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*[Executor Thom MacMorris, Callsign: Anchr]*

"There are no Good Guys on Auraxis. Yeah, I said it. You can take your patriotic, zealous, or democratic fantasies and shove 'em where the sun don't shine, 'cuz that's where they belong. I know, I know, I've reached the most venerated rank the Mighty New Conglomerate has to offer. How could I be saying this? I am devoted, the elite of the elite, super space soldier supreme, bona fide badass from Earth kickin' ass on Auraxis in the name of freedom."

"Yeah, fuck that."

"What do we have? Three Nations? Factions? Empires? All fighting over the same damn places endlessly. Honestly it's like choosing a method of execution. You can have a Brutally efficient and ruthless authoritarian government, a group of idealists with deep pockets willing to do whatever they deem necessary, or overzealous cultic psychopaths who worship dead space people relics. Pick your Poison, I know I did. Its Obscene, because the only real winner in this whole merry band of misfits is Nanite Systems, but more on that later."

"This is a new breed of war, with a new breed of soldier, even considering how old this war is. There's never been anything similar. What kind of sick bastard volunteers to die? Actually, no. Lemme rephrase that, because people have been doing that for centuries. Back when a war and life meant something. What kind of sick bastard volunteers himself to a never ending meatgrinder of a war with no possible end that he cannot even leave because he is effectively immortal? For all of its wonder, the rebirthing matrix can join your petty ideals in that dark place where they were shoved earlier. Because that piece of equipment that makes the world (Auraxis) go 'round has killed the soldier of times past just effectively as it has kept the soldiers of today alive."

"Ya see, in centuries past, a soldier had to go through months, even years of physical, emotional, and psychological torture known as training just to be called a soldier, with even more grueling training required after if they wanted to specialize or become better. Why, you ask?"

"Because they only had one shot."

"They knew very well that there was only a black plastic bag and plain white headstone awaiting them if they screwed up. So they didn't. They were damn good at their job, and they intended to be as good as they could possibly be for as long as they could make it. They were devoted, not just to the mission, but to each other. They had a brotherhood, and it was sacrosanct."

"And you want to know what we traded that for?"

"Dogshit, not that there are any dogs left on Auraxis, but the quality is the same."

“Sure Rebirthing has effectively made losses and burials a thing for the history books now, which is good, never before in time has a vet like myself had so many comrades survive to talk to, but overall quality has just taken nosedive.”

“Training a new recruit takes no more than an hour or so now. We put them in the rebirthing matrix, it copies their DNA, for instant reassembly at a later date, we give ‘em a uniform and a gun, run the little shit through a course, show them how a terminal and capture point works, point them in the general direction of a fight and hey, Presto! You are now the newest member of an elite group of yadda yadda yadda, you get the point.”

“‘But Anchr’, you might say, ‘What about physical fitness and condition?’ Which is perfectly valid and quite astute to point out. Slogging all over a planet with a gun, armor, grenades etc. is tough work. But there is no need for conditioning really because the Rebirthing matrix automatically spawns (I hate that word) you in excellent physical condition.”

“Today a soldier on Auraxis is little more than a frightened person with a gun and colored clothing shooting at other scared people with different colored uniforms because that is just what you do. Of course, this usually only applies to greener people, as higher ranks have learned the ropes and some even enjoy it. This eventually turns into mild distaste and boredom though because you get jaded. Fighting back and forth over the same places day in, day out for years really wears on you. You start to memorize the terrain intimately, you have favorite spots and you despise others. Occasionally, something new happens which invigorates things for a while, like a new weapon or vehicle, but it fades after a while.”

“And therein lies the problem. I should not be jaded to being Shot at by people who want to kill me. Let that sink in. I am no longer fazed by looking in the hate-filled eyes of a man in a different uniform doing his best to kill me for a short while. That is worn, and a violation of everything that is. I wasn’t always like that, I went through the same hour long training 101 course, so I probably have no right to judge, but Since then, I have taught myself everything from experience (I have died many, many times), but it is just wrong. I feel out of place, as if the reaper has knocked on my door, and I opened it, shook his hand, and then closed it in his face with a laugh. I don’t like it.”

“Then again, this whole situation makes me uneasy, because no matter what I do, who I kill, or what I capture, the only people who really benefit are Nanite Systems. They make and sell everything, including the resources we use to purchase their equipment in the field. Special Grenades, Lightnings, Liberators, Galaxies, Bursters, rifles, carbines, pistols, you name it. They just rake in money and happily watch us shoot each other with them. In all fairness, its brilliant and effective, if exploitative and probably unethical, but at this point nobody cares about that.”

*[Portion Deleted: Author’s Notes; Nothing here, I was just silently sitting and gathering thoughts]*

"I'm just done man. I want to go back to Earth and raise a proper family on a plot of real land that isn't soaked in six feet of blood. It ain't gonna happen, but a man can dream right?"

"Because the truth is, I'm tired. I see all these young faces coming from the ships, that have never set foot on Earth, and I can't help but think that this isn't my war anymore. They aren't fighting for the same reasons my generation of soldiers were. Ideals are corrupted now, and so are the regimes behind them, and I want no part in it. I see it in the eyes of my fellow Executors when we roll out together, as well as in the eyes of the 'older' (age is relative with immortality) Field Marshals and Paragons I may come across. There is no fire. It is only bored calculation and experience, like fighting on autopilot. Casually. It isn't right, and every day I want less and less to do with it."

"Before I close, consider this; the people whom I envy most on this Forsaken Excuse of a planet are dead. Like dead dead. How? They were three NC Soldiers who died in a firefight on Hossin while trying to activate the rebirthing matric there during early expeditions. They got the chance to be the real soldiers we never could be, and they got the full experience. They were vets, just like me, and they volunteered for it. Now they get to rest finally. Lucky Bastards."

"Who knows? Maybe one day I'll call it quits for good, it's tough when you can never die truly. Its seductive, that chance of maybe going on a good run or holding the point on your own, but we'll see. Maybe I'll get the chance to explore new continents or whatnot and then, maybe then, I can get my rest. I've certainly earned it. Until then, I'll just keep doing my thing."

This is Anchr, closing out.

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