

**WARDEN  
PRESS**

*The newspaper was founded  
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**THE ETERNAL TRUTH  
OF THE WARDEN EMPIRE**



ISSUE #9

OUR VACATION

# VACATION IN VELI

By: Souperior



Christ. Where do I begin? We snuck in the Velian border, boarded a train, stole cameras, took photos, got my ass arrested, drunk warm beer and barf'd the drink. Sneaking into their border was a piece of cake. Just dress green and they'll happily accept you! And of course we encountered the occasional Swords of Maro, friendly people I say, we just waved and they went on their way. And this is where things get a little bit messy. The 82DK Soldier, also known as MrDrake stole a truck and pulled us in for the ride. Bumpy ride for sure, we're not that used to the terrain. RobotSpark and TheGreenEagle went on a different path, same with our commissar, but we we're all still headed to the same destination. Bubba and Joanne spotted a train moving in our direction, and as the saying goes; "All we had to do was follow the damn train, C-" No, actually cut that last part, I still don't get who he is. We closed in to the train and all jumped together.

Hopping inside the train was not too shabby. We blended in with our green camos. We will arrive in Manota in an hour with no hassle. I'm also quite surprised no one saw the truck that just crashed earlier, MrDrake had the same impression too. We were served boiled eggs and a couple of sodas for free, I guess that's how they treat their soldiers nowadays. We've arrived at Manota, Grand Central Station to be specific. Bubba was quick to notice the passport counter in our exit, thus MrDrake decided to show how they do it in the 82DK; Zerg, the four of us rushed to the exit and jumped onto the guards' heads and to leap to another to escape the station. We all abandoned our green uniform in hopes to throw them away from the pursuit. We stole a vehicle and drove away. The streets of Manota were so peaceful, of course there would be soldiers roaming the street and checkpoints around the corner but other than those, the city was at peace. Well, compared to Caoiva which was already a damn warzone. We haven't brought our civilian attire, nor any bags carrying anything, we just brought our weapons but abandoned them at some point during the journey, so blending in was gonna be harder than I thought. Bubba then had the greatest idea of stealing a camera and selling off the pictures he took for easy money. We stole a polaroid camera from the nearest gadget store and just set up a business along the road. And boy was it a success, we've managed to buy clothes to wear, food to eat, and a proper apartment for all of us. Don't ask, it's just Manota. The next morning, RobotSpark has finally arrived. We decided to go out to taste and drink the Velian alcoholic beverages. SHIT WAS WARM, I TELL YA! I fucking threw up in public, drank a bit more, wore my Warden uniform, and dropkicked a Colonial while he was about to get his picture taken by Bubba, as you can see, that picture is now the cover for this issue, turn your page back and reflect upon my drunk ass. I got arrested shortly after for assaulting an officer and for being a "Warden" sympathizer. Good thing I was only charged for a day since they knew I was just intoxicated. Walking out of the precinct was funny at best, seeing the W-PRESS' disappointed faces. I just let out a chuckle and hoped they wont ask the commissar to purge me for this. Nevertheless, we all had fun. We went to swim in the beaches, bought clothes, stole cash and just had fun. We all went back to Caoiva using a train headed for The Great March. Using Colonial uniforms of course. And then used a boat to avoid the war to reach our headquarters in [REDACTED].

## [PRESS] ROBOTSPARK'S VACATION

By [PRESS] RobotSpark

This is [PRESS] RobotSpark's detour from the main 'party' as it were. Once Drake put the idea of stealing a truck into the air, I was immediately regretting applying for the time off. Sneaking behind enemy lines and across the border in Colonial uniform was pushing my boundaries a bit - if it were up to me, we would've gone to Nicnevin and spent our time in a nice cosy cabin. The only reason I agreed to going to Manota City was because of the Model Railway and Wargame Exhibition that was being held there. With any luck, I'd be able to bring home some ideas and supplies for the Warden Press stop-motion studios.

I refused to go by truck. Eagle and Jimbo both wanted to do something somewhat stupid as well, so I found myself headed to Manota City on foot. It was cold, and my crappy Colonial boots cut into my ankles and gave me nasty blisters, but anything was better than what Drake had in mind for us.

For about an hour I walked on a small dirt road before I decided that I needed to rest. My feet had made the ultimate sacrifice to make sure that I didn't die to one of Drake's psychotic schemes. It must've been about one in the morning by that point. I had come up to the fence of a farm, with a stable not too far off from it. I took my canteen from my belt when I noticed a horse trotting towards me. It slowed down when it got in front of me, lowering its head slightly. Slowly, I reached out to touch it before placing my hand on its head. That's when I suddenly got the idea to steal it, as it had been cooperative so far.

I snuck around to the stable, and opened the door slowly. The horse had come inside, and trotted besides me as I gathered the supplies I needed - a saddle, reins, etc. My time spent on a farm as a child hadn't been for naught, as I quickly and quietly got the horse ready. It didn't make any noise,

but as soon as I got on its back it neighed angrily and stood up on its rear legs. I managed to calm it down, but I heard commotion from the farmhouse nearby - my cover had been compromised.

I lead the horse out of the stables. I began to trot away when I heard the unmistakable bang of a shotgun. I didn't even see the farmer or whoever else shot it - the horse reared before I made it bolt out of there as quickly as possible.



*A typical Velian farm, not dissimilar to the one mentioned.*

## [PRESS] ROBOTSPARK'S VACATION

By [PRESS] RobotSpark



*Polis Arboreal. Pictured left is the inn.*

For about 5 minutes I rode like the wind along the road, only stopping upon coming to a small stream. There, I refilled my canteen and assessed my options via my map around a campfire.

My options were limited. It was another 12 hours of riding until I got to Manota city, which I didn't think my horse could handle. I decided to ride my horse (which I named 'Winston') to the nearest town or village, where I would be able to regather my bearings and sort out a more suitable form of transport. I changed into my civilian clothing - dressing as a Colonial would only cause more problems

than it would solve.

The next few hours were spent at a steady pace - not a racing gallop, nor a steady trot. Half of me had wished I had gone with Drake as the cold hit me (it wasn't as bad as back home, but it was still rather cold for Veli at least) but the other half of me said that that would've been suicide. By four o'clock, Winston and I had eventually come upon a small town, which I later learned was called Polis Arboreal. It was situated on the edge of an oak forest, which had a very neatly kept undergrowth. Farmland surrounded the forest, but most of the buildings were nestled in-between the trees.

I saw an old innkeeper out on the porch of an inn, carrying a small box to an old truck. I hitched Winston to the nearest tree and approached him, asking if anybody else was up at this hour.

"Just me," he said in a gruff voice. "Heading out to Manota City for the Model Railway and War-game Exhibition tomorrow. I intend to stop at Sicagum so I can sell some more of my stock beforehand, which is why I'm up so early."

I was obviously curious - stock? What can an innkeeper have to sell that's not ale, food, or a room? I asked what stock he sold - "Models, of course! I keep an inn for sure, but my nephew mostly runs that nowadays. He's kind enough to let me use the place as a store until the local carpenter can build me one."

"I'm heading to Manota City as well, also to the exhibition," I replied. "I've tried to ride up there, but my poor horse can't handle much further without rest. In fact, I was hoping that I'd be able to sort out some more suitable transportation here, perhaps even selling him in the process."

He smiled, and put the box aside. "Well, my nephew could certainly do with a new horse, and I

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could do well to sell some stock before I even leave town. I'll take it off of your hands, and even give you a ride as far as Sicagum - there, you'll be able to get a ticket and catch the train to Manota City." He opened the door of the inn slowly, motioning for me to come inside.

The room was rather dark, with only a dying fire in the fireplace to the right to provide any light. He lit a candle, and walked towards a large pile of various tin and wood models. They ranged from houses and storefronts to both Colonial and Warden soldiers and tanks and even clockwork and electric trains and rails. My eyes lit up like a child as I grabbed the models I wanted. We packed the rest into boxes and put those into the truck before heading out shortly before sunrise.

The ride was perhaps the most pleasant part of the journey to Manota City, even more so than the train ride if only for the conversations I had with the innkeeper. I learnt that his name was Theodore Sibelius, and he had worked for the Colonial model company Aedes as a sculptor before retiring a few years ago. He bought the inn, but wasn't happy running it and has plans to give it to his nephew so he can set up a permanent shop to sell Aedes and other brands of modelling equipment.

It was a little after sunrise when we reached Sicagum. Sicagum's a small town, but noticeably larger than Polis Arboreal with paved stone roads and tall buildings. It was situated by the sea, a little north-west of Manota City. I was prepared to buy a ticket and leave there and then, but that was when I realised that I hadn't brought any money. I had a pitiful amount of Warden 'smackerons', but those wouldn't get me any further than a POW camp for questioning. I needed a way to earn money, and quickly.

Luckily, a small pub was holding a tournament for Foxhole: The Wargame with a cash prize (it was where Theodore intended to sell some of his models). I knew that I'd be late to Manota City if I entered, but better late than never. "Besides," I thought, "this'll be more pleasant than whatever drunken and stupid nonsense the others drag me into anyhow."

For those who aren't aware, Foxhole: The Wargame is a spinoff of the popular boardgame from Clapfoot of the same name into a tabletop miniatures game. I was able to use some of the models I had gotten from Theodore to quickly put together a small Warden force to fight in the tournament.



*A table of models, inspired by Jade and Saltbrook.*

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By [PRESS] RobotSpark



*A souvenir postcard depicting Sicagum Station.*

There were about three other players there, so even though I was a rather last-minute addition to the tournament I was welcomed with open arms.

There were two 2-hour games - the first was against a random partner, the second was the winners fighting. The other two played each other just for fun. Theodore was able to provide some of the terrain we fought on, which I thought was a nice touch. In the first game against a Colonial, my Warden forces were able to take out the large force of armoured

cars before they could do any real damage, and the remaining part of the battle was spent mopping up the rest of the Colonial forces.

The second game was interesting - I was up against someone playing Nicnevin, which is a rather rare army to be seen fielded due to a lack of official miniatures from Clapfoot being sold. He certainly knew what he was doing, being able to destroy my light tank early on in the game with ease. It was only when I started to bring down my howitzer fire on his elite alpine troops that I was able to swing the tide of battle back into my favour.

I was given just enough money as a prize to buy a ticket and the passport needed to travel. The process of doing so was painless, and by the late afternoon I was on a small service bound for Manota City.

The ride was comfortable, reminding me of the times I would play with my model railways growing up. There was only a handful of people in my carriage, who all kept to themselves and enjoyed the scenery. We had to stop at a crossing to let a military convoy through, mostly consisting of a long line of trucks but with the occasional LUV mixed in for good measure. It was a rather long wait, but soon we were moving again.

It was just after noon when I arrived. Handed in my passport and went into the city. I didn't know where the others had set up shop, but I'd find out eventually. For now, there was an exhibition I had to go to.

The exhibition had started an hour or so ago, but it wasn't long enough for me to have cared. I took all of the models I had acquired and started to make my way towards the exhibition hall which was housing it.

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It was a brilliant exhibition. Thousands of people were there, with all of the big companies providing a display of some sort. Aedes, Clapfoot - they were all there, with countless individual hobbyists showing their creations. That's not even taking into account the model railways and wargames! I spent about 9-10 hours in there, doing field research for the Warden Press' own stop-motion studio, playing wargames ranging from Foxhole: The Wargame to Caoivan Conundrum and everything in-between and admiring the model railways themselves. If it were up to me the whole thing would be held in Caoiva next year, preferably somewhere quiet like Brodycown.

As I was leaving, I realised that I had no idea where everybody else had gone for accommodation. I'm not going to bore you with the specifics of how I figured out where they were—all you need to know is that it involved Drake being a dumbass for the most part, and they got ripped off by the end of it. Needless to say, I found the right apartment first try to my...disappointment, I'll say.

Luckily, they had been considerate enough to leave me a bed to sleep on. Granted, everybody had dumped their belongings on it, but it's better than nothing. I shoved them all off to the side, and went to bed. I slept easily that night, knowing that I hadn't done anything stupid and that this vacation hadn't been a complete waste of time after all.



*The building which housed the exhibition, the Manota Exhibition Hall.*

## WEAPONS OF WAR—BAYONET

By [PRESS] RobotSpark



### BAYONET

Length: An additional 25.2cm on top of the rifle's 110cm length, for a total of 135.2cm. The knife itself from end to end is 38.5cm.

Weight: 0.9kg (2%)

Cost: 2 Bmats/knife (40 Bmats/crate)

The bayonet is perhaps the simplest of all weapons utilised by either side of the war, being little more complex than a knife. In fact, it is more often than not described as a large knife that can be fastened to the end of a rifle or carbine for melee use. It was used predominantly in the times of trenches, giving

the long-ranged rifle some close quarters proficiency. Although useful during the early stages of foxhole-oriented warfare, the bayonet today is often considered inadequate due to the introduction of weapons that outperform the bayonet in close quarters and others that can easily kill a charging soldier. It remains a favourite of night-time and partisan operators, relying on their stealth and hit-and-run tactics to get into a more effective range before the enemy can properly react.

When man first made tools for himself, he made a pointy rock on a long stick to hunt with - the spear. It remained by his side throughout the ages, becoming pointier and smoother to hold with time. The leap from flint to metal was made early on, which saw the durability and 'pointiness' of the tip increase. More sophisticated manners of developing the wooden shaft came about, which resulted in spears that were longer and more reliable.

The spear was popular because of its long reach and ease of manufacturing. Compared to the sword, only a small amount of metal is needed, which doesn't need as much precision in sharpness and weight as the sword. Armies around the world would equip their larger masses of infantry with spears and shields, with elite units using swords and other specialised weaponry. Even with the introduction of the arquebus, the world's first primitive firearm, long 20-foot pikes were used en masse with gunpowder weaponry to support while swords fell to the wayside.

Due to the long reload times of early firearms, there was a large period of time in which soldiers were completely vulnerable to an enemy melee attack. Thus, the bayonet was invented. It was conceived not as a knife attached to the firearm, but a tool to convert the firearm in question to a spear. Early bayonets were plug-based, which meant that a cork plug had a sharp knife fixed to it that sat in the barrel. When fixed, you couldn't fire. Soon, they were fixed as a ring around the musket, and finally they were fixed on a rail with the introduction of the modern rifle.

Bayonet fighting doctrine is and has always been virtually indistinguishable from two-handed spear fighting, save for some grip changes due to the heavier nature of the rifle. The main attack with the bayonet is a thrusting stabbing motion, which benefits from a longer reach and better control as opposed to many other attacks.





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