Captain's Log

**Classes:**

Ship:

Different types, each of which extends Ship.

Enemy:

Different types, each of which extends Enemy.

Level:

Different types, each of which extends Level.

Projectile:

Different types, each of which extends Projectile.

**Mechanics:**

Power bar which determines amount of available power to route to various parts of the ship.

Health bar which determines overall integrity of the ship.

individual components of the ship have independent health bars which feed into the primary health bar.

Shields for the front, rear, sides, corners or totality of the ship.

Thrusters for the front, rear, sides or corners of the ship.

Engines which determines movement speed.

Weapon (referred to as "guns").

Special weapon (referred to as "cannon").

Cut, which cuts power to specific ship components or any combination thereof.

Inputting commands (all text-based):

Initial display: thrusters | engines | shields | guns | cannon | cut

"thrusters" --> bow (front) | stern (rear) | port (left) | starboard (right) | bow left (front left) |

bow right (front right) | stern left (rear left) | stern right (rear right) --> "starboard" --> distance

| continuous --> "distance" --> 0-1000 --> "470" --> (ship moves 470 units to the left)

**Levels:**

All levels are introduced with their titles, and these titles are taken from the precursor text. The rest of the text disappears as the level title remains.

**Characters:**

*Klem:*

--Species: Native

--Ship: HAL.1T0515

--Backstory: There are perhaps a number of more important figures in the war, but none so easily recognizable or readily associated with it as Klem. As grizzled a vet as any among the Hintaacians may proclaim themselves to be, he was mere weeks from retirement when he caught wind of the Niagara Relocation Rebellion, and were it not for the brevity of the "battle", he would have been there. He postponed his retirement, recruited a specialized crew (who were only too happy to stand alongside him, as his accomplishments and decorations were many), and would have immediately set about preparing his peoples' retaliation had he not begun doing so decades prior. It was, in fact, in the midst of his formative years that Klem became uncomfortably aware of the tensions his peers and elders would dismiss as trivial or non-existent. By late adolescence, he saw the futility in his communication of such facts as he observed, and attributed this to his menial station as a factory worker (either because his opinions were thus undervalued or his contemporaries unreceptive to them). Lamenting his lot, he put forth great efforts to enter into Hintaak's most prestigious University--Oxford (a startlingly accurate recreation of the terrestrial institution of the same name). It was here that he studied under, of all possibilities, Aarakis' adoptive father, Stuart. The two had a productive, if not untumultuous relationship, their respective personalities and ideologies so strong that each individual's argumentative victory served as a spur to the other's hindside. As we win, we lose. The two would carry on a lifelong dialogue as friends even after Klem's graduation; even after his failed attempts at authorship; even after he donned military garb, a gun in his hands, and his tail between his legs. "No matter", thought Klem, "this world is not a thinker's world, though the occasional thinker may inhabit it. If we two are to be a people, I shall offer my body sans mind to that cause, lest ours be forgotten in both action and word. This too is honorable." And thus Klem would lie to himself until the day Niagara fell. The day which he, admittedly in poor taste, always dreamed would come.

--Loyalty: Native

*Frederickson:*

--Species: Human

--Ship: Ricecake

--Backstory: Frederickson is not a smart man, nor were his parents possessed of the ability to ensure that he turned out otherwise. They were not bad people, of course, but incapable of being so, as they were devoid of the requisite level of agency for such a designation--that afforded the educated and cognitively proficient. They followed all the rules, toed all the lines, and lived as comfortably and amiably as just about anyone else in the Humans' lower class. They did not question those laws to which they adhered, and they instinctively resented anyone who did. "Laws" were to them justice manifest, God's will writ in stone and gifted to God's people, few though they were. Thus the boy, thus the man. When the war unofficially began (it would be deemed a "Peoples' Disparity" by the reigning government for some time), Frederickson was constitutionally and very nearly familially obligated to join his people's movement; that was just "what you did" in such circumstances. Though the boy possessed no special talents, he had what his superiors would refer to as "heaps of heart", and was thus given somewhat preferential treatment when the war efforts reached a head, and the Humans' number of qualified pilots was found wanting. Frederickson was named captain of the derisively nicknamed "Ricecake", and it was expected that he would have little to no lasting impact on the conflict. The higher-ups could not have known the role he was to play with their blessing, but is ignorance ever a complete justification for one's actions?

--Loyalty: Human

*Tsing:*

--Species: Human

--Ship: Mezzanine

--Backstory: The product of a rather traditional (that is to say, governmentally effected) upbringing, it was expected that Tsing would become an official of at least modest importance within the Human government. Early into her adulthood, however, it became apparent that she possessed a seemingly innate distaste for people (not just people, actually, but most sentient beings). This fact coupled with her inability to "fake it" practically barring her from the realm of diplomacy, she pursued the only other avenue favored by her family--military service...And she performed admirably until the Niagara Relocation Rebellion, during which her natural propensity towards disassociation failed her, and she began to question the morality of her actions (She'd always disliked most, certainly, but did that orientation afford her the right to exercise such great power upon them? And to such a relatively negative effect?). She would find Klem shortly after the rebellion, and put her violent demeanor to what she deemed justifiable use.

--Loyalty: Native

*Miller:*

--Species: Native

--Ship: Sidecar

--Backstory: Miller is the daughter of a well-to-do native family that has brought her up under the conventions, teachings and assumed name of their planet's captors. Her father being a high diplomat within the human government (a position made possible and encouraged by the Humans' "Solidarity Ordinance"), she was understandably comfortable with her station for many years, even enlisting as an officer in the Humans' Expansion and Life Preservation Authority, eventually working her way up to Captain of the UPHS (United Peoples of Hintaak Ship) Bush, known coloquially as the Sidecar. She worked earnestly in this position until the Niagara Relocation Rebellion, during which she saw firsthand the priorities of her benefactors.

--Loyalty: Native

*Howitt:*

--Species: Human

--Ship: Pincer

--Backstory: Howitt is a savant of sorts; throughout his childhood and adolescence, he performed passably in his studies, but was possessed of a blatant distaste for academia and authority. This likely stemmed largely (though not completely) from his home life, which admitted of little parental supervision, save for the occassional beating. Upon barely graduating from secondary education, he entered into a non-violent, non-noticeable existence; he would perform sexual services for those in need (prostitution having always been legal for the Hintaacians, but only recently decriminalized by the Humans), ultimately scraping by just enough to both live and finance his hobby of participating in a small handful of video environments, excelling particularly in flight simulations. Come the Humans' official declaration of retaliation, he was expectedly drafted into their military (expectedly, because he had neither any higher education nor publicly advertised talents). During training, however, he showed such an aptitude for flight that he was quickly named the helmsman of his own ship. In time, his excitement over the proposition would give way to idealogical differences that would come to reinforce the anti-authoritarianism which characterized his youth.

--Loyalty: Human (Conflicted)

*Aarakis:*

--Species: Native

--Ship: Flasher

--Backstory: The adoptive child of a Human widower, Aarakis fired "the shot heard 'round the galaxy". He did not do so out of malice or mistake, however, but for the sake of utility. His father, an amateur philosopher and prominent politician in the Human government, instilled in him at a young age the notion that difference breeds discord. "Only through cultural subsumption may peace escape the realm of childish fantasy, and be put into practice." Thus opened Aarakis' father's doctoral thesis which, though polarazing, may be said by noone to be devoid of psychological merit. Aarakis, headstrong as he is, would likely never have "bought into" his father's teachings had the latter not been such a generous, genuine and loving benefactor; had his father not been *decent*. Aarakis had not gone into the Niagara Project with the express intention of causing harm, but saw in the locals' animosity an opportunity to realize his father's teachings. This was an opportunity at which Aarakis jumped, and which his father would soon come to lament (the latter would never have advocated the *actual* subsumption of one culture by another, but merely remarked on the effect such a subsumption would have). In spite of this, however, Aarakis' father's position and pride necessitated his eventual and diplomatic embrace of the resulting situation. Aarakis would thereon move wherever the conflict would take him, fueled by a desire to repay the kindness offered him.

--Loyalty: Human

**Important Historic Events:**

*Human Occupation of Hintaak* *(3089 CT):*

*Alliance for the Protection and Furtherance of Hintaacian Inerests Established by Natives (3090 CT):*

*Sovereign Human Government Established on Hintaak (3090 CT):*

*Treaty of Non-Intervention Drafted by Humans and Hintaacians (3091 CT):*

*Humans Attempt to Settle Hintaacian-Owned Territory (3095 CT):*

*Treaty of Non-Intervention Amended to Allow for Inter-Species Commerce (3108 CT):*

*Humans Sold 17% of Doulada in Exchange for Technology (3108 CT):*

*Hintaacian-Disavowed Native Caught Attempting to Syphon Human Technological Secrets (3117 CT):*

*Precedent Set When Hintaacian Spy is Denied Extradition, and sentenced to 272 Earth Years (3118 CT):*

*Small Hintaacian Cell Launches Attack on Human Prison Housing Hintaacian Spy, Are All Killed (3120 CT):*

*Humans and Hintaacians Enter into Cold War (3120 CT):*

*Cold War Comes to a Head When Hintaacians Construct Missile Silos Along Borders (3145 CT):*

*Humans Retaliate by Executing Simultaneous Destruction of all Hintaacian Silos, Citing Breach of Non-Intervention Treaty as Justification (3145 CT):*

*Respective Officials from Both Peoples Meet to Discuss Resolution of Cold War (3146 CT):*

*Agreement is Reached; Treaty of Non-Intervention is Dissolved; Humans Pardon Hintaacian Spy as Sign of Good Faith(3147 CT):*

*Humans Achieve Eligibility for Hintaacian Government; Human History is Entered into Hintaacian Education Curriculum (3166 CT):*

*The United Peoples of Hintaak is Formed , With High-Standing Officials From Both Governments Holding office (3180 CT):*

*Charges of Nepotism are Directed Towards the Establishment by Hintaacian Officials; Charges are Thrown out by Supreme Court (All Humans) (3184 CT):*

*Elements of Hintaacian History Begin to be Subtly Thrown out/Replaced in Education Curriculum (3192 CT):*

*Last of Hintaacian Officials Dies (3218 CT):*

*A Number of Government Programs Indirectly Relegate Majority of Hintaacian Populous to Ghettos (3220-3232 CT):*

*Hintaacian Movement Forms from Dissatisfied Public; Large Strikes are Organized, Depriving Humanity of Cheap Labor (3281 CT):*

*The Solidarity Ordinance is Instated; Hintaacians are Explicitly Allowed Entrance into Government After Decades of Implicit Denial (3284 CT):*

*Hintaacian History is Effectively Subsumed by Human Recreation Thereof (3323 CT):*

*The Cultural Preservation Initiative Begins (3329 CT):*

*The Grand Canyon Project is Completed (3369 CT):*

*The Christ, the Redeemer Project is Completed (3371 CT):*

*The Niagara Relocation Rebellion (3372 CT):*

--A number of decades into the Human occupation of Hintaak, the Humans began to realize their most egregious rape of the Hintaacians culture to date--The Cultural Preservation Initiative. The goal of the effort was to terraform piecemeal the lands of Hintaak into facsimiles of well-documented Earthen wonders. They began with the Grand Canyon, carving it out with disturbing accuracy into the Southern border of Doulada; next, they would erect a spitting likeness of Christ, the Redeemer atop the mountain of Doi'thana, later attributing the widespread Atheism of the local populous to "utter coincidence". The final straw was placed when, after scouring the entire planet for appropriate locales on which to recreate Niagara Falls, the Human officials settled on the island of Rokoko, home to one of the last indiginous peoples of the planet. Unable to understand the words or directions of their land's appropriators, the natives understandably retaliated with what little weaponry they had, none of which could be considered efficacious against the Humans' advanced weaponry and defense systems. The Humans responded in kind, and wiped out almost the entire population, leaving only a few survivors to marvel at the destruction of their homeland in the name of cultural preservation. Miller would go AWOL in the middle of the conflict, while Frederickson and Aarakis would see the battle through to it's expected conclusion. It was after this "battle" that the first instigators of the wartime rebellion would begin to commune. Once the war was officially underway, Howitt would be drafted by the Human military, and Tsing would "desert" her biological people in the name of her principles.

**Monologues:**

*Level 1: A Precipatory Showing of Teeth*

"Captain's Log > The alien threat, ever-present since well before my birth, had become such a constant to my people that it was all but taken for granted by their majority...and what's more damning, treated as just another foreign affair by those who found themselves in positions to rally public opinion against these intruders. This efficacious minority opted rather to encourage a defeated obedience which, until some time in my adolescent years, I--like so many others--displayed unquestioningly...But even the well-trained bitch, obedient to a point, resorts to her bite when for so long her bark goes unheeded by an unjust master. This day would serve as a precursor, a precipatory showing of teeth."

"Captain's Log > Much had been accomplished. The enemy's net personnel losses were minor, to be sure, but my crew and I had served as diligent messenger-boys, tossing out weighty, long-delayed correspondence with such enthusiasm as to arouse the attention and ire of some very important figures whose pristine new Porsches we had damaged with the occasional stray parcel. We had amassed interest on both sides of a fight which had barely yet begun, but to our would-be conspirators seemed, for perhaps the first time in their lives, a possibility. In time, my people would come to see it as I do--a necessity."

*Level 2: Ash From Ember*

"Captain's Log > We had lay low for some time after our first assault in an effort to both gauge our cause's support, and to avoid any retaliatory action our surfacing may invite. We had been idle for some time now, however, and whatever marginal resistence our rebellion had bred would soon become ash from ember if we did not resume our charge. Already, the enemy had begun to distribute propagandistic pamphlets across the net in an effort to dissuade any more of our brethren from taking up arms against their malefactors. Our next target, then, seemed obvious...We would dam their misinformation at its source. The impressionable among us would not be impressed upon."

"Captain's Log > Though we prevailed, the Library had proven more heavily fortified than we had expected--and in hindsight it seems so obvious that it ought to have been. Is knowledge not the most valuable weapon at any intelligent creature's disposal? Upon their entrance into our world, did the alien not steal first our tongue, our ideologies, our history? It was only then that they could guarantee the theft of our will. No longer would the alien among us have recourse to the words of their progenitors, by which venomous rhetoric they had undoubtedly enslaved the feeble-minded amongst themselves before ever turning it upon us. At this thought, I felt a pang of sympathy for the alien as conscious being, vulnerable to the same sophistry as us, so long as it was confidently voiced...but I buried this worry as quickly as it had sprouted from the topsoil of my mind, where in another existence may have grown the identity of my own people, and not another."

*Level 3: Soldiers After All*

"Captain's Log > If performance is measured in attention, we just took home the gold...Hell, we bagged the silver and bronze, too. Those alien bastards have begun instituting safeguards the likes of which McCarthy would have found reckless. Millions of our people now lay in alien custody...assuming they're not already in the ground, offed via trial-less execution in the name of global welfare. I had planned on gauging our success in proportion to reciprocal alien action, but I had always hoped that action would have a semblance of direction. I never expected this. I certainly didn't want it. Nevertheless, the alien's recourse will have been in vain. If detachment's demanded of my position, I'll gladly walk into the battlefield crucifix ashoulder. Our enemy speaks in barbarisms? We shall respond in kind. We are soldiers, after all. If God should exist--a possibility that seems less and less likely by the day--His job's about to become a lot harder than mine."

"Captain's Log > The alien's civilian transports...rerouted to Hell. If justice be anything more than an idle fancy, I'll plot course there soon enough. But not before I pick up a few more deserving passengers on the way."

*Level 4: Straight Down the Line*

"Captain's Log > Morale has...dampened since our last mission. Banter has all but been extinguished from the halls of our ship, resonating as they now do only with the faint echoes of footsteps--footsteps carrying their person to no particular destination, but comforting them in the back-and-forth, sole-first manner of the mad. I can't blame them, of course. They haven't either the education or the constitution to recognize their role in the proceedings demanded of us as a people. They are tools, just as I am a tool, just as our political officials are tools, albeit of a different nature, and more fragile. My crew, blind to all indicators, operates under the false assumption they've wills to exercise...choices to make. There is no agency here. I act as the hand of an unconscious people, and my crew its fingers. Should I fail to communicate this reality to them in a way that they not only understand, but accept, I fear for the world mutiny would precipitate: A tyranny more tyrannical and a vengeance more vengeful than those we've known so long as to almost take for granted. All of this, should it come to pass, shall do so as a result of my inability to pass on what is in our times that most pragmatic and intuitive of all philosophies: All orders, all being, all meaning come straight down the line."

"Captain's Log > The skin of our teeth--I believe that's the expression. Our survival barely amounts to a matter of celebration, though, as our company is a shambles. Casualties have (almost regretably, I'm loathe to say) been relegated largely to the realms of equipment and infrastructure rather than lives, a reality which renders retaliation far less immediate than I would generally advise. What's more, I feel as if that advice, sagacious though it may be, would fall upon deaf ears. The damage to morale has been far more extreme than I initially feared, as evidenced by my crew's uneven and overall disastrous performance this day. In those forthcoming, I foresee a buckling of the holds, and a wresting of the one advantage we've heretofore enjoyed: solidarity."

*Level 5: Reparations*

"Captain's Log > Engineers, pilots, officers, mechanics, programmers, strategists, informants, propogandists...These are the major players one associates with a militaristic movement. These are the individuals that, throughout history, have fanned the flame of revolution when the tinder has lay in the Sun a bit too long, carefully placed by the philosophers and the odd carpetbagger. But are these participants not synthetic? Are they not first and foremost persons, albeit bettered with the training and direction requisite their stations? Are they not susceptible to the same degredation, the same denigration, suffered by and directed towards their charges, respectively? Certainly, in wartime, there is a maintenance primary to all others, and one without which our company finds itself: The maintenance of the mind. Like an engine unoiled, when this object enters into disrepair from overuse or--as is invariably the case with war--misuse, it begins to sputter and spit with the misgivings of the heavy-hearted. It is those very misgivings which plague our great machine now, and threaten to stall our efforts as they've only just begun. Though I've neither the background nor the inclination for it, to whom can the rehabilitation of my crew fall but me? Reparations are in order, and I shall undertake them in the only way I know how. By the light of the enemy's fire."

"Captain's Log > We'd been out of the slums too long. Anger isn't the most difficult resource to come by these days, but it's nevertheless quickly expended when removed from its source. If any of us harbored any regrets as to our present undertaking, they were readily recanted when confronted with the harsh reality of our plight, benefiting as reality generally does from the crystalline lucidity of the bird's eye. The fact that a number of the alien's own now found themselves under the thumb of their progenitors served to aid our mission in two ways: First, it proved that the alien's depravity sank to the depths even even of self-deprecation; second, it steeled us against the supposition that, as a people, we were alone. All in all, today had amounted to little more than a costly reminder of why we do what we do...But no cost, it would seem, is too great for the sovereignty that is my aim--an aim once again shared by my brothers and sisters in arms."

*Level 6: Fink*

"Captain's Log > Parsons. An unassuming surname, by all accounts. It's likely that most of us have known at least one or two in our time. A childhood friend down the sector, perhaps...Or an old composer by whose works we've imagined and opined for a simpler time of calico bonnets and hickory winds.Or, what's most likely, that irredeemable fink of a magistrate the Alien calculatedly cropped from our numbers for the express purpose of achieving greater control--all under the guise of "reparations". I, of course, find myself concerned with the latter. Ever since our last outing, the Alien has granted an unprecedented amount of media coverage to those of our people desperate, weak or foolish enough to band with the enemy, and Parsons has been continuously at the forefront. A weasely, frail and especially pale figure standing a head below average, his stature and apparent infirmity belie his possession of the one natural gift by which he may be said to surpass the average person: His gift of speech. This is not to say that he can rally a nation into devilishness by the crack of his charisma, nor can he frighten the masses into obedience. Rather, his efficacy is of an even more terrifying sort in that it is a very nearly exact facsimile of genuine approbation for the Alien occupation. His manner is never anything other than conversational, and it is this false intimacy that is his greatest weapon, and currently, the Alien's as well. For the peasantry can be bought with threats and confidence, but the intelligencia are particularly susceptible to a perception of humanity in the enemy. It is therefore this natural perception of otherness that we must seek to preserve, lest the flames of impending prosperity die out by the cold winds of historically heterogenous assimilation.