

Prologue:

For this story, I will be using more IRL military ranking and squad roles compared to those used on CM, but in the story, May is a Platoon Sergeant which is essentially the same as a squad leader just in a higher rank of Gunnery Sergeant. And for anyone who plays games other than SS13 yes this is slightly based on TF2's end of the line.

Squad Detail: 1 Corpsman, 2 Commtechs, 1 Smartgunner, 2 Sergeants, 6 Riflemen

Platoon Sergeant - E7 Blyant

SGT FT1 - E5 Frye FT2 - E5 Greene

Techs FT1 - E3 Watts - FT2 - E3 Vaughn

Corpsman - E4 Patton SG - E4 Gray

Rifleman FT1 - E2 Frost - E1 Fritz - E2 Ritter

Rifleman FT2 - E2 Montes - E1 Lee - E1 Branch

Mission Name: End of the line

Details:

Platoon EX95536 has been dispatched to Myriads Row, a frozen exoplanet with the highest temperature in recorded history, reaching 97° Fahrenheit lowest at -586° Fahrenheit. There have been reports that a Colonial Liberation Front cell will be commencing a terrorist attack on a UPP Settlement, this is a peacekeeping and relations-building mission to create a common goal so that full war does not break out.

Intel says that the Colonial Liberation Front will use a train loaded with enough explosive material to level a mega city, the UPP forces on the planet are unable to handle the situation due to their forces being spread thin by other greater terrorist attacks.

Platoon EX95536 will set up a blockade on the railroad track and prepare for combat with incoming train

Chapter 1: A Rough Landing

"Everyone got their seat properly fastened? Because if you don't, you are going to wish you had" Corporal Raymond shouted from the cockpit of the dropship as they entered the atmosphere of the planet the dropship increasing in temperature by a notch or two.

"I better hope so because I'm not pulling you off the ground if you fall over on your face like a dumbass."

May retorted looking at her squad, a round of chuckles is given to her with almost perfectly trained unison as 13 rifles cock back putting a round into the chambers "Montes! You have to keep your rifle well oiled or its going to blow the fuck up in your hands" the Gunnery Sergeant snarls at a rifleman.

"S-Sorry ma'am I had meant to oil it before this operation but I ran out of time due to the shitter getting clogged... After your mom used it"

The platoon all cackling even May at PFC FT2 Montes's joke

May Retorts *"Well at least"* A chuckle comes from her *"At least I know my mom!"* Howls emanate from the dropship as Montes flips up his ballistic goggles to stare at May, May gets up removing herself from the strap for a moment as she gives Montes a fist bump who under the balaclava is

smiling as she sits back down making sure her straps are tightly engaged. The Marines just start shit-talking each other with no real topic.

The ship rocks as its thrusters stabilize the ship so it can land smoothly on a clear patch of land. A few seconds before the dropship make touchdown a large explosion rock it causing it to careen to the side luckily already landing so it stops with a large skid. Turrets popping out of the top of the drop ship immediately engaged by blindly firing in the direction where the rocket came from

May yells out “*Buckle up and don’t fuck up! Fireteam 2 you’re going to set up the derailleur on the other side Fireteam 1, this side. MOVE IT!*” The back of the dropship opens gunfire whizzing overhead. “Welcoming party is happy to see us!” The ground thick with snow May shouts from behind the troops as she hits the hatch button locking it behind her, the dropship begins to take off as she, the SG, and the corpsman move to a nearby abandoned train hub, weapons raised, they breach and clear the building not finding anyone inside.

“*Teams statuses?*” May asks on her handheld radio walking over to peer out the frosted window, her radio crackling “This is Frye we are inbound the device is in place. FROST! Keep up” “Greene here. We just got the device in place we are inbound ETA 5 minutes.”

May sighs as she looks over to Gray who is kicking a generator. It slowly turns on the lights flicking on the hum of the heaters as the room starts to heat up. May moves over to a desk flicking on the light, she puts her rifle against the desk and sits down on the chair bringing her balaclava up to her forehead

“Ma’am? Do you have a wrench on you? I think I can fix this oil leak with one” Gray speaks loudly to make sure he can hear her from across the room, he’s kneeling over behind the generator messing with the internals.

“*Oh I’m sure I got one in here*” May brings her rucksack to rest in her lap as she searches through it before shouting “*HEADS UP!*” A wrench is suddenly thrown across the room nearly hitting Patton in the head.

“Christ May if I was any slower you would have to call an early evac” Patton throwing an energy drink to the two in the room as they cracked open once properly held “That or you would have to take over my duties” Patton out of his gear smiles over to May before walking into a side room

The front door of the building opens as the wind whips inside 5 soldiers piling inside slamming the door closed behind themselves the Sergeant yells as he removes his helmet and balaclava

“It’s fucking cold out there! Why did we get put onto the fucking snow planet assignment” Frye walks past May not even saying a word as she sips on the energy drink. “*Watts go help Gray with the generator would ya*” May called over to the distracted engineer “Oh uh yeah just one moment Ma’am” as he passed a small box over to Fritz before running off to go help the smartgunner with the generator.

Three Minutes later another five soldiers shuffle inside as it takes two of them to get the door closed Greene yells “Why the fuck is it so cold!” getting some snow off of his balaclava. From the other room, Frye yells “That’s my fucking line! Get original” Greene retorted, still yelling “Stop stealing my ideas!” May smiles as she begrudgingly gets up taking one more sip from her drink.

“*All right everyone shut the fuck up and listen up, Frost your on shift one for Firewatch, Gray your second, Lee third, Fritz fourth, branch fifth, Montes sixth. Dinner is in three hours, and*

enemy ETA is 16 hours so get some shut-eye if that train doesn't explode on the crash and take out the CLF transport train.

behind it we have to clean them up. Team one you got the east hall, team two west, Everyone else you're with me in the manager's office. Dismissed" Letting out a breath sitting back down pulling out a small tablet from her rucksack putting her helmet on top of it leaning back with that armor acting like a weighted blanket.

Chapter 2: The blizzard before the storm

"Gunny?" Lee, already out of her armor, walks up to May looking around with a look of disappointment on her face. *"What's up Lee?"* May asks turning off the video on her tablet and putting it to the side

"W-Well... When we were leaving the dropship one of the CLFs managed to snipe my bag and well... they had damaged my tablet its... no longer turning on" her face looked like a lost puppy walking up to a random stranger looking for their owner

May Sighs as she straightens her posture digging something out of her bag as she pulls it out it is an old tablet one discontinued a few years ago because the new ones had a better battery life and were a bit more consistent with not breaking down. *"When we get back to the ship Lee, I expect this will be returned to me as I have a lot of memorable photos on it."*

Lee grows a smile as she takes the tablet she's almost bursting with happiness before suddenly reaching down and hugging May "Thank you Gunney! You're the best" May got a smile on her face as she spoke almost giggling *"Well before you run off make sure to get a picture of us for the album"* snap.

At the staff break room of the building, May walks around with a small box handing out MREs to everyone not looking into the box letting which MRE everyone got a gamble once everyone got their MRE she smacked a random glass against the wall shattering it *"Alright everyone it is with sorrow I do have to announce that someone got a Beef Enchilada MRE so you better pray to whatever god you believe in that it was not you that was chosen to receive it, now corpsman since I like you if you got it let me know and I will trade you"* A general murmur of chuckles as everyone takes a deep breath getting ready to learn their fates as their ripped open

"OH YOU GOTTA BE FUCKING ME!" Vaughn yells out once they check their MRE "You must have rigged it Gunney you must have it out for me and must be trying to fuck me over with puke in a bag" Everyone at the table starts laughing at the dismay of Vaughn who was the unfortunate sacrifice for the MRE lottery.

May smiles as she walks into the other room and comes back in throwing a small plastic bag at his face *"Well luckily for you I caught it before we left the ship, so I brought contraband for you"* When Vaughn opens it he finds a MRE that thank god was not one of the puke in a bag variety. "Heh thanks, Gunney I guess I owe you one now" As one to not back talk he puts the Enchilada in the plastic bag putting it onto the table for the Platoon's trash. Everyone relaxed as they ate their MRE May took watch just being the one person with a gun ready while everyone ate May leaning on the nearby door frame having nothing more than her pistol on her belt.

The rest of the night is uneventful as the platoon plays games on their tablets, cards are played and even a few smuggled board games before everyone except Frost sets up their bedrolls in their allocated areas going to sleep.

Chapter 3: Buildup

Montes comes into the middle barracks room giving May a tap on her torso with his boot waking her up as she groggily wakes up *"Ughh time already Montes?"* stretching her arms back and forth, she's not in her uniform just a simple T-shirt and boxer shorts

"Yes Ma'am if you would wake everyone up I would like to go get my last hour of sleep" Montes already put his primary away as he stands over her waking up *"Yes yes dismissed"* May finally getting up she takes in a deep breath Before screaming out at the top of her lungs *"WAKE THE FUCK UP EVERYONE!"* May waits for no one as she walks over to the public bathroom taking a stall to get ready in the morning and dressed, she takes guard while everyone is getting ready and eating keeping an eye on her tablet which says the CLF are loading up the train and have a ETA of 5 hours before they reach her checkpoint, she can only hope that the ordinance techs that did the math put them far enough away so that they can see and hear the explosion but are not hit by it. Once her platoon has completed their morning rituals, it's time for her to do her own. It's something to get her distracted from the chance of doom by improper math.

"Hey Gunney, have you thrown away that puke in a bag yet?" Vaughn asks May while she is brushing her teeth, with her mouthful she can only give a thumbs down spitting out her toothpaste *"No it should be at the bottom of the bad under the table"* Vaughn gives an evil smile before running off coming back a minute later holding that MRE his smile just made of pure malice, "I think if we get and CLF alive we should feed them this."

May takes stops flossing for a moment as she looks over with a really bitch look *"If you want to get charged for torture be my guest"* resuming her routine and giving him a side look that he knows she's daring him to do it.

Chapter 4: Calamity /// End Of The Line

The squad members all receive an alert on their PDAs alerting them that the train is inbound ETA of 45 minutes to their checkpoint.

May sighed as she clears her throat before yelling *"ALRIGHT IDIOTS PACK YOUR SHIT AND EXPECT NOT TO COME BACK, WE ARE BLOWING UP THAT TRAIN AND GOING BACK TO SHIP"* seeming to want to create a small bit of urgency she hits the output button on the generator for a second so the building flickers with power making everyone mumble slightly packing up their stuff and double checking because no one wants to leave a sock behind.

Vaughn walks by May with a shit-eating grin on his face as he packs the MRE into his pocket, her just replying with a nod and a smile back leaning against the wall and watching her soldiers pack up. Once everyone is packed up the timer hits 15 minutes, May fastens that balaclava and helmet turning off the generator, the lights dying for one final time on the squad waiting for its next visit by travelers to the small train station in better shape than when they came.

The door opened to the storm outside giving her men one last rally before entering it "It's the end of the line for these guys, let's show them to try and kill civilians!" Shouts of war cries come from the platoon leaving the station.

Using her binoculars, the rangefinder feature lets her see the distance from the barely visible railroad, 503 meters. "RIGHT, WE ARE BARELY OUT OF THE SAFE ZONE BUNKER DOWN AND GET READY FOR ACTION!" The Gunnery Sergeant has to scream over the sound of the wind mainly using the closest stander to relay backwards her message.

May makes the order to lay down and get comfortable with her Platoon in the most simple of ways by laying down, everyone else bunkering down.

After a few minutes over a thousand meters away a cargo train comes speeding down, 900 meters May raises her arm giving her squad the signal, 800 meters they burrow themselves into the snow making it so if anything hits them it will hit their armor, 700 May's arm lowers as she burrows herself in, 600 the following train full of troops enters visible view at 1500 meters, 500 meters impact with the devices the train derailing launching itself off the railing towards the platoon against the expected plan starting to get closer, the impact detonator going off the sky lighting up making almost a mushroom cloud it almost reaching the marines, eggheads must have gotten their data incorrect but luckily in the explosion being smaller than calculated area. May crouched first to signal to the rest as she looked back, there was debris Patton was just dead a rod pierced his skull and helmet before looking over at Lee she saw a metal chunk the length of her arm pierced right through their armor and as she was on her back she was already facing upwards. May immediately moved over looking down at the young private, this was not something she could fix sure she was trained to be a backup medic but this, this was something for a trauma doctor. May flips up both of their visors so they can have a look at each other, May is trying to hold it in as she is tearing up Lee she can only look up with fear and sadness as there is nothing they both can do but accept it. May holds her hand leaning down and speaking gently to her but loud enough to be heard *"It's okay Lee, you don't need permission to die, I'm sorry"* Lee's eyes look with a little bit of relief as she goes limp those eyes closing May stands up grabbing the information dog tags from both of her losses closing her visor she grips her rifle taking a deep breath she knows that out of everyone here, she needs to remain calm and in control or it won't be just these two who die. Raising her arm she motions to follow two of the riflemen grabbing the corpses waking to the LZ while the sounds of another train crashing are heard, their mission is over May wants to scream, cry or at least kill the fuckers on the train behind her for Lee but she can't she has to walk forward keeping her mind clear and focus on the mission given to them.

The sound of gunfire rings off in the distance as a distinct BRRRRRR fills the air, their dropship finishing off what remains of the CLF train.

Once the dropship finishes its fly it lands nearly in front of the squad the hatch opening a DCC reaches out his arm welcoming the platoon to his dropship, they all stumble on cold, accomplished, and in sorrow strapping their two dead friends into chairs to remain secure during the flight.

Prologue: It comes to an end.

Mission statements as filed by Lieutenant Moore

Mission goals complete, the CLF raid was averted with the tactical placement of devices to derail both trains successfully and subsequent fire by dropship to dispatch all that remains leaves another success for the USCM.

We did lose two members of the platoon to a miscalculation by the ordinance technicians which resulted in the death of E4 Patton, Mike, and E1 Lee, in July. Both were announced DOA upon arriving at the dropship

This mission should hopefully keep relations with the UPP at their current level in case of an unforeseen diplomatic problem.

As May stands over her desk the bloodied tablet sitting in front of her she can barely breathe, Her singular photo of Lee and May inside the station next to the tablet officer training papers on the table, signed by those much higher above her. May sits down putting her face into her knees as the memory of the few she was in charge of dying by her hand, and now she has to take in the reality that she will be in charge of even more being in even less control of helping them if they need help.