RESVRGAM

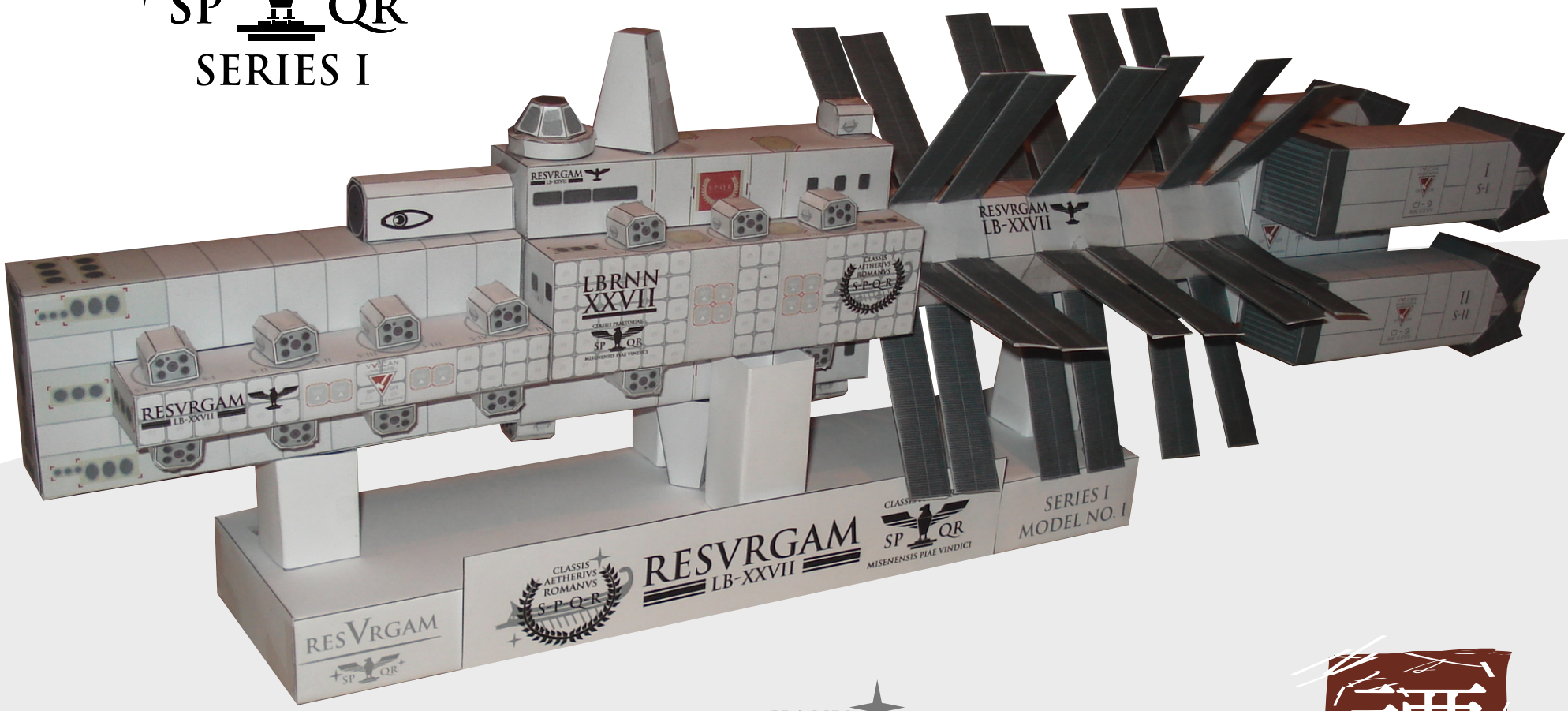
SP QR

SERIES I

#1

Liburnian-Class Interplanetary Cruiser

RESURGAM



CLASSIS AETHERIVS ROMANVS S-P-Q-R

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03-09-2727_AUC

It is the 28th Century. The Roman Empire has expanded to cover the Eurasian Continent east of the Ural Mountains, and has settled a large portion of the Northeastern Woodlands in Terra Nova. Rome is in a shaky alliance with the Mongol Empire to the East, and is currently struggling to fight for its land in Terra Nova against the Antipodal Alliance. After an herbicidal bombing run went awry, 80% of the world's water supply has become dangerous to drink. The Rome-based Vulcan Corporation has begun a mass filtration program, though some see it as more of a water monopoly. At the same time, the world empires have colonized the Moon, and the first colonies have sprung up on Mars. Rome has 9 colonies there, the Mongols 3, and the Antipodals have taken over a Roman colony.

I am Mamercus Horatius Aloysius, Optio to Centurion Lucretius of the RESVRGAM, flagship of the Praetorian Fleet Classis Misenensis. We are on our way to Mars. Our mission: regain Vulcan Colony 39 in what will be the first conflict spanning two planets.

Gods help us.

S-P-Q-R
SENATVS POPVLVSQVE ROMANVS

RESVRGAM
LB-XXVII

CLASSIS PRAETORIAE
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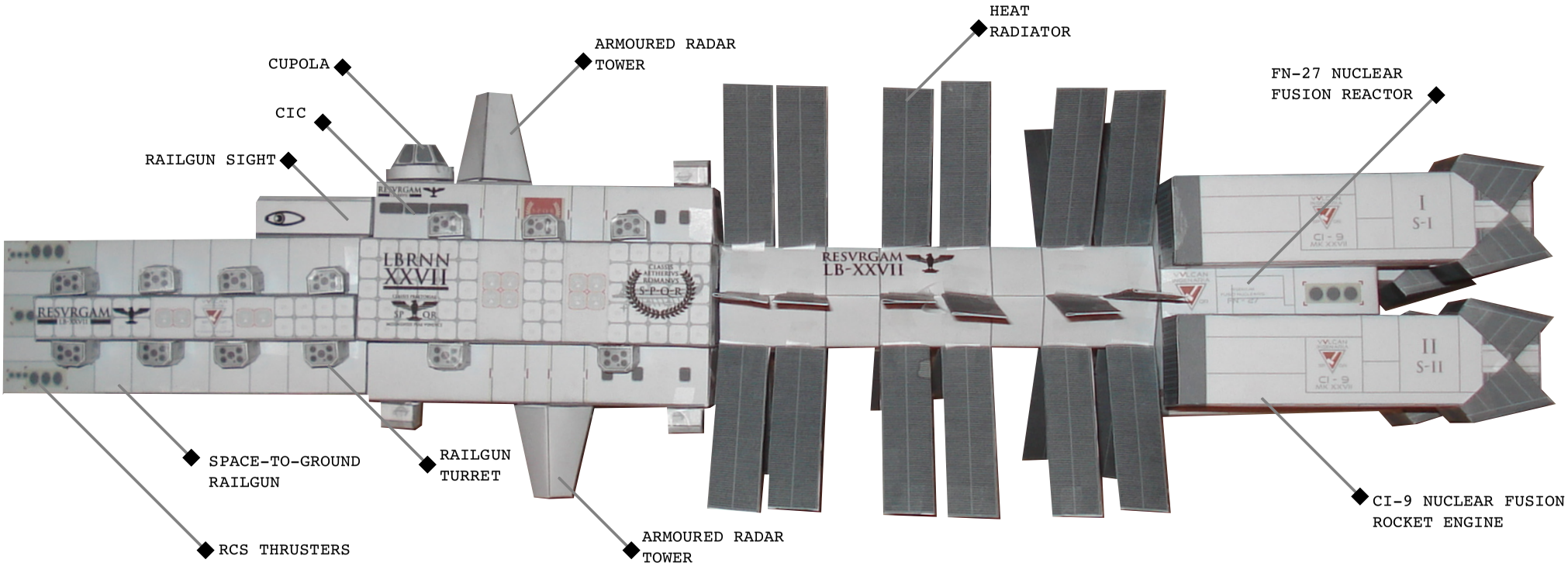

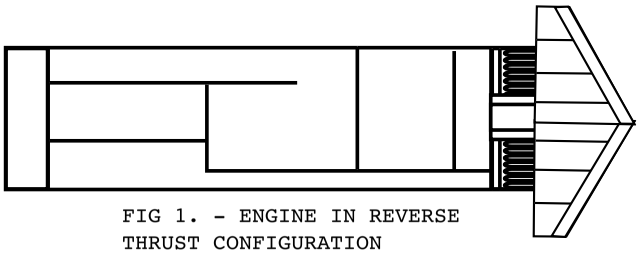

FIG 1. - ENGINE IN REVERSE THRUST CONFIGURATION

SPECIFICATIONS

LENGTH - 80m

HEIGHT - 10m

POWERPLANT - 1 x FN-9 NUCLEAR FUSION REACTOR

PROPULSION - 4 x CL-27 MK XXVII ION ENGINES

RANGE - ROUND TRIP TO [redacted]

ARMAMENT - 1 x 100cm RAILGUN GRADED FOR ORBITAL STRIKE
29 x 4-GUN 10cm RAILGUN TURRETS
24 x CONTUS MK-III NUCLEAR MISSILES

DEFENSE - 'PHALANX' CIWS
EXPLOSIVE REACTIVE ARMOR
DEPLETED URANIUM HULL
LEAD SHIELDING

DIV.	DWG NO.	ARCHITECT:	APPROVED:
SHIPBUILDING	XXVII	BRYAN TAN	03/09/2725

VVLCAN NAVALES SP QR

'LIBURNIAN CLASS' HEAVY CRUISER
GENERAL OVERVIEW

"Parking orbit established, Centurion."

"Mamercus, decrypt our orders."

"Yessir..." I said, just as I began running the decryption program. Of course, I never saw the actual document. As Optio, I was merely the button pusher for the Centurion; the decrypted document was sent directly to his console.

I watched the Centurion pensively chew his lip as he read over the order. The shipwide intercom clicked on as he cleared his throat.

"As you all know, Antipodal forces have seized VULCAN corporate assets on Mars. VULCAN are Rome's biggest military contractors, not to mention that they are the company responsible for providing us with clean water and the armor which protects our ships. Suffice it to say that they literally built the Empire as we know it today. Our orders are to protect this carrier as it runs sorties against stolen Vulcan colonies. At the same time, we are to catalog any known Antipodal bases and neutralize them if necessary. We are NOT to open fire on any corporate assets, unless recovery of said asset is impossible. Such assets include but are not limited to: mining equipment, offices, buildings, along with entire colonies and their inhabitants. This mission, as always, is a matter of security; not just for our operations and colonies here on Mars, but for the Empire as a whole. Remember that we, as soldiers - and especially as members of the Praetorian Fleets - are the loyal servants to the Emperor and His people. May the Gods be with you all. All hands, man your stations. Gubernator, begin IMINT operations and transfer to an ecliptic orbit."

I could feel the ship rumble as we hove to, RCS thrusters firing off as they eased the ship into position. The panoramic viewscreen spun around us as the great disc of Mars pirouetted beneath us. I felt myself get softly pressed into my seat as the main engines fired, altering our course.

"Captain, we have what seems to be an enemy outpost coming up." The gubernator immediately put it on the screen.

Beneath dark clouds we could make out rows of pressure hulls, dropships lined up, armored vehicles bustling about...bucket wheel excavators lay abandoned, dotting the spiraling rings of the pit mine bored into the rock.

S-P-Q-R SENATVS POPVLVSQVE ROMANVS

"But...we're over Gusev Crater. That's a Vulcan basalt mine..." the centurion leaned forward in his seat.

"Not anymore..." I quipped.

"Optio, mark that as our first target. Prepare to hail the colony."

I was hoping we could send troops in instead; at least that way we weren't condemning everyone down there to certain death. But no; the Gusev colony was now in enemy hands. Nevertheless, we were to hail them once, on the offchance that they might surrender.

"Attention VULCAN Basalt Colony 27: this is the Liburnian RESURGAM of the Praetorian Fleet of Misenum. By order of the Emperor you are to take to your shelters and wait for a rescue team to eliminate the enemy threat. Remain calm, we have dropships on the way."

Even I could taste the complete and utter horseshit that whole speech was. Granted, it wasn't the Captain's fault. We had to read that out to every colony we came across. There was a pool on the mess deck to see which colony would actually comply.

Strangely enough, we got a reply, though it definitely wasn't what I was hoping for:

"Don't feed us your bullshit, you imperial pigs. We do not need any help, nor is there anyone who needs rescuing! You work us like dogs, treat us like slaves while you drink wine and eat grapes on Terra and in your resort colonies! Our machinery is broken, but you demand more and more to please your shareholders! At least with the Alliance we can have our freedom! They have promised us that! Our colony has missiles aimed at your ships. If you do not leave us alone, you will be destroyed."

IMINT definitely showed that wasn't a lie, but still, the Antipodals were at least twenty years behind us. They still used SAMs and chemical rockets. Our CIWS was more than a match for them. Fortunately, the Antipodal-turned colonists down there had one more chance, as the good book of regulations allowed.

"Gusev Colony, this is your only warning. Stand down, or we will be forced to eliminate the threat through other means."

"Go fuck yourselves."

The centurion rubbed the bridge of his nose. None of us wanted to kill a bunch of overworked miners, but according to rules and regs, they had just confessed to high treason. Every man, woman, and child down in that crater.

"Gubernator, switch to areosynchronous orbit. Adjust ship for for minus four-five degrees."

The starfield painted across the panoramic viewscreen swung up again, the surface of Mars shifting into view. Annotations and readouts relating to topography, local weather, and even an attached IMINT view of the colony came on screen. The CIC truly was an amazing piece of engineering. With a viewscreen arranged in a complete sphere around you, you could see the entire expanse of space from almost any angle. This was accomplished by a constant feed from cameras dotting the ship's hull. Compiled into a real-time 360-degree panorama, the CIC gave you the feeling of being suspended right out there in space. What's more, our combat recovery suits were linked both to our minds and to the ship. In a system known as the Celeus Network, an implant at the base of our skulls was literally plugged into our suit. The suit itself was then linked to the ship's mainframe computer. Thus, any decision we wanted to make in regards to the operation of the vessel was immediately recognized. Readouts from the ship were displayed directly on the visors of our helmets, and in a combat situation, our helmets became our own personal CIC's, the on-board projector giving each of us an unobstructed view of the battlespace. Aside from actually being built into the ship, there was no way we could be more integrated with this vessel we called home.

It was innovations like these that made us the most advanced fighting force in the world. More importantly, it made my job of aiming and firing the railgun a helluva lot easier. My visor went dark as it polarized, only to flicker to life as the red surface of Mars flashed before me. I lined up the reticule, taking distance readings, along with windspeed, atmospheric density, and so forth. No longer was firing the gun a matter of pushing levers and buggering with the sight. Thanks to the Celeus, it was literally akin to tossing a ball. You just...felt it. All I had to do was concentrate, move myself about so my reticule was right on the money...

The ship shook just a bit as a twenty-three ton metal slug whizzed out of muzzle of the ship. About the size of a human, this hunk of depleted uranium rocketed down through Mars's atmosphere. As my HMD flickered off, leaving just the HUD and the CIC's screen to look at, I saw the glowing bead grow smaller and smaller. A perfect circular halo suddenly bloomed at the center of the colony, spreading out for miles. As it faded away, a dense ring of fiery dust was kicked up, spreading out at the speed of sound. Then, a cloud of smoke obscured our view. We had unleashed the unbridled force of a meteorite impact down on that colony, and now nothing remained. Nothing but smoke and glass. I brought up the Colony's entry in the VULCAN corporate catalog: COLONY-27 - RESOURCE: BASALT - POPULATION: 54 FAMILIES - OUTSTANDING ISSUE: TREASON - STATUS: DEACTIVATED.

I let the gubernator right the ship. Glassing colonies was never easy. None of us wanted to do it, and it kept me up at night, thinking of all the people we've killed. But still, we are at war. Terra is horrifyingly overpopulated, and after the world's remaining freshwater got poisoned, we looked offworld to get our drinking water. Soon, we got other resources from offworld sources as well. In times like these, everyone needs to do their part smoothly and efficiently; and usually, it paid well. The colonists, for all their griping, got plenty of living space, and all corporate and government workers got access to fresh water at no cost. As cruel as it is putting down a colony, we had to do it. It was our job. Protection of Roman assets ensured our survival as an empire. It would always be cheaper to rebuild a colony, rather than let it fall into enemy hands. After all, the resources beneath the surface wouldn't be going anywhere.

Suddenly, my HMD flashed a message notifying me of an incoming distress call. I immediately broadcast it across the CIC.

"Mayday, Mayday, can anyone hear us?! This is the resort colony at Argyre! We're being attacked by Gods, I don't even know! Please, send help! They've...they've taken hostages, and shooting anyone who tries to run. I don't have much time...I'll cycle this transmission on repeat. Please, if anyone can hear this, we need help."

Everyone in the CIC looked at each other, our faces paled. Until now, the Antipodals had focused on just securing tactical and strategic targets...there's never been an insurgent attack on a purely civilian target. There was no real purpose for seizing a gods-damn ski resort of all things. Of course, the Centurion could always be counted on to deal with situations like this.

"Carrier Three-Nine-Zero, this is Liburnian Two-Seven Heavy, do you read?"

"Lima Bravo Two Seven Heavy, this is Charlie Three Nine Zero, we read you five-by-five. If this is about what you just heard, yes we did hear it too. Our chalks are being filled now, and we are awaiting your orders."

"Copy that. Set course for Argyre. Launch skiffs at your discretion." The Centurion sounded the alarm.

"This is not a drill, this is not a drill. General Quarters, General Quarters, all hands man your battle stations."

The ship rumbled again as we changed course. Our visors went dark, the HMD's kicking into action. Mars slowly spun below us as we crept towards our target. This time, however, it would be the carrier running the show. We were now running escort. Although the RESURGAM was classified as a Liburnian-class heavy cruiser, the carrier vessels always dwarfed us. Cruisers are designed to pack as much punch as possible, while the carriers had to ferry up to an entire cohort of men! With all the logistics needed for hundreds of legionnaires and the corresponding dropships, there wasn't much room left for heavy weaponry. All they had was maybe a battery each of railgun turrets and MKV missiles for defense. During anti-insurgency sorties, cruisers like us would always work in tandem with the carriers.

"CENTURION, INCOMING CONTACTS BEARING ONE-EIGHT-ZERO MARK TWO-THREE!" the gubernator hollered.

Immediately my visor displayed the objects in question. Still a few thousand miles off, they were only recognizeable thanks to the annotations by my HMD. These blue annotations gave me their relative sizes, speed, and if applicable, transponder signal and thus the corresponding tactical information.

I immediately flagged my visual feed to the Centurion, giving him the information I was getting through the Celeus network. The captain gave the order to engage, and that was it. We were now in a combat scenario. The Celeus went to Combat Alert Alpha, linking us completely into the network. We were now part of the ship.

I had the gubernator position us in front of the carrier, heaving to so my port broadside was exposed to the incoming vessels. Nine more blips appeared on my visor. I zoomed in as much as the hull cameras would allow. Missiles. Nine missiles loaded with Multiple Kill Vehicles. I felt my CIWS battery warm up, coaxing the missiles to get in range. Although they moved beyond the speed of sound, it seemed like an eternity to my itching senses. I waited what seemed like an eternity before I felt the missiles come within range for my CIWS. Then, I let fly. Bright, shining ropes of depleted uranium slugs slung out from my guns. I pinpointed EXACTLY where the missiles would be once my own rounds reached them. Flying at the missiles and hitting them with a resulting speed of .75c, these marble-sized pellets vaporized the missiles the instant they hit. In less than a second, the only things that hit us were vapors.

Now I could focus on the actual ships. Well, technically I could split my attention, thanks to the neural augmentations the Celeus afforded, but I wanted to see everything I did; just for fun. My targeting sensors got a bead on the incoming ships. Four of them; one 'cruiser' type, three torpedo boats. They were of typical Antipodal make: lumbering colony ships and cargo vessels retrofitted to carry MKV missiles. The most 'advanced' of their ships had maybe one or two railgun turrets, stolen from hijacked Merchant Marine ships or captured bases. As for armor, a lot of them had the typical dustshields, though we were starting to see more of them with mesh armor "skirts", the reasoning being that they would break up at least some of the incoming railgun rounds before they struck the hull.

But these ships were running on chemical fuels still, supplanted by primitive fusion reactors. They were little more than flying fuel drums. I selected all four targets, calculated my firing solution, and let fly. We grumbled and shook as thirteen of my four-gun turrets cracked off their salvo of slugs. Sure enough, after speeding away for a few seconds, the enemy ships were gone in a series of four spectacular flashes, vaporized by the high-velocity impacts. We took a few moments to assess the situation, and after determining the threat to be eliminated, the all clear was sounded. The Celeus went to standby, the CIC viewscreen powered up, and our helmets cleared. I looked at the clock; barely two minutes had passed.

"Thanks for the cover fire, RESURGAM." the carrier centurion piped in. "Commencing drop maneuvers. Stand clear, RESURGAM."

The carrier swooped above us, the clamshell doors on its underbelly swinging open to reveal the spindly interior of the vast hangar bay. I saw blue lights flicker on, illuminating the crowded armored shell of the beast. Those weren't floodlights, however, but the engines belonging to row after row of dropships. In perfect, coordinated lines these birds filed out, like beads on a string they all swept down past us, aiming for the upper atmosphere of Mars. You never tire of the sight.

"INCOMING CONTACT, BEARING EIGHT-ONE DEGREES, SIR!" the Gubernator called out again.

I spotted the contact on the screen, the computer working frantically to identify it. My heart leapt in my throat when I saw the readout.

"Centurion, it's one of our cruisers!"

"I can see that, Mamercus, but what the hell is it doing here?! We're the only Liburnian in active deployment here..."

Before I could even piece together the truth, the on-screen annotation made it out for me.

"It's the TAMAN SHUD, sir. Lost over Mars three months ago."

"My Gods...you don't think..."

"Centurion, there's no other explanation. They've turned."

The alarm blared again, and once more I was yanked into the brains of the ship. I warmed up my turrets, the gubernator turning us around so I could get a good shot when suddenly my visor alerted me to the incoming volley of railgun slugs. I practically cried out as I fired off my CIWS guns, but with hundreds of slugs whizzing toward you at near-relativistic speeds, there's always going to be a few that get through.

Sure enough, the rounds slammed into our side. I could hear the loud bangs as the explosive reactive armor went off, deflecting most of the force, but we only had so much armor. Through my pressure suit I could feel the whoosh of depressurization, the ship beginning to list as the gubernator tried desperately to maneuver again. Only five of my turrets worked now; only three of which had a chance to score a hit. Nevertheless, I let loose.

My guns thudded out a salvo of anger, only to be whipped away by the CIWS, what little remaining rounds popping against the armor of the ship. Before I could get the gubernator to swing our railgun into view, the TAMAN SHUD fired her four main engines, going into a trans-earth injection. I fired off another salvo, but it was in vain. I looked around, only to see the carrier crumpled in a cloud of its own debris, dropships spiraling out of control. I could hear the centurion organizing damage control efforts. Meanwhile I tapped into my comms unit to alert high command.

"Misenum Mission Control, this is Liburnian Two-Seven Heavy. The TAMAN SHUD is still active, repeat the TAMAN SHUD is still active. No news on the rest of the Nishapur squadron. Be advised Liburnian Four-Eight is under enemy control and appears to retain complete combat effectiveness. We have sustained hull damage and have only five functional turrets. Status of carrier Three-Nine-Zero is currently unknown. We will keep you updated. RESURGAM signing out."

Not a moment after I sent the transmission did my visor suddenly alert me to an incoming volley of MKV missiles. All of them burst apart, fragmenting into scores of metal slugs hurtling our way. I violently unleashed whip after whip of CIWS fire, but by now it was too late. Our ship, weakened by the initial volley from that traitorous ship, was slammed once again by what remained of the speeding kill vehicles.

S-P-Q-R
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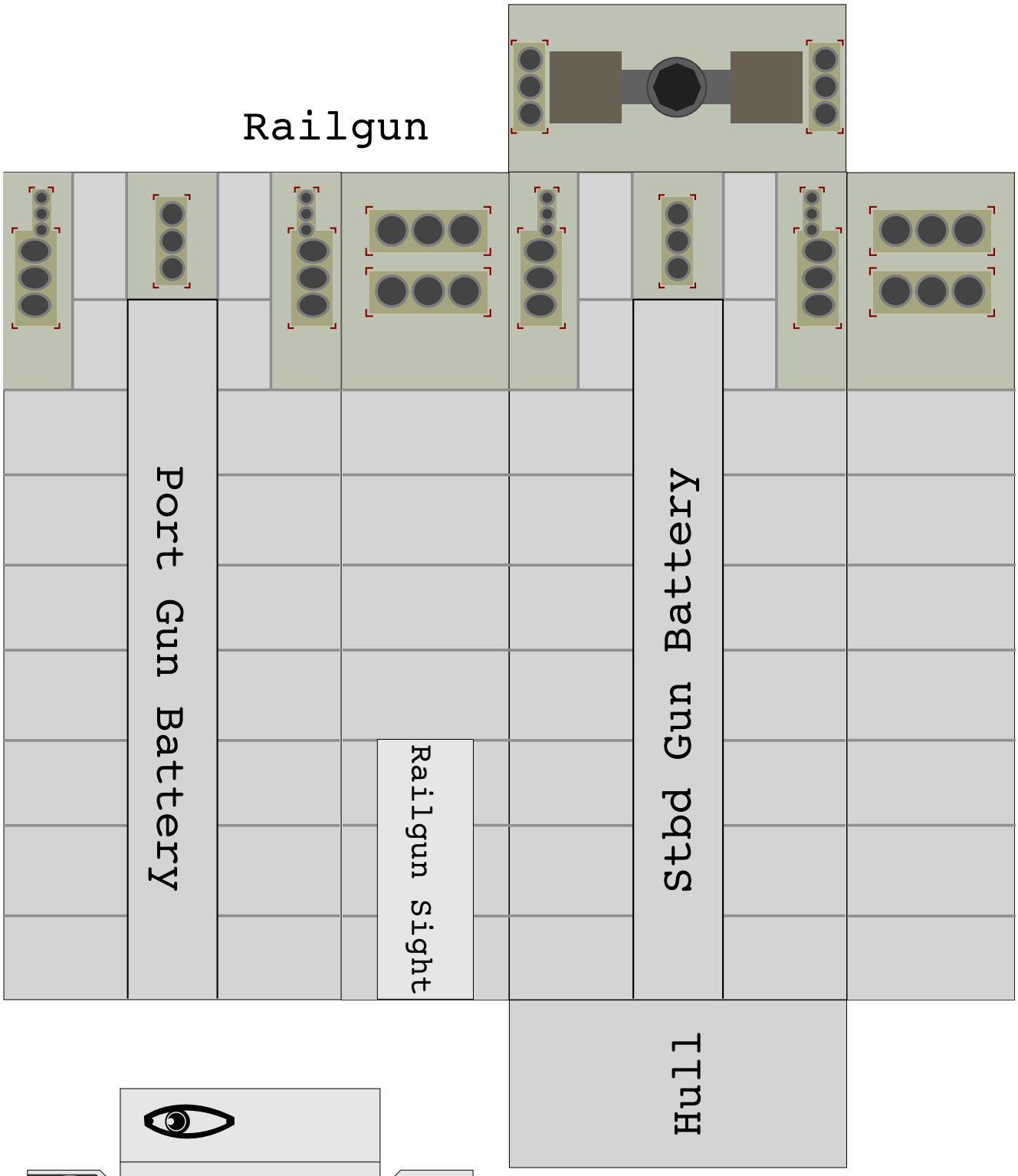

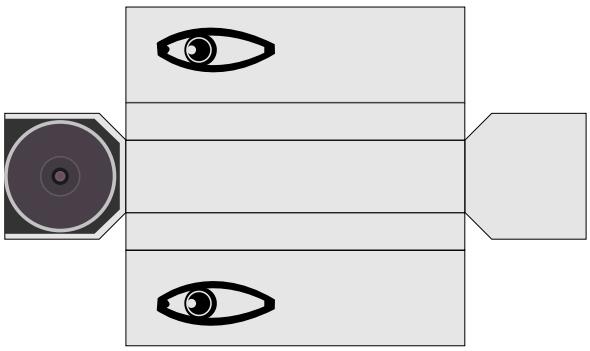

Railgun Sight

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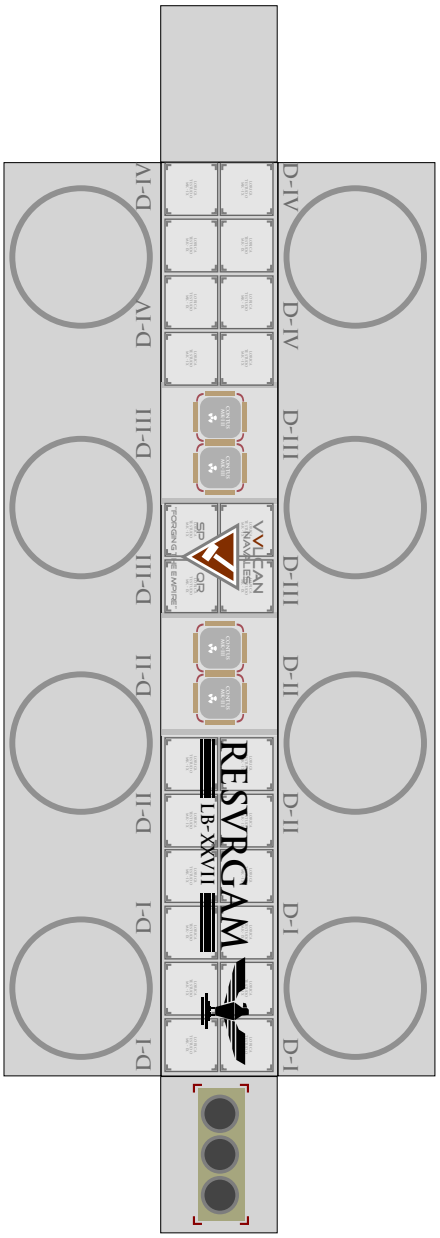
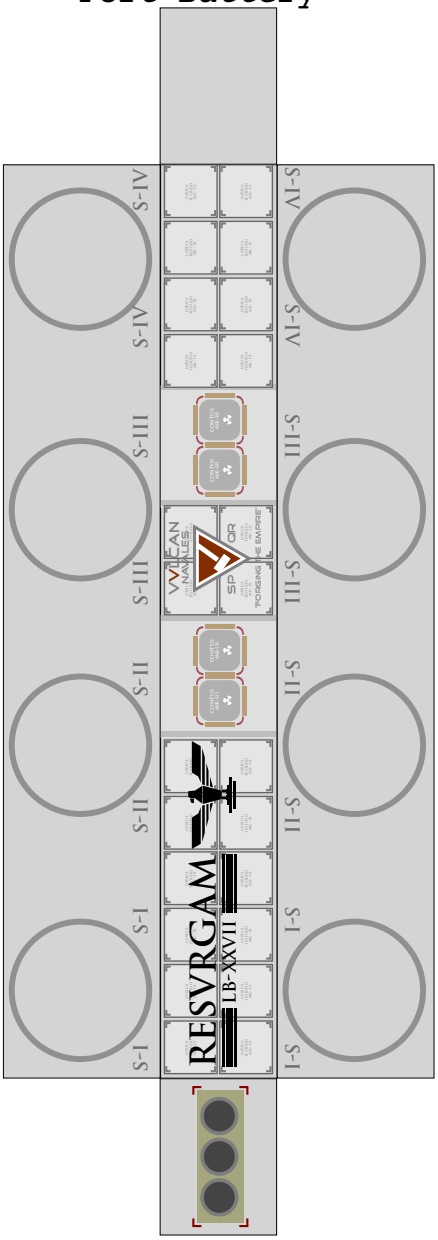
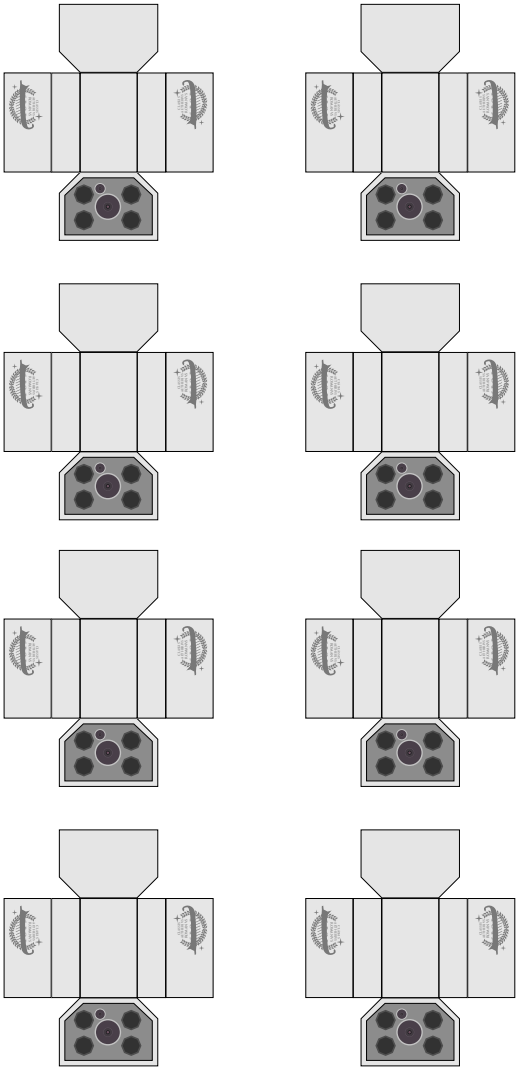
Stbd Battery

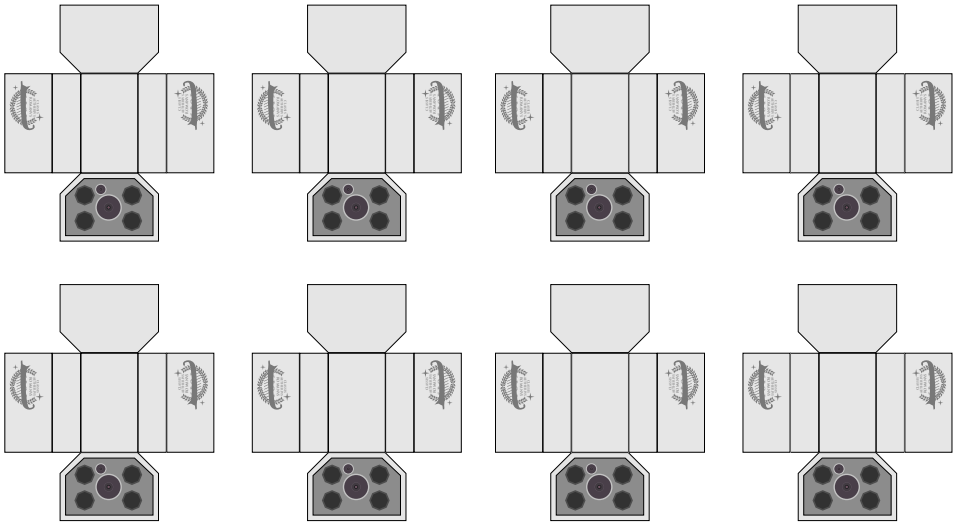


Port Battery





Ship-to-ship guns



Ship-to-ship guns

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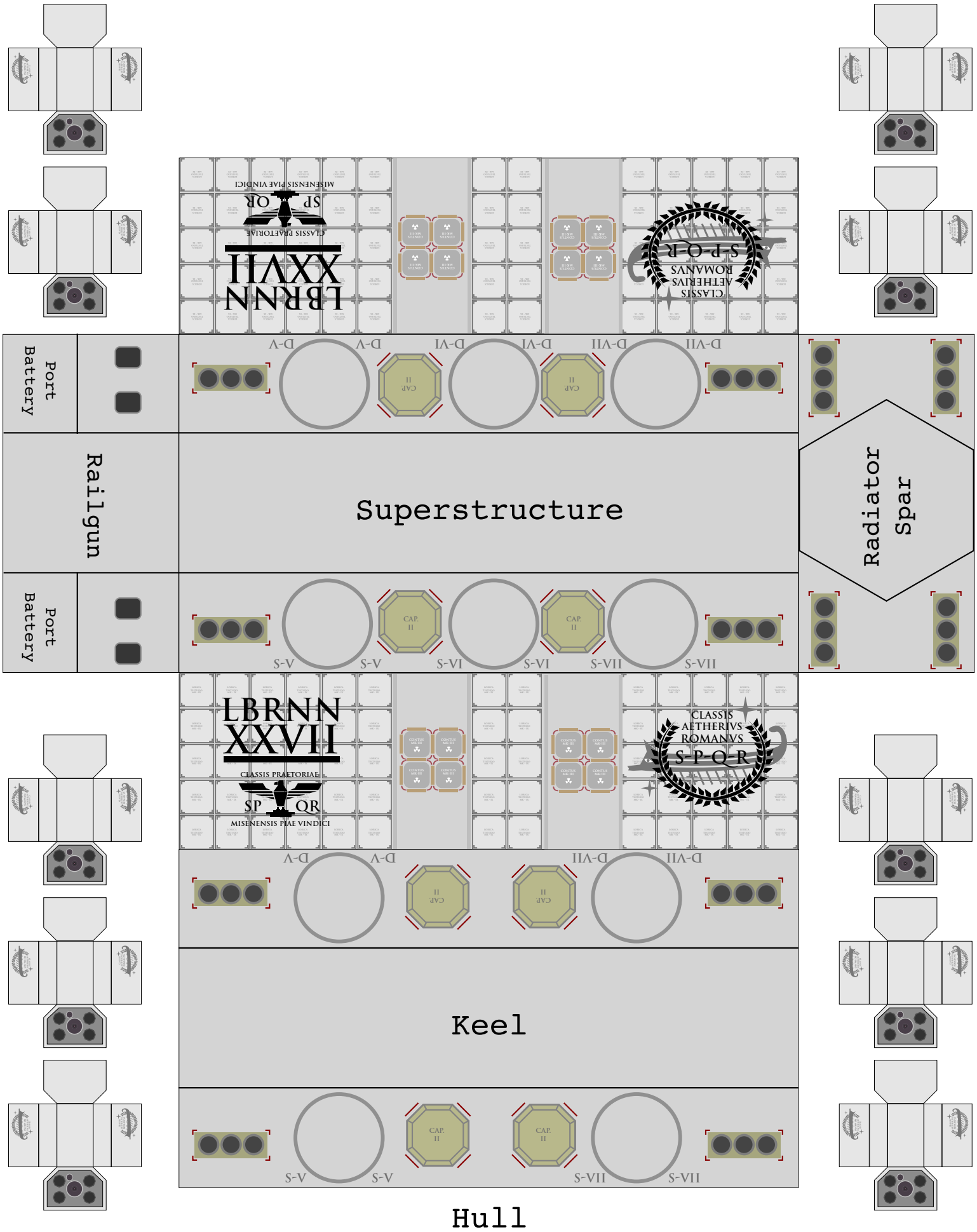

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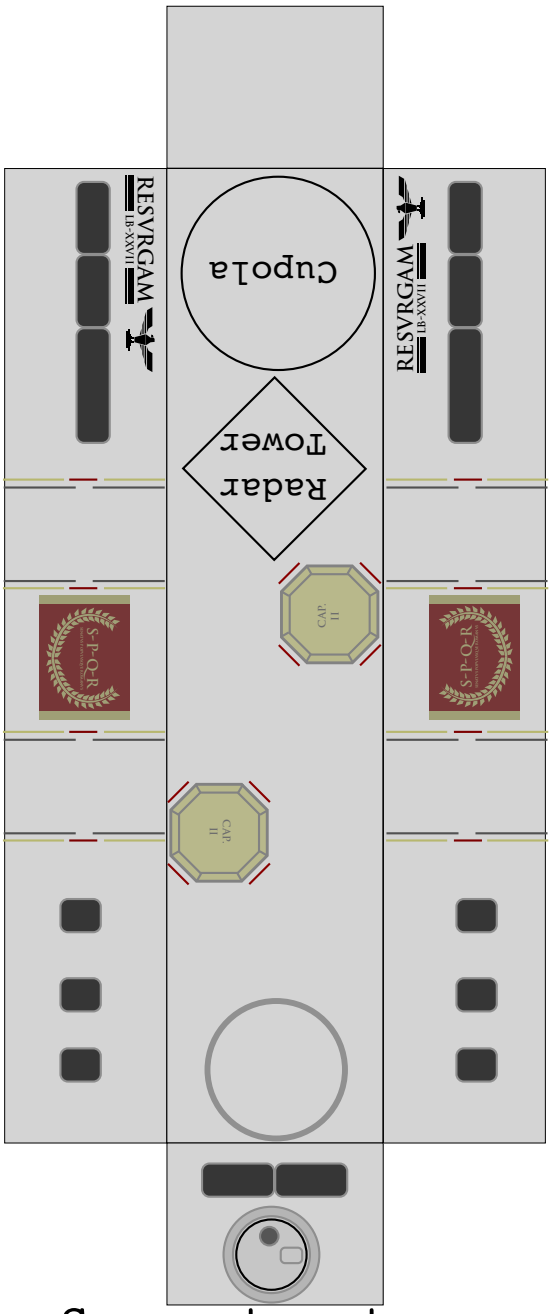
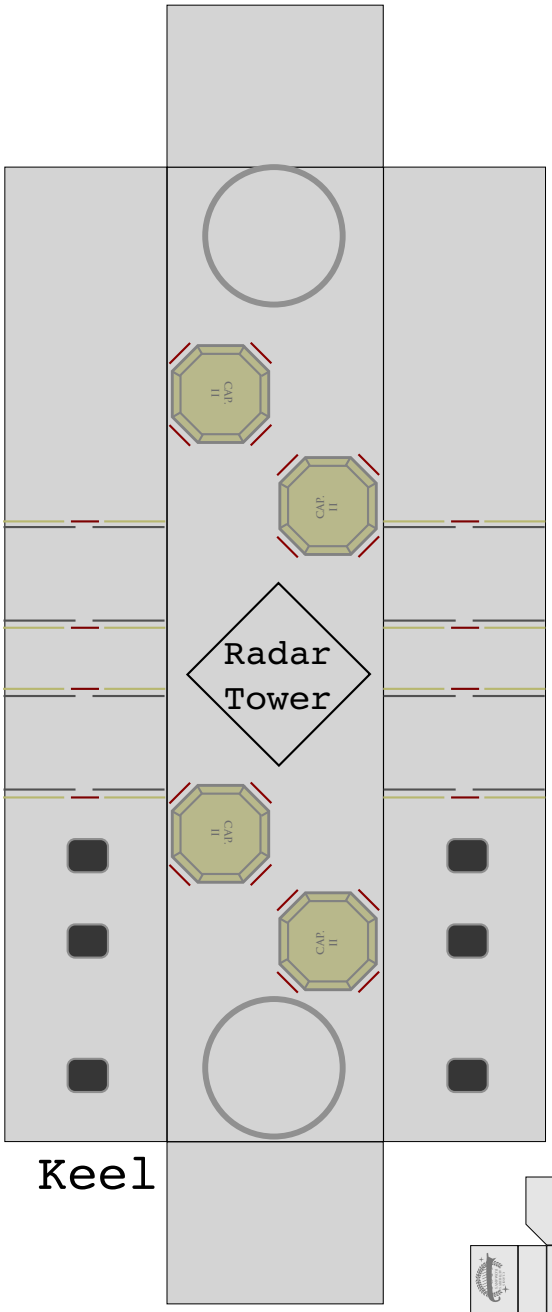
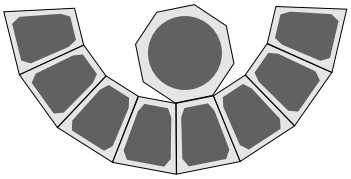


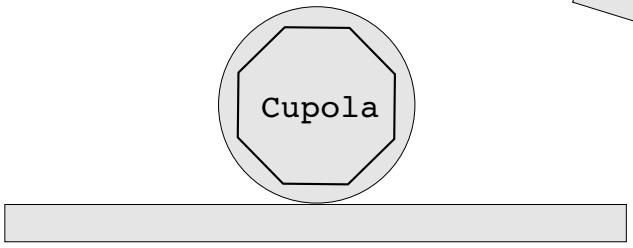
Superstructure



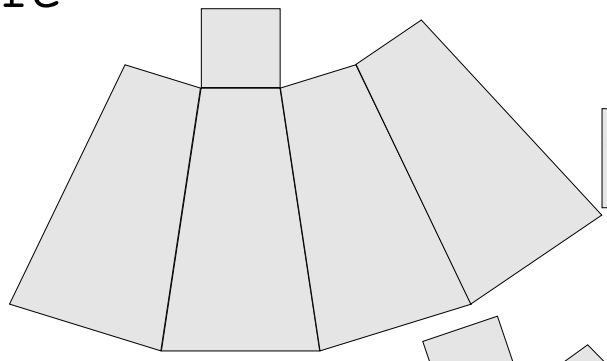
Keel

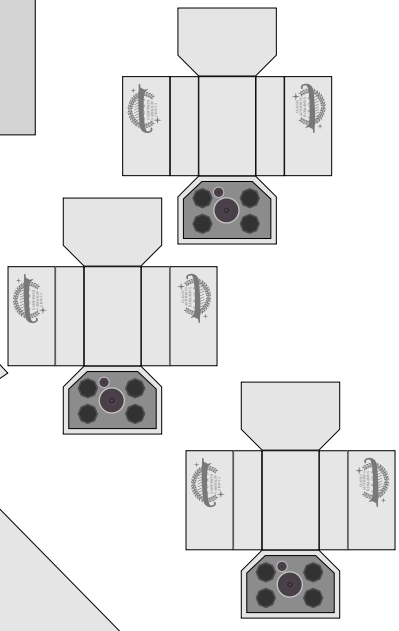


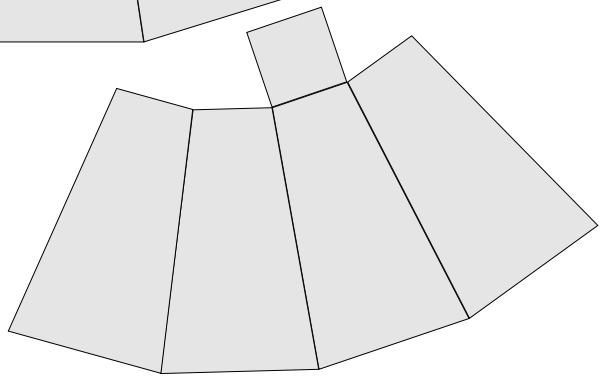
Cupola



Cupola Base







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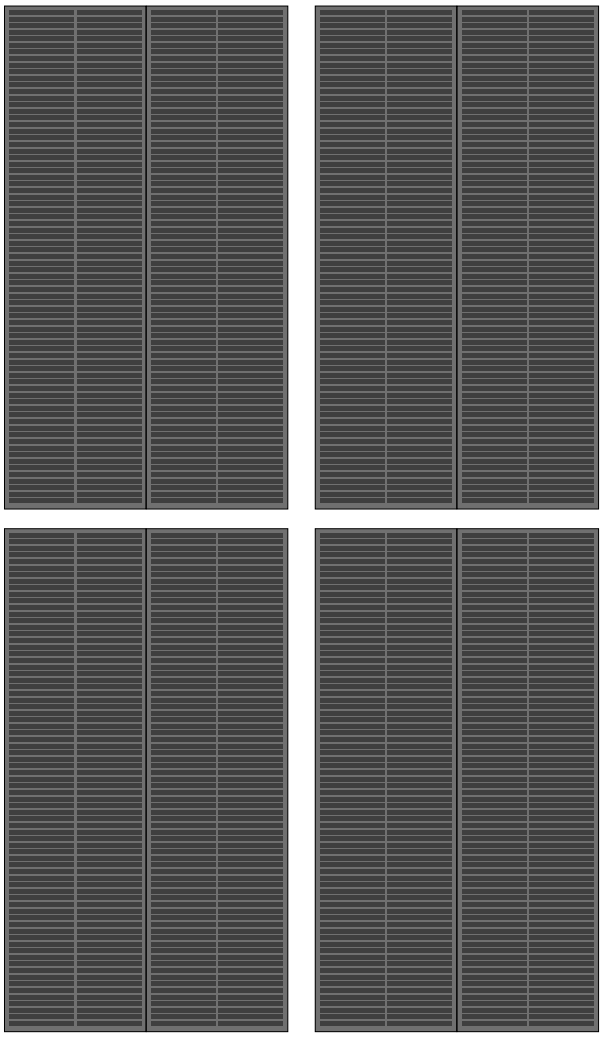
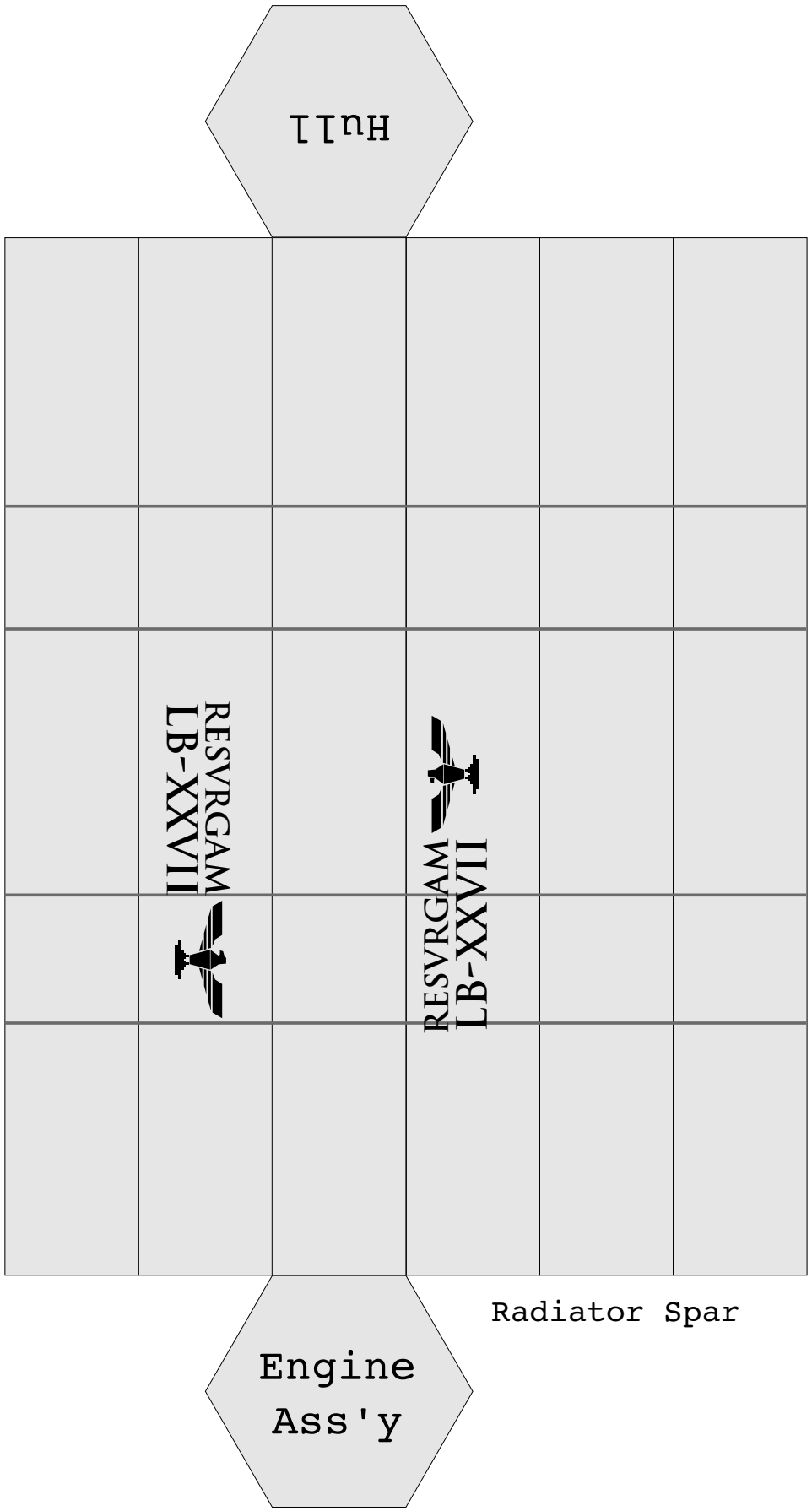


Radiator
Fins



Radiator Spar

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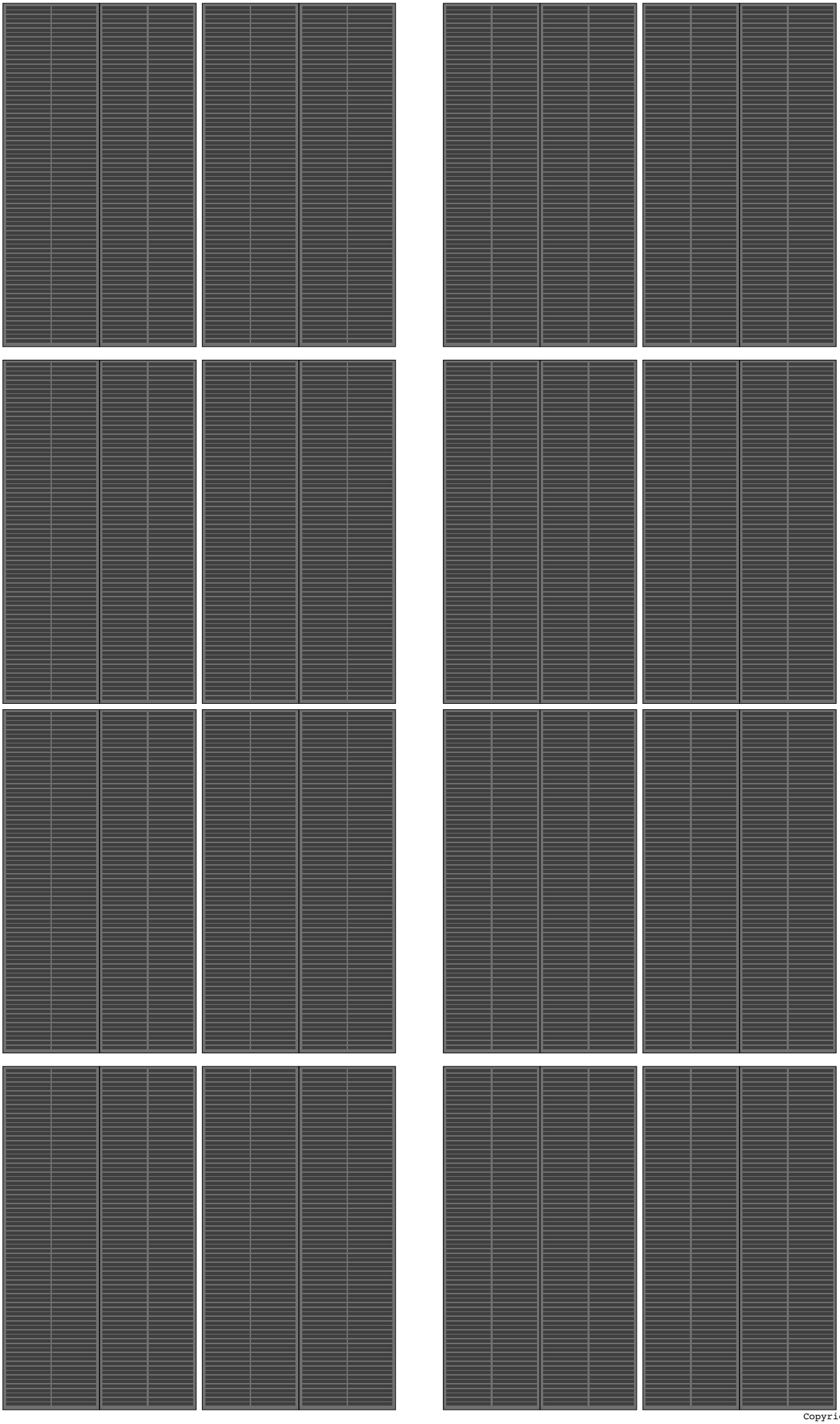

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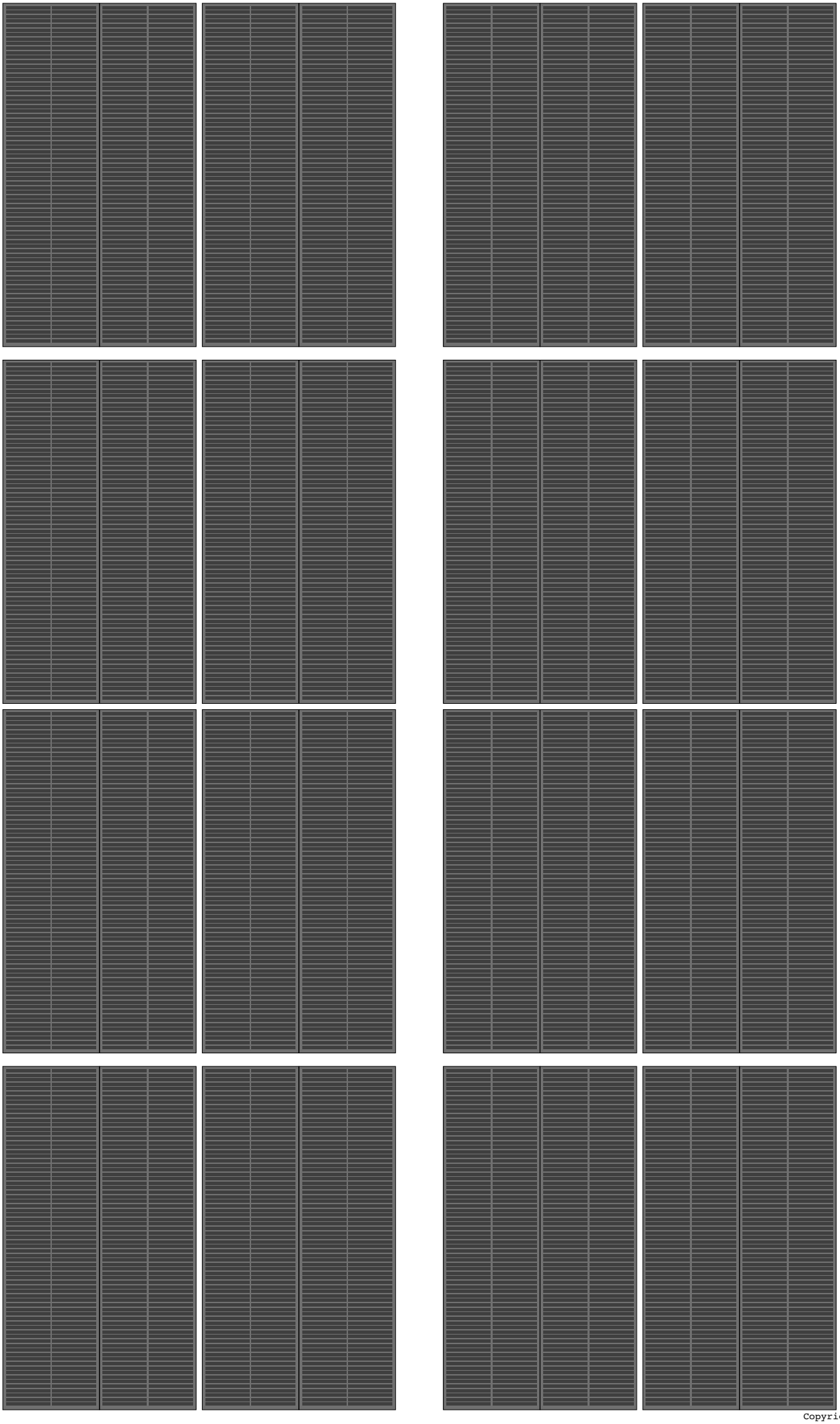

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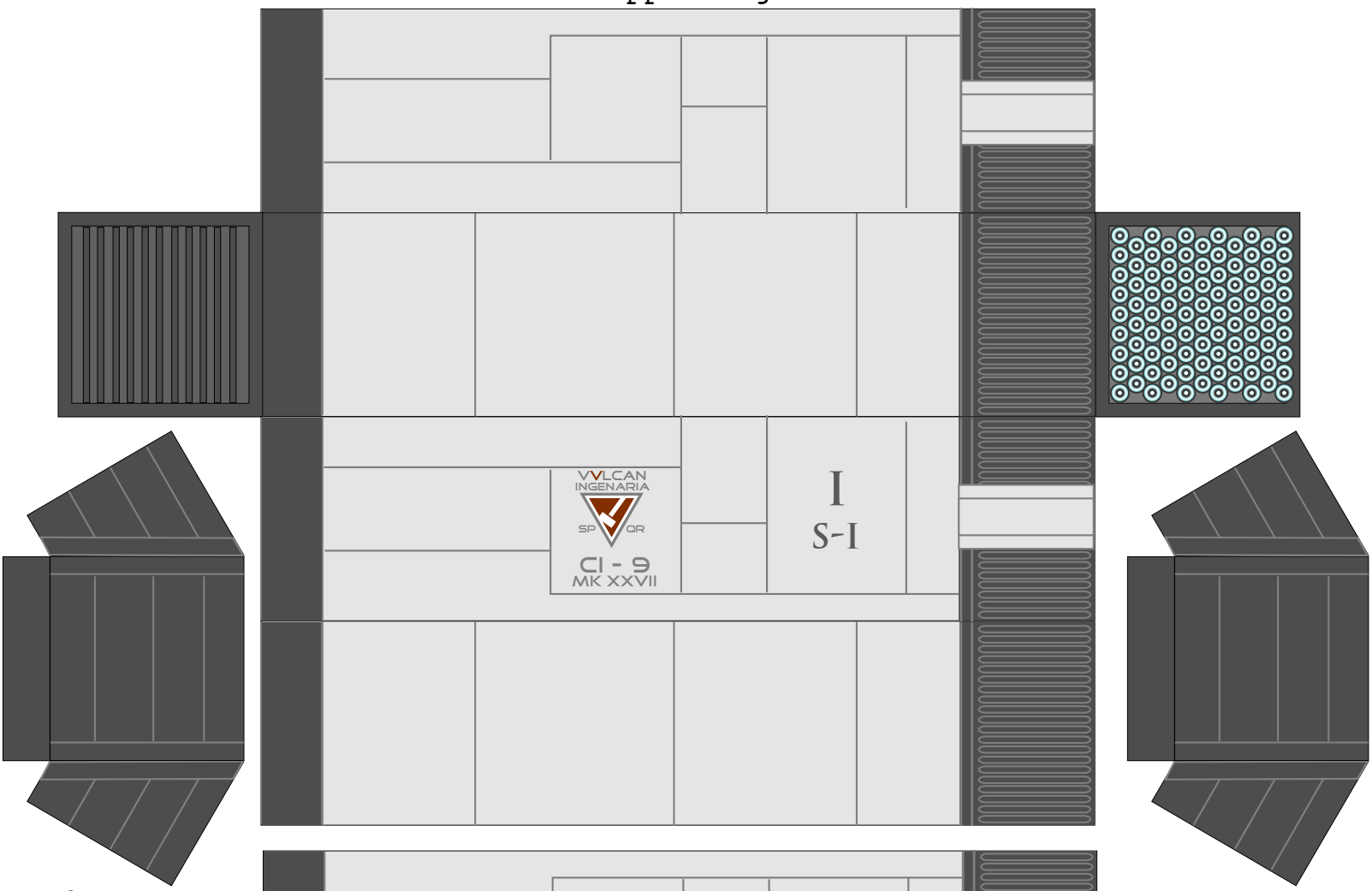
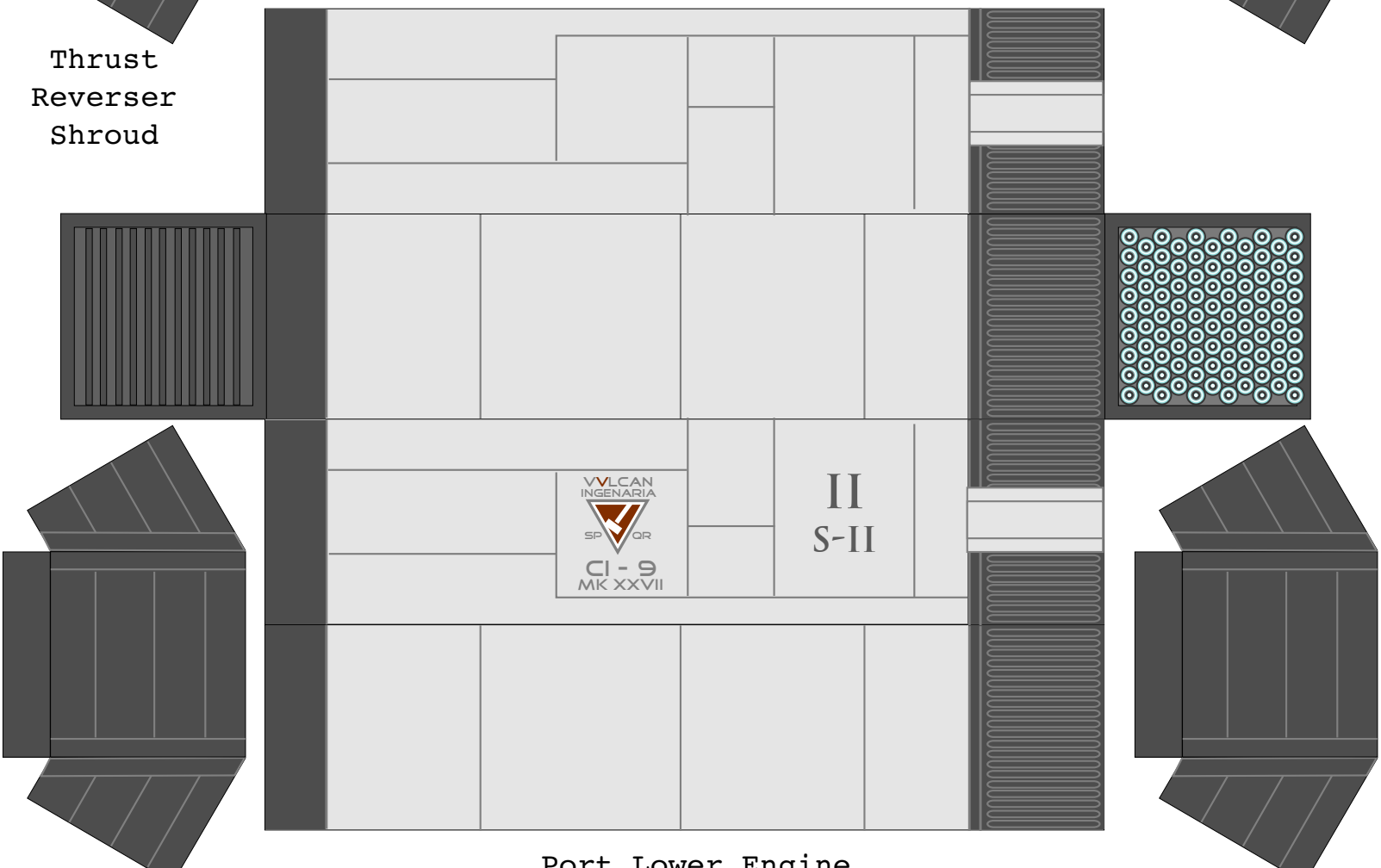
Port Upper Engine



Thrust
Reverser
Shroud



Port Lower Engine

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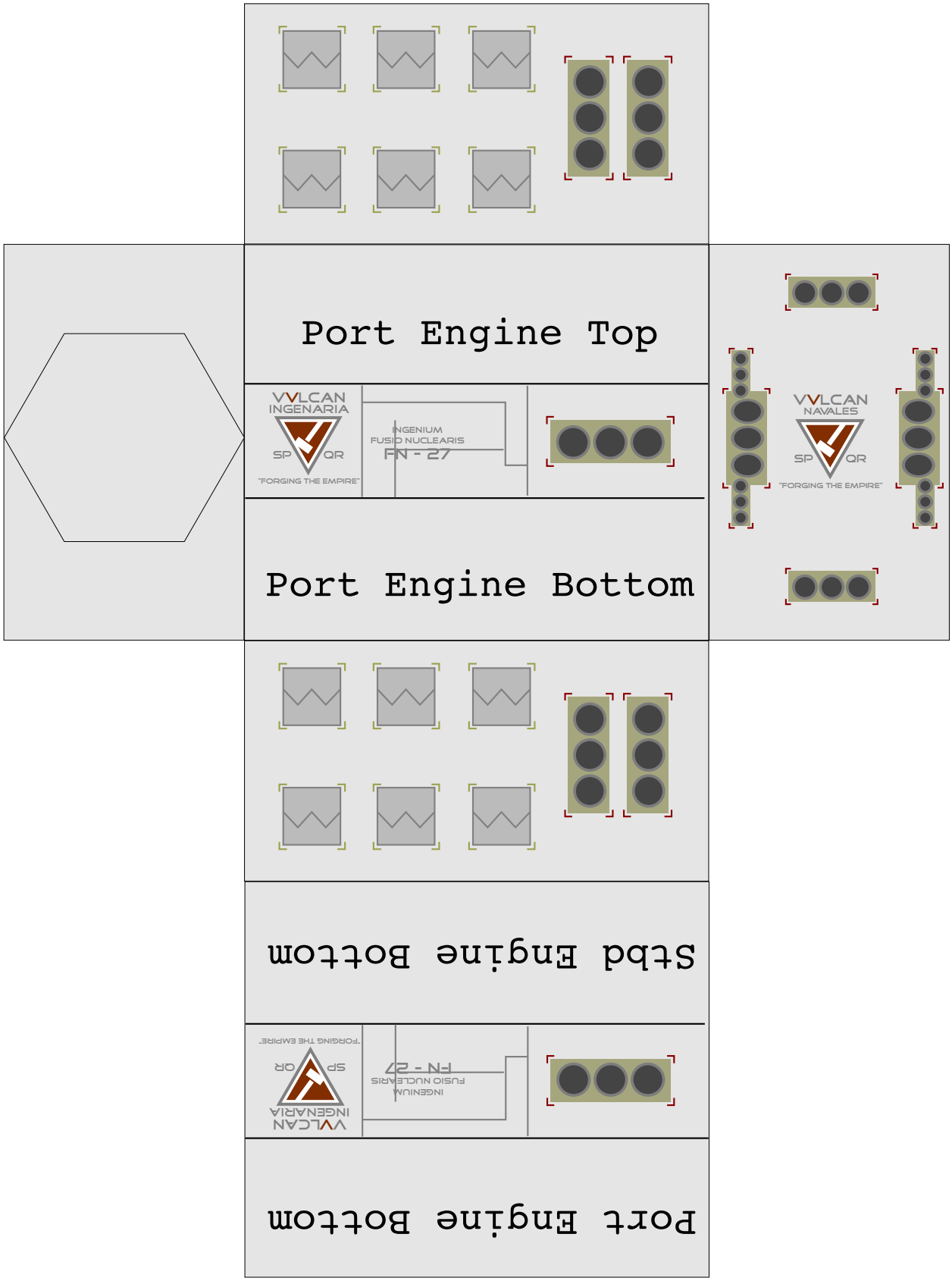
Fusion Reactor



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Mids Supp (1

Fwd Support

Mids Supp (1



Base Front Half

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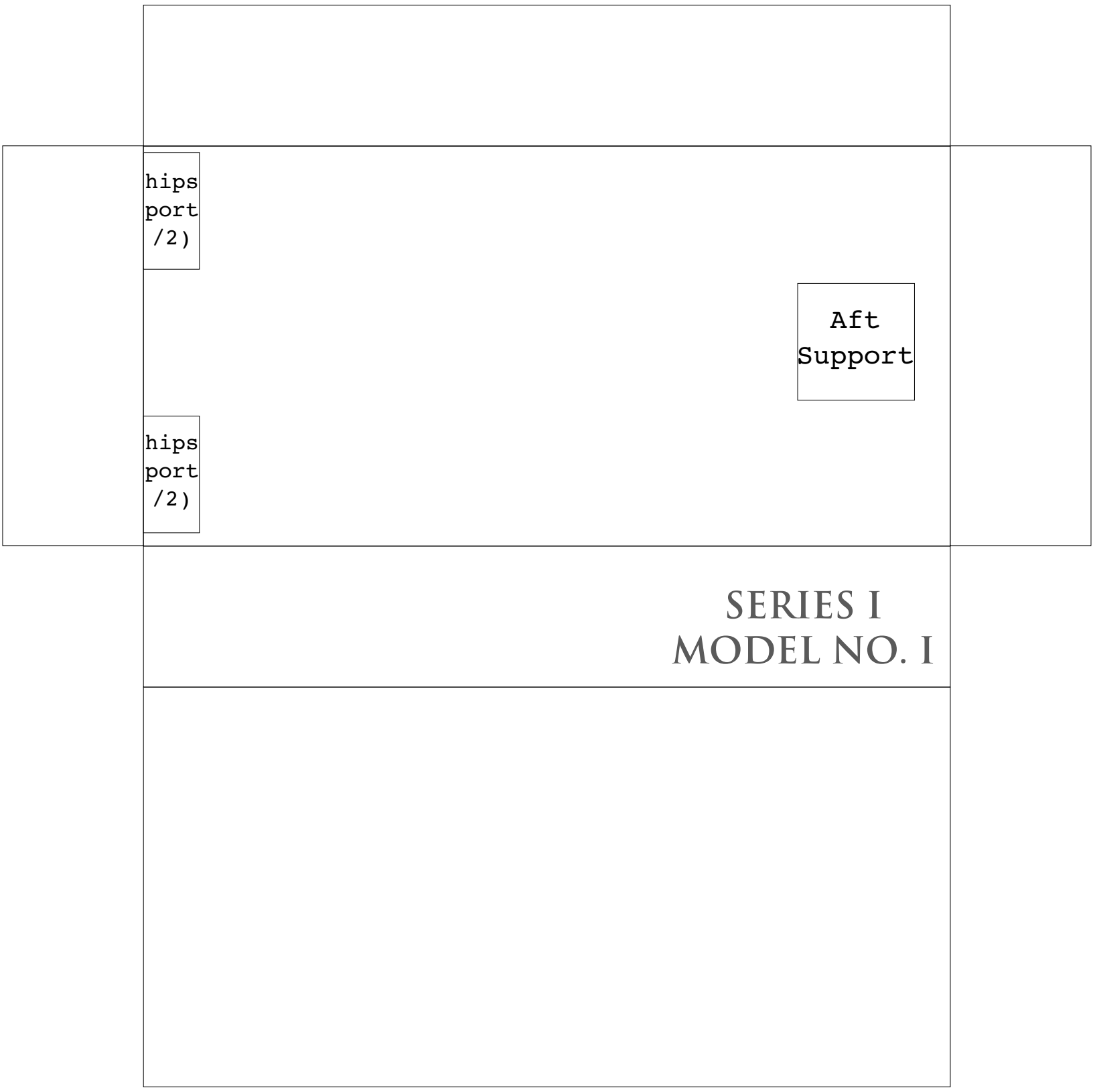

Base Rear Half

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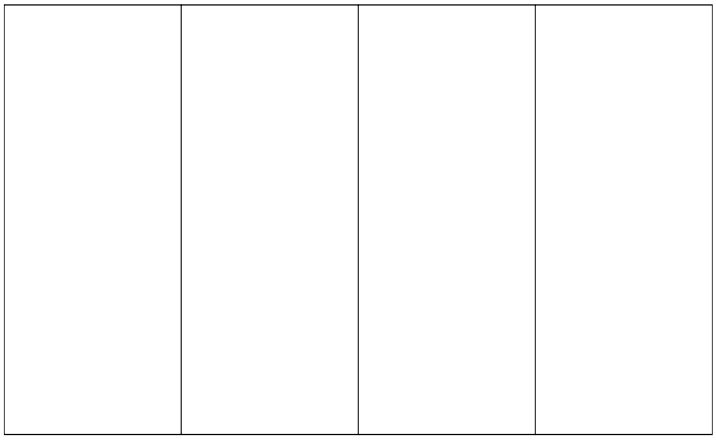
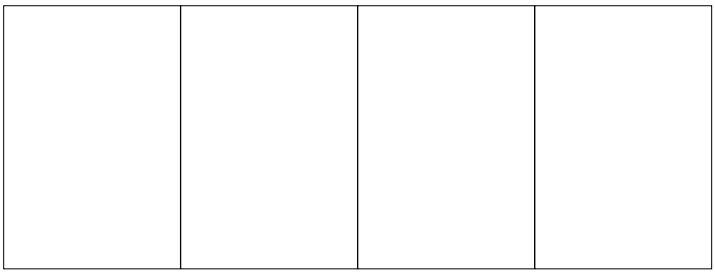
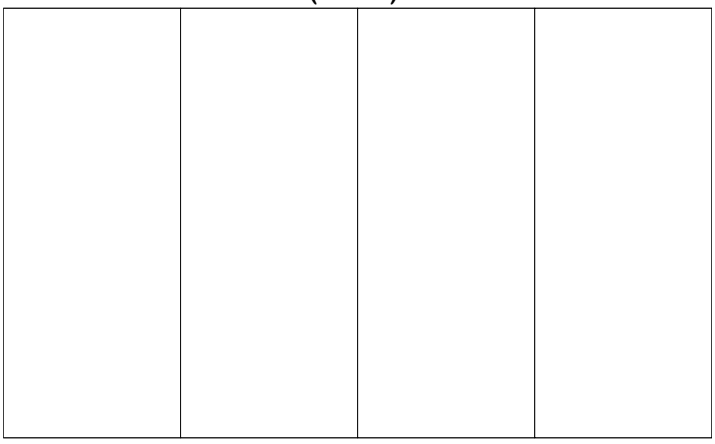
Midships
Support
(1/2)

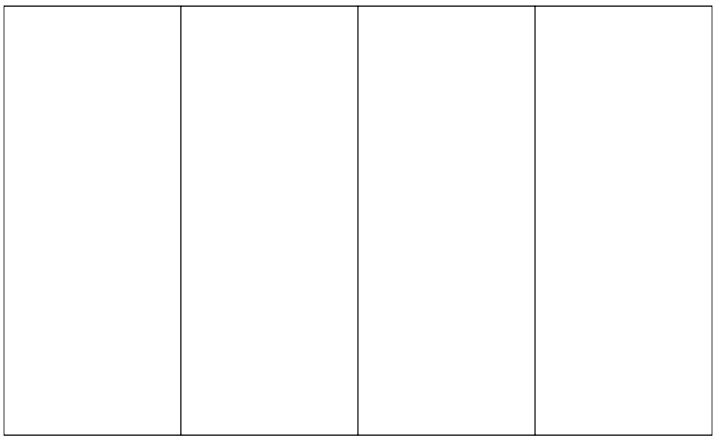




Fwd Support

Midships
Support
(1/2)





Aft Support



Nameplate

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