

In order to understand what I'm about to tell you I'll need for you to understand the galaxy as it was, not as it is. If you're a newbie today then you were born into a world of Jump Freighters, Titan bridges, space aids and numerous other things that make your life much easier than you'll likely ever know. I however was born into a world that is now barely recognizable.

~~At some this time~~ In 2006 a curious thing happened. Goons were still nothing but newbees flying around in T1 frigates. I don't know that this is still the case but the people out there that hate us (everyone) would constantly try and throw in our face the fact that we couldn't fly battleship fleets or vagabonds or whatever the elite PVPers were flying that week. ~~These days I think it's Ishtars or something? Kids these days. nah this is already old meta plus most of us can fly them~~ ~~[[note: not sure what this is referring to at this point]]~~

There was an alliance called Band of Brothers. You may have heard of them. If you haven't then please speak up now. I'm serious, they've been dead for years and if you're really new then I can fill you in. Through a combination of owning the best space in the game and outright cheating BoB had become the premiere alliance in eve. SirMolle, the leader of BoB, had a clear goal: Dominate and subjugate the entire galaxy. I don't remember where but BoB had been self declared as omnipotence itself. And the entire game believed it. Hell most of us did for a while too.

Everyone - take a moment to think about that person or thing that you hate more than anything in the known universe. Everyone has something or someone that they would just obliterate without mercy if given the opportunity to do so without repercussion. From day one the Fleet had a single objective: Destroy BoB before they destroy us. Every unit of Arkonor, every round of ammo, and every single ship was produced with this singular purpose: the unrelenting hate for the entity known as BoB. ~~[moved this text from above to here]~~

BoB's attitude of total domination lead to some pretty loud chest beating on eve-o. You might find this hard to believe but at the time goons weren't allowed to shit up local or the eve-o forums but with goons being goons it happened anyway. That brings us to a guy named Tetsujin and a BoB member named Smoske ~~[dates?]~~. I don't know the details but somehow the person behind the name Smoske had gotten killed in some kind of car accident. As many of you know, even to this day we still poke fun at our own players who have died over the years. ~~[I suspect RoyofCA would be a better example ("One confirmed headshot"); VileRat's a bit of a saint]~~ ~~Again if you don't know who I'm referring to then please speak up. Vile Rat was a critical institution to the Fleet from the before I was joined, and still was after I was banned.~~ So anyway Tetsujin posted some joke on eve-o about Smoske getting hit by a truck. "Beep beep, I'm a truck" was I believe how it went. It also came with a stick figure getting run over by a car. Nobody knew it then but that one joke would change the course of eve history sending out ripples that still reverberate today.

The Band of Brothers posting squad went absolutely nuts. I can't remember names but a number of people such as DB Preacher, Fire 59 and Dianabolic just lost it. Who would dare to

not only poke an omnipotent being **such as BoB**, but go even further and make a joke about one of their sacred dead? Whoever those t1 scrubs were, they were about to get ruined. BoB made a declaration: There are no goons. Goodbye.

As BoB went, so went the galaxy. Nobody had ever really paid too much mind to goons in space. Suddenly we were in the crosshairs of the strongest alliance in eve. (I thought about suggesting that they had been the greatest alliance but I couldn't do it without puking up a little bit.) Station camps were set up and goons were camped in; nobody was mining and all our ships were being bought off the market so we had nothing to fly. (Don't sell caracals on the open market kids. Don't sell supercaps like that either. It won't end well.) After like a week or something BoB declared their little campaign in Syndicate a success and that the goon dream of living in 0.0 was over and they went home. **This BoB campaign may have ended but the full on rage fest aimed at goons was just the beginning.** {note: Goon hate of BoB or BoB actions at goons? You say they were done but they were not? Consider rephrasing this for clarity}

This part is a bit fuzzy to me since I wasn't actually there but I'll see if I can get a rough outline. Given our status as persona non grata, our fleet had been evicted from the belts we rented in Syndicate. Somewhere in here we got hooked up with the Russians. Because they **mostly** didn't speak English, they never got on board the goon hate train. So we decided to build our own hate train [note: has "train" been used as a metaphor above? It should be previously introduced], and ours wouldn't have brakes. I don't know what Papa Digger [who is?] is up to these days but I'm still eternally gay for him. The fleet packed up and headed south to assist Red Alliance in their fight against VERITAS and Lotka Volterra.

I'm going to take a little side trip here and tell you about a system called C-J. Back then there were stations in 0.0 seeded by CCP and people rarely dropped outposts. C-J was the Red Alliance capital, by and large considered to be holy ground. Why you might ask is this system so important? Red Alliance had already been fighting a defensive war for quite some time before we showed up on the scene. RA space had been pushed back further and further until not much was left **other than** C-J. Red Alliance was on life support. Against all odds (not to be confused with Against All Authorities :v: ) Red Alliance managed to hold the line at C-J despite overwhelming odds. Beaten and battered, these guys held onto this system like their lives depended on it--and hold onto it they did. The system never lost sov and the station was never taken. A point had been made: You fuck with C-J and Red Alliance would fucking kill you. Red Alliance would become legendary in the eyes of goons.

So where was I? Oh yes. VERITAS. By this point we had just moved to the south [out of Syndicate?] and aligned ourselves with RA and the French alliance Tau Ceti Federation--and just like that the Redswarm Federation was born. Whereas the Russians had one of the most impressive capital fleets at the time (20+ dreads, holy shit!) they were lacking in the support fleet department, **which we provided.** **The two of us were a potent combination. I honestly have no idea how we ended up working with the French but that's probably because they had a well-deserved reputation of showing up out of fucking nowhere, destroying everything, then**

disappearing like they were never there. When combined with the precision murder applied by the TCF we had begun to emerge as a real power bloc. [note: I rearranged this section because it didn't make sense as originally written. I hope this captures events accurately--if not be aware major changes were made and rearrange to suit]

In early 2007 a unicorn made an appearance. A Lotka Volterra pilot by the name of Chowdown caught everyone by surprise, unveiling an avatar that unleashed a DD. You see back then titans weren't anything like they are now. Instead of a focused beam of massive damage a titan would send out a wave of 76,000 damage 250 km in every direction. Nothing short of a specially tanked battleship could survive one and goons couldn't really fly much in the way of battleships. I think we had a total of two carriers back then. Not only was the Titan DD capable of wiping entire fleets, they were also untackable, with dictator immunity the same interceptors do today. **Even more [absurdly]**, a titan didn't even need to be in the system where the DD was to be fired off: all you needed to do was light a cyno and keep it alive long enough to fire off the DD. **[lol what?]** It became a recurring joke that seeing a BoB member in a kestrel meant that your day was over, because it was. **[The titan took out some support but TCF made an unscheduled visit. RA dreads continued the siege and the station in 1V had been taken. Again, this is fuzzy but I believe that this loss had taken the fight out of Veritas so taking the rest of Scalding Pass and Detorid was easy. It's worth mentioning at this point that the first station taken in Scalding Pass was in JLO. As the story goes, another alliance was to hand the station off to V[eritas] but apparently everyone involved forgot. Towers went offline and the station was taken with little or no resistance. [need to clarify this section because you go from speaking about a weapon to partway through a battle that hadn't been introduced yet]**

**By this time [still need to clarify this timeline]** another alliance, Lotka Volterra, started getting nervous, and with good reason. Their next door neighbors had been brutally executed **[by?]** and LV was next on the list. Shortly after the collapse of V **[wait they collapsed? when?]** a dread fight between LV and RA had resulted in massive losses. Something like twenty dreads died! Holy shit! That I believe may have been the first time goons had seen a real dread brawl. Somehow we learned of a titan being built in the Tenerifis system of JV1V. In fact it may have been Vile Rat though I actually asked Vio about this the other day and he's not sure but thinks Vile Rat had been burned, **and that there was a bounty for any goon who could locate a CSAA himself who tipped us off as he was on a deep cover spy mission[ this doesn't make a lot of sense]**. I don't remember if he was embedded in V or LV, but either way there was a titan building and goons had a healthy supply of coat hangers and every reason in the universe to perform a back alley abortion. **[note: this paragraph and the previous should be gone over to be sure the sequence of events is straight and missing details added in]**

In January of 2007 things came to a head. Fleets **[whose?]** were sent in to occupy and lockdown JV1V **[belonging to LV?]**, which is a dead end system in the region of Tenerifis. **[region?]**. BoB had initially made an appearance at the request of LV but when things started to get hairy BoB took off. This wasn't the last time they would do something like this. Through several node crashes (no tidi) the combined RSF fleet successfully held JV1V while the tower

carrying the baby titan was destroyed. Again with the fuzzy memory but I think this may have been the headshot that ended LV. It was reading about the JV1V slugfest that prompted me to give eve another shot in fact, this time with goons.

My first day this time in EVE was 14 February, 2007. Valentine's day. At the time I was working a job where I traveled a lot so I needed a game that could keep me engaged but didn't require constant attention and rigid scheduling. I had tried EVE once before in 2006. At that time there was Goonfleet, though it was but a small blip on a very big map. I believe several goon corps had been set up and subsequently imploded into a standard issue drama bomb. Through all of this I had inadvertently ended up in a RP corp; it took me a month to figure out why people would talk in brackets, so I gave up. That image macro about the learning curve in EVE was completely true. Nothing about it was for the faint of heart. [moved text from above]

My very first day in the fleet I was given a kestrel by SamHandwich who was the newbie director at the time. I proceeded to make the long trip to 77s in Detorid which would eventually become the goon capital in the south [region?]. I had zero idea of what I was doing, or what I was watching. I knew some ships were shooting a thing but beyond that I was clueless. As it turned out I was watching RA dreads siege VERITAS towers. Actually maybe it was Lotka Volterra towers. It looked neat so I warped in for a closer look and flew directly into an RA dread. This is bad because a sieged dread cannot move, and its target tracking sucks. Any type of movement, such as being bumped, would cause just about all your shots to miss unless you were in a Phoenix. So there's probably a Russian somewhere in the world who still curses my name for bumping his dread.

Scalding Pass, Detorid and Tenerifis had all been taken [before you arrived? The progress of the campaign should be fleshed out somewhat more explicitly]. Suddenly goons had more space than we knew what to do with. It was shit space, but it was our shit space. And our shit space was vast.

As I stated earlier, the game we played back then was a totally different animal than it is today. The alliance by and large ran on donation drives. Remedial, then head of GFSW, wanted to start what he called a Free Trade Zone where other alliances would come to Goon space to setup markets. Essentially it was the libertarian dream in space. And it worked out as well as libertarian things tend to: not at all. Several donation drives, including one to help Remedial pay his rent, took place. Remedial promised everyone he would make THE BIG ANNOUNCEMENT, but it never happened because Remedial instead went fuck goons with the titan fund. This was funny for a number of reasons, but the biggest laugh was when [rephrased] his nude selfies he took with his wife made their way online and onto our forums. And the evo forums. (Did we even call them selfies back then? Fucking kids these days.) Remedial was, and probably still is, a moron so I'm not going to say too much more. Eventually he started up his own law firm called Dargon Law. Just like in EVE Remedial ended up being a scamming shithead who was doing something hilariously illegal while arguing that it wasn't illegal for...reasons. Last I heard he ended up joining the army.

Goons were goons, leadership changed but the drama was just getting started.

I'm trying to keep the times here I'm mentioning fairly generic. The reason for that is that what occurred in the space of a few months still feels like years to me. I actually had to go back and look when the second great war had kicked off because I couldn't believe it was 2009. I wouldn't have guessed any lower than 2011 without actually looking. Anyway, after Remedial [still 2007?] commissar and spymaster The Mittani took the reigns of the fleet. You may have heard of this guy, I'm told he's kind of a big deal. (If you ever find yourself in the position to get Ol' Mittens to tell you a story ask to hear about Remedials wedding.) The alliance underwent a fairly rapid expansion [this assumes after Mittens took over, but if before I should rephrase it], taking on corps such as DarkStar 1 (DS1) and Battlestars. At the time MERCHI was it's own alliance with the tag WANG. We pushed into Omist, and possibly Esoteria and Feythabolis; I'm not really sure. I know for sure we took Omist; shooting a station to take it with nothing but cruisers takes fucking forever.

For those of you paying attention, I mentioned at the beginning that BoB got to the point they did [partially] through cheating. Well "cheating" doesn't really cover it. A CCP dev named t20 had been outed [a time before?] as the leader of BoB's capital fleet, giving them a substantial edge. He had also spawned several T2 BPOs, including a Sabre BPO, all of which are still very valuable today. This facts lead to a lot of paranoia among goons, so when a CCP dev joined DS1 unannounced and granted himself full director rights many of us cried foul. The cold war between us and BoB had already been heating up and we were at a huge disadvantage. They had more skills, multiple titans, and a seemingly endless supply of isk. The only thing we had going for us was numbers. So the idea that a CCP dev had just given them yet another edge... Goons being goons, naturally we all flipped out instead of investigating what had actually happened. A threadnaught was launched, and goons went into full on rage mode at CCPs inability to prevent their own staff from cheating at their own game. I'm pretty sure most of us thought that the dev had hoped in to gain intel on us--all the more believable because of what had already been acknowledged by CCP in the t20 debacle.

Unfortunately, that wasn't what actually happened. A CCP dev had indeed joined DS1 unannounced, but it was only for the purposes of fixing a bug or something. In hindsight this probably should have been obvious because no dev would be stupid enough to use his account for spying like that, but by this point we all had tunnel vision and were out for blood. And if there is one thing we have always been good at it is setting off drama bombs of nuclear proportions. [this has been heavily edited for clarity and to remove redundancy]

In response to the threadnaught and rage directed at CCP we got a response. It's all pretty fuzzy in detail now but they posted a rebuttal to our threadnaught with a point by point explanation of what exactly had happened and why the dev had joined DS1. I swear to god there were charts, bullet points, the whole nine yards. The threadnaught, the drama bomb, the rage had all been over literally nothing. It was simply CCP correcting a problem. Granted they

probably should have given us a heads up before granting themselves director access to one of our corps but whatever. There had been no malicious intent, no spying, nothing.

In the wake of the CCP rebuttal we suddenly lost our leadership. I'm not going to comment on why or how this ended up happening but our CEO and Spymaster had disappeared leaving us without a leader, without any direction, and with the BoB war machine starting to breathe down our necks. I believe this all happened over the course of a single night but Mittens disappeared and the CEO position was treated like a hot potato . It bounced all over the place, including landing with a guy by the name of NATE HAMMERTOWN (the capitals are important). Our drama had again spilled over onto evo where at least one dev announced his support for NATE HAMMERTOWN as CEO. Eventually the position of CEO ended up with one man. And that man would become our savior. [this is Sesfan?]

(A quick sidebar. Sesfan is #1. Sesfan has always been #1. If anyone tells you that someone other than Sesfan is #1 they are incorrect. Also if you happen to find Sesfan's phone please turn it into the proper authorities.)

I haven't written too much about a few people who were key even before the DS1 drama bomb. For a while there was a triumvirate of FCs: Sesfan, Suas and Scavok. These three heroes led many fleets while taking the south, and eventually defending things from BoB. It wasn't long before BoB was on our doorstep.

Omist and everything before it [before in this context means?] had fallen to us. But having conquered Omist we suddenly found BoB standing at our door with a bloody knife in hand. The system 9-9 in Tenerifis is 2 jumps from JV1V where the titan abortion had taken place earlier in the year. It was also a major hub for goons to jew up some money, refine ore, the things you tend to do as a low level member. 90% of us didn't even know that moons could be mined. So 9-9 was a key system to both Tenerifis and Detroid.

Back then sov wasn't built around iHubs or sov lasers or any of that bullshit. The only thing that mattered was who had more moons towered. If you had 51% of the moons in a system with a large tower on them then you would claim sov in that system. The problem with Omist is that most of the systems had an absolute shit ton of moons. At least one system had 70+ moons on it. We didn't have the resources to defend a region like that and it was pretty shit space anyway so there hadn't been a ton of fighting over it. [this all has been reorganized for clarity]

The BoB incursion deep into goon territory started. Despite **our numbers** we were simply not match BoB. Even the combined RSF forces couldn't hold them off and 9-9 fell. We **were** cut off from JV1V, and the pipe to the constellation maintained by specops (more on specops later) was suddenly dangerous as hell. Having conquered 9-9, JV1V was of little importance and BoB paid it little attention. Instead of JV1V BoB took aim at the systems of XGH and G-DON (g-donges for short.).

At this time morale in the fleet was the lowest I ever remember it being. Most of us were convinced that we would be totally pushed out of 0.0. Remember how Titans were back then? Aside from the two that had been killed early on by BoB douchebaggery there were no more than 5 or 6 known titans in the game, all of which belonged to BoB. For what seemed like years we would form up to defend, or attempt an attack, and without fail we would always get totally wiped by a DD. BoB's Ragnarok pilot was named Orange Species. While it was never proved, we constantly joked about there being a day shift Orange Species and a night shift Orange Species because the fucker was always online. Always. If a DD was needed and Shrike, SirMolle's titan pilot, wasn't available then Orange Species would be dialed up and a DD would be fired. The time of day didn't matter. ~~To make things worse, or better depending on how you look at it, it~~ It was, in other words, painfully obvious there was account sharing. Day shift Orange Species never did any local smack talk. Night shift however loved to shit it up. In retrospect it's pretty funny but it fucking sucked at the time. Most of the time BoB didn't even bother to form up a fleet. They would just mop the floor with a DD or three and call it a night. Our prime jewing space was taken and alliance reimbursement for ship losses was a pipedream.

Anyway, back to the war that would eventually be known as the First Great War. BoB seemed to be having a difficult time taking the XGH constellation **compared with 9-9** and at the time we weren't quite sure why. There was a lot sov going back and forth, towers being dropped and blown up--it was just a big mess. But it was a complicated mess. You see, one jump from XGH Specops had a Nyx building. This would eventually become the first Supercap we ever had but at that moment it was sitting in a very vulnerable, but very well hidden, POS. There was a pipeline that ran to XGH that was mostly empty. A tower was placed on a moon in that pipeline that was far enough from the gates that it didn't show up on D-Scan and nobody ever thought to check those moons because who would be crazy enough to put a supercap under construction in the middle of a fucking warzone?

Suas. That's who. AKA ShutUpandShave, AKA Tolon. You have probably heard of Suas. **[note: you should probably pick one name and stick with it to avoid confusion]** If you haven't then you almost certainly have heard his work. You know that Little Bees song based on Let it Be? That's Suas. He's since mellowed out these days but in 2007 he was 1 part insanity, 2 parts alcohol, and a dusting of cocaine. That angry british man could do things nobody else would even consider. Only Suas could lose a supercap that didn't belong to him. Only Suas could take a badly outnumbered dread fleet, drop the cyno jammer and kill a Nyx all in one go. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Specops was ~~Tolon's~~ **Suas'** band of merry men. In exchange for getting free ships, those of us in that group agreed that we'd be in fleet when we were online, no exceptions. In reality we were a small group built around the cult of personality that was Suas. We were supposed to be higher quality pilots that would be forward deployed to generally fuck things up but more often

than not it didn't work like that. It did on occasion but really it was Suas' own private little army, with our own little constellation. A constellation that BoB had in its crosshairs.

At some point in here one of the lesser known heroes of the swarm emerged: Bain Glorious, the man wrote what became The Titan Manifesto. Seriously, the thing was like 30 pages long, and it pointed out, line by line, how titans were broken. Nobody expected CCP to take it seriously but they did. Changes to titans were announced along with an upcoming change to sovereignty mechanics eventually known as Rev II sov. Titans would now be subject to dictor bubbles, and would no longer be able to send a DD through a cyno. If a titan wanted to wipe a support fleet it had to commit to the fight. Suddenly a glimmer of hope appeared.

I'm glazing over a bit here but let's fast forward to right before the Rev II patch was released. XGH turned into a meat grinder with no clear winner. Suas didn't do this on his own, and specops didn't do it on their own, but since that's where I was that's the perspective **from which I am writing**. The Nyx that was being built next door to XGH was only days away from completion. As the titan nerf patch was coming up we noticed something odd. BoB was tearing down towers in 9-9 to drop them in XGH. We didn't know it then but pushing all the way into 9-9 had taken a huge toll on BoB's wallet and resources. That endless supply of isk we thought they had? Not so endless. A specops CTA [???] was called and an operation was put into motion. Publically Sesfan had ordered that everything behind 77s [???] be abandoned. By this time The Mittani had returned in his spymaster role. From the way I understand it Suas, Sesfan and Mittens decided that we would take specops and keep the fight in XGH at all costs. BoB threw everything they had at us we would die, reship, come back and die again. There was no way this ever should have worked but somehow we held on until patch day. Part of the Dominion sov system was that a corporation could only drop 5 towers per system, per day. Patch day had come. It was the 20th or 21st of June. We fought all the way until downtime literally shooting at each other until the server went down. By the time it did I had died at least 5 times over and my last ship was a vigil. Others were flying in battle badgers. We used to say that we would clog the guns of our enemies with our corpses. In several battles this was true, including this one. If the ship could fit a weapon we crashed it straight into the BoB fleet. If it couldn't we crashed it into them anyway. Every shot they took at the fleet was a shot they weren't taking at our towers, or that Nyx nearing completion one system over. The patch was applied, the servers went up and the race was on.

Holding XGH was actually important to saving not only the Nyx in utero, but another set of capital components for what would eventually become the second supercapital in Goonfleet. I have no idea how this actually happened but 20+ freighter loads were evacuated from XGH. Jump bridge networks didn't exist yet, and as far as I know there was no titan bridging either. We didn't have any titans anyway. If a titan bridge did happen then the titan would have belonged to RA but I'm reasonably certain they didn't have any either.

With the server back online it was all coming down to who could drop more towers. Every GS corp had been given 5 towers to drop, old friends and allies had been asked to come

down for the sole purpose of dropping towers in XGH. And drop towers we did. At the same time towers were being spammed in XGH, a small force jumped into 9-9 and started dropping towers there as well. BoB went totally nuts. 9-9 was their system. Who the fuck were we to mess with that? Suas was flying around in a god damned carrier, in a hostile system, dropping towers because Suas is a fucking lunatic. BoB totally pulled out of XGH but by then it was too late. XGH was on lockdown because of our tower spam, and we had managed to attain 51% moon coverage in 9-9. In a single stroke we had regained Tenerifis.

In that moment something happened. Something that had never happened to BoB before. They pushed someone, but this time that someone pushed back. And we didn't just push back we knocked them on their ass. There was blood on the ground and the entire universe knew it, but that was just the start. On the 22nd of June 2007 the fleet accomplished something that nobody before had managed to: We killed a titan, while it had a pilot that was logged in and actively fighting back. And it wasn't just any titan. It was Shrike, the capital ship and crown jewel of the BoB fleet. Shrike jumped into 46DP to blow up some support as he had done many times before. Unlike all those previous times however he had to actually commit his titan to the fight to do it. His arrogance was his undoing. Most of the support was able to warp out and avoid the DD, and Shrike had cloaked on grid. Sesfan had put out an order to find him. MERCHI pilot and permanent goon hero Hrin managed to fly an interceptor directly up Shrike's ass and decloak the titan. Like so many times before BoB had fired off a DD with no support fleet. They had never needed one. But goons were essentially a support fleet at that time. With the titan decloaked the knives came out. Shrike was bumped and bubbled. He wasn't going anywhere. Despite his 10km officer smartbombs blowing up interdictors and bubbles alike we managed to keep him pinned while the RA capital fleet cyno'd in along with whatever capitals we could muster. It couldn't have been more than 5. The titan was cut off and quickly destroyed. Teamspeak exploded in cheers. Someone managed to perfectly time the Capt Picard "here's to the finest crew in starfleet" as Shrike exploded. We had killed a titan. We had killed THE titan. In that instant the galaxy realized that BoB wasn't omnipotent. Goon morale instantly rebounded with Shrike's corpse on display and retaking the 9-9 station. The DD that had killed so many goons, so many times was recovered from the wreck. Deadtear reprocessed that DD and we used the minerals from that to build frigates. Somewhere in Scalding Pass I have an incursis made from the DD of Shrike's titan.

Just as goon morale skyrocketed, BoB's morale collapsed into nothing. They had fucked up bigger than anyone fucked up before and to add insult to injury it was at the hands of those stupid t1 goonies who only a year before had been declared non-existent. BoB sov never went further than XGH. We would hold these regions until Haargoth did his thing in 2009. The First Great War had produced the biggest upset the game had seen up to that point. Our momentum rolled us back through Omist and on to Esoteria and Feythabolis and eventually into Delve itself with the full combined forces of the RSF. Things were going very well. Victory seemed like a sure thing but it was not to be. The fleet had pushed all the way into NOL, the capital of BoB space. During the fight for NOL a RA titan piloted by Oort was tackled and killed. Just as had happened to BoB with the death of Shrike, Oorts death caused the collapse of morale that

would eventually let BoB retake their space. We had been fighting non-stop for more than a year. We retreated back across the gulf between Period Basis and our space in the south. The First Great War had come to a stalemate. At the moment all I really remember about the gap between the first and second invasions is that there was a lot of tower shooting. At some point I'll need to write some more words about an unsung hero named Trevor Reznik. Trez and Junkie Beverage took down towers across the galaxy.

## \_\_\_\_Potential word vomit part 2

I don't remember exactly how the day [what day? have no idea how this fits into anything] started. But I do remember how it ended. After being handed a faction fit moros, my very first dread, I joined those who had also just been handed new dreads as well as those who already had theirs plus the carrier pilots. Destination: Delve.

You're probably wondering why this would stick out to me, I mean it's just a dread right? At this point Delve has been invaded so many times we've lost count. But by February 4th 2009 Delve had really only been invaded once nearly a year before, an invasion which had collapsed after the loss of an RA Leviathan in NOL. However during the hours and days leading up to the 4th a string of events happened that changed everything.

Permanent god damned hero Tamir Lenk of IGNE had been working on a standard issue recruitment scam. I'll need to double check this bit but they target in question ended up being so chill that they actually let him into the alliance. Maybe that wasn't how it happened but the guy would eventually end up in the alliance. You see this wasn't your normal scam target. The guy happened to be a full director in BoB, including full director rights to the executor corp TIN FOIL. And this director had just about had it with all of the hurf blurf and the rest of the bullshit that had to have come along with holding a space job under a douche like SirMolle. So this director decided that he liked it much more on our side of the line.

Many of you may already know who I'm talking about but if you don't that man was named Haargoth Agamar. Few people in the history of the alliance have even come close to advancing the cause of Goonmanity as Haargoth did that day. As the scam target had been outed as a BoB spy Haargoth laid all his cards on the table. He wasn't spying he was just goofing off because being in BoB wasn't actually a ton of fun. Who knew? What was initially planned as a smash and grab became something much greater.

Mind, the smash and grab did happen. That dread I so fondly remember? I was handed that dread by Haargoth himself after a handful of faction fit dreads had been liberated from Black Nova Corp along with numerous other assets. He had also drained the corp wallet and left a little note on the way out: "The Mittani says hi." But the real party was just getting started. As things developed ol Mittens and unsung goon hero xtz realized that since Haargoth had full director in TIN FOIL he could do something that, as far as I know, hadn't ever been done.

Haargoth had the ability to completely disband BoB. And by disband I don't mean just kicking people out, he could kick out entire corps, which is exactly what he did. He kicked out all the corporations and closed the alliance.

Upon the execution of the plan, BoB sovereignty dropped across Delve, Querious and Period Basis. No jump bridges, cyno jammers, beacons or fuel bonus. If I'm remembering correctly an emergency State of the Goonion was called and then CEO Darius "Jersey, FUCK YOU CAT" Johnson took a page from history. In 1519, Hernan Cortes led a Spanish fleet into what would become modern day Mexico. In order to motivate his men he torched his ships upon landing in the new world. In a single moment, all the space we had fought so hard to take, then keep was forfeit: Orders were to pack up what you could take and get to NPC Delve. At **that** time there were actually two logistics divisions. GS Logistics took care of the infrastructure, and GS Offensive Logistics would handle staging towers in theater for any given campaign. While logistics was busy tearing down towers as fast as they possibly could cyno chains and convoys were set up as an express lane to Delve.

DJ and Illuminati pushed all in, risking the fate of the entire fleet to finally accomplish what we had set out to do since the original invasion of S-U. The entire weight of the Fleet had descended on Delve. BoB leadership had filed petitions telling their line members that it was all a bug that would be reversed by CCP. In the meantime (former) BoB member corps joined an alliance named KenZoku. I'm not sure who owned it but it was an alliance someone had on standby and at that moment they needed anything they could get. We got a lot of mileage out of the anime name. Even the Rhotards **[who?]** thought it was awful. For a brief day or two someone got a petition granted to have the alliance name changed to BoB Reloaded, aka BoB.R. We all called bullshit because if you want a new alliance name you have to join a new alliance and take all the crap that comes with it. The name was reverted and Kenny was born. For those of you not planning on sticking around, we did in fact kill Kenny.

In the midst of all the chaos, most of the rest of the fucking universe had also started to converge on Delve. By this point we had earned our reputation for taking care of our friends. We had an understanding: Delve is Goons. Anime is cartoons. At the end of all this, we would own the the throne of 0.0 space. Alliances like Razor, Morsus Mihi and Pandemic Legion had all committed their own fleets, capitals, and fleet commanders to dominate the the region for 23 hours a day. While the fleet was central to the invasion we didn't do it alone. We had roughly 4 weeks before newborn anime alliance would regain the coveted sov4 invulnerability. The race was on.

Having been caught totally off guard Kenny seemed to be in shock. Multiple fleets were in their space, during every timezone, taking down towers and capturing stations. BoB pets were being used as meat shields yet many refused to abandon the renamed GKC **[kenny? what?]**. Sorry if anyone reading or listening is a former member of one of those corps. EXE being blue is still weird to me, nevermind the fact that they're in the alliance along with a former

MC corp. Nothing personal, it was just beaten into all of us back then that BoB and the GBC [who?] were the eternal and mortal enemies. I promise the irony of things today isn't lost on me.

Time to take another little side trip. After we took Delve goons were getting decidedly fat and lazy, which is saying a lot considering ya know...goons. One of our logistics directors was a guy named bos tess69. Now if you've never flown a freighter, run towers or done logistics then you don't really know what kind of a giant shitshow that is. Its shit work but it has to be done, be it for The Fleet, or personal towers. During this fat and lazy period a true goon hero was revealed. Enter Bruschetas. This guy had been in Goonfleet all of like 48 hours. He requested to join the logistics group to help out and bos tess handed gave out those roles. [and? relevance?]

As of 1 December 2015 we've spent a lot of time talking about this, nearly 5 hours. Well I spent a lot of time talking, as well as Scatim and Pokano. There's a lot more to get into and at least a handful of people I hope are interested in sharing their perspective. This has all been written because it is as much a part of me as I am a part of it. I can't help but laugh at the irony that I feel like the HBO series Band of Brothers and the parallels one can draw. They had the name, then we had it but the ultimate joke is that the Goonfleet name ended up in the Band of Brothers alliance locked away from everyone, not unlike a monument to one of the oldest stories ever old.

At the end of the day David smoked Goliath. From start to finish my war, our war, ran for over four years. The highs were like nothing else in the world, and the lows got as dark as dark gets. People come and go, and many thousands of people put many more thousands of hours into a conflict unrivaled in the history of gaming. If there's anything the universe should take from our story it is this:

**Don't fucking invade S-U.**

**---A bit of pontificating. Ok a lot about a little. My birth as a goon?**

There's a certain high to this game. One that isn't any different from other sorts of highs you might experience in the world. Pot, pills, gambling whatever it is then you know that feeling. That rush. Then there's the inverse. That feeling when the shit hits the fan. There aren't any more pills in the bottle. Both of these extremes exist in our universe. Perhaps it is even why every so often we burst into the mainstream for a brief moment. Gambling might be the best allegory here. Through our history some hard decisions have been made.

When Darius made the decision to push all in on the invasion of Delve against the alliance formerly known as Band of Brothers I can't even imagine how that must have been. Seven years later I'd still pay good money to have been a fly on that wall. My first thought is that

Darius had the same pit in his stomach knowing the enormity of the decision he was making. Then again maybe he just a giant set of brass balls. Maybe both.

When you really play the game. When you commit and find that hook in you that won't let go it isn't because of a permanent thing. The real reason, at least from someone who knows addiction and knows the larger aspect of EVE is that we don't let go. Eventually this will all be done and the ink will have dried but I'm not totally certain some of us will fully let go. Think back to the first time you were ever in a fleet running up against a real enemy. Maybe you don't know where you are, who you're shooting at, or why. Your ship is worth maybe a few million. Maybe you don't even know if your guns are loaded but when you're sitting with hundreds of angry goons and find yourself on a gate opposite a fleet of equally angry hostiles **and the adrenaline is pumping. Then FC gives the order to jump and into it you go. and it happens The gate is ordered green.** [ed note: I really feel like this should be rephrased]

I remember the moment it happened to me. In 2015 fleets operate in the thousands but in 2007 we were an order of magnitude smaller but I suspect the feeling is largely the same. I was flying in a SUAS fleet shortly before BoB started cutting into our space in the south **[region? Not sure its ever been noted]**. We had made the 20+ jumps to the RIT triangle to take on a RISE battleship fleet. As was often the case there wasn't any real strategic reason for this, it was just a an FC with charisma like I had never seen leading us into battle but I didn't really know that at the time. From the time Tetsujin fired off his Smoske joke and put the Fleet into the crosshairs of just about everyone we were all conditioned with the idea that fighting BoB was the end goal so as far as I knew that was what we were doing.

Being nearly brand new scrub to both EVE and The Fleet a kestrel was the best I could muster for our fleet of...well everything. For the current incarnation of 2015 the Fleet operates like a well oiled machine with well laid out doctrines to counter whatever the target is but back then the FC took whatever he could get. If you could put together a T2 sniping battleship and hit at range then you were solid gold but the only real requirement was a warm body. I've managed to run away from the actual story again but the point here is that we had just about anything in the fleet even if it was a laser Raven.

**So** I was in a kestrel. It was armed, as useless as that was and I'm pretty sure had a tackle fit but whether or not I had a prop mod I had no idea. But there we were. At least 100 goons in god knows what on the other side of roughly 80 RISE battleships. We sat there for a while as scouts figured out what the situation was. The intensity on comms ramped up pretty quickly and suddenly I found my heart thumping nearly straight out of my chest. SUAS screams for the fleet to jump and time stops. The server held up and I load the grid. All I can see on my overview and in space are some very large red squares. By this point I'd gone from a rush to a full on adrenaline surge. My hands were shaking as we are ordered to hold our cloaks.

The gate was bubbled and RISE had ships spread out all over the place at range. Their support was swarming right on top of us waiting for our jump cloaks to run out. SUAS screams

for frigates to burn straight up while the rest of the fleet holds cloak. My entire experience from start to finish couldn't have been any longer than 20 seconds. Already bubbled the frigates that decloaked were locked and vaporized instantly. The rest of the fleet shortly followed and met the same demise. Aside from SUAS I can't speak to anyone else in this fight but if nothing else it was quite likely my real birth as a little bee. I had taken the drug and it hit me with full force.

Finding myself in in an alpha clone pod in 9-9 it took me a minute or two to process just what exactly had just happened to me. I updated my clone to make sure my next death didn't cost me the precious few skill points I had built up. The entire thing was a total wash. A complete and utter decimation. But then if a man with the star power that SUAS commanded could lead to the adrenaline rush I had just experienced then what would it feel like to bowl right into that shit and win? So I stuck around to find out. I would have my knock down drag out brawls but the idea of screaming headlong into a pile of hostiles must have stuck with me because my kill history is littered with the wrecks of countless sabres and the ships I managed to bubble, hostile and friendly alike. EVE also stuck because here I sit, coming back from 3 years in exile to write about a single pointless fight that occurred nearly 8 years ago. My name is Cap and I'm an EVEaholic. [\[left off here--Bili\]](#)

\_\_\_\_\_ Rework

There's a certain high to this game. One that isn't any different from other sorts of highs you might experience in the world. Pot, pills, gambling whatever it is then you know that feeling. That rush. Then there's the inverse. That feeling when the shit hits the fan. There aren't any more pills in the bottle. Both of these extremes exist in our universe. Perhaps it is even why every so often we burst into the mainstream for a brief moment. Gambling might be the best allegory here. Through out our history some very hard decisions have been made, but more on that in a moment.

When you really play the game. When you commit and find that hook in you that won't let go it isn't because of a permanent thing. The real reason, at least from someone who knows addiction and knows the larger aspect of EVE is that we don't let go. Eventually this will all be done and the ink will have dried but I'm not totally certain some of us will ever fully let go. Certainly many of us will never forget.

Think back to the first time you were ever in a fleet running up against a real enemy. Maybe you don't know where you are, who you're shooting at, or why. Your ship is worth maybe a few million. Maybe you don't even know if your guns are loaded but when you're sitting with hundreds of angry goons and find yourself on a gate opposite a fleet of equally angry hostiles and the adrenaline is pumping. Then FC gives the order to jump and into it you go. You click jump and time stops. No seriously time stopped, there was no tidi. But think about that moment and how you felt. That pit in your stomach. How your hands were shaking as the grid loaded.

I remember the moment it happened to me. In 2015 fleets operate in the thousands but in 2007 we were an order of magnitude smaller but I suspect the feeling is largely the same. I was flying in a Tolon fleet shortly before BoB started cutting into our space in the south via Omist. We had made the 20+ jumps to the RIT triangle from Tenerifis to take on a RISE

battleship fleet. As was often the case there wasn't any real strategic reason for this, it was just a an FC with charisma like I had never seen leading us into battle but I didn't really know that at the time. From the time Tetsujin fired off his Smoske joke and put the Fleet into the crosshairs of just about everyone we were all conditioned and created with a single directive: Kill Band of Brothers before they could kill us. I just assumed this fight as another critical battle in our life or death struggle against Omnipotence Itself. As it turns out they weren't quite so omnipotent but that is another story.

Being nearly brand new scrub to both EVE and The Fleet a kestrel was the best I could muster for our fleet of...well everything. For its current incarnation in 2015, the Fleet operates like a well oiled machine with well laid out doctrines to counter whatever the target is but back then the FC took whatever he could get. If you could put together a T2 sniping battleship and hit at range then you were solid gold but the only real requirement was a warm body. I've managed to run away from the actual story again but the point here is that we had just about anything in the fleet even if it was a laser Raven.

So I was in a kestrel. It was armed, as useless as that was, and I'm pretty sure it had a tackle fit but whether **or not** I had a prop mod or not I had no idea. But there we were. At least 100 goons in god knows what on the other side of roughly 80 RISE battleships. We sat there for a while as scouts figured out what the situation was. The intensity on comms **ramped** up pretty quickly and suddenly I found my heart thumping nearly straight out of my chest. Tolon **screamed** for the fleet to jump and time stopped. The server held up and I loaded the grid. All I **could** see on my overview and in space **were** some very large red squares. By this point I'd **gone** from a rush to a full on adrenaline surge. My hands **were** shaking as we **were** ordered to hold our cloaks.

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I know a lot about drugs, and I'm learning more and more about addiction. One of the things I've learned is that drugs have **consequences** even if you don't see them at first. As many people will tell you, and you probably already know, without risk there is no reward.

We all have some semblance of the scale on which EVE exists. It's bigger than the galaxy we're in and even bigger than the server we all play on but in that instant you hit jump your little microcosm becomes everything. However that microcosm is just that: the smallest of **experiences** that is over faster than your first sexual encounter. A select few people play EVE at the highest levels. Even fewer play leadership roles. Of those few, only a handful ever wear the crown and most of the time the weight of that crown is their downfall. So imagine if you can what the size of the knot in your stomach would be if you had to make the decision that was put before Darius JOHNSON on February 4th 2009.

Notes: Need to flesh out some of the battles in between shrike and delve. Also wanna put in the story about suas crashing the nyx and my first fight with rise. Also the eye of terror, the geminate campaign, Specops vs Tri, Specops vs CORM. Get more details on Smoske/Tetsujin and that whole thing. Line up shrike dying, suas flies a titan, little bees. Figure out which bob members did all that bad posting. Get sov maps. The Big announcement. The remedial timeline. Timeline of CEOs. First two titan kills CYVOK and Wotonkin. Find that history picture thing. F-T disaster. Lady Scarlett is fat. QY6 6-24 skynet. Operation Push Shit In - August 17th chart more depth on BoB douchebaggery. The eye of terror and wrecking RISE after their Sov4 claim. Get mittens account of Chowdown's DD. The 46dp turkey shoot. The thulsa doom kill, Evil Thug. Need to explain sov mechanics pre dominion.

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History rewrite, take 2 aaaaaaand ACTION

## **Prelude**

To understand the story you're about to embark on there are a few things you'll need to understand. The first thing is that the fleet is not the major super power we are today. In fact we couldn't be farther from it. The second thing to know is that we were about to be locked in the life or death war that would define our place in EVE. To put you in the correct mindset I need you to find the thing in the world that you hate more than anything. It doesn't really matter what that thing is. Just that you hate it so much that you would stake everything you had on seeing it destroyed.

## **In the Beginning**

Before the formation of Goonswarm there had been a number of small goon corps, most of which had imploded in the usual dramatic way goons have a habit of doing. However even before the existence of actual alliances in EVE the idea of Goonswarm had already begun to take shape in the form of three corps: GoonFleet, GoonWaffe, and GoonPlatoon. At the time corporations had a hard limit on the number of members and there was no mechanic to allow for in game alliances to share standings and resources. An appeal was made to CCP in the form of

a poem known as The Sad Little Bee which you can read here:

[https://wiki.goonfleet.com/The\\_Sad\\_Little\\_Bee](https://wiki.goonfleet.com/The_Sad_Little_Bee) In late 2006 the first Revelations patch was released which included the Sovereignty skill allowing all 3 corps to merge into GoonFleet. At the time GoonWaffe had gone dormant but the role that corp had to play in our history was far from over. Fuck me writing is hard.

Ya know what fuck this its a smidge too soon for a ground up rewrite

How I'd do a ministry of education

1. Figure out how to better control some cultural posting standards. We have won many of the wars in space but we're losing the war on posting. God help us the posting is actually slowing down. And if you find me dead slumped over a macbook in a pool of blood it isn't because I took the Roy way out, it's because I read the word "toon" one too many times.
  - a. Maybe some more heavy handed moderation? I mean deadtear is deadtear but he had his virtues. Lets hammer some scrubs into better posting for a better world.
  - b. A brief but mandatory introduction to all non goon forums posters about the basics of posting and what not to post.
  - c. Perhaps a bit more contact with our non english speaking folks. I have no idea what is going on with our french and russian friends. Is papa digger still around?
  - d. The rep system is a totally worthless circlejerk that seems dangerously close to reddit upvotes. Let people learn to judge what someone says and if they'd like to comment they can actually write something rather than push the green or red button depending on how they're feeling at that second. I'd like to see it done away with in exchange for an SA style wrap sheet thing.
2. A brief intro on where all this came from and why. Nearly half a decade on it has been remarkably stable but it wasn't always that way, and there's always the chance that it might happen again. If anyone is going to get invested in this it should come with the understanding that the people that they call friends, many will up and disappear like a fart in the wind. They should also be prepared to step up to the plate or understand what will happen if they don't.
3. Speaking of where all this came from, my verbal vomit journal up there is a nice start but pretty flawed. If we're going to do this, lets do it right. We have all the data but it's scattered as hell. Lets put together the people stretching back to the dawn of civilization and build the crew to compile the data and flesh out the parts that are lacking. They don't need to be able to write anything compelling, just the facts please. Preferably from more than one source to get as close to reality as we can. I'd also love to get some retrospectives from the big names of days gone by. I'd love to hear how Sesfan or Scavok feel about this after all this time.

- a. So we take all that compiled data and build the timeline starting in stages. It kills me that the old KB doesn't seem to exist anymore since that would let us put dates with events. Edit the ever loving shit out of all the compiled data since there's going to be a huge signal to noise ratio.
- b. Stage the timeline build so that as one section is finished, writing the complete and unabridged version begins while the next section of the timeline begins construction. Lather, rinse, repeat.
- c. Since time presumably won't stop while this is happening I'd say lets keep the train rolling and write things as they happen and make this way easier and more accurate than dragging up ancient history and hoping someone remembers.
- d. Once we have the unabridged goon history assembled we edit the ever loving shit out of it again for a relatively short set of articles that get the point across to people who aren't all that interested in why Remedial was a space libertarian or how his dick got on the internet.

This is a lot, and I would really like to build a great monument in the sky that says "I'm gay" written into the stars themselves but I should probably be more grounded on this. Or we can do a kickstarter.

The Enslaver on Goonfleet's invasion of the south

"Truth be told I wasn't involved in the politics/war from about ~Feb 2007, as I went to work for CCP and had to rapidly uninvolve myself with high level alliance politics for obvious reasons. I don't think it's unreasonable to state that this contributed to the rapid collapse that occurred at the time. The two main figures that held direct power in LV were Chowdown (SNRA CEO) and Velios (M. CEO), both of whom were pretty inactive for most of 2006 and never really came back in any significant way. I ended up in the middle balancing things out and arranging what was needed for things to get done. After I left a couple of people stepped in and did some of it, but it wasn't ever really enough to make up for the absent CEOs.

I can say I was also involved in the original taking of the constellation GoonSwarm lived in, JQV5-9, where we kicked out the old JQ Alliance. I engineered a divide and conquer strategy which caused them to implode (not that it took much). We then went off back to Curse and left suas in charge, who iirc brought in the goons. Suas was linked with the main corps of LV quite closely - as he had been former Curse Alliance / The Five, and actually wanted to bring in GS on the side of The Five and then LV \*against\* Red Alliance. My CEO at the time, alongside a couple of others however decided they preferred the idea of keeping goons neutral and farming them in Syndicate. Something I warned them against - I recall pointing out that GS wouldn't just be flying rifters for long.

Of course, the grudge that GS formed against the original "elite" corps/alliances for farming them in Syndicate became the basis for them siding with Red Alliance, another group who hated LV even more and were at the time pretty screwed. I mean, they almost completely fell apart. This of course resulted in one of the biggest "I told you so" moments possibly in EVE history, when GS came in on their side. If it had in fact been handled properly, GS would have probably ended up coming in on \*our\* side, as SUAS had originally proposed.

Not to mention the multiple times where LV and the Russians almost made peace, with RA actually wanting peace in exchange for them being allowed to keep Cache and Insmother - which was repeatedly thrown away by some excessive pride on the side of a couple of people in LV who insisted we should only let them have Cache. Which was very, very... just catastrophically dumb, really.

I remember the siege of C-J6, which provided the catalyst for the RA revival, and the decision of one of our allies - who had half of the moons in the system covered with towers - to leave them offline as they didn't think there was any chance RA would attack them. That's the only time I've ever actually yelled at someone in EVE/over a video game. Man, I was pissed. Yet another of the "dumbest mistakes in eve history" right there.

I'm happy to answer any specific questions, I still remember most of it - interesting times. :)"

The Enslaver, Dec 8th 2006 :P I did give Chowdown the titan after I went to CCP though, which funnily enough was the same titan Shrike/SirMolle lost in the B-R fight.

<https://oldforums.eveonline.com/?a=topic&threadID=440477>

+

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KjISKGa0LoE>

This is when the titan died: <https://zkillboard.com/kill/36253034/>

For the original remote DD, the titan had to be in the same system - and outside of a forcefield, but could project the DD to a cyno anywhere in that system.

Got to go do some stuff for a bit, will read more and get back to you after. :)

CYVOK was the first, then Shrike (SirMolle), and then me shortly after. I was third, but only by about a week or two. At the time we clicked build on the LV titan, there weren't any others. We were very annoyed when we got beaten to it. We had it for a few weeks before we unveiled it in 1V-.

Shrike got his a week or two before me. The D2 titan was a month or two later, but he indeed lost it in the same way. A spy frigate with a micro smartbomb giving it an aggro timer without the pilot noticing in the case of D2 I recall.

4:57:21 AM) [voodoo\\_economist@goonfleet.com](mailto:voodoo_economist@goonfleet.com)/eris: here's a crushing historical detail for you: the night before Roy killed himself, he wrote me at like 2AM my time and basically said he would follow my every order, just give him something to do. I was pretty brained out so I told him to try and think of something to do, or something like that. next morning ...

## POST TITLE (RAW)

Much has been written about where we find ourselves today. Depending on who you're listening to, we're either on life support soon to be dead or we're in a fantastic strategic position moments away from skullfucking the enemy. Where we are is certainly a question that seems to be popular. I'm here to tell you that it's the wrong question. The real question isn't where are we, how are we doing or any variant of that idea. The real question is this: Who are we?

On the face of it the answer seems obvious. We're goons. And yes, that is true. That is the name we go by, the flag we wave. If we're really going to answer the question of "who are we" then first you need to ask yourself who you are. Having done this long enough now, I know what the answer to that question is when I ask myself. Many of you however may not know just who you are, here, in our microcosm of the universe.

I know who I am. Some of you know me, or have listened to me ramble, read my vomit of words, or perhaps you just know I'm that stupid fucking pothead who won't shut the fuck up about shit that happened a gazillion years ago. The reason I don't shut up about it is that I believe that it is important. For a while though I couldn't figure out why. Then a familiar face popped up and reminded me of exactly why I got into this, why I stuck with it, why I came back, and why I'm still here now.

In my first days and months we found ourselves in a pretty bad spot. The details aren't really important but what you need to know is that much of our space had fallen. Morale was down. We faced an enemy that was seemingly unstoppable and we saw no way to win. We had been isolated, the people we called friends didn't seem to be showing up anymore. There was constant bombardment about how we were on our deathbed and that any day now we would be relegated to the past. For me, that was 2007. For others that was even earlier during the siege of S-U, an event which would shape everything in the years that followed. You may have noticed that it is no longer 2007. You may have also noticed that we aren't dead.

The reason we weren't dead is that we had one thing that no other group did: cohesion. We could exist regardless of alliance name or CEO. Being a goon wasn't a name. It was, and still is, an identity. Goons have always been polarizing. For every person that wanted to be a goon, there were at least two who wanted to see us dead. This hasn't changed. Recently a number of the people that I used to play with have departed. SUAS. Darius Johnson. Endie. Diogenes. I offer no comment on how they left but I do understand why. The Goonswarm of today is far from what it was even 4 years ago, let alone 9 or 10. There were, perhaps are, 3 categories: Goons. Puppies. Faggots.

The brotherhood of the 10 bux isn't what makes a goon. Not being a member of SA doesn't make you a pubbie. Faggots are the people we hate. It's the last time I'll be using the term here but I use it because that's how it was originally constructed. The goons would tell you that if you're a pubbie, that you'll always be one. Spouting image memes, using dumbass catch phrases, or not being able to type a coherent sentence. This is not true. The deep dark secret that all the successful people learn is this: Goons can be grown. Not everyone wants it, nor does everyone deserve it, but if you do then you can be a goon. We can teach you how. If you don't, if what you really want is to wear the name of a goon but not to actually be one then I'm sorry but I really don't have any use for you.

So how do you learn to be a goon? As I was recently reminded: Just. Fucking. Post. Jabber is good and all but it isn't the entire picture. You'll never know everyone but you should at least know names, and I should at least know yours. You're the guy with the dickbutte tattoo on his ass. You're the bad poster. **Whatever, but we need a central place that we all have in common.** I know Ben Smash has a dickbutte tattoo on his ass because he posted it. I know Paco Vato is a bad poster because he posted. You know me, because you're reading this, because I posted.

At some point along the line this seems to have gotten lost but it's time to dust it off. You might be wondering how I know this. How do I know that goons can be grown? Because I was. My name is Cap and I'm a filthy, sponsored pubbie. And now I'm a goon because I fucking posted. That made me a goon, that made us goons.

Goons provoked the biggest, baddest motherfuckers and lived  
Goons destroyed Shrike, the first titan to ever go down in combat  
Goons lead the charge into Delve and euthanized the strongest alliance anyone had seen  
Goons got knocked on their ass and got back up  
Goons held Dekelin uninterrupted for half a decade  
Goons can destroy the filthy pieces of shit calling themselves the MBC  
I'm a goon. Who are you?

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## **POST TITLE (PRODUCTION) - A Crisis of Identity**

### **Introduction**

In my first days and months, we found ourselves in a pretty bad spot. The details aren't really important, but what you need to know is that much of our space had fallen. Morale was down. We faced an enemy that was seemingly unstoppable and we saw no way to win. We had been isolated, the people we called friends didn't seem to be showing up anymore. There was constant bombardment about how we were on our deathbed and that any day now we would be relegated to the past.

### **Personal background**

For me, that was 2007. For others that was even earlier during the siege of S-U, an event which would shape everything in the years that followed. You may have noticed that it is no longer 2007. You may have also noticed that we aren't dead. Some of you know me, or have listened to me ramble, read my vomit of words, or perhaps you just know I'm that stupid fucking pothead who won't shut the fuck up about shit that happened a gazillion years ago. The reason I don't shut up about it is that I believe that it is important. For a while though I couldn't figure out why. Then a familiar face popped up and reminded me of exactly why I got into this, why I stuck with it, why I came back, and why I'm still here now.

### **Clincher**

The reason we weren't dead is that we had one thing that no other alliance did: cohesion. We could exist and maintain regardless of game outcomes, alliance name or CEO. Being a goon wasn't a name. It was, and still is, an identity. Goons have always been polarizing. For every person that wanted to be a goon, there were at least four who intensely wanted to see us dead. This hasn't changed.

### **Backing up, describing the problem**

The real question isn't where are we, how are we doing or any variant of that idea. The real question is this: Who are we? On the face of it the answer seems obvious. We're "goons." Recently a number of the people that I used to play with have departed. SUAS. Darius Johnson. Endie. Diogenes. [I offer no comment on how they left but I do understand why. \(Maybe you should\)](#). The Goonswarm of today is very different from what it was even 4 years ago, let alone 9 or 10. [Connecting sentence here](#). And we can't move forward if we can't admit to ourselves there is a grain of truth to what they're saying. That doesn't make them *right*.

**\*\*Comment on people leaving\*\*** Some have left in a torrent of anger and drama. Others have bowed out with respect. At this point however it is less important to examine how they left and more important to look at why. Goonswarm was always designed as a place for goons in eve. Many feel that the Goonswarm of today no longer represents that. I disagree. In the past Goons made out the core of an alliance that contained friends we'd brought together to accomplish our goal. For many years that goal was survival. Today we find ourselves back at that point. Our sov is gone, our stations in the hands of the people we hate. If goons are to survive and have a place in eve, beyond ~wulfpax~ and ~gudfites~ we must accept that we need groups around us

who are not goons to ensure that palce in eve. If your idea of fun is to run around in a small gang killing things then that is perfectly fine. I joined Goonswarm to to topple Goliath, and I stayed to help build the space empire to end all space empires. Simply put, I want the waving flag of the Dickbutte to be seen on the map as the ultimate “fuck you” to those of us who would have us dead and those who have tried.

Make no mistake friends, we find ourselves largely camped into a station. While this may not be familiar to most, this is exactly where we started as an alliance. This is the path that lead us to the south. The path that put us on a collision course with the entire game and even CCP itself on occasion. The circumstances of 2006 may have come around again, so I ask: What do you plan to do about it? We can crow about K:D ratios and winning the isk war but until our flag is back on that map I will not be satisfied.

### **Goons, Friends of Goons and Faggots**

Back in the day there were 3 categories of EVE players: Goons. Friends of goons. Faggots. Now faggots were the people we hated, goons and friends of goons were people were liked, but being a member of SA was no guarantee against being a faggot. [Add old-timey faggots like Furnok here](#). Some goons would tell you that if you're a pubbie faggot, that you'll always be one. Spouting image memes, using dumbass catchphrases, or not being able to type a coherent sentence. Nah. Goons can be grown. Not everyone wants it, nor does everyone deserve the time it takes to teach it, but if you do, then you can be a goon. If you do, we can teach you how. If you don't, then what you really want is to wear the name of a goon.

### **Solving the problem**

So how do you learn to be a goon? As I was recently reminded: Just. Fucking. Post. While Jabber is good and all, it's just text rapidly scrolling by on a screen. Sure you'll never know everyone, but you should at least know names, and I should at least know yours. I know Ben Smash has a dickbutte tattoo on his ass because he posted it. I know Paco Vato is a bad poster because he posted. You know me, because you're reading this, because I posted. You're the guy with the dickbutte tattoo on his ass. You're the bad poster. We need a central place that we all have in common.

At some point along the line this seems to have degenerated, so it's time to dust it off. You might be wondering how I know this. How do I know that goons can be grown? Because I was. My name is Cap and I'm a filthy, sponsored pubbie. And now I'm a goon because I fucking posted. That made me a goon, that made us goons. [We need an outro with a few actionables and a take-home message.](#)