

# WARDEN PRESS

The newspaper was founded  
on 5th of May  
by: *Commissar\_Jimbo*

  
**THE ETERNAL TRUTH  
OF THE WARDEN EMPIRE**

ISSUE #3

# WARDENS' VICTORY!

COLONIAL ACs ATTACK  
THE GREAT MARCH

COLONIAL WARSHIPS TEAR  
ISLAND BEACHES WITH MISSILES

COLONIALS LAND ON  
THE REACHING TRAIL

CAOIVISH CITIZENS SEEK  
REFUGE

# The Beginning of the 21st World Conquest

Photograph of 82DK INFANTRY BATTALION Members posing for a shot from the Camera 2 hours  
before winning the last war.

# River Mercy Truce

By: [PRESS] Souperior

[20thNY] Mountainman (OC)

[PRESS] Souperior

[07th] Proto (OC)

Chewy (OC)

Alfred (Ep)

[22nd] Chewy (OC)

[70th] [OC] [OC]

The Night we (Ep)

[OC] [OC]

[OC] [OC]

[OC] [OC]

[OC] [OC]



*The truce before b4boris fucked everything up!*

## Before it happened

As the Colonial forces were pushed back to the middle regions, the 21st world conquest rages on as a quiet truce happens in the middle of Farranac Coast. The Warden forces placed every effort they could build up in the front. Trucks keep coming back and forth just to resupply a FOB, desperate colonials scatter around corpses to find ammunition, Wardens tend to their APC and grenade launchers, friendly half-tracks gunning every colonial they could find, and much, much more. I'm Souperior, I was with my friend Eden when we drove to Farranac via motorcycle. The Colonials were pushed back to the bridge at River Mercy, however, half of their forces went around the hill from Apollo's landing, creating a backstabbing strategy. One of our half-tracks which was driven by [20thNY] Mountainman, drives up to clean up the Northern part of Husk Hollow and the path that leads to Sickle Hill. Mountainman taught me how to hop up on the Half track's sides, in which increased the Half track passenger capacity, ONLY if the player manages to hop up the sides though. The glorious stolen Colonial Half Track Mountainman drove ran over a couple of Colonials as Officer Cadet Proto mows them down with the machine gun. Major Derp died whilst shooting at the Colonials, his body was later recovered as Warden infantry manages to move up

sickle hill. One by one, our colleagues fell by the sides of the Half Track, Mountainman tells me to get behind Proto, the gunner to avoid dying. With only my Rifle, I covered our rear with the weapon. It was getting intense, our vehicle was getting heavily damaged. And then, it all ended once the vehicle was blown up by an HE grenade. We were about to die, I could hear Proto's heavy breathing right beside me, Mountainman was just outside the driver's seat, with his pants burning from the fire. Suddenly, a friendly half track comes to our rescue with a couple of Warden Infantry. The only thing I could remember was a Warden carrying me on his back before fainting out.

In the midst of silence, I woke up the next morning in an encampment. The Combat Medic says I shouldn't move too much, but I ignored the fellow. I looked for my camera in my pack and went outside. It was a bright day, I was now wondering where Mountainman and Proto was. I held my pistol in my right hand, and went to check on the bridge. The bridges were devastated, but I managed to not get my camera wet. I then put up my pistol and aimed at the distance, quietly walking up to the Colonial's side of the bridge. Mountainman appears out nowhere and gave me a surprised look. He looked like as if he wasn't almost burned to death. He tells me to holster my pistol and to follow him. To my surprise, I was met with a few other Wardens and the enemy. They were exchanging laughs, telling jokes, stories and everything, in the middle of the afternoon. Proto was there, he tells everyone that I was a Warden Press member. I couldn't really take in everything that was happening, but I went with the flow. I took out my camera and took pictures of the soldiers. When a Colonial noticed my camera, he tells everyone that we should take a picture, or perhaps a "screenshot." I set up my camera in the western side of the bridge facing towards us. Unfortunately, my camera seemed to malfunction at that moment. We all frowned upon this realization before Chewy, an Officer Cadet brings out his camera from his backpack and thus the crowd was all happy again. I helped him adjust the composition of the shot and whatnot to shoot a wonderful photo of the scene. The sun shines on our blue and green uniforms and reflects upon our skin. It was time. I set up a 8 second timer on the camera and ran right beside Chewy and Proto. This photograph proves the fact that everyone has a bit of humanity inside them. May Callahan smile upon us beyond his grave.

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## THE ETERNAL TRUTH OF THE WARDEN EMPIRE

### FRIENDLY PARTISANS FIND OLD JOURNAL

By: [PRESS] Souperior & Techpreist Xenon

As the Colonial invasion floods into the middle regions, a squad of brave and tough partisans manages to sneak into the Deadlands not to destroy enemy supplies but to gather intel on the current status of their impending defeat. But as they sweep through the Abandoned Ward, they came across a corpse. The corpse was that of a Warden and was under heavy rubble and wooden planks, no wonder the enemy didn't notice it. His name was Xenon.

The Partisans managed to recover a notebook underneath its back. It's a journal, but it was not written by Xenon himself, there appears to be a second party, however, the other corpse could not be recovered. Soldiers say that the body was either driven back behind enemy lines for burial or it was near a high explosive object, such as a grenade. Judging from the contents of the notebook however, the latter turned out to be correct.

Four of the partisans gathered all the intel they could get plus the notebook and went their way back to Callahan's Passage. SSGT Pickly23 gives the notebook to me as they tell me their side of the story before walking back to the portbase.

THE CONTENTS OF THE JOURNAL SHALL BE REVEALED IN THE  
NEXT PAGE.

The Partisans walking back to their truck after giving  
me the journal.

OPEN IN  
BROWSER  
TO READ

# PARTISANS FIND OLD JOURNAL Part 2

By: [PRESS] Souperior & Techpreist Xenon

And Here I sit, one of the last few hundred militiamen in the ward, Supplies are low, the clans and regiments who referred to us as "the Rando's" long since abandoned the City. Gone are the well-disciplined leaders, giving commands to be obeyed, and in their place, Two Islanders. One an Irishman by the name of "Dylan" leading us to success through careful planning. And then there's a Briton, who has been nicknamed "Xenon" In light of his strange, overly enthusiastic attitude and suicidal bravery (Or insanity, depending on who you ask. It's a regular thing to see him leading men across the ruined bridge to "Remind the bastards we're still here") either way, the combination of these two men have just about held our rag tag group of "Rando's" Together. Either way, the collies are pushing up the bridge again. Callahan Protect. (End of note)

(Note Start) Supplies are gone. We have held for weeks by now, but resupply is not coming, they are far more bothered with boot's Cigar rations, as opposed to giving us the guns we desperately need. I've taken to "Tactically acquiring" our equipment from the few thousand guns boot has laying around doing nothing. At least it's better than trying to punch the collie dogs to death... And, as I'm writing this, I have just heard over the radio that boot has fallen! What were those good for nothing slackers doing!? We're here holding out against hell and high water, while their overly pampered, well organized arses have collapsed!? So now we're surrounded, No way in, No way out. Left to starve to death on our own. Beautiful. Even "Xenon" is losing his upbeat tone. We are fighting with the spirit of the Heroes of the north, but spirit alone can't keep guns firing... (Note end)

(Note Start) Praise Callahan! We have been delivered! And not a moment too soon! A fearless blockade runner who we have called "Turbo" has bought us guns, Rations, Ammo, even Grenades! Hope is not lost yet! And I am eager to "Remind the collies that we are still here" despite the shells, the charges and the constant prattle of machine gun fire.  
THE WARD STANDS! (Note end)

(Note Start) Its... It's a tragedy. They've pushed us back. We gave it everything, Friends, comrades and leaders lie in the fields, trampled by their wheels. Worst yet, Dylan, that Irishman and our leader was one of the casualties. I pray he rests with our bravest of warriors. With nothing but his rifle, he held back 6 men, giving us the time to withdraw and fortify. I stand here under Callahan's watchful eye. Shells rain over our makeshift fort. Made of sandbags and rubble. By a divine miracle, only the statue still stands. It would take nothing shy of a hero as great as Callahan himself to save us now. But by god we will make them pay tenfold for every one of us they kill. (Note End)

(Note Start) And here I sit, penning what will likely be my last words, the enemy armour bearing down upon us. I joined "Xenon" in one of his assaults, his last assault. He wore nothing but a sash of grenades. Charging into the attic where I sit. Ready to rain down hell, that was until that stray bullet punctured his heart. And yet, he died with a serene look on his face, one of optimism. His dying wish "Send them down to hell with me, so I can have the chance to kill them myself." A wish I intend to honour.

And so here I stand. His grenades tied around my chest. Although the thought of running has crossed my mind, I will stand, anything less would be a betrayal of the comrades who lost their lives to give me this chance, Callahan guide my hand, and let me take all of these bastards with me. (Note end)

# THE LOUGHCASTER

BY: [PRESS] Souperior & [WIMP] Robospark



**OPEN IN  
BROWSER  
TO  
READ**

STANDARD SERVICE BOLT-ACTION RIFLE

Length: 1.1m

Weight: 8kg

Cartridge: 7.62x51mm

Capacity: 12

Range: 40m

Cost: 5 Bmats/rifle (100 Bmats/crate)

## [WIMP]'s Weapons of War - Rifle Report

The rifle is the world's oldest form of frontline firearm. Predated only by the cannon in terms of 'guns', the rifle appeared in the form of a crude black powder firearm known as an arquebus by the earliest mentions of the "Warden Merchant Fleet" and its endeavours, eventually being replaced by the musket over the course of several centuries. Enhanced machining allowed the intricacies of the barrel and firing mechanism to be enhanced, resulting in the first 'modern' rifle. Despite only being a single-shot muzzle-loaded black powder weapon, the rifle would prove to be the mainstay of both the Warden and Colonial armies and would eventually evolve into a cartridge-based breech-loading weapon not unlike the rifles of today. Soon afterwards, the bolt mechanism was added and ammo began to be loaded in larger amounts and in clips, bringing us to the modern rifle as we know it today. In this debut article of the [WIMP]'S Weapons of War series, we will analyze the inner workings of the bolt-action rifle and how it is best used in combat.

The standard service rifle weighs around 8kg excluding ammo, and can be loaded with 12 7.62mm rounds at a time. These rounds come in a thin brass casing, and they contain a projectile, propellant, and primer. The firing pin of the rifle hits the primer, which detonates the propellant, sending the projectile through the barrel and out of the gun. These rounds are supplied in large 'stripper clips' that hold two lines of six rounds parallel to each other, loading into the gun by sliding down along the clip when pressed into the chamber. Of course, the rifle is also able to fire grenades through the use of a grenade launcher attachment fixed to the front of the gun, preventing regular rounds from firing. A bayonet may also be fixed, but not at the same time. Bayonets still allow a rifle to fire regularly, however. These weapons will be covered in depth in future articles.

One of the main differences between rifles and similar firearms is the 'rifled' barrel - small grooves are raised inside the barrel, causing the bullet to spin. This spin helps keep the bullet on course, giving the rifle much more accuracy than other weapons. The rifle also has a relatively high muzzle velocity, meaning that targets at ranges of up to 40m are considerably damaged by a rifle's shot when compared to most other weapons. However, the speed drops off quickly. Although not noticeable to the naked eye, the bullet will slow down at ranges beyond 30m, becoming less effective as the range increases, eventually becoming all but harmless beyond 40m. Despite this, the rifle is best at medium-long ranges, outperforming most other weapons available.

The main advantage of the bolt-action mechanism of the rifle is that it is reliable, easy to maintain, and allows for a larger capacity than earlier rifles without a bolt mechanism. It's also incredibly simple to use - to load, pull the bolt up then back, load your rounds, then push forward then down. The 'forward' motion pushes a single round into the firing chamber, where the bullet will be fired. Then, the 'down' motion locks the bolt into place, making sure that the firing chamber is sealed and that the bolt is not accidentally pulled back. Once fired, pulling up will unlock the bolt. Pulling back will expose the loading chamber once more, ejecting the empty casing from the gun and allowing a new cartridge to be loaded into the gun by pushing forward, then down again on the bolt. The only major flaw of the

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## Supporting Fire



Hang on, lemme check the map...



Are you sure that distance is right, Sarge?

Oh ye of little faith, I am not going to mess up supporting an offensive.



Now FIRE!

**BOOOOOOM!!!**

**PHWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!**



**KABOOOOM!!!!**

PVT Killed Teammate  
PVT Killed Teammate  
PVT Has Caused Ex...

## WARDEN VALKYRIES



**ENLIST TODAY!**

## Behind the Lines: *Armored Fighting Tractors*

By: Bubbadeej

Back from the front with firsthand intelligence! For the past week, I found myself embedded in a platoon of Warden rifle men, pushing into Faranacc Coast. As our men peaked a hill towards Iuxta, an odd machine caught our spotters eye. It appeared to be a relic of the Great Wars, undergoing repairs! While we were under-equipped for retaking our lost town, I managed to capture some images of the old vehicle before our mortars tore it to shreds. If we happen to capture one of these relics, I will be sure to make a far more formal review of this machine.



### 2Lt. Koedem Clair

Joining the ranks of Warden Press, Koedem is ready to bring information to the people of the Warden Empire through intelligence reports and squad embedded journalism.



*It appears to be quite similar to the Armored Car in size and armament. As it is a relic of the Great Wars, it likely is nothing more than the vehicles we have seen before. However, the reuse of these vehicles is quite new: perhaps these old machines can still have a second life on the front to give us an edge!*

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D R K L I U G C C S B W S F J  
H R E A O D N A X N D O V I N  
B Q A F S Z L O D A G R B E D  
O T O W I Y O I Y S U R G L K  
Z B M E D N K V G I Y A C D N  
Y V T P C E E A L T I B Q A A  
X F F A D X N R D R T L M R T  
I P O O O W C O Y A X E D T E  
U M O L L B I X D P N E S I L  
L L X P L P R U E N I H K L T  
F G M S R H R O B U A W P L T  
I Y A R X W M X T U V B Z E A  
G I V M O G Q K Z O K X A R B  
A R M O R E D C A R M P U Y N  
O C B I H S F D J H G F W O L

## Clues:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| An armored vehicle with dual stormrifles | The center town of the Deadlands               |
| A one-wheeled material transporter       | Name of the Warden battle tank (Hint: Water)   |
| Vehicle with tracks and a 75mm cannon    | A movable cannon that fires artillery shells   |
| Turns scrap into materials               | Raiders who prefer to fight behind enemy lines |
| The country the Wardens fight to defend  | A new fast water transport on island regions   |

By: Bubbadeej