

Diary of John “Iron Boot” Tritony

A Tale of the Warsurge Omniverse

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The Great War they called it. The war to end all wars, to this day I don't know if the name was ironic or fitting. All I know is this war felt like it would never end, and if it did it would end all things rather than just war itself.

I looked down at my weapon, supposedly it had been crafted by Nicola Tesla himself. I wouldn't know for sure, that's just what the guy I got it from claimed. It certainly looked like something a guy like him would build, and it did shoot lightning. The ammo wasn't hard to come by, just stand out in a storm and the gun would take care of the rest. I looked around at my fellow soldiers in the transport ship, there wasn't a standard uniform among them. None of them spoke to one another, all of us had seen good men fall, it was best not to get attached.

“Nearing drop zone Epsilon in 20 seconds.” The voice cracked over the comms. **“Be advised, danger level is Augustus.”**

Augustus meant one thing, at least three armies were here. I had no real idea who we were reinforcing, but according to Maria they were Americans, that was good enough for me.

I slipped on my gas mask, no telling if the air would be safe until the doors opened. Most of the squad did the same, checking their weapons, securing their armor, a few even said a few words of prayer.

After 10 seconds the chamber was bathed in crimson and the countdown started.

“10...”

“9...”

“8...”

“7...”

I stood up, grabbing onto a railing on the side to keep my balance and prepared my gun, slipping on the strap.

“6...”

“5...”

The chamber shuddered and everything went still, aside from the droning of the count down.

“4...”

“3...”

“2...”

“1...”

The maw of hell yawned before me yet again, and I dove in screaming my lungs out like a good soldier. Landed knee deep in a mud puddle, my god given legs had been stolen from me by a doll with a flaming sword, but Uncle Sam had been nice enough to give me a shiny replacement. They got me unstuck in a giffy.

I gathered my bearings and tried to make sense of the chaos. I could make out some brightly colored power armored knights firing rockets at an acid dragon, the wyrm let out its melting breath and blackened their armor. But the bastards remained standing.

Next I saw a knight in shining non powered armor get cut down by a horror from beyond the stars, only for it in turn to enter into a duel with a pink mecha covered in stickers.

I watched as one of my squad mates was sliced in twain by an armored monster the size of an out house riding a steed too big to be called a horse.

None of them looked like they were on our side, so I scanned around some more. I've learned to survive this long by avoiding fights I had no stake in. This was *total war*, don't get overwhelmed, stay focused on your objective and keep your head down. My goggles picked up a ping, and I blinked to focus in on it.

Just three clicks away I saw a half strength battalion of Union Soldiers holding off some droids, definitely the Americans. For being armed with muskets, they were holding the line rather well, however things were still bleak for them. Their only cover was the corpses of their comrades. And to make things worse, I saw a Skinny sneaking up behind their line.

I unslung my weapon taking aim down the sight...

[The rest of the page is torn.]