

To occupy the several second interval we must wait for the shells to travel through space (4.421 according to my weapon subsystem computer), allow me now a brief tangent to preach the gospel of the combined 1200mm turret, targeting computer, and ordnance inventory computer, an old self-contained weapon system to bear the simple designation of “M1”:

The most foundational concept one must grasp about the M1 is that it is not an effective weapon as a simple matter of scale. While exceptions do exist, the simple nature of space means that larger warship sizes face a rather generous economy of scale with regards to one's ability to out-gun and out-weather their smaller foes. As is only natural, I am the most resplendent paradigm of this law, large enough to sit comfortably on the edge of what can be considered a planet and well-armored enough to ram one and win.

Ah, but you already knew that, didn't you? Unlike the M1, one would be remiss to not both know of and be thinking about me constantly. Allow me to continue:

The M1 is an exceptionally outdated weapon, installed on myself as merely an afterthought to help populate the more empty stretches of my lustrous, breathtaking hull. As to be expected from a weapon originating in a period of time in which humanity's warships were several orders of magnitude smaller than myself, these old holdovers certainly wear their years.

Despite my decision to open with it, the M1 is not a good weapon system. Everything about it, down to the targeting computer's ability to account for gravity-induced bullet drop and atmospheric drag, reflect its crude nature as something better suited for ancient oceanic warfare rather than space. The materials used in the gun barrels are impure, molecularly inconsistent alloys, the computer boards large and demanding. Its autoloaders are finicky and prone to jamming, and many of the targeting solutions fail to account for some of the more intricate corner cases one must account for in space combat.

We still have 2.721 seconds until the shells are expected to reach the enemy ships. Had I used my secondary armaments, a pair of megaMAC cannons that fire projectiles with diameters to rival cities, I would have not been able to complete a single sentence before the near luminal titanic bolts would have turned the tightly-bunched enemy crafts into little more than atomic smears with the sheer kinetic energy they convey.

I have not fired my megaMAC cannons, however. I have fired my 1200mm multi-purpose M1s. This is because, for all their flaws, they are good cannons.

A weapon does not have a service life spanning in the multiple thousands of years without merit. As with similarly archaic weapons, (such as the veritable M1, the timeless M1, and, of course, the M2), it has not survived for lack of redeeming qualities.

As a consequence of its age, there exists a truly staggering variety of ordnance that can be crammed into the M1's barrels and lobbed at one's enemies, all of which have been carefully cataloged in my mat-fab schematics to be produced at my leisure.

Although the primitive 5-meter long projectiles are slow, inaccurate and easy to intercept, they are entertaining. Yes! Unlike more advanced munitions, there exists a certain magic with the inefficient explosive mixes the M1's old shell patterns tend to use.

For this sole redeeming quality, I employ them at every possible opportunity.

Certainly many people disagree with me, stating that no, the M1 was only installed on myself as an afterthought due to the sheer number of their surplus stocks still around at my time of construction, they are incorrect because their opinions are at odds with my own. At least two sailors who have served aboard myself agree with the fact that the many munitions the M1s can fire produce spectacular effects, cementing my stance as the sole correct one.