. In a month or two this whole damn place will catch fire. It gets worse, though. Some of their advisors have been hypothesizing that all the material extracted might throw off this planet's orbit. Maybe this is why they never give us a fucking briefing. They've promised me they'll do their best to get me offworld, but they're being blockaded pretty hard. I'm so sorry about all this baby. Hopefully you can live off the military life insurance for a bit. Once I'm out of here, I'll be legally KIA, I'll get a new face and a new job on the far side of the capitol. I know it isn't the life we wanted, but it's the best I can do for you. I hope you understand. I'll get back to you and we can take that vacation. We both deserve it. Love you.

End Transmission 9. Loading 10...

Transmission 10

I'm so sorry it's been so long, my love. The fighting here has slowed to a crawl. Feds have landed 2 troop carriers. They've got no idea what's going on. Neither the guerillas nor the invasion force can manage any major troop movements, it's just too damn hot. Still, Vay doesn't seem worried. According to her, their main focus is holding the derricks. If the feds figure out what's going on before the planet begins final descent they'll pull out and all will have been for nothing. I can't believe how tough these fuckers are. Forests are catching fire and every hour or so some poor sod gets wheeled in missing limbs and organs but they're committed to this place to the end. I thought these guys were some sort of reptiles by the sheen of their skin, but they seem to have more in common with aquatic mammals. Poor fellas aren't taking the heat well. We've been hiding underground from the orbital strikes, but even underground it's getting too hot. The weather keeps getting worse and there's an aurora constantly shining in the sky. Night time is even more brief. Still

their fighting spirit is remarkable. They've promised me I'll be covertly shuttled offworld by the next supply shipment. Gotta wonder who's supplying them, but God bless em regardless. Still eating well and keeping positive for you. See you soon, darling.

End Transmission 10. Loading 11...

Transmission 11

I'm coming home, doll. A smuggler ship has landed in camp, and they've put me up for evac. Couldn't get a good look at the pilot's face, he's wearing a mask. Whoever he is, he's a crazy bastard. It's storming acid and electrons up there, not to mention raining orbital cannon shots. All the capital ships are trapped down here, and they're gonna burn. Only a small comfort though. Vay said they're sending in the chemtroopers to clear their remaining camps. Makes sense, those guys practically live in their dorky astronaut suits. If anyone could survive this shitshow, it's them. FS seems like they aren't giving up come hell or high water. I hate that all I can do is twiddle my thumbs. I love you more than anything.

End Transmission 11. Loading 12...

Decryption error. Partial recovery only.

Transmission 12 [PARTIAL]

37070935927614**turbulence**93678253085834048235100363216637895742620255  
03501168615434073795045164828967556983589355220201736795480757819095  
0269798127114870343119036311224**solar2flare**612829530382051287043092947  
19745946908210256347889954317715243796962112812245034260663992688521  
3307919637027778**make7it0home**044885792057304699080092344018663811325  
20971230964760599899479257598510081730396068222199753273016065826285  
66907230634693130169711820632535269244043840093724284428209709364856  
90946892008737175325255703054353982872781230113980809386701547488580  
3445631871319i8**promise**60267854879389331620

End Transmission 12. End of recovered transmissions.

## **OPERATION: STARDIVER OBJECTIVES**

- 1. Deny the failure of military action to secure key resources on Charon-527b. Objective Status: SUCCESS. Funding secured for future operations.**
- 2. Identify and eliminate suppliers of the alien forces on Charon-527b. Objective Status: IN PROGRESS**
- 3. Identify and eliminate key target Fugitive Pvt. L. Davis. Objective STATUS: UNKNOWN. Presumed KIA. Partner K. Davis questioned, interrogation unsuccessful. L. Davis still at large.**