

EYES ONLY: ARMOND BRADDOCK, ALEX AUTREY, ELOISE MOORE



International Space Defense Force

# Project Regeneration

The Stabilisation of Biometal Poisoning Subjects

Dr. Alex Autrey  
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## Contents

Provost .....	2
Decommissioned .....	4

The year is 1979. A decade has passed since the end of the Cold War. The fledgling International Space Defence Force, under the command of former NSDF scientist Armond Braddock, is about to meet its first real challenge.

Ten years ago, shortly before the Soviet Furies turned on their creators, the NSDF were working in secret on Furies of their own. Using what little data they had been able to gather from the alien Fury relics, a group of scientists under Braddock commenced work on Project Pedigree, turning the NSDF's infamous Black Dog Squadron into relentless killing machines. Whilst Project Pedigree would eventually become public knowledge, the details of its sibling Project Regenesiis would never reach the ISDF archives.

The Black Dogs, however, were not happy with their new condition. It took them nigh on ten years, but eventually they succeeded in escaping from beneath Braddock's thumb. They fought their way free of ISDF control, fleeing out towards the outer reaches of the solar system.

As the main column of escaped Black Dogs reaches out towards their ill-fated battle on Titan, project leads Alex Autrey and Eloise Moore are left to investigate a plot that threatens the lives of not only their staff, but the man responsible for Earth's sole line of defence against alien invasion.

## Provost

14<sup>th</sup> January, 2005

"Name and rank?"

"Major Alex Autrey,"

"And what rank did you hold on the 17<sup>th</sup> June, 1979?"

"Doctor."

"Thank you, Major. For the recording, can you please confirm the name of the operation you were involved in at the time?"

"That would have been Project Regenesiis."

I wasn't answering these questions because I wanted to, of course. Before now, had some AAN lackey just showed up and started asking questions about classified projects, he'd have been frogmarched from the building. In the wake of the Night of Infamy, however, the AAN had the IIS digging up all the dirt they could find on Braddock's operation, with any snippets on the isolationist Scion rebels a little bonus on the side. Project Regenesiis happened to be the common denominator, so they had me hauled in for questioning. Apparently that necessitated the handcuffs that currently attached me to the chair they'd so thoughtfully provided.

To be perfectly honest, I was amazed the files on Regenesiis had remained classified for so long. The bureaucrats had their noses all over the ISDF's business in its last few months.

"Aside from the Regenesiis Department staff, were there any other individuals who were complicit in the project?"

Ah, now there was a question. I wonder, did the rat squad put that in the script or did the provo think of it for himself? Braddock was the obvious answer – he'd launched the project, after all – but there was Moore as well. Project Regenesiis had been launched by Braddock alongside Project Pedigree, as an experiment into the Furies themselves. Where Pedigree focused on creating super-soldiers by fusing biometal with flesh, we existed to find out what those super-soldiers actually were.

When Project Pedigree fell apart, Braddock had mothballed both projects just as quietly as he had instigated them. Our staff became specialists in his first war against the test subjects, advising him and helping develop the ISDF's technology in such a way that it might prove more effective against them. But over the years, disagreement began to produce a divide between us. The staff of Pedigree Department fell largely in line with Braddock's point of view; the Scions were an abomination and had to be destroyed. Those of us in the Regenesiis Department mostly didn't feel the same way; we didn't dare speak it in front of

him, but we had a suspicion that the Scions could be redeemed, made almost human again. We had been nearing a major breakthrough when the project had been mothballed, and with just a little push further we were certain we could have produced a result.

In the end, that's exactly what we did.

## Decommissioned

17<sup>th</sup> June, 1979

"Sir!"

Autrey looked up from his microscope to see one of the department's research associates hurrying across the room, an expression that could only be adequately be described as "mild panic" across his face.

"Yes, Jensen?" he asked, wondering what on earth could have put the normally-relaxed researcher into such a frenzy.

"We just received a message for you at the comm tower," he rushed. "It's from Moore; apparently something has gone wrong with Project Pedigree."

Autrey cursed under his breath. He knew exactly what the Pedigree Department were doing; they had been responsible for the creation of the NSDF's particular breed of Fury super-soldiers. The instability of the metal was widely documented; even though it was a decade ago now, the desperate fight against the Soviet Furies after the CCA had tried the same thing was still fresh in everybody's minds, the paranoia still a raw wound.

Since the disaster on Titan and Achilles, secrecy had become paramount. The responsibilities of the Pedigree staff had shifted towards housing the test subjects and testing them, building them up into even more fearsome soldiers than they had been when initially fielded against the CCA while we investigated their nature.

Regensis didn't pose much of a problem, but the potential for something to go wrong with Project Pedigree was massive. There were fail-safes in place, but none of them were guaranteed to be completely effective; in part, that's what Regensis had been launched for. But Regensis wasn't ready yet. If something were to go wrong now, there was no telling how horribly wrong it could get.

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"Autrey, this is Moore.

"Things have gone bad over here. The test subjects have exceeded all of our expectations, but they aren't happy about it. The Black Dogs are becoming so effective and ruthless that... I don't know Autrey. We've created a monster.

"Either way... it doesn't matter anymore. They broke loose. Killed half of the department, stole the vehicles we were developing for them, and fled. We've managed to track them to Titan at the moment; it looks like they're trying to flee the solar system.

"I informed Braddock two hours ago and he's issued the order to start decommissioning the projects. Any documents or samples are to be incinerated,

subjects executed, buildings recycled. He's asked me to pass the same order on to you. Stop your work and get ready for these things; if they're headed to the edge of the solar system that means they're probably headed to your area. We're on seek and destroy now; we don't want them getting hold of what you've been working on.

"The Furies are coming. Be ready."

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