2\_1\_communicate

Tightening your grip on the trigger with your dominant hand, you give the window a series of short, hard raps.

[b]THUCK THUCK THUCK[/b]

The man by the window jumpd, visibly startled by the sudden stimulus. He spins around, and you immediately notice the deep-seated fear embedded in his eyes. Unarmed and dressed in tattered rags, there is no way this man is a soldier.

“I'M INNOCENT, I'M INNOCENT!!! Don't shoot please don't shoot please…" He whimpers, shock quickly turning into desperation as ${sergeant} hops up beside you with the rest of the men. He falls to his knees. "The rebels… upstairs… no choice… guns… innoce… please…"

The wretched man clings onto his knees, quaking with fear. The rest of the men quickly scan the room, clearing out the rest of the first floor and returning with a few half-starved civilians, dressed in little more than tattered rags. "Wife, three kids. In the kitchen ${playersirmdm}."

"Shut the hell up soldier, do you want to personally inform the enemy that we're gathered for a fucking parade here?" ${sergeant} shoots him a dirty look, instantly shutting up the poor private. The family huddles in a corner as the man points up a flight of narrow stairs. Three. He mouths as he motions with his hand, or what was left of it.

"I don't like the look of this ${playersirmdm}." ${sergeant} spits, rifle leveled and trained on the stairs.

2\_1\_3\_grenades

You hold out your hand in a fist with your thumb pointing upwards, the instructed field signal for a grenade launch. Taking a quick glance around to ensure your men are fully covered, you turn to ${sergeant} and he nods back at you.

Grabbing the safety pin of the grenade, you twist it and give it a sharp pull. Leaning as close to the edge of the doorway as possible, you flick the grenade into the room and brace for the ensuing impact.

KA-BOOM!!

The wall behind you shudders as shrapnel whizzed through the doorway. Whoever’s inside the room couldn’t have possibly survived that pre-emptive strike.

“Go go go!!” You signal for your squad to storm the room.

As the dust starts to clear, the first thing you notice is the tattered body laying face down on the floor. A closer inspection informed you that the man was completely unarmed, his plain clothes suggested no involvement in this bloody conflict.

“Fuck me, that was just some random civvy.” ${sergeant} grits.

"Bloody bastards. Putting their machine gun nests in civilian houses…" One of the men chimes in.

"WATCH OUT!! GRENADE!!!" A dark metal chunk rolls down the stairs as ${sergeant} pushes you into the kitchen head first. Talk about immediate karmic retribution.

You briefly register a huddle of bodies and timid faces pressed against the kitchen counter, a mother and her three children, dressed in little more than tattered rags.

\*goto 3\_1\_firefight

3\_1\_firefight (killed civilian)

\*label 3\_1\_firefight

\*comment player killed civilian, got caught in grenade blast

\*comment firefight against 3 enemy from 2nd floor

“Up the stairs, go go go!” You yell out to your men, all whom are left staggering from the impact of the blast. Pulling one private up to his feet, you aimed your rifle through the kitchen doorway, preparing for any follow up attacks.

Before you can dash out into the living room however, you feel a pair of hands grasping and clawing at your leg with a fierce tenacity. With highly trained reflexes, you immediately spin around and point your rifle at the source, only to find the civilian woman at the business end of your muzzle.

“Give me back my husband, give him back, you murderers!!” Spits the woman as she thrashes about.

“${playersirmdm}, the enemies knows we’re here, dammit! We need to take action now!” ${sergeant} howls.

Oh for fucks sake, you don’t have time for this. This hysterical bitch is risking the life of your men, and you can’t afford to let the enemy take the advantage while you are distracted.

#Shoot the woman, time is of the essence!

\*set kill\_civilian +1

[b]BLAM![/b]

You barely have time to register the blood and gray matter splattered across the kitchen floor while you rush your men out to the living room.

“Okay, up the stairs, stay alert!” ${sergeant} barks.

Flanking the innermost wall of the stairwell, you instruct the rest of your men to get ready to overwhelm the opposing force.

\*goto 3\_12\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

#Spare her, you have no business with her.

No matter the case, a civilian is a civilian. You can’t deliberately kill someone in cold blood knowing that they’re not part of the conflict.

“Ma’am, calm down! I’m really sorry about your husband, but he just happened to be caught in the crossfire. Please, just get out of here.” You cry out as you wrestle the woman’s hands away from your feet and dashed out into the living room. Out of the corner of your eye, you see the desolate figure crumple into a sobbing mess.

Your heart falters but for a moment, but this is war. People die. There’s nothing you can do.

Silently, you direct your men towards the stairwell, signalling them to get into cover formation. Sticking to the innermost wall of the stairwell, you instruct the rest of your men to get ready to overwhelm the opposing force.

\*goto 3\_12\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

3\_2\_firefight (didn’t kill civilian)

\*label 3\_2\_firefight

\*comment player spared civilian, knows there are 3 enemies on second floor, got caught in grenade blast

\*comment firefight against 3 enemy from 2nd floor

“There are three of them sons of bitches up there?” You keep your voice hushed but urgent as you turned to the man and his family.

“Y.. Yes. Please, just leave my family alone, we want no part of this.” The man replies meekly, his wife and children huddled by his side with their faces to the ground.

“Then either get out or find cover, things are about to get real messy.” ${sergeant} growls.

You point your rifle at the kitchen doorway, taking cautious strides into the living room.

Clear.

The assailants are still upstairs, as helpless as rats caught in a trap with no means of escape. A small smirk escape from your lips, pleased with the knowledge that now you have the numerical and tactical advantage.

Silently, you direct your men towards the stairwell, signalling them to get into cover formation.

Flanking the innermost wall of the stairwell, you instruct the rest of your men to get ready to overwhelm the opposing force.

3\_1\_2\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

\*label 3\_12\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

“Charge!” You scream as your team rushed up the stairs. In the room across the hallway, the personnel operating the LMG spins around. In that fleeting moment, you sense the fear in them as they stood slack-jawed, completely exposed and unprepared for this sudden ambush. Three young boys, no older than 16 at best. Before the realisation fully sinks in, you are already instinctively squeezing the rifle trigger.

Merely seconds later, the lifeless bodies of the three boys fall to the floor with a resounding thud, their blank stares a hollow reflection of the souls that was no longer there.

“Check the rooms for supplies, we’re taking what we can with us outta here.” You snap at the rest of your team, the adrenaline and tension still coursing high from the ambush.

While the men are weaving in and out of the rooms, ${sergeant} jerks a thumb over his shoulder. “Well, building’s secured. We should make haste and get the hell out before enemy reinforcements arrive and fuck our asses over.”

You silently agreed, desperate to bring your men out of this godforsaken place back to a safe respite as soon as possible. Moreover, you’ll never know if the three teens radioed for help before meeting their grisly ends.

“Right, let’s contact HQ and let them know that the objective’s secured. Check for any additional signs of resistance.”

### 3\_4\_half\_dead\_youth

### 3\_5\_kid\_reaction\_scene

\*label 3\_5\_kid\_reaction\_scene

After salvaging whatever seems to be usable, you gather your men on the ground floor as you do a quick situation analysis. The thick concrete dust claws its way into your throat, the itch from within unbearable. You grab your canteen and furiously guzzle down the contents, desperate to quell the furious burning inside.

A high pitched sob echoes through the dead, hollow room, and you recall that your team are not the only survivors in the building.

\*if kill\_civilian = 0

Turning to the kitchen, you catch a glimpse of the family of five still shivering in the corner of the dilapidated kitchen floor, no doubt traumatised by the outburst of violence of the past few hours.

“What are you waiting for, a freaking red carpet? It’s not bloody safe here so get the fuck out! Unless you want some bullet holes in your bodies as well as your furniture?” You bark fiercely at the man.

Scrambling to his feet, the man hurriedly shepherds his family through the front door, but not before stuttering out a thanks for sparing their lives.

You sigh to yourself. Civilians have no right being caught up in the midst of all this bloodshed. They simply were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

“All right, if everyone had caught their breaths, we better get going.” ${sergeant}’s booming voice snaps you out of your thoughts.

\*if kill\_civilian = 1

Turning to the kitchen, you catch a glimpse of the children still shivering in the corner of the dilapidated kitchen floor, no doubt traumatised by the outburst of violence of the past few hours.

Your can’t help but pity these kids; being caught up in the war is already devastating enough, but compounded with losing your family in the process, these children would have enough issues to deal with for a lifetime. Maybe it would be more humane to put them out of their misery…

No, you shake that thought out of your head. Better to let them live to see another day.

“Go, scram, get to someplace safe!” You scream at the top of your lungs. The sudden outburst coupled with the intimidating scowl of a hulking figure carrying a loaded weapon proved sufficient to send them packing.

It’s for the best. After all, a war zone is no place for children.

Clearing your throat, you holler at your men. “Secure the area, and make sure we don’t get caught out by any hidden surprises!”

“Aye ${playersirmdm}!”

\*goto 4\_counter\_attack

### 4\_counter\_attack

\*temp 4\_counter\_attack\_score 0

\*label 4\_counter\_attack

As your men secure the building, you hear a familiar low rumbling. Your stomach drops, the sense of dread and foreboding almost palpable as you recognise the source.

Carefully peering through the window of the room, you recognise the familiar sight of a long barrel mounted on the top of an armoured vehicle, flanked by two identical rows of infantry soldiers amounting to a total of around 10 men, confirming your worst fears. You take a slight solace in the fact that the enemy doesn’t seem to be advancing directly towards the building that your platoon is in, which means that your exact location is yet to be known.

“Fuck. A tank, of all things, now? Those bloody teens upstairs must have called in reinforcements before we eliminated them.” ${sergeant} spits on the floor while his arms fumble with a spare magazine before slapping it into place within the rifle’s housing.

“${playersirmdm}, your instructions?” Whispers the private nearest to you, his voice desperately trying to undermine the tinge of fear that coated the air around the room.

Right. You, of all people, have to remain calm and direct your men. A direct confrontation is inevitable, but how are you going to ensure that you and your men survive the encounter?

4\_1\_Hold\_position\_and\_open\_fire

\*if rpg\_ammo = 1

# Fire off the RPG and take out the tank!

\*set finesse +5%

\*set strength +5%

“Prepare the RPG! Take out the tank first and we can pick off the rest after!” The Rocket Propelled Grenade will be your best bet against the impending threat posed by the oncoming armoured vehicle. As it is, your men wouldn’t stand an iota of a chance if you engage the enemy directly.

“Roger that, ${playersirmdm}!” quipped the gunner, his voice laced with undertones of excitement and eagerness as he unsling the oversized barrel from his shoulders.

You glance into the horizon. The looming silhouette of the tank draws closer with every passing minute, any second now and they’ll be close enough to blast your cover to smithereens. However, at this distance you doubt the chances of your gunner nailing the shot. Though with the enemy in open ground, taking the tank down would send them flying in a panic, while with proper cover, your team has the most likelihood of turning things around.

You could fire off a few warning shots to direct the enemy towards your general direction, and when they draw close enough you can then take down the tank with the RPG, but that would risk giving away your exact location.

As of now, the enemy seems to be circling the perimeter, waiting might not necessarily ensure that you are able to get a closer target. But on the off chance that it does, you know that the RPG would ensure that the tank goes down.

#Let the RPG fly! Any longer and we’re as good as dead

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +2

“Standby for launch!” You yelled. As the gunner prepares to load the missile, you grabbed him by his shoulders, snapping his attention away from his task momentarily.

“We only have this one shot. Do not fuck this up for us.”

The gunner gulps and nodded compliantly, as an evident drop of sweat starts to trickle down from his forehead, creating a streak amidst the dirt and camouflage strewn across his face.

Propping the weapon on the windowsill as an additional support, the gunner took careful aim at the slowly encroaching tank. “Back blast check! Clear out!”

“FIRE!!!”

The gunner tightened his grip on the trigger, and pulled. The recoil of the heavy weapon jerked the torso of the gunner backwards as the rocket sailed through the air towards the unsuspecting tank, leaving a trail of smoke in its wake.

“Come on, come on….” you muttered under your breath, following the trajectory of the missile with an unrelenting stare.

\*goto 4\_1\_1

#Fire a few shots at the enemy with your rifles to draw them closer, then blow that son of a bitch up

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +2

“Make the preparation for launch! On my orders!” You turn around to see the gunner loading the missile into the barrel.

You slowly take aim at one of the infantry units, your scope following his every movement. Making sure that your gunner is ready to fire at a moment’s notice, you gripped your trigger tighter and took a solitary shot.

Through your scope, the body of the soldier collapsed into the floor as the bullet lodged itself well within his chest. You quickly turn away from the windowsill, maintaining your cover.

It seemed to work, you hear a few stray shots in the vicinity, their erraticness a sign that the enemy remains oblivious to your exact location.

Pressing your back against the wall, you take in a few ragged breaths as you hear the rumbling of the tank grows louder and louder.

After a few moments, you turn around and sneak a peek through the window, careful not to expose too much of your head to the enemy. Sure enough, the tank was slowly making its way towards your vicinity with the foot soldiers breaking into a swift jog, clenching their rifles close to their chest.

You signal your gunner to take up position and wait for your orders. Propping the weapon on the windowsill as an additional support, the gunner took careful aim at the slowly encroaching tank. “Back blast check! Clear out!”

“FIRE!!!”

The gunner tightened his grip on the trigger, and pulled. The recoil of the heavy weapon jerked the torso of the gunner backwards as the rocket sailed through the air towards the unsuspecting tank, leaving a trail of smoke in its wake.

\*goto 4\_1\_1

#Wait a little longer, it pays to be patient.

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

\*set men -1

“Stand down, we’ll wait for the enemy to approach, then make the killing shot” You instructed your men to take up positions around the perimeter of the building, ready to assault the enemy once the RPG has been launched.

Time seemed to stretch on, minutes feel like hours, the constant low rumbling of the tank cutting through the stale air.

BOOOM!

The building rattled with an acute ferocity, sending a new cloud of dust erupting from the ceiling.

“They’re fucking blowing everything up!” ${sergeant} yelled.

You barely have time to respond when another blast echoes to your right, this time a little too close for comfort as the adjacent wall shatters, and you raise your hand barely in time to block the rubble that was sent flying across the room.

Fuck, you didn’t count on the enemy launching a general attack on the area. If this keeps up, your platoon would be wiped out within minutes. You don’t have much of a choice anymore, an immediate counter-attack would be the best course of action.

“RPG launch, NOW NOW NOW!” You shouted at the top of your lungs, hoping that your gunner wasn’t too shaken up by the sudden assault.

You turn to your left in time to register your gunner propping up the barrel of the RPG against a hole in the wall for support. “Back blast check! Clear out!”

“What are you waiting for? An invite to the ball? FIRE!”

\*goto 4\_1\_1

\*label 4\_1\_1

KA-BOOM!!!

Yes! You silently cheered as the missile came into contact with the side of the tank, the initial impact strong enough to send it careening to the left, tilting over before bursting into roaring flames. The infantry units were immediately sent into disarray, with some diving for immediate cover, some attempting to rescue the personnel within the tank, and even a couple of lone soldiers charging towards your direction.

${sergeant} turns to you, anxiously awaiting the next order. “What now, ${playersirmdm}? We should use this opportunity to take out the rest of the soldiers while they’re running around like headless chickens.”

Hmm, the sergeant has a point. Best to strike while the iron is hot, as they say. If you rush out and engage the enemy, you might be able to capitalise on the situation and mop the floor with them. After all, you doubt the enemy are highly trained soldiers, merely nationalistic zealots with an appetite for blood and a trigger happy finger. Having at least received proper military training, your men might be able to overwhelm them with tactical and military expertise.

However, by charging out into the open, you will be sacrificing your best source of cover. By standing your ground your platoon’s chances of survival would be higher, but given that your men have been fighting for quite some time, you are unsure of the effects the war of attrition might have on your men.

Lastly, you could choose to make a tactical retreat. After all, your initial objective to scout the location and secure this building are more or less finished. You doubt the few enemy soldiers present would be able to take back this area before reinforcements arrive to push back the enemy’s front lines.

What would you do?

#Charge at the enemy! Utilise their confusion to your advantage!

“Let’s move! Engage them head on! Tactical movement in a 3 by 2 formation!” You screamed at the rest of your men.

At your command, the rest of your platoon sprinted out of the building, the first three men finding a suitable cover before releasing a barrage of bullets towards the enemy soldiers, striking down a few of the halfwits who were foolhardy enough to charge at your location.

As the first three men provided cover fire, you charge up to a further position with the rest of your platoon,

#Hold your ground! You can continue to engage the enemy in this position.

#Beat a hasty retreat. You want to avoid any further pointless bloodshed.

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

4\_2\_Hold\_position\_and\_snipe\_off\_infantry

#Hold your ground and snipe the infantry units!

\*set finesse +5

You consider the advantage of knowing the enemy’s position while remaining unseen, and decide to hold on to it for a little longer. Quickly assessing the immediate environment, you decide to use the line of buildings separating you and enemy as cover for a hit-and-run tactic.

“Fan out in section level, but maintain vision of the enemy! Space yourself out in different buildings, take different windows!” Some of your men turn to look at you, confused. Either they were confused by your tactics, were afraid at the thought of splitting up or were simply dazed from the last encounter.

“What are you waiting for, a please and thank you? Move!” ${sergeant} enforces, and the platoon breaks itself into groups as practiced countless times. You quickly direct them to separate buildings, then proceed to dart into a house roughly in the center of your spread out forces with your sergeant.

\*if rpg\_ammoo = 1

“What about the RPG, Commander?” they pipe up behind you, perhaps not wanting to question your decision in front of the platoon. “Taking out that tank is tempting, but then we’ll have a ton of infantry hot on our trail afterwards.” you hurriedly explain as you establish comms with your spread-out sections. “Them not knowing where we are is the greatest gift we got, I want to use that as long as we can, pick off their men while they’re scrambling to find us, then deal with the tank.”

\*else

“What’s the plan, Commander?” they pipe up behind you, perhaps not wanting to question your decision in front of the platoon. “We’re up against a god damned tank, ${sergeant}. Our rifles aren’t going to do a thing, plus once we’re found out we’ll have a ton of infantry hot on our trail.” you hurriedly explain as you establish comms with your spread-out sections. “Them not knowing where we are is the greatest gift we got, I want to use that as long as we can, pick off their men slowly, then we’ll figure out how to deal with that tank.”

Of course, there’s also a possibility that they’ll blow the nearest building up and we’ll lose a quarter of our men, but you’re counting on them having just enough intelligence to not take potshots with a fucking tank.

“That’s genius Sir!” Your sergeant’s praise falls on deaf ears as the crackle over your radio fades to the voices of section leaders calling in.

“Tango 1 in position, over!”

“Tango 2 in position, over!”

“Tango 3 ready, over!”

“Tango 4 ready!”

Alright, time to see if this gamble was worth it. You peek through your scope at the enemy forces. Somehow they’ve kept marching alongside the tank, uncontacted.

You could fire on the enemy right now. The tank is out of the question with your rifles, but cutting their infantry down to size would be great. Or you could wait to see if their leader shows up to take command. Take out the brains of the operation and these untrained soldiers will have no idea what to do. Your window of opportunity gets smaller the longer you wait… what will you do?

#Take the opportunity - kill off their infantry!

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

“Tango 1, on my command, fire at enemy soldiers for 3 seconds. I repeat, 3 seconds. Then take cover.” The enemy continues to march almost nonchalantly, unbeknownst to your plans. Just a few more steps, you think to yourself, and once you’re confident they enemy is in full view of your platoon…

“Fire!”

3 seconds of sustained gunfire from your left. You watch about 6 soldiers drop to the floor. The enemy soldiers immediately crouch down, rifles at the ready, aiming at the general direction of Tango 1’s fire. The tank grinds to a halt, and it’s barrel begins to swivel round.

You won’t give them a chance to react, however.

“Tango 4, just like Tango 1. Fire!”

Another burst of fire from your right. Their bullets hit the enemy on the side, as some of the soldiers who had taken position by the side of the tank have their blood painted on the tank’s treads.

The enemy troops are in complete disarray, unable to pinpoint your location. Some of the smarter individuals have broken away and are darting for cover.

You command Tangos 2 and 3 to do the same, picking off the stragglers who weren’t able to find cover in time.

You can’t help but smile as your gamble paid off, having successfully cut off the enemy’s forces by half with guerilla tactics. Well, except for that damn tank, who’s barrel continues to drift left and right. It seems they still have yet to locate your platoon.

\*if rpg\_ammo = 1

“Tango 2 here!” A voice rings out from your radio. “Permission to fire the RPG at the tank!”

You consider this for a while. The initial plan had been to fall back to the last building and regroup, but with the enemy scattered and practically nobody guarding the tank, this might be the best opportunity to take out the metal beast for good.

# Fire off the RPG and take out the tank!

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

You hate yourself for being this happy to cause destruction, but that’s a thought for another time. “Permission granted soldier! You only got one shot, make it count! Blow those suckers sky high!”

“Yes Commander!” You can practically feel the excitement of the soldier over the radio, making you feel a little better about your own sentiments. “Tango 1, 3 and 4, hold your position and reload, but do not fire!”

A minute passes, as you envision the RPG team setting up the weapon on the windowsill, taking aim. As the seconds tick by, the barrel of the tank continues to sway hesitantly. You wait with baited breath as time seems to slow down, and you pray nothing comes out of that humongous barrel. You spy the heads of a few enemy soldiers popping out of windows and behind walls, wondering why the gunfire stopped. Once this RPG goes off, they will definitely know your Team 2’s location, but you’re willing to take a gamble on this.

You feel like your lungs are going to explode as you continue to hold your breath, bracing yourself for the explosion from either the tank or the RPG, when finally-

BOOM

You flinch. For a second you fear that the tank had opened fire, but as you peer into your scope to look you see a humongous puncture into the side of the tank, smoke and flames billowing out from it. You hear the creaking of steel plating as the tank wheezes its last breath before collapsing into itself. You allow yourself a sigh of relief as you relish in the behemoth’s death. What remains of the enemy begin to crawl out of hiding, retreating away from the battle. It seems that taking out the tank and half their soldiers was enough to deter their advance - and who could blame them.

You bring the radio up to your mouth. “Great work soldiers, regroup to the last building, over.”

You turn away from your windowsill, to see ${sergeant} slack-jawed, still in awe at how smoothly that went. You resist the urge to sympathise with them, and instead strap on your pack and give them a light punch to the shoulder as you walk out the door. “Cmon Serg, let’s go.”

\*goto 5\_2

\*else

The tank remains a thorn in your side, but this position you have set up seems to be highly successful. If you held your ground, could you perhaps see the enemy’s command team rear their ugly head to rally the remaining troops? Then again, the enemy could locate your position at any moment, in which case you’d be squaring off against a metal monster capable of taking your whole platoon out in one shot.

# Repeat guerilla tactics in other buildings.

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

“That’s a negative soldier, we’re falling back. All troops, regroup to our last building, over.” You feel the greed of taking out that tank tug at you, but you decide to play this a little more patiently. You can use the same tactic once more later, wear their forces down even more.

“You sure about this Commander?” ${sergeant} comments. You spin around to shoot a look that instantly shuts them up. “Rome wasn’t built in a day, serg. We’re in this for the long haul.” you explain as you put on your pack and walk out the door. “Trust me on this.”

Your platoon reforms in the building you had captured previously. With everyone accounted for you guide the unit to another set of buildings down the road. Thankfully, the enemy forces are still recovering from your last skirmish, buying your soldiers enough time to clear the new set of buildings and set up their new positions.

When the enemy’s infantry eventually made its way into your killzone, you gave the same commands, and chunked their forces once more before retreating yet again.

You repeated the tactic 4 more times. Certainly, there were some close calls. 3 of your soldiers received injuries while clearing buildings, encountering some straggling enemies. At one point you narrowly avoided death as the tank fired at the empty building to your left, perhaps out of frustration. To the tank, we were merely flies buzzing around its face, slowing its advance.

Eventually, it became apparent to the enemy that they were fighting a losing battle. With their infantry a mere tenth of what it had been, the tank ground to a halt, before reversing. The enemy soldiers left in tow, realising the inevitability of their fallen comrades' sacrifices.

You watch the tank disappear entirely into the forest, out of the city, before you allow yourself to exhale a sigh of relief.

“All Tangos, don’t get careless, keep an eye out for straggling enemy forces. Regroup onto my position, over.” You try to remain stern in your command, but find it impossible to guise the relief in your tone.

It took an entire day of scampering from building to building, slowly wearing down the enemy’s forces. It wasn’t a graceful strategy, there was no heroic moment where the tide was turned in your favour. You were just a platoon of soldiers doing its best to push back a fucking tank. But with your guidance your team came out on top in this war of attrition.

The sound of light golf claps from ${sergeant} behind you prompts you to turn around, peeling you attention away from the windowsill you had been spying out of.

“That was… incredible, Commander. I’m sorry I ever doubted your decision.”

You laugh lightly. “Relax soldier. Letting that tank go might not have been the best idea. But we minimise losses like this while still pushing the enemy back. That’s a win in my book.” Your words trail off as you feel the fatigue start to hit you. You lean up against the brick wall, finally letting your eyes rest, if just for a moment.

\*goto 5\_2

#Wait and watch the enemy’s movement.

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

Half their forces have been taken out. Their men are spread out with no form of order. Surely, some authoritative figure has to step out to get his men together, no?

“All Tangos hold your position.”

A minute passes. Then two. Then three.

Ten whole minutes pass of anxiously staring down the tank, its deadly barrel whirling side to side, as if sniffing out your position. You feel cold sweat form on your forehead, trickling down the bridge of your nose and gathering at the tip.

At the 15 minute mark, you sigh as the enemy doesn’t show any sign of development.

“All Tangos, fall-” You bite your tongue before you can finish the command as the hatch on the tank is pushed open. A dark skinned, middle aged man pokes his head out, with a scruffy black beard and a red beret sitting atop his head. He shouts something you can’t make out from this distance, extending his hand out of his vehicle to signal to his men. Your eyes are glued on him. You can just imagine a bright red reticle hovering over his head.

“Commander, could you repeat Last Mike?” The message over the radio snaps you back to reality. Mike… message. Right.

“Cancel Last Mike. All Tangos, do you have a vision of the man that just came out of the tank?”

“Tango 1, that is a positive, over.”

“Tango 2, that’s a positive, over.”

“Tango 3, that’s a negative, over.”

“Tango 4, negative over.”

2 teams can shoot that son of a gun, that’ll do.

“Tangos 3 and 4, hold your position. Tangos 1 and 2, keep your aim on that man, fire on my signal.”

The man’s body from the neck down is still covered by the tank, it would be too risky to fire now. Just climb out a little more…

The enemy troops don’t seem as well trained as yours, as you watch the tank operator’s flailing gestures being heeded by nobody. Eventually, the beret-clad man climbs out of the armored vehicle to physically gather his men together, visibly frustrated.

Y’know... if you waited a little longer maybe an even higher ranking figure might show up-

Nah, fuck that.

“Fire!” The teams on you left rain hellfire down on the tank. The man, who had just gotten his feet out of the tank, is riddled with lead, before falling off the tank, falling onto the road beside the tank treads, lifeless.

A moment passes where both sides are unsure of what to do next. Once that brief moment passes, you watch the enemy come pouring out of their hiding places like rats, fleeing from the battlefield. The tank’s hatch is slammed shut, and it lets out a squeaky moan while it lurches back to reverse. ${sergeant} gives a small whoop of joy behind you at the sight of the enemy’s retreat. You also feel a sense of elation build up inside you at this victory.

Your joy is short lived however. While the tank retreats you see the barrel begin to angle itself in your direction. No, just slightly left of you-

You snatch up your radio.

“Tango 1 and 2, get out of there-” your command is cut short by a deafening explosion, as the tank fires a single shell at the building to your left; Tango 1s building. You feel the building you’re in rumble, its integrity being tested.

You turn to see ${sergeant} already up, holding onto your pack.

Grimacing, you make one last command. “All Tangos, regroup to our last building, I repeat, regroup to our last building, over!.” You set the radio aside hurriedly and rush out the door, ${sergeant} following suit.

\*goto 5\_2

#Aim for the big fish - wait for a better target.

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score -1

You only have this one chance to surprise the enemy. Taking out a few random soldiers would be helpful, but only by taking out a prominent figure with authority could you hope to turn the tide of this fight. It’s a gamble, but you decide to play it close to the chest.

“All Tangos, hold your position, fire on my signal.”

You stare down the enemy through your own sight with the intensity of a hawk. You scrutinise each soldier to the best of your ability, hoping to spy any indication of rank or power…

The enemy’s forces are made up of teenagers and young adults of various sizes. Some scrawny, some pudgy, but none seemed properly combat-trained. They wear civilian clothes and scraps of body armor. They hold their weapons at weird angles. No, nobody in this group seems like they could be a commander. Hell, none of them should even be soldiers, but this is war.

Just as you finish the thought, you realise that the forces have moved past your killzone. You waited too long, and though the enemy is still unaware of your location, your platoon is no longer able to engage the enemy effectively.

You curse under your breath, and pound the wall with your fist in frustration.

“All Tango, regroup to my location, I repeat regroup to my location, over.” The words leave a bad taste in your mouth. You let a golden opportunity go. Sure, the fight is still winnable, but it could have been far easier.

You turn to see ${sergeant} looking at you with a blank expression. You feel their judgement weigh heavily on you.

“What’re you looking at, soldier.” You growl, reminding them of your rank. ${sergeant} immediately turns away, but it's apparent that your mistake here has left a bad impression on them.

The awkwardness in the room is palpable, and you decide you’ve had enough of it. You walk out the door to get a breath of fresh air.

Stepping outside you see your men making their way to your building. “At least nobody’s hurt” you mutter to yourself.

As if on cue, you hear gunfire from beyond the building. The soldier furthest from you falls to his knees, blood beginning to pool out onto the ground around him. Enemy soldiers come pouring out of the alleyway, storming towards you. It seems that while making their way to your position, the enemy spotted your soldiers. With your soldiers spread out so thinly, you face turns pale at how fast the tables have been turned.

Immediately you charge ahead, gunning down the opposition while giving your startled men some coverfire while they attempt to regroup.

\*goto 5\_1

----

“Stand your ground! Rifles at the ready! If we pick them off one by one at irregular intervals they wouldn’t be able to pinpoint our location”

Assigning a few of your men to different openings of the buildings, you coordinate your men to fire off at different timings.

Such guerrilla tactics seem to pay off, the enemy forces are caught in a disarray and scatter for the nearest cover, but their lack of knowledge of your exact location meant that they are not able to return fire.

“Alright! Keep this up for a little while more, and we might be able to carve us an escape route”

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

4\_3\_Approach\_enemy\_and\_attempt\_to\_lay\_ambush

#Sneakily encircle the enemy and surprise them with an ambush!

\*set charm +5

\*set intellect +5

\*if charm + intellect >= 15

[i]Stat Check: Charm + Intellect >= 15[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

\*if charm + intellect < 15

[i]Stat Check: Charm + Intellect < 15[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score -1

The odds are stacked against you, outnumbered

\*if men > 2

at least

\*if men < 2

more than

three to one, not forgetting the fucking tank. The best bet is surely to take the enemy by surprise and ambush them - if only you could sneak up closer and envelop them from the rubble. You quickly survey your surroundings, your men looking on with eager faces, ready to bring the fight to the enemy.

The enemy is still quite a distance away and there are a few possible locations you could set the ambush. There’s a small bridge fording a stream on the outskirts of the village that could provide the perfect bottleneck, catching the enemy as they cross the bridge would leave them with little cover. However, the vegetation on both banks of the stream is sparse, and there’s a high chance that any returning fire would result in high casualties.

Another option is to wait for the enemy to approach, engaging them in the main crossroad of the village. A crumbling church pockmarked with bullet holes provide the perfect vantage point, from which you can rain hell upon the enemy and hopefully take out the majority of their infantry. That being said, the church sticks out like a sore thumb, and if the tank zeros in on the tower...

Then again, you could just hole up in the debris and ambush them in one of the narrow alleyways. While the window of opportunity is much smaller and the fight will likely devolve into a nasty slugfest in the rubble, at least the tank won’t be able to intervene too much - or at least that’s what you hope.

All the options aren’t perfect, but delaying anymore would mean the enemy would soon fall upon you. You have to make a choice. Now.

\*temp ambush 0

\*fake\_choice

# Set up the ambush at the bridge, bottlenecking the enemy advance

\*set ambush 1

# Set up the ambush at the junction, taking the high ground

\*set ambush 2

# Set up the ambush in the alleyway, forcing the enemy to abandon their armour

\*set ambush 3

“Alright men, we might be outnumbered, but if we take them by surprise, we might just be able to come out of this as heroes. Or die as matyrs. So listen up.” The remains of your platoon huddles around, trying hard not to show their fatigue.

\*if ambush = 1

“See the bridge on the outskirts of the village? The enemy will be sitting ducks when they cross the bridge, take cover on the banks and spread out. Once I open fire, rain death upon them. Those motherfuckers wouldn’t know what’s hit them!”

“But there’s not much cover on the banks, Officer. If we get spotted, we’re de…”

“Just do it! Sometimes the most dangerous places are the safest. They won’t be expecting us at all. Hurry, distribute the equipment and let’s give them a fight to remember!”

\*if ambush = 2

“We’re going to deploy our light machine gun up on the church, while the rest of you will cover the main junction from various positions. I’ll take the first shot, and you guys light them up.”

“Officer with all due respect, the tank will take out the church with a single shot…”

if rpg\_ammo = 1

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

“Then we better kill the tank commander first shall we? Take the RPG and grenades up to the church tower too. The rest of you spread out and pick off the men. Let’s go!”

if rpg\_ammo = 0

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score -1

“Well if you’ve any better ideas, let’s hear them. No? Then shut the hell up.”

The private grimaces, but holds her tongue.

“Any other smart asses want to say something? Good. Let’s get a move on, quickly!”

\*if ambush = 3

“They have a tank, so we must force them to fight in the alleyway. Hole up in the ruins alongside it. Once I open fire, everyone light them up.”

“But officer we would have to wait for them to come right up to us, besides…”

“Are you scared, soldier? Besides, we have no choice. By fighting them face to face we render their tank useless, unless you fancy your chances against that shiny looking cannon? Be my guest.”

The men look around grimly, realising that they don’t have much of a choice.

“Alright. What’s the plan?”

“Follow me, and keep low. Let’s go!”

\*page\_break

The ammunition is redistributed hastily before you lead your men out of the house, keeping your bodies low and rifles slung behind you. With the ominous low growl of the tank approaching getting louder and louder with each heartbeat, you push your men to move faster, gritting your teeth through the harsh bite of broken bricks and gravel into your elbows and knees.

\*if ambush = 1

\*if charm >= 10

[i]Stat Check: Charm >= 10[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

Despite the distance of the bridge, the team makes it to the near bank with time to spare. You quickly organize the men into two teams, scurrying into the shallow ditches flanking the sides of the bridge with the enemy still approaching the bridge. Each soldier pulls out their remaining magazines and lay them on the ground in front of them for easy access, breathing hard from their exertion, staring as the enemy slowly approaches the bridge.

An officer wearing a garish red beret climbs out of the tank and barks out an order, prompting four men to amble cautiously across the bridge to secure your side of the bridge. The tank groans as it follows along, pushing onto the bridge, followed by the remaining six soldiers. It is a matter of time before they spot you, and you know you must time this to perfection.

\*if charm < 10

[i]Stat Check: Charm < 10[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score -1

Given the distance of the bridge, the team hurries to the near bank just as the enemy begins to cross, giving you barely enough time to set up and catch your breath. You notice four men on your side of the river, having secured the bank and forcing you to take up improvised positions with a poor view of the bridge instead. The tank begins to push onto the bridge, an officer wearing a garish red beret barking out orders to the remaining six soldiers to follow behind.

It’s too late to backtrack, and pulling back would only expose your position. You can only hope that their vanguard doesn’t spot you before you open fire. But it is only a matter of time.

\*fake\_choice

# Open fire now!

\*if men >= x

[i]Stat Check: Men >= x[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

“OPEN FIRE!!! OPEN FIRE!!”

The platoon responds to your command with a racking hail of bullets, kicking up puffs of dirt, blood and concrete. Half of the enemy soldier collapse instantly, while the rest quickly dive for cover in confusion. They scurry behind whatever they can find, trying to locate the source of the gunfire and spraying blindly.

\*if men < x

[i]Stat Check: Men < x[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score -1

“OPEN FIRE!!! OPEN FIRE!!”

The platoon, or what’s left of it opens fire on the enemy, but the paltry amount of firepower you can muster barely takes down two of the enemy soldiers. The rest quickly dive for cover and return covering fire, sending chunks of dirt spraying across your vision. A bullet lands just in front of you, sending you hunkering down behind the little cover provided by the ditch. Fuck!

\*goto bridge\_ambush\_check

# Wait till the tank reaches the middle of the bridge.

\*if men >= x

[i]Stat Check: Men >= x[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +2

\*if men < x

[i]Stat Check: Men < x[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +1

As the tank clambers to the middle of the bridge, you know that it is now or never. Taking a deep breath, you scream the command to fire, echoed by the cacophony of machine guns opening up on the enemy.

[b]Du-du-dududududum!!![/b]

\*if men >= x

Smoke fills the air as screaming steel tears into the enemy ranks, killing almost all the enemy soldiers instantly and sending the rest of them into panic, screaming as they throw down their rifles and flee!

\*if men < x

Despite your limited firepower, the narrow bridge gives the enemy soldiers nowhere to run as they are mowed down mercilessly by a hail of bullets! The remaining men scream in panic, cowering behind the tank and taking pot shots in your general direction and missing wildly.

\*goto bridge\_ambush\_check

# Wait till the tank crosses the bridge before firing!

\*if physical >= 5

[i]Stat Check: Physical >= 5[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score -1

Still counting on the element of surprise, you hold your fire as the enemy cross the bridge. Each second feels like an eternity as they inch closer and closer towards your position as your breath freezes in your chest, the tension palpable.

“AMBUSH!!! AMBUSH!!!”

Fuck. They spotted you, which isn’t surprising given that half your body is sticking out of the ditch.

One of the enemy soldiers starts screaming, having noticed you hiding in the ditch. The enemy starts scurrying for cover and opens fire on your position!!

You oblige them with returning fire, but the element of surprise has been lost and your men are quickly pinned down by the enemy.

\*goto bridge\_ambush\_check

\*if physical < 5

[i]Stat Check: Physical < 5[/i]

\*set 4\_counter\_attack\_score +0

Still counting on the element of surprise, you hold your fire as the enemy cross the bridge. Each second feels like an eternity as they inch closer and closer towards your position as your breath freezes in your chest, the tension palpable.

It’s a small miracle that they don’t spot you. But your small build definitely helps. Still they come closer.

“NOW!!”

Your men oblige with a hail of bullets, cutting down the first few enemy soldiers and sending the rest diving for cover. They quickly regain their bearings and return fire, spreading out across the bank.

\*goto bridge\_ambush\_check

\*label bridge\_ambush\_check

\*if 4\_counter\_attack\_score >= 1

The exchange of fire is intense, but your ambush has really overturned the odds and the enemy are panicking. Training your iron sights on the enemy officer, you squeeze off a single well-aimed shot.

[b]Bang![/b]

Time seems to slow as you watch the red beret fly off and land into the water. With the officer slain, whatever remaining resistance crumbles immediately and the enemy starts to flee! Your men starts to cheer and woop as they continue to punish the enemy forces.

In their effort to flee, the tank screams into reverse and pulls backwards, but instead of escaping, it crashes straight into the side of the bridge which gives way!!! The tank flies off the bridge, overturning and smashing into the stream. You’ve destroyed the enemy!!!

\*goto 4\_win

\*if 4\_counter\_attack\_score < 1

Despite your best efforts, the enemy firepower is too great and they are responding in earnest. Your men are being shot at, and you’ve already taken a few casualties. It’s not looking good at all.

[b]Bang![/b]

You feel a sharp pain at the side of your body, feeling numb in shock as you see the enemy officer grinning and charging towards you. It’s the last thing you see as you slip into unconsciousness.

\*goto 4\_lose

\*if ambush = 2

\*if charm >= 5

[i]Stat Check: Charm >= 5[/i]

\*line\_break

\*line\_break

\*if charm < 5

[i]Stat Check: Charm < 5[/i]

\*line\_break

\*line\_break

\*if ambush = 3

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

4\_4\_Spread\_out\_and\_return\_fire

#Spread out your forces and engage them in a gunfight from multiple directions!

\*set intellect +5

“Spread out! We’re all sitting ducks if we keep ourselves confined to a single building!” Best to draw them out from different directions and thin out their forces.

“You heard the man, move your asses!” ${sergeant} yelled out as he starts to assign different teams to our immediate surroundings.

You grab a few men and start shooting at the enemy from the edge of the building. If your men are seen spreading out, they’re as good as dead anyway. Either way, your location’s blown so might as well provide some cover fire to ensure that your men get to their location safely.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

The increasing intensity of gunfire from your immediate surroundings signifies that your men are well in position. Time to get those motherfuckers.

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

\*label 4\_stat\_check

\*if kill\_civilian = 1

Through the lens of your scope, you spot a familiar figure a few yards from the enemy forces. Upon a closer look, you recognise the oldest of the three children whom you chased out of the building a while ago.

“What are those kids doing there? Didn’t I ask them to get the fuck away from here?”

Continuing to peer through your scope, you see the kids mouthing something to one of the soldiers before pointing to the general direction of your platoon.

Fuck, it can’t be. Your mind immediately pulls you back to the moment you dismiss those kids out of the building, their eyes burning with intense anger over the loss of their parents by your very hands.

Motherf-… I should have disposed of them while I had the chance, those little fuckers! Or maybe you shouldn’t have killed their family in the first place.

Either way, what’s done is done, there’s nary a use in regretting your actions. With the enemy forces heading straight towards your platoon, it’s only a matter of time before the battle is lost.

\*goto 5\_1\_injured\_hospital

\*if kill\_civilian = 0

Alright, it finally seems as though we’re on even footing with the other side.

You take a quick glance at your surroundings. Your men are holding up pretty well, given what they’ve been through up till this point.

5\_1\_Get injured and wake up in a hospital

\*label 5\_1\_injured\_hospital

“Fall back, fall back!” you scream at what is left of your platoon. Unsurprisingly, your men are being overwhelmed by the sheer force of the enemy’s incessant barrage.

“Men down!!” Shit. The two words you dreaded to hear the most. Turning to the left, you see one of your men slumped limply on the floor, with ${sergeant} dragging him behind cover and pressing down on his neck, yet unable to stop the steady flow of blood from pouring out. GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!

You dashed across the battlefield, ignoring the stream of bullets whizzing past your head. Minimizing the window of exposure to your enemies, you quickly dived headfirst towards the nearest cover.

THUD.

Before you hit the ground, you feel a searing pain on your lower abdomen, thrusting your body backwards like a ragdoll in midair. Your eyes widen as you lay sprawled on the ground, the excruciating pain sending every neuron in your body into overdrive.

Your attempts to apply pressure over the gaping wound seems increasingly futile as you feel your strength being sapped away from your arms, barely registering the warm liquid that oozes out without end.

The ash gray sky melts into the surroundings as your vision grows increasingly fuzzy. The last thing you hear is ${sergeant} yelling your name amidst the cacophony of gunfire.

Then, black.

More black.

After an eternity in the darkness, your eyes slowly flutter open. The familiar surroundings of the medical tent greets you as you slowly regain your bearings.

5\_2\_Defeat counter attack and return to barracks

\*label 5\_2\_defeat\_counter\_attack

“Press on! Don’t give up!!” By a miracle of some sorts, your men seem to be gaining the advantage over the opposing forces.

As you take a final shot at the last infantry unit left standing, you breathe a sigh of relief.

“Pull out! Let’s move let’s move!” You yelled at your men, not wanting to risk any further reinforcements.

2\_3\_run\_away

“Roger, ${playersirmdm}.” ${sergeant} reluctantly grumbled. “Stand down! Prepare to pull out!”

Screw this, you thought, it’s really not worth the risk. You’re not even sure of the strength of the enemy’s forces, yet you can count with a single hand what’s left of your platoon.

Orders be fucked, I’m not leading my men into a death trap. At least all of you will live to fight another day.

You aimed your rifle at the LMG, providing cover for your men to make a break for safety.

“${playersirmdm}, move!” shouted ${sergeant} while firing at our assailants, providing you the opportunity to draw back.

\*goto 4\_counter\_attack

Notes/Queries

Line 319 – should it be go to grenade? Since the firefight will start with the grenade

3\_2\_firefight -> grenade or no grenade? Twine and CS contradictory. For now, I assume no grenade

References – upload to google drive, standardize

What’s the importance of 3\_2\_firefight? If contacting 3 youths upstairs constitutes the firefight, then wouldn’t it make sense to jump straight to that branch?

Content of 3\_3\_firefight can be the same as 3\_1\_firefight, but because the RPG has taken out the 3 teens, don’t have a contact\_youth branch and jumps straight to the kid\_reaction\_scene branch? Same with 3\_2\_firefight and 3\_4\_firefight? But then doesn’t make sense for 3\_3\_firefight to have a grenade, if the teens are already dead.

For the kid\_reaction\_scene, set another parameter for killing wife and have 2 different scenarios depending on whether one parent or two parent die? Or just make the scenes generic? Since the parameter is kill\_civilian that’s already for the father.

Fake choice of “sir”/”madam” still necessary? If we going to keep the MC gender neutral?

Do we start to use the MPRA/LOM names in the first chapter?

Different parts of the stat check, given whether the tank is obliterated by the RPG or not?