

The Fate of Britain

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Introduction

In 2030, Britain was swept by the eruption of a civil war. After the United Kingdom was abolished in 2029, monarchists and conservatives fled to Northern Ireland with the Royal Family. Furthermore, the Parliament established the Federal Republic of Britain.

Just months after in August of 2030, those same right-wing factions, who became known as the *Nationalists*, staged a coup in London in order to divert the attention of the Republican military. Meanwhile, they launched an invasion of Scotland, with the goal of securing the North. A long, destructive civil war began to unfold.

Chapter I: Invasion

I stood firm on the deck of the ship, surrounded by the quiet sea and the early morning sun. The only noise that seemed to break the serenity was the clear instructions of my superior officer. "When you land on the beach, find your assigned vehicle, get on it, and drive to your assigned objectives!"

Today was the day we finally invaded Liverpool. It was our first step to march to London. Everyone was eager to become a part of a liberation force. Not one soldier aboard the ship was scared or nervous; it turned out that we were the perfect, loyal soldiers there ever were.

After the speech, I herded my company--the mighty Polish Volunteer's Company--to its assigned boats. My company began when I told my close childhood friends in Poland that civil war had erupted in Britain, my second homeland. When I told them which side I chose, they all eagerly wanted to join for political support and the adventure. They also called their friends in. With the overwhelming pressure, I decided to consult

my superior officers about forming my own company.

Afterwards, I became the captain of that company.

Anyways, I boarded the boat my friend was in and prepared to speed out of the troopship. "You lads ready?", I asked them and the others in my boat. "Of course we are!", my friend Mikolaj yelled out. When we were given the green light to go, we sped out of there. We were 274 meters away from the beach, which was not so far to travel. "How long do you think it'll take until we reach London?", Mikolaj asked me. "I'd give it a year--maybe we'd be there by Christmas, and the war would be over." We then stared at each other and began to laugh because the home-by-Christmas joke was quite classic.

Suddenly, bullets began to fly in our direction. "Get down!", I yelled. We ducked for cover as we continued to speed to shore. Curious about how many Republicans were at the beach, I took a quick peak. They were just starting to arrive.

I looked back at the ships when I began to hear the bombardments of the cruisers. They were bombarding the Republicans at the shore, making it easier for us to land. Just a few moments later, the bombardment stopped, and we finally landed on the beach.

We jumped off our boats and stood by as we waited for our vehicles to arrive. Everything was quiet at first, but then a few dozen Republicans began to attack us. I kneeled down and began to return fire. "Suppressive fire!", I requested. Four of my comrades began to fire heavily on the enemy. "Mikolaj! Let's get closer and blow that fire team out with our grenades!", I told him, pointing at a bunched-up fire team of Republicans.

We made our way past flying bullets coming from both sides. Eventually, we found cover where the Republicans could not see us. "Ready?", I asked him. He nodded. We each took out a grenade from our grenade pouch, pulled the pin, and then threw it at the Republican fire team hiding behind their vehicle.

BOOM! Four Republicans were down. As a result, we left our cover and began to gun down the Republicans from their left flank. One by one, they fell because they could not fight in two directions. Eventually, silence conquered the commotion. Everyone relaxed and left their cover, and more troops began to land on the beach.

"Reminds me of Scotland already," chuckled Mikolaj beside me. Our combat experience in Scotland was quite similar to this intense firefight. We would march on in the misty Highlands, and then we would see the Republicans shooting at us from another elevated position far away. Overall, Scotland trained us to shoot more accurately, which definitely paid off here in England.

Chapter II: From Door to Door

When our vehicles arrived on the beach, I joined Mikolaj's fire team in one, and told them to follow the map I pulled out. "Our objective is to secure this

harbor here, so that our ships can begin to dock there!", I briefed Mikolaj, who began to drive.

"Who knew that this landing could be so easy?", asked Mikolaj confidently. We all thought that we were the spearhead of a new hope, similar to our forefathers who fought in the Second World War. Mine was a pilot in the RAF. When the Luftwaffe bombed Britain in 1940, he was there to defend the British skies. Now, it was my turn to defend Britain; to defend Britain's centuries-old monarchy. I was not willing to let the Republicans throw away our culture and traditions. My hope for the nation was high.

After driving for about ten minutes southeast, we finally saw buildings coming up. Suddenly, Republican vehicles began to block the road, and soldiers began to point their rifles at us, ready to open fire.

"Thomas! You see this, right?", yelled Mikolaj. That was when I heard helicopters flying up in the air. They were ours. They shot their missiles at the Republicans, quickly making way for us to continue

driving. We breathed a sigh of relief and continued.

"That sure was a warm welcome," said Mikolaj sarcastically.

We continued to drive through empty Liverpool for about five minutes. The streets were empty. "The civilians must have fled, knowing that things were about to get intense," said Mikolaj. "At least nobody innocent has to die today," I replied. I pulled out my map and realized that we were close to our objective. "Turn right on the next road up ahead," I ordered Mikolaj.

When Mikolaj turned, we were immediately met with heavy gunfire from the Republicans. "Back up and stop past this road!", I yelled. Mikolaj quickly backed up and crashed the damaged vehicle away from the road we just turned into. Then, we all got off and prepared to advance.

"This must be the harbor! No wonder why they're protecting it so fiercely!", I said. I turned to address the corporal of the fire team I was with.

"Corporal! Let's advance through these shops on the side of the road!" The corporal turned and agreed. "Copy that!" He then attracted the attention of the fire team and followed me.

We kicked down the side door of a local shop and ran inside. From the front windows facing the road we tried to enter, we had a small angle where we could see the enemy positions. I took a small peak and saw a turret behind sandbags. "We need to eliminate that turret before launching a full assault," I told the fire team. "Corporal, check for a ladder near this shop," I ordered. The corporal turned and exited the shop through the back, hoping to find a ladder.

"Alright, we're going to eliminate their first defenses by raining hellfire from the roofs of these buildings," I explained to the fire team. The corporal then returned and reported that he found a ladder right behind the shop. "Alright, move out!", I ordered.

Each of us secretly climbed the ladder that was a few feet away from the back door of the shop, while the rest of my company returned fire to the Republicans. "Stay down and advance," I ordered the fire team. Finally, we reached the perfect position to surprise the Republican defenders; a clear shot of the monstrous turret.

"Position yourselves near the edge of the roof!", I ordered. "Open fire!", I continued. Bullets rained on the dozen Republicans on the road. Each of them fell defenselessly, effectively clearing out the first line of defense. "Ceasefire!", I concluded.

I turned back to the company up the road and signaled for them to advance. I then turned to my radio to communicate more effectively. "All troops, advance on foot. Leave behind your vehicles," I ordered. Then the company continued to the harbor on foot.

"They were pretty clever to have known that this harbor would be vital to us," Mikolaj said as we

quickly advanced on the road later. "Yeah, they've been paying attention to our naval activities more since we began to dock on the Isle of Man two months ago," I responded.

Chapter III: Behind Shipment Crates

The firefight did not stop on the road. The Republicans on the harbor continued to shoot. They hid behind crates and shipments, well covered and protected. We did the same thing. "Same as last time? Flank?", I said to Mikolaj. "Yeah. They'll fall apart after we do that," Mikolaj agreed. I told the corporal to continue the pressure on the Republicans as me and Mikolaj were about to head off.

Mikolaj and I snuck past a few shipments, taking down a few Republican soldiers undetected. Finally, we saw a fire team lined up behind some crates like they were easy prey to target. I nodded my head as a sign to go. We popped out of cover and began to shoot them

from the side. One by one, they fell without even turning their heads to us.

After that, we advanced to a nearby shipment to see the remaining Republicans shooting heavily a few meters away. "Let's use grenades!," I suggested to Mikolaj. We each pulled one out. "Ready!," he said. We pulled the pin of our grenades and threw them.

A few seconds later, the gunfire stopped. "Ceasefire!," I turned to my company and yelled. My company stood down and left cover. We finally took the harbor. "We've done it lads!," I exclaimed. We all began to celebrate.

Suddenly, I heard a voice from the small building behind the Republican positions. "Don't shoot! We surrender!" I gripped my rifle tighter and responded. "Throw any of your weapons out the door and come with your hands up!" I yelled as Mikolaj and I slowly approached them. One of them threw his sidearm out the door. Another followed and threw his sidearm out.

"Now come out with your hands up!", I ordered them while pointing my rifle in their direction. Two Republican soldiers walked out with their hands up. "We have one wounded inside," one of them said. "Alright, we'll get him treated," I promised them. "Mikolaj, escort these two out of here and interrogate them," I told Mikolaj. Mikolaj walked away with the two POWs. I then turned to the direction of my company and requested for a medic. "I need a medic and a fire team!", I yelled out. A medic arrived to treat the wounded Republican inside the building, and then a fire team followed to clear the building.

Later on, some of my soldiers were taking down the flag of the Federal Republic. It looked similar to the flag of Hungary, but it had the Republican coat of arms in the center. Mikolaj approached me and reported what the POWs said. "One of them said that there was an entire division in this city." I looked at him and nodded in agreement. "Remember this day, Mikolaj...the day of great hope; the beginning of history," I told

him. "You sound like an old man," he responded. We looked at each other and laughed. Afterwards, we began to hear explosions coming from deeper into Liverpool. "Must be ours. Now that we have a secured place to dock our ships, we can start making noise in the city," Mikolaj explained.

This morning, my hopes were high. I was among the men who became part of a force to make history by resurrecting the United Kingdom. After these Liverpool Landings, my hopes grew higher, sure of victory; sure of successful restoration of our old ways of life. I looked up to see the Union Jack flying proudly. Rule Britannia.