

## THE CHRONICLES OF THE ACP

### INTRODUCTION

It can be assumed that if you've found this document, you know about the Army of Club Penguin, or ACP. If you don't know about them, you probably know about Club Penguin. So what is the ACP? Since September 2006, this army, with its soldiers clad in green, has been fighting through Club Penguin. They are the self-proclaimed defenders of freedom and justice. Countless soldiers have joined for some small amount of time. Probably thousands have been ranked. The question is: why is the ACP so great? What makes them better than anyone else? Some people answer this question by saying: "Nothing." These people are definitely not heretics. There's no single greatest army of Club Penguin. There are 5 or 6 superpowers, in fact...or at least there were. As I write this, most of the superpowers (or former superpowers) are at a very low point. But anyway, if you are to declare an army the greatest army, it is merely your opinion. The ACP has often proved itself to be the largest army, on the other hand, because if there's a tournament with unbiased judges, it often wins. Some ACP veterans, though, think ACP to be much more than the largest army. It is something that can never be matched by anyone else. They feel extremely strong about the army, and some are even willing to do things that are a bit crazy. ACP is more than an army, really. Now, me? Well, I've been fighting in the ACP since July 2007. That was the end of World War III.

World War III was epic. It was incredible. It was probably the best thing that has ever happened in the world of CP armies. And chances are, nothing better will *ever* happen. You see, this war was between ACP and UMA. Well, the UMA, they had more soldiers. They probably got recruits ever day. Back then, the ACP couldn't get that. Things are different now, of course. But anyway, there were other armies involved, too. These armies didn't last the whole war. And they are gone by now. I think the CPAF was one of them...but I can't remember. The other army that *did* last, however, was the Rebel Penguin Federation. RPF was the army in black. Before you knew it, the war was down to three armies---er, four. And an epic battle was to take place, naturally. ACP and RPF (and CPAF, I guess...) fought together, as they had a common enemy. Now let's get a few things straight: first of all, Oagalthorp did not have an absolute hate for the UMA. In fact, he had asked for an alliance a couple of times. But that was early in the war. Plus, he had asked for an alliance after LOSING. Second, the war didn't end when Pink Mafias was banned from Club Penguin. But the UMA was weakened quite a bit. However, when it came to unplanned battles, they fought somewhat strongly. Third, the war didn't really end with the battle of Wool Socks. I mean, it basically did, but there were plenty of events that happened after it. I know because that's when I joined. It just doesn't make sense to me that Oagalthorp would tell everyone to attack UMA if we had already formed an alliance...I think Oagal just might have forgotten what happened when he wrote the "ACP Saga."

I'm going to drift away from WWIII now, but first let me tell you: the week-long attack on ACP had been planned around the time when I joined. I was quite excited. But before that attack, I fought many unplanned battles. At that time, in fact, ACP could be found in Mammoth all the time. You're just walking through Mammoth and there they are. Battles were started very frequently. And I enjoyed that time. After the war though, things changed. And a great idea came to Oagalthorp and Commando. Though now we think it may not have been such a great idea. You see, they decided to make, "nations." Each army would get their own set of servers. Months ago, these days were considered the golden ages, but today, we consider them the dark ages. And we're still in the dark ages. We call them the dark ages because no longer is there war. Now back at the start of the dark ages...they really weren't bad at all. We still had wars. In fact, some of our wars were spectacular. But it's possible that if we had stayed in the same server, we could still have wars every time.

A year after the end of WWIII, leadership had changed, but the 2<sup>nd</sup> leader, Fort, who had been leading for just several months, quit. I had been writing the Club Penguin news on the ACP site. At this time, I was even nominated for leader by Oagalthorp, but I knew that he never was really going to choose me. Leadership didn't go to my competitor, though. Instead it went to Kg. This happened by an election, and that election happened after some conflict. He served for a few months, and then he quit. Then an insane leadership conflict occurred. The election just didn't work. Shaboomboom beat Jedimaster, but arguments and things like that were happening. Eventually,

Boomer somehow came into leadership. Now, why is an army with so much conflict considered so great? It's a question to think about.

But the Chronicles of the ACP is not a story to tell about the lousy politics in ACP. This story is about the wars. The great part is that it's fiction. None of it's real. The story is based upon the real history of armies, but it's basically a fantasy. It's in a medieval time period of some sort, so the weapons used are swords, bows, and the like. It tells the story of one soldier. This soldier is a fictional Tomtwelve. His views are slightly based off of mine (I am also Tomtwelve, you know). He joins ACP days before the epic "Battle of Breeze." That's a battle I, in reality, never attended. He starts off a lousy soldier with good swordsmanship skills, but rises through the ranks and gains power. That's the classic "Hero's Journey." It's an overused plot that you see all the time, but here you see it, and you also see what happens to the ACP. Tomtwelve also has some romance. Maybe I was feeling romantic or something. Anyway, some of the names of ACP characters are based off of ACP hall-of-famers who got the Medal of Honor.<sup>1</sup> This is another thing I did to make it closer to the ACP history. But the history of ACP is best told by its founder, which is why I recommend you go to the ACP site and read it. In fact, this story is quite different from the real history. Entire armies that I never noticed in my early career weren't included because I know nothing about them. But this story was, originally, to be an exciting version of the ACP's history. But I didn't go on with that plan. It is now a story that may follow ACP, but is really about the main characters. It's my gift to ACP, I guess.

At some point, I added footnotes. These footnotes are really my commentary on the story. With the footnotes, you can see what I was thinking, or why something was written the way it was. Sometimes they're just interesting comments, and sometimes they're just jokes related to that passage of the story. The footnotes just might help you understand the story slightly better, but really, their main purpose is to entertain.

## BOOK ONE THE THIRD WAR

**NOTES: BOOK ONE INVOLVES CLUB PENGUIN'S WORLD WAR III, WHICH INCLUDED ACP, RPF, UMA, AND OTHER ARMIES THAT HAVE LONG SINCE THE WAR BEEN FORGOTTEN/THIS BOOK TAKES PLACE AFTER ACP'S DEFEAT AT MAMMOTH, WHICH IS A FORT IN THIS STORY, AND IS ALSO A CITY/NATURALLY, ANYONE WHO FOUGHT IN THIS AMAZING WAR WILL FIND THAT THERE ARE A LARGE AMOUNT OF INACCURACIES. THAT IS WHY IT IS EMPHASIZED THAT THIS IS A FICTIONAL PIECE/THIS IS ESSENTIALLY THE STORY OF A SOLDIER NAMED TOMTWELVE/BASED ON A REAL PERSON WHO GOES BY THE NAME OF TOMTWELVE/HE WROTE THIS STORY/THIS IS ALSO THE STORY OF THE ARMY OF CLUB PENGUIN/AS TOMTWELVE PROGRESSES, SO DOES THE ACP/ BOOK ONE IS ABOUT THE BEST DAYS OF ACP/IT IS NOT ABOUT POLITICS/MAMMOTH IS POTRAYED, IN THE STORY, AS A CITY THAT HAS BEEN GREAT IN THE PAST, BUT IS TORN BY WAR/ORIGINALLY NOT INTENDED TO BE MORE THAN ONE STORY/ORIGINALLY NOT INTENDED TO BE MORE THAN 10 PAGES/NOT RECCOMENDED TO BE READ ALL AT ONCE/ENJOY.**

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<sup>1</sup> And most of the girl's names are based off of girls I know, although the characters may not be based off of the person for which they are named. But you'll read more about that later.

### Mammoth in the past

The wall that surrounded the city of Mammoth was, to many, a beautiful sight. For the best place to look at it was in the early morning, when the sun rose from it. And if you'd go on top of the wall, you could see the beautiful mountains. When the tops are covered with snow, but the bottoms are blue, it's just so great, and it's the type of thing artists would paint pictures of.

But at a later time, when you were lucky enough to be on top of that wall... you'd be better off if you didn't look down. For the city of Mammoth was great. It was. But at one time it was like a wasteland, with no color or anything that you'd want to look at. This is not its current state, but at one time, that is how it was.

Before we had peace in Club Penguin... The armies were not yet there. They brought peace, yet it took 3 huge-scale wars. But their story is long and proud. It goes back years and years. And I have not lived through it all. I was busy partying in Blizzard all the years of my life. But at a time I learned everything that happened in the country of Club Penguin. And then I helped create the current state. I lived through one of the biggest wars in Club Penguin history. I've seen colossal battles. I haven't seen the rise of the armies, but I've seen wars.

I explain this because I desire to tell you the history of the Army of Club Penguin. An army that's dangerous. It has fought through almost everything. And some say it is the founder of modern Club Penguin armies themselves.

I am Tomtwelve. I am not to be confused with Tom Yellow. We think he may have disappeared off the face of the Earth. Or was kidnapped, or something. Either way, we haven't seen him for a while. The current state of the ACP is somewhat good. We don't do as much as we used to of course, but, at least there's peace. That was our original goal anyway, eh?

Well, you'd better get ready, because this story won't be brief. It begins at the great wall of Mammoth. And yes, it is quite great. I don't really even think it was built so much as a defense against enemies as a wall just built to show how great and powerful Mammoth is. Just built there so to say, "Fear this place!!"

To get through, you have to take the underground tunnel. The doors to that tunnel are actually a quarter mile away from the wall, which is pretty clever. But people feel it's inconvenient. But you only have to do it once anyway. Unless...you're a trader.

Inside the city you might wonder if people might hear the noise from outside. It's pretty busy in there, and I'd say it's easy to get lost at times. Penguins love to party, you know, and there might be crowds big enough to block some streets.

This is the state of Mammoth today. And why is it so great? Well, I'd say it's because of the fact that ACP has held onto that city like it's a child. It's set in the province USA, and it's one of the biggest cities there. USA is the biggest province, and then there's Canada, United Kingdom, and Australia.

The point is that the success of Mammoth has been partially reliant on ACP to stop the constant outbreak of small armies.

Yet ACP is often disliked. ACP is often hated. ACP could be more popular, you know! And there are penguins that've made a home in Mammoth and don't know about the ACP. Jeez. Well, anyway, we're not really sure why ACP is disliked most of the time, as most people fail to make a good point.

ACP may even be the cause of small armies. All they seem to ever want to do is attack us and stuff. Don't they ever want an alliance? Seriously! I have said that they have prevented total peace.

But we do have an overall peace in our land today, and proudly, we can say we helped get to that state.

Now, let me tell you about when the city wasn't nearly as great. The wall stood there still, silently speaking for the penguins of the city. Inside the city, it was a nice place, you know. I'd find quaint to be a word somewhat appropriate to describe it; for it may match the image inside your head when I speak of an old, medieval time's market. I don't know what's inside your head though, darn you!

### Beginnings

Anyway, there's a question, or a purpose I have for this next part. What could have inspired an organized army like the ACP? It's really because of the fall of this town. And how did this town fall? It's because of the dreaded, "gangs." They go around wearing a costume. And when there's someone else who challenges them with a different costume, then a fight begins. For guys in costumes, they fought pretty well. **J** But seriously, these fights were found to be major problems, but whatever law enforcement they had, well, they weren't helping much. Now what, did they just hang out in their headquarters and eat doughnuts, because there weren't any other crimes besides these fights!

And so, complaints began to pile in to police headquarters. But the fights continued. They seemed to think it was pretty fun to beat others up, or get beat up. But it wouldn't be long before they were bringing knives to these fights. Oh, the nerve! The crime rate went up big time. (Although before this, the crime rate was zero!) But the gangs were getting a little organized. They decided to have organized "rumbles" where weapons were banned.

Those who were scared had been hiding, but enough was enough---at a certain point, all the decent people left the city. And it would all just be awful, until the gangs just killed each other!

Some had become barbaric in all ways, and no trace of a civilized penguin was in them. Others were getting a little scared of themselves... As you can see, this once-great city was in chaos. No parties.

On the other hand, other cities like Ice Berg were growing rapidly in population. Blizzard was over-populated. But that Mammoth city was just no good.

Now there is a penguin that we call Oagalthorp.<sup>1</sup> Well, why is this guy so important? Well Joe (Yup, that's your new name!), he is the founder of the Army of Club Penguin. Yes, the army that I write about today. He is one of the most influential penguins ever.



The Army of Club Penguin was started by Oagalthorp, and its purpose was to fight off those gangs and other villains in town. Because he had seen the awful state of Mammoth. He had the idea

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<sup>1</sup> His name says something about him, because if you know your U.S. history, then you know it's really spelled Oglethorpe. If you know it really well, then you can tell me his first name and what colony he founded! **J**

to start an army that had a leader, ranks, and uniform. And that is a darn good idea.

So, the ACP had its beginning as a small, small army. They fought the villains of Mammoth, and possibly other cities at times. And they dressed proudly in green. The assumption made is that this inspired the creation dozens of armies, and today there's a big six.

But the reason the gangs disappeared is not because ACP killed them all. Oh no. ACP simply destroyed the concept. Now everyone wanted an organized army.

#### An enemy

People, my knowledge of the early ACP is limited. I know little of WWII. But I definitely know that if there was an enemy that gave the army a legendary fight, it was...

Enter UMA. They were the Underground Mafia's Army. What an enemy ACP had then. Yes, yes, there was SERIOUS competition then.

ACP had evidence that members of UMA had acted against the laws of Club Penguin. Oagalthorp used that against them.

But the UMA was, from what I understand, bigger than the ACP. And they were winning the part of the war that I never witnessed... which is why I can't give as much detail as I want. But don't worry, I'll join ACP soon enough in the story.

Now there was something very important that happened soon enough. Of course, I can not stress to you enough how little knowledge I have of this topic. But I think... A rebellion in UMA occurred, and it turned out to be a new army. This army was the Rebel Penguin Federation, or RPF. And it turned out to be probably the most useful ally ACP had during WWII. This was not the only ally that ACP used, but when I was fighting, which was in the latter period of WWII, they were the most obvious ones.

#### I join

Speaking of WWII, what was that war? Well, I myself do not know exactly, but what I recall is that we were fighting UMA with RPF, and probably someone else, but again, I didn't notice. It was during this war that I joined the ACP. I would like to tell you about how I joined.

I was living in Blizzard, which is perhaps the biggest city in Club Penguin. It is on the Northwest coast of Club Penguin. And everyone loves the sea. So water sports are the big thing there. Hydro Hopper, or as it was formerly called, Ballistic Biscuit, is quite fun, but surfing is probably the one I like more.

But... snowball fighting was probably one of my favorite things to do. Every town had a snow fort you know, and that was where I always was. Now, on this one day, there were some penguins. Two, I think, and they were dressed identical to each other. They both wore green shirts, roman hats, boots, and things like that. These guys definitely did not blend into the crowd. Why? Because they screamed, "ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP! ACP!" And although that seemed completely strange, they managed to get several penguins to join.

I didn't join on that day. And that wasn't the day I was introduced to armies. I had heard about UMA, actually, and penguins had told me that they were evil. I was inexperienced, and I believed them. So UMA would become an enemy in my eyes.



But thinking back, I suddenly understand the way people who are against ACP are. They are uneducated. They were just told something by someone. That being said, the UMA still might have been evil, but I now realize that they probably weren't.

Anyway, I still didn't want to join ACP. I don't remember why. But I did want to go to Mammoth, located in the Mideast of the USA province. It was on the border of the Canada province. I got there using a few methods. One of them was a sled. Another one was sliding on my belly. And then there was just waddling. We do have horses, actually, but... I didn't have one.

When I saw Mammoth from the outside, it appeared to be a city much greater than Blizzard. That wall was pretty awesome. I went into the tunnel, and came out the other end, waiting to be amazed. I wasn't amazed. The place didn't look so good. It was not as bad as before the ACP had come, but it wasn't as good as before the gangs had messed everything up. But life was going well there, and Mammoth was starting to become the major city it is today.

As I explored the city, a single file line of green soldiers marched by, their flag held by the one in front, and it had already been proudly unfurled. It was not the same flag that they have today, this one was different. It was green, and it had a golden dragon on it, along with a few stars, which probably didn't represent anything at all. This line seemed to be on patrol.

I walked around some more. Then I saw another group of soldiers patrolling. This group stopped to question me. I was nervous.... I wondered if they would ask me to join. I knew not if I was ready to give up my life of... doing nothing... Well anyway, they asked me if I was new around town, and I told them I was. They asked me if I'd seen any penguins dressed in black and red, backpack---you know the UMA uniform. I told them I hadn't. So then they were done with me. I heard the leader say, "Well, I guess that's enough for now." So they went off toward the mountains. The...mountains...?

I wasn't going to be leaving Mammoth that day of course, so I stayed in an inn. The next day, I went to the mountains. There was a ski hill. The penguins sledged down on tubes. But that couldn't be where the ACP's HQ was, right? I noticed another trail. And it was a trail that was quite steep. I guess an ACP soldier would have to be in good shape.

Well...I climbed the trail. And there at the top, there it was: The Dojo. The Dojo was a rectangular building with lots of windows; a training center for ninjas, except not here---here it was ACP warriors. Although, if I went inside, would the leader be there? And would I have to join. Eh, the heck with it, I thought. I (quite quietly) opened the door.

There I saw a sword duel. Two penguins in the center of the room were about to fight, while everyone else watched, surrounding them. They were not real swords, so I guess it was for training. Either way it was cool.

The fight began. They clashed their swords, though the excitement of sword fighting was reduced without the awesome noise metal makes when it collides with more metal. Each opponent blocked each other's moves easily, and it seemed a bit boring. Then opponent 2, as I called him, parried with a back flip, and then rolled behind the other and attempted to strike. But the other jumped back and blocked this clever move. Opponent 2 was now attacking in a way that looked quite cool, I must say. But opponent

I continued to easily block these moves. Then opponent 1 jumped backwards. He swung twice forward, then rolled behind his adversary and swung, which was a move that was pretty much the same thing as the other guy had done.

Well, opponent 2 countered that move by thrusting his sword down towards the ground where his opponent was trying to get his back. But the opponent blocked the move of opponent 2 and swung to the side. Opponent 2 was not prepared because he would have had to lift his sword up from the ground to block it, which he failed to do. So that... one guy won. Not the other guy.

Well, that was pretty cool. But I didn't want to join ACP. So then I had to walk down before night came. However, it was a full moon on that night, and I could've found my way back eventually. Nonetheless, I don't like the dark. So instead of a nice stroll down the mountain, I went speedy! J

I arrived at my inn, and it was going to cost some more money for a third night there. I realized that it would be a good idea to decide if I wanted to live there or not. Now, while I did not know, by the next day, my decision would be made up.

As I have learned by now, battle is pretty awesome...but it definitely is scary. And I guess I learned that on the next day. When I woke up, alarm bells were a-ringing. What was there a fire or something? No... it was a UMA attack on the wall of the city.

Penguins were confused. They didn't know where to go, so they just ran around asking people. Some penguins were in ferment, and were either really excited for some reason, or really scared.

Throughout the day, the bells didn't stop ringing. Penguins relaxed after a couple of hours. That was a bit too soon. At some point in the day, penguins shouted out that UMA had infiltrated the defense... They were actually in the city. I got on a building. (Yeah I wasn't the only one.) I saw those UMA troops. Black... red... I thought those were the colors of evil!

The UMA had a plan. And you expect me to tell it to you, I suppose. So the plan was that they were going to capture the ACP headquarters. Somehow, they knew that that headquarters was the Dojo.

I saw the ACP approach to fight them. Some hid and fired arrows at them. Others charged at them with their swords. These armies obeyed the basic rules of war. There was no cheating.

I saw deaths for the first time in my life on that day. Was it a bit disturbing? I would say so. I hated it. And I was sure that it was wrong to send someone to wherever a soul dwells after its time on earth. Yet I knew that sometimes there are causes that give you good reasons to kill. Murder is downright evil of course. But if you kill a murderer, then how bad was your deed?

Back to our topic, ACP forces failed to get the large number of UMA forces back to where they came. So UMA marched on up to the Dojo. I dared to follow them. I decided I would fight along side ACP in the Dojo. The battle was more intense than I thought.

Swords clashed and enemies and allies fell. I grabbed the sword of a fallen soldier. I blocked others attacks, but I did not want to kill. No matter how bad the circumstances, it seemed like murder. Even after I watched ACP and UMA die, I did not want to kill anyone. I was pretty sure if I did I would be constantly disturbed by my conscience.

And I even had the chance, too. I knocked an enemy's sword right out of his hands. He threw himself to the floor. I just said, "Leave!!" So he got out of here, and it was as if a soldier was dead... but he would come back eventually.

Now, here is the part where I actually join. As I continued to make enemies... leave...the soldiers thought I might be of some use to them. So they told me to join them. Honestly, I had been waiting for that. I said I would join them. And we won that battle, and forced the UMA to camp in the mountains, where they would attack the Dojo often. But the people would be safe. And that was the start of my army career.

#### I start training

Well, the next day was the day when training began. I arrived at the outside of the Dojo where everyone was. Everyone was standing and facing the front. Someone stood on a crate in the front.

"Before we begin... All new recruits must report to the inside of the Dojo immediately!" So, I went into the building with about 10 others. We were instructed to wait there for a moment. Then the door opened. Three soldiers, who looked like they were important, marched in. One was carrying enough uniforms for all of us, and as he walked by he gave everyone a pair.

"Ok! Go get these on soldiers! Quickly now!" We went and put them on and rushed back there. When we got back, we were all given bags that were to be worn on one's back. And in these bags, there was a whole crap-load of stuff. And when I say "stuff," I mean weapons. There was a bow, a crossbow, a slingshot---why, there were even throwing stars. I kid you not, reader. There was a whole lot of stuff in there.

The important-looking soldier began talking. "Ok. Welcome to the Army of Club Penguin. The basic rules are to follow your leaders. I really only need that. But you should also know a couple of other things. When you get to battle, fight with honor. Basically, fight fairly, is what I mean to say...but fight as well as you can. Also, we are an army whose soldier's tongues lack profanity. And we'd like to keep it that way. If your brain couldn't comprehend that, I'll simply say to keep the swearing and vulgar language at a minimum. Club Penguin is intended to be the best land for families of penguins, and that's just one small thing we can do to make it better for the families.<sup>1</sup>

"Now today you are to begin your training! You are not going to be trained with swords today. You'll see what you will be doing today. So I'm going off to command the troops, and these guys are going to train you."

Well, once he left, they told us to do a bunch of stuff. First we had to run around the Dojo 10 times. Then we did 40 push ups. After that we went outside. We had to run some more---uphill this time. Then we did some jumping jacks, and that was the end of warm-ups. Then we did some snowball throwing. This was a skill none of us had trouble with. After that, we did some sort of tackling drill thing. We basically tackled the person who was standing there just waiting for it.

This training stuff was all very boring. In the meantime, however, a battle was going on. By the end of the day, I learned of the result. ACP had managed to come out

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<sup>1</sup> Yup, that's what the real ACP has been like. For instance, the Golds' site contained a whole lot of inappropriate stuff, and basically Oagalthorp wanted to attack them for that, although he was no longer leader. And lookee here.... "By WTH I meant 'what the heck'" - Oagalthorp. Of course, Oagalthorp's standards slightly lowered later on. By the way, if you swear on ACP chat, I will ban you!

with a win, and UMA returned to their camp in the mountains. The battle had been a UMA attack. ACP had still not found their base.

The next day, we came back to the Dojo to continue training. After the flag ceremony, we went into the Dojo. That was the day when ACP was going to try and attack UMA by locating their base. But we new recruits were stuck inside. On the bright side, after warm-ups, we used real weapons. We used bows and arrows, and slingshots too. My desire was to learn how to use the sword, however. Anyway, we practiced target shooting, and it was not bad.

The ACP did not find the UMA base on that day. UMA had attacked them when they were searching for it. A few ACP were left injured in the mountains. So, several soldiers went out looking for them. But by the next day, they hadn't returned.

On that day, we were to learn the sword. Surprisingly, we used real swords at first and just messed around with them. Then they showed us the right way, only with fake swords. I don't understand that method of teaching at all. What are its advantages? Anyway, I thought I'd like swords, and I did.

#### The real stuff... kind of

The next day, the lost soldiers were rescued. But they were not in the best shape, obviously. Our basic training was already over, and we would get to go fight in the war. I was placed in a squad made entirely of new recruits. Our duty was to patrol the town. If the UMA were not heartless, they would not attack citizens, so the job could not have been that difficult.

Each day we went to the Dojo to hear our commands. They were the same every day. So every day we went into town and silently marched around, checking for any evil-doers. There really were none. The town was in a peaceful state.

But every day, another squad searched for the UMA camp. But they searched in vain. The UMA camp was extremely well-hidden, and the UMA troops were skilled to be able to think of such a place...or at least that is what the leaders of ACP assumed.

We did carry swords on our backs, but we seldom took them out. I always would have wanted to give my sword a name, you know. Great warriors have swords with names. But you can't name a sword that you've never accomplished anything with.

But in case something did happen, I practiced with my sword often, when I did not have duty. I had imaginary opponents, you see, and I upped my moves by pretending to fight them.

For a couple of weeks, UMA was hidden in silence. We couldn't find them, and they weren't looking for us. But even with that "boredom," it would have been fun to be searching for them. I hoped that I would get a chance to do something soon.

And on one day, the chance was there. We were all in the Dojo, and we were going to duel with swords, as I saw those two soldiers do that one day. Well... that was an opportunity that I couldn't miss. I volunteered to fight. The part that could end up good or bad was who would fight me.

I hoped that one of the new recruits would want to fight me. I doubted they practiced the sword like I did. But no one in the room at all wanted to fight me. From the soldier's perspective, I was probably too easy for higher ranked soldiers. And I was too hard for lower ranked soldiers. So the awesome leader guy Oagalthorp just picked some penguin.

Well, this penguin was looking pretty impressive, with all his medals, and stuff. Yikes, this soldier was going to be hard to beat! When the fight began, he swung at me like crazy, dude. I blocked those swings, but I felt like I could never defeat him. My enemy kept swinging, but eventually he knew he had to do something else. So he backed away. Then he rolled forward and took a swing at me. I jumped backwards quickly. He got on his feet. Then he went back to swinging at me just over and over again. This was getting old. I decided that I might have to end it myself. When he was swinging at me still, I took a swing at him. I mean, was he going to expect that? Well, apparently, yes. He blocked it. Then he got me, because I sure wasn't ready.

This was quite humiliating. How long did it take, a minute? It seemed like it was like no time at all. But apparently, it had been a bit more. I must have been blocking for a long time. Was this guy going easy on me or something, with his lack of variety of moves?

### Something to do

After the fight, I stood before the cool leader of ACP guy. Oagalthorp is his name, as I said. "It looks like you've proven yourself. You did better than most of the privates who have done nothing but patrol town. So I think you deserve a chance at something more fun, yet more important. You will go on one of the easier mountain trails with a group of 7 others. We are still trying to locate UMA's base. If we find them, you're going to be in for a real treat---or if you look at it from a different perspective, it will not be a fun time at all. It's combat. Anyway, be sure to make it on time tomorrow, as every soldier is needed."

"Yes sir," I said. I then went home. Excitement for the next day really changed the evening. I ate more food, and I slept less. Actually, I have no idea if those things are connected to excitement at all.

But, I definitely was excited for this. I seriously doubted that we would find UMA. It would just be a cold hike through the mountains. However, there was also the chance that UMA would attack us. We would probably be able to fight them off, but you never know. Who knows how large of a force they might really have?

The answers to these questions would be revealed when I went to the Dojo the next day. The day started off as usual. But on that day I went with a different squad. We then proceeded to the trail which we would be investigating. It didn't seem too hard, but we didn't know how long it stretched on.

We walked along. I really think it would've been cool if we had some music. It would've made the whole thing a whole lot easier you know? But it's not like people just carry around an instrument everywhere they go. 'Course, my buddy from Blizzard always carried his violin with him for some reason. He is quite good at violin, but I don't see the point of carrying it around. <sup>1</sup>

I was starting to doubt that we were close to UMA. I mean, I didn't know what to expect when I started, but I...I just wanted to see some action! I had only been in one fight, the one before I was a soldier.

But if I did get in a fight, and if I managed to overpower someone, would I kill them? In the first fight I fought in, I was faced with that decision, and I let the penguins go. My conscience was clear having not killed anyone, and it's probable that if I had killed someone I would see them in my sleep.

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<sup>1</sup> This paragraph was actually pretty random, although I do have a friend who's a good violinist. ;)

As I walked on I continued thinking. I came to the thought: I'm going to have to kill someone eventually. It's war! You can't just let people live, hoping that they will never come back.

Yet, these thoughts disturbed me. Suddenly I wanted to go home. I didn't want to choose life or death, for my enemies, nor for myself. If we were, by chance, getting close to UMA, I didn't want to combat against them.

But then we heard a loud boom. We turned around and saw a second rocket going up and exploding. These rockets were signaling distress. This meant that UMA had left their base and had gone back to attack the Dojo. Now, how many soldiers had been at the Dojo? The answer is about, say, 20. UMA definitely had more troops in the attack than that, we were sure.

"All right, let's move!" said the captain of our squad. He started running, but I was out of energy from walking. Apparently I was the only one. All of my fellow troops ran off at the same speed as the captain. I let out a moan, while a soldier looked back at me.

We ran for a couple of minutes when suddenly we saw another rocket shot up. This rocket meant that the soldiers at the Dojo had surrendered, and we were to not go back to the Dojo. UMA had captured our headquarters.

#### Take it back

The ACP decided that we would meet at the Snow Forts, and soon we would get our base back. In fact, Oagalthorp planned to get it back as soon as possible. In the meantime, we noticed that while we were getting more citizens to join us, citizens were also joining UMA. This worried us, and if it got too bad it could've meant the end of us or the end of Mammoth.

UMA really just seemed intent on defeating us however. What were they going to do when they took over Mammoth? They didn't really know. Or at least, the troops didn't know. The leaders probably knew.

Anyway, the next day I went to the snow forts, an announcement was made. The Rebel Penguin Federation would be coming in to Mammoth to help defeat the UMA. What a good idea... well actually I didn't know what to think. The RPF seemed like they were the "cool" guys to me. Then again...well you know, I just didn't know. Heh heh.

On the next day, it was time to take back what was ours. We were going to storm the Dojo. And we were going to get all of our troops in there. No one would stay behind. The only risk of that was that the UMA might decide to hurt the penguins, but we doubted that they were that evil.

Nonetheless, we were going in no matter what the cost may be. Our plan was for everyone to be at headquarters before the sun rose. To do that, we were just going to camp at the snow forts, and some people would wake everyone up when it was time.

The bells rang at that early hour. My eyes shot open...but my head ached. And I wanted breakfast. I always had breakfast you know, because it gave me energy. Anyway, we got our weapons and started to head up to the Dojo.

I felt kind of like I was going to fall asleep while I was standing up. My eyes kept closing shut for seconds every time I blinked. So then I found myself not blinking. Basically, getting up early is a very unpleasant experience. I bet you've dealt with it, reader.

When we were almost to the top of the mountain, all of a sudden I realized that we were about to go into battle. It never occurred to me while I was climbing up. I was so tired that I was forgetting what I was doing.

At the point where we were very close to the Dojo, spies were sent in. Their mission was to see what the enemy was doing. We needed to know if they were still asleep, or if they knew about our presence.

I saw the spies sneak in. We waited quietly for a few moments. And then someone dragged out a sleeping UMA soldier, and he said, "We're taking prisoners." The spies dragged out several more soldiers. Finally, the spies noticed that someone had woken up and said, "They know of us; we're going in."

It was time for battle. We had tons of soldiers, and we were sure that we wouldn't lose. If we did lose, then the war was over for us. But the RPF was going to come in later on.

We ran into the Dojo, while in the meantime the sun rose. The UMA soldiers were trying to pull themselves together. We took more prisoners. With the capture of these soldiers, a significant drop in their numbers had already occurred. Well, this is going well, I thought. It wasn't as if I had done anything of course. My sword was still in its sheath.

The UMA soldiers were starting to fight like they hadn't just woken up. We saw their true skill, and yes, that true skill is quite impressive. They killed our troops with fairness, not by dirty tricks. I wondered if it was an evil army.

We began to take casualties. And also, the battle was getting confusing. Everywhere I looked someone was running or fighting. I had no idea what to do.

Suddenly, I saw a UMA soldier charging at me with his sword. I drew my sword. And actually, I drew it barely in time to block the sword that had been swung at me. Nevertheless...I was not maimed. The attacker brought his sword back and swung again, but I blocked it once more. Then he spun around, and he swung his sword, but yes, I blocked it. Well, this is weird, I thought. This guy sucks!

The attacker continued to---erm, attack. He began to swing his sword more quickly. Still, I blocked it. But I was getting tired. Eventually, if I didn't do something, he would beat me. As he was swinging his sword back, when he least expected it, I slashed at his shoulder. The soldier fell down to the ground. I then left him. Whether he lived or not is not known to me.

There were a few things that made injuring this penguin not an evil thing in my mind. For one, he was attacking me. He would've killed me eventually, when I ran out of strength. Another thing was that I beat him fair and square in a fight. And I might add a fight that he challenged me too. And finally, he may have gotten medical attention. Lots of soldiers there got medical attention. Well, if he wasn't dead, then that was good for me. So with those thoughts in mind, killing, or if not maiming, this penguin did not disturb me too much.

Don't think that the battle was over then. No, it still continued. It was as if my efforts had no effect on the overall fight, or the war. But anyway, ACP was winning at that point. We had archers taking out people, and the swordsmen were doing a great job as well.

I was then called to be an archer for a little bit. It seemed that some of the archers had been unfairly killed by the sword. That's cruel. Well, I went over to the other archers, and I started firing at enemies.

It didn't matter who I fired at, it just mattered that I fired. So I aimed at a random UMA soldier, and I drew the string back, and I let go, and the arrow fired, and... the guy moved, before I realized it, and I missed. But oh well. It was my first shot, after all.

So then I took shot number two. I aimed at someone, drew the string back, let go, and the arrow hit its mark that time. Lucky for this guy, he was wearing armor. I doubt that the arrow went all the way through him. Oh, and you may be wondering why I shot at a guy who was wearing armor. The other archers were wondering that too. But hey, it was only my second shot.

For my third shot, I was going to shoot at a guy who was not armed. This was going to be it, I knew it! I took aim, and I fired. This arrow pierced the enemy. Ha ha! Victory! Meanwhile the other archers also hit their targets.

The UMA had taken heavy casualties. It was time for them to retreat. They left our headquarters the Dojo. The floor of the Dojo was stained with blood. The uh, death count for ACP was 29. The death count for UMA was unknown.

Both of the armies fought pretty fair, and neither of them seemed to particularly enjoy killing. I think in a human battle...more would have died considering the amount of soldiers we had.

#### To Breeze

Well anyway, we had our base back, and I assumed that normal ACP life would resume. But no, in fact, normal life was not about to resume. Oagalthorp gave a speech.

"The state of war we are currently in has become the number one priority. We must defend the Dojo, for one thing. We must protect the citizens of Mammoth. But the overall goal is to defeat the UMA. They wish to defeat us, and control this city. I say, they're not good enough for this city! If they think they're just going to push us out and control the land, they are wrong. We're going to get them out of here! All ACP are to do what I tell you to do. Do it with exactness. Everyone will play their part in getting the UMA out of here.

"Now...today we are having the RPF patrol the city for us. We, on the other hand, are going to go directly to where the UMA are. Yes, we know exactly where they are. They are actually hiding underground. This battle will be epic. Today, the war will go in the favor of us."

Strangely enough, this battle that Oagalthorp was speaking of actually did become the turning point of WWIII. It's one of the most famous battles, actually.

At that point, however, we didn't know that UMA was actually in Breeze, which is a city in a whole different province.

We went underground through a manhole. The tunnels were long. They were very long. Anyone would get lost in them. But that's why we had a map. I actually got to see the map. The tunnels actually went through every city of Club Penguin.

We were a bit giddy. We yelled and heard the echoes. We passed the underground pool. All the people inside looked at us as we passed. I wondered if it was out of admiration or fear, why they stared at us.

As we kept walking, I observed the areas that I had never been in before. The trail was getting narrower, as we passed through a deep mine. The trail seemed dangerous, because there were no rails to hold on to, and it was a decent fall down. To the left and right of us, there were tracks, on which mine carts slid. They carried gold. When we got to a safe area, we saw mine carts with penguins riding in them. I had always found this to be a stupid and dangerous idea. But it was pretty popular all throughout Club Penguin.

Soon, a lot of people had to light their own torches, because there was no candles in the area, unlike there had been before. I mentioned that before we felt giddy; well we didn't feel so giddy then. The silence and darkness that surrounded us was indeed creepy.

After quite a bit of walking we stopped. If the calculations of some of the leaders were correct, we had made it to the city of White House. That was a ways away, but we still hadn't found UMA.

Just then, an announcement was made. We were informed that UMA was actually in Breeze, as I said earlier. Travel to that city would take a long time using these tunnels. So we all climbed up one by one into the city of White House. Once up there, we were going to travel by horse. Some would ride buggies pulled by horses.

I was given a fine male horse. I wanted to name him. Of course, there wasn't time for that, as I am not one who can think of a suitable name on the spot. So I mounted onto the horse. And then I told him, "Let's go!"

Now, you, reader, may be surprised at the fact that the horse then responded, "All right, here we go!" From your knowledge, horses do not talk. But hey, did they think penguins could talk? Nope, and yet here I am telling you this great story. Now shut up and keep reading!

Horses are quite fast. I wish I could go as fast as them. With their speed, we made it to Breeze in a couple of hours. That's great time, considering that we left the province of USA, entered the province of Canada, exited that place, and then rode to the East of the province of UK! Our horses were exhausted. They were complaining and asking to rest when we were at Yukon...

#### The battle begins

So, anyway, there we were at Breeze. We hopped into a manhole. We were prepared to give them a good shock. We walked for a short amount of time. Then I heard shouting. The battle had definitely begun.

Remember, we had just about all of our troops there. If we lost, then it was the end of us. Even if we retreated, then it would be obvious that the UMA could easily win the war. Of course, UMA had lots of troops as well. Yet because of their win record, the war definitely would not be over for them. Well, those were my thoughts there anyway, and I didn't know if they were true at all.

Now of course, I don't give all the details of this battle. This battle was huge, and only a few details of it are in this story.

Anyway, more and more troops piled into one section of the underground cave. I wasn't in there yet. I waited patiently, while soldiers fought. Man, I couldn't even see how it was going. All I could do was stand and listen. I heard people yell battle cries. I heard people yell death cries. But I could not tell where the voices were coming from.

As this continued my desire to get in grew. I started pushing my way through. People didn't seem to care. In fact, one guy said as I went past him, "Your funeral." Apparently everyone was scared to die. And so was I. But I for one was confident in my ability to defend myself. Even though I had but a cheap one-handed blade, unlike the cool swords that the higher-ranked soldiers had, I was ready to fight.

Immediately I was lost in the chaos of the battle. I didn't know what everyone was doing. Then I saw, in front of me, a fellow soldier get slain by a UMA soldier. The UMA soldier didn't look down at the injured penguin; he instead continued right for me. Unlike my defensive strategy that I had the last time, that time I took a few swings at him. He blocked these. Then he himself swung. But instead of blocking the next swing, I parried backward. Then I attacked by rolling around him and hitting his body with my sword. This was the end of the battle.

Another foe had fallen at the hands of my weak blade. Wow. Perhaps I could've just kept that sword. Those thoughts went through my mind, but then another soldier was going for me. I swung my sword back, and then as it went forward it collided with my enemy's, making that awesome sound. **J** This soldier, however, also had a shield. He may have chosen to block my first blow with his sword, but he blocked the following blows with his shield. Then after I had hit the shield a couple of times, he used it to push me backwards. He then delivered his next blow, but I ducked out of the way. He seemed a bit frustrated as he delivered his next series of attacks, a vicious bunch of him swinging his sword. But I blocked those, too.

Then all of a sudden, he fell down at my feet. He was dead. Behind him, there stood a UMA soldier. He had a knife in his hand.

A UMA soldier saw what had happened. He screamed, he swore, and then he shouted, "HEY!! THIS GUY JUST---WHY, GET HIM! GET HIM!" The UMA soldiers were appalled. They all looked at the one who had betrayed them. Oh, there was cursing and angry words, and basically the whole atmosphere was filled with malice toward the traitor. The UMA started going toward him. Some left their fight with other ACP. <sup>1</sup>

"Where are you going?" an ACP soldier asked a UMA soldier.

"I have to go beat the crap out of this guy," the UMA soldier responded. The traitor was then trying to escape. He ran, and he pushed people out of the way. This person was quite the coward.

And then I saw the UMA leader. He said, "This scum must not be paid attention to! These ACP will step all over us now that they have the chance!" So, the UMA continued, and the fight resumed. The feeling in the air didn't change though. Everyone was just as malicious as they were before the leader, Pink Mafias, had told them to carry on. But the traitor had left, and no one would be able to take revenge.

I had another enemy on my hands in the meantime. This guy had a pole-arm. He blocked many of my attacks, and when he had the chance, he shoved me with the pole-arm. That caused me to fall down. On the ground, I rolled out of the way before he could kill me. When I had gotten up, I found that an ACP soldier had joined me, and being fair, a UMA soldier joined the one I was fighting. We continued to do basically the same thing: swing the sword, and when they do that, block with the sword. Then my

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<sup>1</sup> Since I didn't outline the entire story when I began writing, this little bit was originally in there for no reason. Luckily, I later came up with a very good reason for this part. But you'll find more about that in Book 2...or 3...once again, I have not outlined the story.

partner decided to attack by rolling under my sword, which was connected to my enemy's, and hit the side of him. That soldier was defeated, and it distracted the other soldier, so I stabbed him.

I had a headache. I wasn't sure why. Maybe it was because it was so noisy. But I just had to ignore the headache and keep fighting. A UMA soldier was fleeing away from an ACP soldier, and he was fleeing in my direction. What I did was tackle him. I don't know if that's unorthodox or just plain risky, but my efforts were successful.

"Surrender!" I shouted, while holding my sword up in front of him. He surrendered and dropped his weapons. I ran him over to the ACP soldier who had all the chains to arrest people with. He was the one who took everyone to jail.

I jumped back into the fray.<sup>1</sup> Actually, I literally did jump. I got on a rock and then prepared to attack a UMA soldier. He looked eager to fight me. I jumped off the rock and attempted to slash at his head. But my swing was quite bad. The dull part of the sword smacked his face, rather than the sharp edge cutting it. I gave him a mark, but he was angry and now even more ready to fight me.

Our swords clashed, and I suddenly felt both pride in being in ACP, and like a mighty warrior. And with those feelings, I was suddenly having fun. I don't know why it occurred at that particular moment. Anyway, I brought my sword back and forward again. My swing was firm. The sword met the sword of the enemy. He didn't expect the swing to have that much force, in fact. And his arm flew back, because he was not prepared to completely stop the blow. At that point, I struck his body with a diagonal slash. The adversary fell down. I felt triumphant, and I swung my sword and sheathed it.

But the battle was not over. More enemies were coming toward me. So I drew my sword again. I was confident. And I don't think that was a bad thing. Because the next guy that came to me fell to my blade.

And then the Underground Mafia's Army retreated. It was at my point of exhaustion.

#### Not over just yet

"All right, some of us are going to give chase to them through these tunnels," said Oagalthorp. "We'll be back. Everyone else, stay here. We are going to try and treat the injured. Now let's move out! I'm going in last." The soldiers that were going to chase UMA marched into another area of the tunnels. Some of them looked reluctant.

All of a sudden, from the opposite side of where the soldiers were going, a few UMA ran in. I drew my sword once more. They yelled out, and they charged toward us. I went toward them, despite my desire to rest. A couple of others joined me. My sword collided with the enemy's. We both pulled our swords back. But then, when I least expected it, he cut at my arm. In this effort, he was successful, for I felt a sharp pain, and I yelled out and also dropped my sword. He had cut my left arm, but he had not cut it off. It was "just a scratch," as a tough person might say. I picked up my sword, because the attacker did not kill me. I smacked his body with the dull part of my sword. That must have hurt, but it was not a deadly blow.

I, in the meantime, was losing blood. Luckily, these enemies had been bested by us, so they decided to retreat. In this moment of silence, I reflected upon how I had killed several people during the battle. I wondered if I was too insensitive to killing. But I

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<sup>1</sup> My character: "Everyone knows I'm in over my head."

should have known I would be desensitized. It was my decision to join the army, and in an army, you kill.

But to get back to the story, recall that my left arm had been cut. The bone was untouched, but I was bleeding pretty badly of course. So all the injured people and I were patched up by the medic people.

After plenty of minutes, some of us got up and went into the area where UMA had ran off to. We ran towards the sounds of battle that we could hear. I got the good old burst of energy again and I was suddenly ready to fight.

But suddenly it got a bit quieter. We continued forward, and we found ACP soldiers pressed against a wall. Apparently they had retreated, but it looked like they were about to go back in. I assume they were glad to have some backup. Well, anyway, then some guy who looked pretty important gave us orders. He did it quietly.

“All right guys, here’s the plan. We have some assassins try to take out some guys without them seeing them,” he said, not sounding very intelligent. If they succeed, well, they’re gonna know about us. Well if not, they’re still probably gonna know, so uh, either way, after they shoot, we go in screaming!”

So, the assassins were using blow dart, uh, what-ya-ma-call-it things. You know those things you blow out of. They got in a place where, to their knowledge, the UMA troops couldn’t see them, but they could see the UMA troops. They aimed carefully, though it wasn’t as if you were going to get the best of accuracy using the things.

“On three,” said that guy I mentioned earlier. (Yeah you know we didn’t really know each other’s names.) “One... two... three.” They blew, and the darts left. Then one of them hit a guy when he wasn’t looking, but all of the four others missed.

The attention of the soldiers was caught. We charged into the room with our swords raised high, and if we had the chance we brought them down. Three enemies had felt my sword within a few minutes, and that was because I was just swinging it in random locations. When I needed to defend myself, I did just that. Sometimes, I didn’t use the sword to win a battle. Instead, I pushed an enemy away. Sure, the battle wouldn’t have been won like that, but I didn’t want to kill that much penguins.

You know, it didn’t seem like long before UMA retreated again. That was the end of it. As far as I was concerned, we had won the battle of Breeze. We climbed out of the manhole, and those who had horses hopped on them.

#### Enemy on my tail

I kicked my horse to make him go. “YOWW!” he exclaimed. “You know, that’s what humans do... but you can talk to me! This is Club Penguin, not America!”

“Yeah I’m fully aware of that.” I said as we started to move. “But, it just seemed kind of cool.”

“Whoa, seriously? Shame on you. Are you some bloodthirsty murderer? Do you take pleasure in the deaths of the innocent?”

“I only kicked you...” I said. That horse was annoying. Of course, he was intelligent. In fact, he was more intelligent than this one guy I know named Bo. Or this other guy I know named Steve. Those guys, nope, they aren’t smart. But not everyone in Club Penguin has school. Only some of the cities do. Blizzard, which is where I lived before Mammoth, had plenty of schools. It’s a very productive city; the economy is great there.

As we rode back to Mammoth, I noticed how little interesting scenery there was in the area. It was just a bunch of snow, to put it simply. I mean, I was getting bored, and the area where we were riding just didn't help. Another thing that caused it to be boring was the fact that I had fallen behind some of the other soldiers. Any other soldiers were far behind me.

Suddenly, I heard galloping. It came as if out of nowhere; I mean before I heard it there was nothing but my own horse, and then all of a sudden, I heard the steady noise of another horse running.

"Faster boy, let's go faster!" someone said, startling me. I looked back. There was a UMA soldier on my tail. His sword was out. I took my sword out of its sheath. My blade appeared much weaker than his long one. And with the way he confidently held his sword out, not worrying about losing balance with only one hand being on the horse... it was intimidating. Ooh and not to mention, uh, he looked angry.

Well, as you can tell from the description, I was not very confident in fighting that menace. But what you do not realize is that I was not alone. No, I had my talking horse. (I'm a talking penguin for crying out loud!)

"Ya!" I yelled, as sort of an attention-grabber. "You've gotta try and do something here!"

"Eh I was planning on that. Don't worry, your lack of a plan is not a problem, 'cause I know what I'm doing. Don't try and stop me though."

"Stop you? What are you going to do--- oh holy..." I said as the enemy swung his sword. I blocked it. As soon as I did that, my horse ran the direction opposite of where we were going before.

"This is a plan...?" I said. But wait, the horse wasn't done yet, despite what I thought. He turned around, and we starting running back. Hey, now didn't that seem stupid? Yes it did. But whatever my horse was planning... it wasn't done yet.

The enemy looked like he was going to try and stop us. *What is he crazy*, I thought. But he backed up barely in time. By doing this, he caused me to miss him when I tried to swing my sword. Another thing then went wrong. After I swung, I fell off and rolled a bit in the snow. I got on my feet. The enemy decided that he could take me on in a sword battle, so he got off of his horse.

We approached each other quickly, and our swords clashed. I pulled back, and swung again. I did this again. We continued doing, but the swords only hit the other sword. So it was time for some more clever stuff, I figured. So I backed away, and then thrust the sword forward. However, he blocked me, and then pushed me back. I fell down. I got up, and slashed at him some more. But did this work? No.

And then suddenly, he delivered a rather hard blow. Although it hit my sword, it knocked me back, and the sword fell out of my hand. Next thing I knew, my adversary's sword was being held to my head. It looked like the end. Although the soldier was hesitant, I was sure within seconds he would kill me.

My hope for survival was my horse. He could just knock the guy down. But my horse was being held back by the other guy's horse. By the time I was on the ground, they were in a fierce horse battle, kicking at each other and neighing.

But then, I heard another sound. No, it did not sound like it would be my savior. It did not sound like the greatest sound I'd ever heard. But nonetheless, this sound--- well it itself did not save me, but the sound belonged to more horses. They were coming

fast. They were coming very fast. And I really hoped they were ACP. Because a UMA, well that wouldn't be good now, would it?

When they came into sight, ah, how wonderful it was. They were ACP, and even better, their swords were held out, ready to get the guy away from me. The UMA noticed. He still didn't bring the sword down upon me. It is good to know that he's not evil. Anyway, the ACP soldiers got here, and while on his horse, one swung at the UMA soldier. The soldier blocked it. Of course, he was, at that point, outnumbered. He got on his horse and left.

I got back on my horse. Then I realized that part of being a polite person means thanking those who do you a favor. And these guys did me quite a favor. So...

Strangely, one of them spoke first. "Ullo soldier. I'm Jim, and this is Cam."<sup>1</sup>

"Hi. Um, I ought to thank you for the rescue. I think I'd have been doomed if you hadn't shown up," I said.

"Well, actually, while that guy may look mean," Cam said, "He probably would've just held that sword over your head for a few more minutes while pondering what to do, and in the end just take you as a prisoner. Believe me; I've seen him do it."

"Yeah," Jim said, "so how 'bout that Breeze battle, eh..."

"I'm Tom. Twelve."

"Heh, for a second I thought you were going to say Tom Yellow. But anyway, yeah I've seen you in the ACP records. I've seen them you know." Jim said.

Cam said, "Wait, really? Oh dude, you're lucky. I wonder how many secrets are there."

"There's absolutely none." Jim said. "All right let's get out of here. I've got dinner waiting for me in Mammoth."

I estimated that the time was around 3:00. I was hungry. So we all set off to Mammoth.

### Back at Mammoth

When I finally did get to Mammoth, I was starving. I know it's a war and all, but why can't we get some food ever? Well, I didn't make my own meal. No way. I went out to a restaurant. Well, it was a buffet, actually. So I ate several meals-worth of food. It was more than enough to fill my belly.

And then I went to bed. It was earlier than I usually go to bed, but I was really exhausted. And I was pretty sure things weren't going to be easy the next day.

As it turned out, I was right about the next day not being easy. When I got in to the Dojo, we were welcomed in the usual way, and after the normal ceremonies, we were informed of the day's tasks.

"Today is another important day!" said Oagalthorp. "However, I must briefly acknowledge all of your amazing efforts in the battle yesterday. I am awarding you all with Honorary Medals." We all cheered then.

"It seems as though our soldiers are the best in Club Penguin! Many of the UMA soldiers seemed to be untrained, and were easily defeated!" There was more cheering.

"But I have not the time to speak of that battle for any longer. UMA has moved outside of the city. They're going to try and come back in. So we're going to go past the wall, and we're going to drive them back. But we do not want them in another city. That wouldn't be much good."

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<sup>1</sup> When I joined ACP, these guys were almost like my heroes. XD Ah, good times.

“You see, I feel like we have the ability to win this war. The battle yesterday was so impressive that I have the impression, or perhaps feeling, that we could do anything. This war is in our favor now.” I heard much excited talking throughout the soldiers when he said that.

“This speech has not been long of course, and that’s because we need to get going pretty fast. So soldiers, you need to quickly get to where you should be, and then we will head out!”

When we all reached the wall we split up. Some of us were going to go through the tunnel, and some of us were going to go over the wall. Now I, I hoped that I would be going through the tunnel. But as luck would have it, I was to go over the top.

Luckily, we were all able to use safety equipment, unlike in a battle, when we would have to climb without it. The wall was extremely high, and no risks were, nor should they have been, taken.

I began my climb. I was going pretty slowly, and as I looked up, I estimated that the climb might take an hour or so. I made sure to not look down, because well, that would be scary. Some people, I noticed, were very fast climbers, and climbed with the upmost confidence. I did not try to match their speed, or, for that matter, even hope to. There was just no way I could.

The climb took much shorter than I expected. I’d estimate it took fifteen minutes. That is definitely shorter than I had expected. At the top, I then looked down. It was pretty darn awesome. My eyes caught, at first, the mountains. They were covered in clean snow, making them pure white. It was very beautiful. In front of the mountains, there was the city. The city was not so beautiful, as it was just a bunch of similarly colored buildings. But there were a very large number of buildings, which made it kind of cool. But it wasn’t anything I hadn’t seen before.

When I was through with the looking, I realized that the hard part was about to come. I was either going to jump, or slowly climb down. I was planning to climb slowly down, but then it was decreed that everyone was to jump, for climbing would take far too much time.

I gave the guys who said they would drop off everyone’s equipment safely my stuff. I got on the parachute I was using. That’s some nice technology, that thing is. You pull the cord, and the parachute comes out and you fall gently to the ground.

Soldiers began to jump whenever they were ready. It didn’t really matter, but hopefully they weren’t going to hit each other. I watched the first few jump. They landed quite safely. So I supposed that it was better to get it over with. I got to the edge, and I just jumped. Suddenly I was falling. The ground had seemed so far away, yet suddenly it was approaching fast! So I pulled the cord and the parachute came out. Then I was falling slowly. It was kind of nice, I must say.

My equipment had been dropped by the guys I gave it to already. I went to retrieve it. The soldiers were grouped over by the wall. A soldier who was identified as David was in command at the moment.

“Ok,” he said. “It looks like UMA has gone into the tunnel. That means that the others are fighting them in there. We got to get down there fast!” So we started running toward the entrance to the tunnel, which if you will recall, was placed a quarter mile away from the wall. If we ran fast, we’d make it in a little more than a minute. That’s pretty fast for a penguin. You must admit it.

As we foretold, we made it in a little more than a minute. We ran into the tunnel. By that time, I definitely understood why we had soldiers go over the wall and through the tunnel. I mean, since we were behind UMA, we could like, get them when they least expect it! You know what I mean, right?

Anyway, we ran through the tunnel yelling. The UMA heard our yelling as we approached, and in front of me, a soldier was shot with an arrow. We kept running. I felt a bit sad, but... I didn't know the guy. Then another soldier in the front line looked as if he was going to be hit. But he dodged the arrow, barely avoiding it.

"Shields out," David said. We all took out our shields. Those in the front had nice metal shields, while I had a lame wooden one. But that's why I was not in the front. And that's why, for that matter, I was glad to be in the middle.

The amount of arrows being fired at us was increasing. We were running while holding our shields out in front of us, which worked pretty well. When we finally got to the UMA soldiers, the guys in the front shoved them back with their shields, and then took out their swords.

But the tunnel was narrow, and none of the enemy soldiers could get to me. All I could do was watch. Hopefully I would be watching the UMA soldiers lose. Of course, if a few of our soldiers fell, then maybe I would get to fight someone. But as much as I like to fight, winning the battle is more important.

Within ten minutes though, the UMA knew there was no way out. They were surrounded in a tunnel by half of the soldiers in an army (the others were still in the city). So the soldier who was commanding the battle for UMA went to Oagalthorp and surrendered. You know what this meant, right? We were taking prisoners.

#### The jail

I suppose that this was the first battle for us that actually did something that would leave a dent in the UMA. I mean, the battle of Breeze was a huge battle, and it seemed to make it so the war was in our favor, but the UMA didn't get any weaker. It goes to show that the biggest battles are not always the ones that do the loser the most damage.

The jail, until then, was nearly empty, with only a couple of prisoners. The jail's appearance and location did not draw a lot of attention. To the penguins, it was just some building that was right next to a weapons shop. (Unfortunately, the owner of the shop said we had no right to make him move the shop.)

But when we brought all those prisoners in, well, it was attracting quite a lot of attention then. And the weapon shop owner packed his bags (so there was no more worrying about THAT.)

I was actually driving one of the wagons that carried prisoners. These wagons were nowhere near secure, but thankfully, we had soldiers walk right next to them, so if any of them attempted to escape, then we would just use whatever weapon we had on them. The wagons were in a single file line, and were going slowly. Some of the UMA soldiers looked mad, some looked scared, and some didn't look like they minded being in jail. Those last guys, I thought, were the ones to keep an eye on. They looked as if they'd been in jail before, and knew how to escape.

We got to the jail, and I had no duty to do there. The soldiers who were walking alongside the wagons escorted the prisoners, who were wearing chains, to their cells. Each was placed in their own individual cell. Being a war prison, it was quite large.

We then went back to the Dojo. We did a bit of training and sword dueling. I did not duel. In fact, I was exhausted. After that, the day was done, and we all proceeded to our homes.

I wondered if the UMA would try and break the prisoners out. It seemed very likely to me. I was pretty sure that a lot of those soldiers were high in the ranks. I mean, I wouldn't just let a bunch of good soldiers rot in jail if I led an army.

They're back!

On the next day, I got a pretty good surprise. UMA troops had already broken in to the city. Boy, what a war. Battles every day, I observed. It was quite amazing.

But anyway, the UMA troops were coming up the mountain. So we planned to meet them halfway up. We ran out of the Dojo doors.

I heard a voice call out, "Ok, charge down the mountain!"

"Be careful though!" said another voice. I wondered what it would be like to slip and fall. You'd probably be sliding down the mountain for a while. It'd be kind of fun, actually.

Anyway, we (carefully) ran down the mountain. It wasn't long before we spotted the UMA troops. And that meant that we hadn't exactly met them halfway up the mountain. Oh well. A stop is a stop... unless we can't get them to stop. Well, anyway, let's get back to the point here.

While those in the front lines drew their swords, I, in the middle, kept mine in its sheath. The battle, at that particular moment, was quite organized. But it wasn't long before soldiers fell, and the green colors of the ACP soldiers were mixed with the black and red of UMA.

Because we were defending our base, and many UMA soldiers were imprisoned, we outnumbered them. But the UMA were skilled indeed, and we wouldn't be surprised if we were actually defeated.

Those were my thoughts while I stood there watching anything that I could. I decided to try and get to the action. You can't just stand there and do nothing during a battle, you know. So I pushed my way forward, like I had done before.

We had been informed prior to the battle that almost all soldiers would be required to have shields with them. I found that a relief. So anyway, in this battle on the mountain, I had a lame sword, and a decent shield. Oh, but it's not like that sword hadn't done me a lot of good.

Meanwhile, the ACP decided to move back a little. The purpose of that was so we could charge them. But this, to me, did not seem very wise. There was no way to get out of it though, because when the leader orders you to do something, you do it.

I was still trying to get to the front though, so this made it a bit easier.

Suddenly I heard a voice above all the noise of battle. The voice was counting up slowly. I realized that this meant we were about to charge.

"2," I heard. My heart started to beat faster in excitement. This was really the first time we had ever charged in my short time in the ACP.

"3! CHAAAAAAAAAAAAARGRE!" said the voice, who I assumed to be Oagalthorp. We ran at the enemy, swords up, and yelling. Some yelled, "FOR CLUB

PEEENGUIIIIN!” or, “FOR THE ACPEEEEEEE!”<sup>1</sup> I just yelled out the normal, “RAAAAAAAAAAH!” and with everyone else, ran toward the enemy troops.

We were running downhill. It was hard to control ourselves. And it wasn’t long before the front lines ran into the UMA. They swung their swords as they ran, which was effective, and they stopped running when they were in the heart of the UMA troops present.

At that point, I too, was in a position to attack a UMA soldier. I ran toward the soldier closest to me. Running, I swung my sword at his head. His blood poured out, and I winced when I felt the sword’s clean cut. That was the end of him. With no fight being put up by that soldier, I felt bad. I suppose he could’ve been a threat, though.

Then another soldier came charging at me. He swung at my head. I shielded this attack, but was knocked back. I recoiled even more as he stabbed his sword forward at me. Then I swung at him, and he blocked that with his sword. Our swords clashed again as we both tried to hit each other. One more time, this happened. Then as he swung his sword back, I pushed him down with my shield. Instead of killing him, two ACP soldiers captured him and took him away.

For my next target, I wanted someone who would be more of a challenge, you know? But I didn’t have to go to him, because he came to me. I couldn’t see his face. It was covered with a helm. And more importantly, he was armored, but he didn’t have a shield. This battle, I thought, would be incredible.

We circled around each other for a few seconds, while still ready to strike. He made the first move. He swung his sword at my body, but I shielded that. Not prepared to counterattack, I let him attack me again. He aimed higher that time. I then counterattacked, but it turned out useless. I attacked his torso, but of course, it was covered in a firm armor. The bright side of this, I realized, was that he couldn’t be very agile or quick. If I rolled behind him, I thought, I might be able to knock his armor off somehow. But then again, heavy doesn’t mean stupid.

Even so, after I blocked his next move, I rolled behind him, and tried to get the armor off. That didn’t work. Maybe if I had been faster... Well, the soldier turned around. He swung his sword back, and then brought it down. I parried this. It seemed that he was stuck for a second. I quickly realized something I could do. I took my sword and hit the helm as hard as I could. The helm broke in half. But unfortunately, my sword shattered into thousands of pieces. I had no way to fight in the middle of a huge battle. I could defend with my shield, of course. But I was useless.

Actually, it’s not really a big surprise that the sword broke. But I was surprised to see the face under the helm. I first noticed long hair flowing down. And the hair obviously was not the kind a boy would have. No, this soldier was female. And in penguin standards, she was... kind of attractive!

Penguins don’t really have hair. But girls like to get wigs. The boys don’t do it as often. Anyway, there are hundreds of different choices of wigs because of the amazing popularity. You actually don’t see two people with the same wig very often.

Now, anyway, I was shocked, and a bit embarrassed. I had won the fight (pretty much) but I was embarrassed that the fight had really even occurred in the first place, for some reason. It was just kind of awkward. We looked at each other for several moments,

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<sup>1</sup> You don’t expect me to have them shout the traditional ACP “battle cry,” do you? I mean, I think it would be weird if the characters said: “ACP ACP ACP ACP ACP ACP ACP ACP ACP ACP.”

and then she held her hand out and said, “Hey. I’m Jenna.” And I was surprised at her introducing herself. She was in UMA, and she wasn’t taking me prisoner or anything. And her hand was held right out, waiting for mine... So I grabbed her hand and shook it, and I said, “I’m Tom.”

#### To her hideout

And no more did she delay. “I’m going to do you a favor. I doubt you want to stay here without a sword, right? I can get you to a hiding spot,” she said. She went behind a big rock, and I followed her. I wasn’t saying much to Jenna. And that was not because I thought she was exceptionally cute. The situation was awkward, really.

She stretched her arms and yawned. She tossed her hair back. Then she said, “Now, follow me.” For a small moment, she observed the area. Then she darted to a large rock. She evidently saw another one when she started running again, but I didn’t see it. This one was a bit further. But since I’d been climbing the mountain and doing stuff like that, these runs were no problem.

After going past a few rocks, she jumped inside a hole. I followed without hesitating, and it was deeper than I expected, but I landed on snow. The problem was that I saw no way out of there.

“Hey, come on!” I heard Jenna say with an echo, and I turned around and, for the first time, noticed a large hole. I don’t know how I missed that! Well, the tunnel looked very long, but it seemed like she knew the place pretty well. The tunnel was lit by candles and some lanterns.

She didn’t say anything, even though she seemed friendly. I didn’t say anything either.

But I did want to know a few things about her. So it was time I said something for a change. “So uh,” I said, “I didn’t know you were taking me to like, an actual hideout. I thought we were just going to hide some place.”

“Yeah you see, I know some people who know how to blow stuff up, and they built this place,” Jenna said.

“But,” I said, “How do you be in UMA if you’re here a lot? Well wait hold on; I just assumed you were here a lot...”

“Oh, I am.”

“Well, how do you fight in the UMA?”

“I’m not *really* in the ranks,” she said. “I’m just looking for somebody.”

“Uh, like a friend?”

“No, quite the opposite of a friend is who I’m looking for. This guy, well, the UMA doesn’t like him ‘cause of his betrayal, and...” she said, but her voice broke off. But that was all I had desired to know. It turned out to be more interesting than I had expected, though. She was looking for some sort of traitor. That was very interesting.

The strange thing was that it seemed like her voice just broke off like that because she was upset or something. I would’ve thought she could have kept going if not.

But it was moments later when she said, “Ok, we are here when we turn right!” When we turned right, we entered the hideout... if you can call it that. For an underground cave, the place was rather palatial. There were many nice features, including a pool, and some nice-looking couches.

Of course, the couches may have looked nice. But the girls sitting on them looked even better! Yes, the room was full of girls. There were no boys. Well, there

was a boy then, with my arrival. But anyway, the girls were all doing something. Some were playing games, while the others were relaxing on the couch. Others were in the pool. As Jenna walked toward the couches, I followed, and it was then that they noticed us.

A girl said, “Ha ha, you look weird with all that armor on!” Jenna didn’t reply to this comment, but she did take off the armor immediately. Underneath, there were normal clothes and all that stuff.

“Everyone, this is Tom, who I...found, or whatever. Yeah um, his sword broke, so I offered to take him here,” said Jenna.

“So... did you find him?” a girl asked.

“No, I didn’t find him,” Jenna replied. I had thought she was talking about me, but apparently, she was talking about that guy she was looking for, whoever he may be.

“So anyway, say hi!” Jenna said.

The girls then introduced themselves, while all wearing smiles. After all, in my eyes, it’s not that hard to be cute---all they really have to do is smile! <sup>1</sup>

“HI! I’m Taylooor!” said a girl with dark hair. “And she’s Taylor, too!”

The other Taylor also had dark hair, but was much thinner. Her smile was not as bright as the first Taylor. But...the first Taylor’s smile was so ecstatic it was like, crazy!

The next girl said, “Hi, I’m Hailey!” She was blonde. Her smile was more similar to the first Taylor’s. All those smiles were nice, of course.

“I’m Brenley,” said the next girl. She had a sort of light brown hair, I guess. Her smile was extremely sweet. Her voice was soft...a little quiet. And her clothes were notably good, and her hair looked great... <sup>2</sup>

Anyway, the next girl was “Nicole. Hi!” Nicole was also some sort of blonde, but it was darker than Hailey’s hair. Nicole winked after saying hi. There were awkward feelings in me throughout this whole scene, by the way. But that might just go without saying.

“Well,” said Jenna, “The other girls are doing something else. These are like, my best friends, though. Over there, there’s---well, you’ll meet them later,” she said.

“So,” Jenna continued, “I suppose you’ll want to stay here for a bit.”

“Well,” I said, “I really have no idea when the battle will end.”

“Eh, it doesn’t matter really, you just need to get back to the Dojo when it’s progressed a bit more,” said Jenna.

“I don’t... really see the reasoning there, but I don’t really mind staying here,” I said.

“No reasoning needed.” Hailey said. I didn’t say anything, though even that remark showed two things: a slight hint of intelligence not possessed by most, and a sense of humor that really isn’t that funny. The girls walked over to wherever they chose, and the group was split up. I didn’t really want to do anything that the girls were doing. I was exhausted of strength, but I didn’t really know why. I had only fought a few enemies. The charge we had wasn’t so exhausting. Something had worn me out... but what was it?

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<sup>1</sup> Not necessarily true, but it is absolutely necessary for cuteness. XD Remember, cute girls smile.

<sup>2</sup> Seriously, do YOU know anyone named Brenley? Because that’s not a name you see in books or movies. I know but one girl named Brenley. Spell check doesn’t even acknowledge it to be a real name! But since the only Brenley I know is cute, the name is cute in my mind. And since it’s uncommon, it’s cool.

Either way, I wanted a nap. So I just laid down on one of the couches. After a couple of minutes, I fell asleep.

My dreams, I remember, had something to do with the war. I wasn't in my uniform, but I was fighting the UMA. I ran down the mountain, and suddenly a soldier appeared in front of me. His face seemed familiar. I realized that the face of that soldier was the face of the soldier I had easily killed less than a few hours ago. The soldier knocked me off a cliff somehow, and I found myself falling.

And I woke up. The room was quiet. But I wondered why! Where had all the girls gone? I sat up and looked around. I saw someone standing near the wall. She was wearing a dress... I realized that the girl was Brenley. So I walked over to her.

As I approached, she took a couple of steps forward slowly. She said, "Hey...Tom." For a moment, her expression was somewhat blank, but then she wore a very friendly smile.

"Hey," I said. "So... where is everyone else?" I asked.

"They all went for a walk, I guess. They all said that someone should stay back, so...heh heh."

"Oh. Uh, what time is it?"

"Um, I'm not sure. It's probably sometime after noon."

For a few seconds, there was silence, because I didn't know what to say.

I suppose she was nice enough to attempt to start a conversation, though. She said, "So, have you been living here?"

"Well, not for long. I mean, I don't think it's been a month yet since I moved here...probably like... a week or two."

"So where were you living before?"

"Blizzard. Yeah..." I then said, "So... you changed your clothes in the middle of the day?"

"We all did. We kinda got bored," said Brenley.

There was some silence. It occurred to me that she was not the talkative type, yet she was a friendly person. And I never have been talkative either. Thus, with two slightly shy people, there wasn't going to be, eh, *that* much talking.

"Well, you know, do you want to leave this place?" she then asked. "I kind of want to go some place, since the other girls did. And you should be getting back to the Dojo anyway, right?"

I agreed. So, we exited via a hole in the rock. And we got there via a ladder.

I wanted to talk to her. But for me, talking to people that I've barely met is not easy. "Um...oh wow. This is nice weather," I said. Brenley nodded, and the smile that she had been maintaining wasn't present for that small space of time.

"So, Tom, what do you like to do?" she asked, and her friendly smile was back.<sup>1</sup>

"Oh well, uh, I like music."

"Oh so, do you play instruments?"

"Yeah, I play guitar, piano, and cello," I said.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> I struggled to find a topic for them to discuss. Originally, she just threw out the question, "Do you play any instruments?" That didn't really work that well. By the way people, remember to smile!! J J J Anyway, I've reworked this whole part several times. I stress over dialogue more than anything else. But I have begun to get a clear idea of what I want these characters to be like, and when the dialogue doesn't match that vision, I really have to fix that.

“Oh...nice. So, do you like to play all of them?” she asked.

“Yeah, except I left them back in Blizzard.”

“Oops.”

“I wasn’t even sure how to get them over here, anyway. But at least there’s probably a piano around here somewhere,” I said.

“Well, um, this isn’t the liveliest city ever,” she said.

A few seconds of silence occurred, and then I said, “I like this place, though.”

“Well, the war really isn’t so great for the people,” she said.

“So, do you guys go to your hideout every day?”

“Yep,” she said. “We’re...really close friends.”

“You know, um... speaking of the city, what is there to do around here?” I asked.

“Oh well...um, not...much,” she said. I laughed a little bit. “I guess I heard that there are some clubs that are...starting up. But there’s just not so much.”

We might have been heading towards a real conversation there.

But I then noticed that a group of girls was coming toward us. Brenley pointed this out before I said anything, however.

“Well, maybe we should see what they say,” she said.

“About what?”

“Whether it’s a good time to leave or not.”

When we reached the girls, we asked them about the Dojo.

“Everyone is gone,” said Jenna.

“There were a lot of dead people,” said Hailey.

“It was sad,” said that... second Taylor. (At that point, I really wasn’t sure how to distinguish them from one another with nicknames or anything).

“So anyway,” said Nicole, “how was it, Brenley?”

She said, “Um, good!”

“So did you talk to Tom?”

“Yeah, for a bit. He was sleeping for a long time, but I found out that he plays guitar, cello, and piano!” Brenley said with a laugh. Was I imagining it, or was her personality suddenly shining out of her for us to see? It must have involved the presence of her good friends. After all, I am the same way. But I grinned as she said that.

“Ah, so you’re quite the musician, I see,” said Hailey.

I smiled, though I did not know what to say. Smiling is my usual response to a compliment of that manner, I guess.

“Hey Tom,” said Jenna, “You should come back sometime.”

“Yeah!” Nicole said enthusiastically. Though how could I tell if that enthusiasm was real? Anyway, I told them I would when I got the chance. I said goodbye and then left.

### Back to the base

The Dojo was not far from where I was. I felt no need to run, even though, thanks to the nap, I had the strength. I just walked. I don’t know if I’ve ever mentioned before how great the view from on a mountain is. I mean, you can see the town, and that’s fun. And you can see the other mountains, and they look beautiful.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> I play cello and guitar, but not piano.

<sup>2</sup> I love Colorado. That really explains all this mountain stuff. I’m glad that there are mountains in Club Penguin, because I wouldn’t have just added them in for my own satisfaction.

But as I looked out to the town, I noticed something that made my heart rate increase greatly. I saw smoke out there! It looked like there was something on fire! I could not tell, but I wanted to know. So I started running to the Dojo. Because I was probably going to find out what was going on once I got there.

I pushed the Dojo doors open while panting. In the main room, many soldiers were sitting down, injured. A few penguins were attempting to fix the injuries of the soldiers. The other penguins that were sitting down were probably tired. Anyone else was standing. It seemed like there was a diminution in our numbers to me. That got me worried. Maybe not everyone had come back.

Well, I wasn't going to find out what was going on in the main room, I supposed. So I slid open one of the back doors, where the stairs could be found. I climbed up them. I haven't mentioned it, but on the second floor, there's a bunch of rooms that can be used for meetings or something. It's kind of like a school, really. I opened several doors, finding no one. But then I found some people. I found a bunch of people. It seemed like the other half of the army was in the room!

When I walked in, a guy stood up and walked over to me.

"So... you're... Tom??"

"Yeah, that's him," said someone from the crowd. I guess I could have answered faster.

"Ok, so, you got separated from us. Why?" the guy asked.

"Uh, my sword broke, so I hid," I said.

The soldier questioning me didn't respond to this, but he mumbled something. And then he spoke. "Well, I guess you should take a seat. You missed some news, but the supreme commander hasn't spoken yet. So, go on, sit down."

I sat down. There was silence for a few moments. Then the soldier who just talked to me said, "Oh, sorry! Continue! Continue!"

The deep-voiced officer who was at the table leading the discussion said, "You know, I'm starting to question getting the privates lousy swords. Not all of them lack swordsmanship skills." You could hear the crowd's quiet discussion about that statement.

"Anyway, we chased the UMA down." I didn't know what he was talking about. "But they crashed about 30 miles away from here... for an unknown reason. This is in the country, and the nearest city can't be less than 20 miles. Only a couple could have gotten away on horseback. Now, we didn't try to fight them because they released all the prisoners they took from the carriage or whatever you will call it, which was 15 or so, and we only had a few soldiers on the chase. Our soldiers came back here and gave us the information I am sharing with you now. The gist is, escaped prisoners are about 30 miles from here, and they are awaiting more UMA troops so they can escape."

I understood. The UMA had broken out some of the troops we had captured. "Now, the rest of the prisoners were not successful in their escape plans. We have them locked up pretty well.

"Our biggest concern right now is really the fact that UMA did something harmful to more than one Mammoth *citizen*. You see, they intentionally started that fire. I'm sure it wasn't an official order, but we won't allow this to stand. However, I am not the one to make decisions on this matter. So, I'm done speaking here for now."

It was then Oagalthorp's turn to speak. "Yes, erm, I think that the other soldiers need to hear this." Someone asked a question, but I couldn't hear. He must have been pretty close to Oagalthorp for him to hear. "Those in the main room are either injured, or are just, well, traumatized for one reason or another. This is war, and there is loss. Many of you will experience that at one point or another. As you grow closer to your fellow soldiers, you never know when their lives will be taken." It occurred to me that I didn't have any friends in the ACP. Maybe, I thought, if I never got any friends, I wouldn't have to experience mental pain with the loss of a close one.

We all poured into the main room. We were, I thought, as strong as ever. It's not like I would actually know, though, since I had only been in ACP for a few weeks or so. But those few weeks had been extremely exciting.

"Soldiers!" Oagalthorp said. "It is incredible how many injuries we have... Hopefully we don't have as many deaths as we do injuries. Now, you are all aware of, well, several things. The first thing is that some UMA soldiers set a building on fire. The second thing you are probably aware of is that they have some of the prisoners. But they are stuck 30 miles from here. We're going to get people out there as fast as we can. I'm sure you'll agree that we can't let the UMA soldiers be so malicious and just burn a building. I don't blame any leaders, but I do want revenge taken. What we're going to do is chase down the soldiers that are on the run. Unfortunately, the other topics I wanted to discuss can't be discussed because we don't have the time.

"If you're going on this mission, you should already know that. Except... if any privates want to come, feel free. But other than that..."

Hey! I wanted to go! But I needed a sword. I didn't know where to get one. I wanted a better sword, but there wasn't time for that. I noticed that some of the swords for new recruits were just lying around. So I grabbed one of them. I ran down that mountain with everyone else. Except I tripped. But oh well!

#### A chase

I got down the mountain, and I went to the stable to get myself a horse.

"Hey, you! Do you want to be ridden by me?" I asked a horse.

"Ok. I got nothing better to do," said the horse. We rode out of the stable, along with a few other horses, while the others were already going at full speed out of the town using the normal southern exit.

"Let's go! Woo!" I said. I was excited, to be honest. So my horse got going. And he was pretty fast.

Apparently, they had built a new exit. They had destroyed a portion of the wall and replaced it with a lifting gate made of wood. The place to open it was in a tower, which, to get to, you had to climb a ladder. It was opened before we rode through. Then when we were out of the city, the gate was closed.

Now, it was some time around 5 o' clock at that point. Luckily, it was summer, so night wouldn't come for a while. We were riding very fast, which was quite enjoyable. The horses had enough breath to have little conversations with each other. I guess it wasn't too bad for them. We were riding on a road, which I assumed was built by the order of the leaders of Club Penguin. The area was pretty nice, too. It had hills (because flat is boring) and trees, too. My point is that the ride there was actually pleasant. It wasn't boring just because the actual battle was going to be much more exciting.

We arrived at the UMA's location with, actually, quite impeccable timing. They were just beginning to leave. Many horses had arrived and so had a couple of wagons. The soldiers sitting in the wagon saw us first. They shouted something. And no later did they take out their bows and fire at us. Some of our soldiers pulled their shields out. Others took out their swords.

In the front of our line of soldiers were the leaders of ACP. I was thinking that there was plenty of risk to that. But I supposed that the leaders were good fighters as well as good strategists.

I saw one of them hand signaling other soldiers and saying something, except I was too far away to hear. But the soldiers following obviously heard, as they suddenly changed their course and went off the road. Some went left and some went right. The horses started going as fast as they could. They were obviously much faster than the wagons, but the UMA horses were what they were trying to get ahead of. Some soldiers pulled their swords out. Unfortunately, less adept horsemen fell off their horses. Despite the horses' efforts, the UMA horses had already gotten a good head start, and they were unable to get close enough to attack.

But there was a very skilled horseman riding close behind the UMA. He was about to do something that the others just couldn't do. Well, he leaned down close to his horse, and he reached to his back and pulled out his bow. Well, the horse wasn't slowing down. He didn't tell it to. Somehow, though, he knocked the arrow, and he pulled the string back. Only when the arrow was flying did he fall down. That arrow was going toward the back of a UMA soldier. It hit its mark, and this soldier fell off the horse.

Meanwhile, I was getting closer to the action. Seeing these impressive displays of skill and courage were entertaining, but I was in danger. The arrows were going over my head, I tell you, and right past me on both sides. And then some UMA on horses started riding toward us. Some ACP soldiers moved out of the way, and they barely avoided the adversaries' blades. But I suddenly got some strange burst of courage. I took the sword I had out, and I started riding toward a soldier who was coming fast. My horse wouldn't be able to match this soldier's speed with the amount of room we had, but that didn't matter. In a few seconds, the soldier and I would be right alongside each other. And those seconds passed. I, holding my sword to my right, swung at the UMA soldier. But my blade met his. His swing was stronger. And I was knocked right off my horse. I landed on my back, and that hurt.

I got up after a few seconds of lying there. My horse came back to me slowly. I, in the meantime, observed what the rest of the ACP soldiers were doing. Because the UMA soldiers in the wagon were firing them so much, there was no way they would be able to take them as prisoners. So they pulled out different weapons: crossbows! A lot of people were no longer on their horses. The horses were confused. Some people climbed on horses that already had one penguin on them.

Anyway, it was thanks to the people on the horses that the ACP was able to accomplish anything. Only the ones on the horses were able to get a good shot at the UMA. But more importantly, one penguin managed to get in the wagon. He pulled out his sword and held it in front of them. The wagon was stopped. But of course, they outnumbered him, and they all aimed their bows at him. Luckily, they stopped firing at the rest of ACP at this point, so a bunch of other soldiers were able to get in or right next

to the wagon. That way, they were able to aim the crossbows at them and fire if necessary.

The question really pertained to who would surrender. Alternatively, of course, someone would attack. I rode on my horse over to the wagon to help us win that contest. I aimed my crossbow at them like everyone else.

But suddenly, I heard a horse approaching quickly behind us. I instinctively turned my head around. A UMA soldier was charging at us.

“Turn around!” I said to my horse. He obeyed. The soldier was coming to me fast. I wasn’t sure what to do.

“Don’t fire...” said an ACP soldier, quietly. But the soldier was coming straight toward me. “Lower your crossbow... I don’t think he’ll attack.” I wasn’t sure. But I lowered the crossbow. I instead pulled out my shield.

But the UMA soldier did not attack. He instead stopped the horse and held his sword out in front of me. He held it in front of all the soldiers surrounding me.

But then an ACP soldier made a mistake. He simply pulled out his sword, but the UMA soldier who had been holding his sword in front of us panicked, and slashed this ACP soldier. He fell off his horse. The ACP soldiers who were aiming their crossbows at the soldiers in the wagon fired. The arrows hit several of the UMA soldiers. The ones who hadn’t been hit jumped out immediately. Everyone jumped off their horses at that point. And the noise level rose tenfold, as everyone shouted out various things.

I drew my sword out and I ran over to an enemy soldier. He was armed with a sword and shield, as was I. His intention was to cut me with the sword, but mine was a bit different. I blocked his attack, and then I knocked him down. He got up and ran away to his horse.

I saw the soldier who had told me not to fire fall to his enemy. I never knew him. But the reason this was shocking to me was because he had just talked to me. But that wasn’t going to happen again.

I saw Oagalthorp take out several enemies at once. He then ran over to another ACP soldier and yelled, “This isn’t worth it! We’re not getting any prisoners back here! We need to go back!” This yell was obviously not directed to this soldier solely, but he was really the only high-ranking available one.

But just in case not everyone heard, the soldier yelled, “Retreat! We’re going back!”

I heard a soldier say, “Enjoy your freedom, UMA!! For it will be short-lived!” We left as fast as we could, and so did the UMA.

#### Going back to Mammoth

Night was approaching, and as the sun set, it was decided that we would camp out overnight.

“Build an igloo everyone! Club Penguin isn’t lacking snow!” said Oagalthorp. And that was really because we were in the south. Club Penguin is actually relatively warm for a penguin land. Up north, there’s a whole lot less snow. Anyway, I piled together a bunch of snow into a dome. I was no stranger to igloos. No one was. So that’s why there was a bunch of tiny igloos on the side of the road.

We didn’t go straight to bed, however. Instead we built a fire and stood around it. Quiet conversations occurred. These conversations were mostly between the leaders, however. I suppose that none of the soldiers felt it necessary to get to know one another.

Basically none of us said anything. The leaders were having unimportant and fun conversations, but not us.

I heard them make the suggestion of singing. But the problem was that they didn't know any songs. I heard someone mention that the ACP still didn't have a song, but the soldiers would probably come up with one.

Eventually I got tired of---well, I mean, I just got tired. So I decided to ensconce myself in my tiny igloo. It was much warmer within. So I soon fell asleep.

They woke us up before dawn with a bugle, and I reluctantly crawled out of my igloo. The chill of the outside was really quite unpleasant. I was cold. But we had to eat breakfast and go quickly.

Many were slow to crawl out of bed. "Let's go everyone! Get up!" Oagalthorp shouted at them. Gradually, they all appeared outside, where the cold made them somewhat miserable.

Breakfast was made over a fire. It consisted of nothing but eggs. No, they were not penguin eggs. But someone had brought chicken eggs with them for breakfast. Everyone always seemed to be more prepared than I expect. Unfortunately, no one brought plates or forks. A pan was all they had. So I held out my flippers, and they placed the egg made for me on them. I brought the egg to my mouth and took a bite. The yolk oozed out and made my fur and feathers sticky. I stuffed the rest of the egg into my mouth quickly. And that was how my breakfast went. No one else was having an easier time.

The sun appeared in the sky before long. But we had headed off before that.<sup>1</sup> We rode past a hill, and I saw the sun come up over it. It was pretty. In times both good and bad, I can always enjoy a fantastic view like that.

#### Attacking Fort Mammoth

It wasn't an especially long time before we rode into Mammoth. The sun had brought warmth and brightness into the world.

We all headed back up to the Dojo after leaving the horses in the stable. I had gotten used to the climb up the mountain.

When we entered the Dojo, Oagalthorp received some very interesting news, which we did not hear. But after he was informed of it, and after everyone entered the room, then he told us what it was.

"I've been informed that UMA messengers arrived early this morning. And from what I understand, we've been challenged to fight them at Fort Mammoth. Now I find this slightly insulting, but we are going to take advantage of this challenge. We will attack the fort, and we will capture the fort in a siege. In the meantime, I'm afraid that we have gotten so many new recruits in the past week that some people will have to stay and train them. You know who you are.

"Everyone please prepare to leave. We're walking there." And so I would again be deprived of the chance to rest well.

Oagalthorp had more to say, though. "As many of you know, Fort Mammoth was once ours. But UMA attacked, and we surrendered the fort to them." Just in case you didn't figure out, Fort Mammoth is not the same thing as the city of Mammoth.

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<sup>1</sup> Reminds me of this one campout I went on. We slept under the stars and stayed up late. But we got up really early, packed up our things and walked to our next destination.

We once again walked down the mountain. You might think this would be frustrating for me, but for some reason I was still excited. Then we walked through town, where the people stared at us. I never did enjoy that, really. Of course, some of the arrogant soldiers seemed to enjoy when the ladies stared at them.<sup>1</sup>

Then we left the city. They didn't lower the gate for us; we went through the tunnel. The silence in the tunnel was profound. Then we exited and we felt happy. The sun was shining and the trail was going to be great.

"Everyone," shouted Oagalthorp while still walking, "I have an announcement to make! We now have our very own drummer boy---or whatever you want to be called." The soldier he was talking about did indeed have a snare drum. He began playing shortly after the announcement was made. Drums were another instrument I wished I knew how to play. Anyway, thanks to the drums, we didn't just walk--- we marched to a steady beat.

Fort Mammoth was in the same province as Mammoth, and really wasn't that far away. Though strangely, there wasn't much snow. But anyway, I had never seen it before, and when we got there, I found it to be very impressive. It was wide and tall. The gate was huge. Steeples, even, rose out from it, to make it look very tall, but I found this slightly strange, since it wasn't a church or anything. In front of the fort, though, were an awful lot of UMA soldiers. They made the fort look red and black.

We had our flag out. And they had theirs. It was quiet. We were a good distance apart. And then we started yelling at the top of our lungs. A low, loud cry, it was.

And then we started running toward them with swords held out high. They fired arrows from on top of the fort. But all of their arrows were fired in vain. When they fired again, some of them hit their mark. But they weren't stopping our charge. When the front of the army met with theirs, then the battle really began.

"This is going to be a long battle," noted a nearby soldier. He was probably right. Since we were attempting to capture an entire fort, it would probably take a long time. A siege is what we were having, in fact.

The UMA was focusing on preventing the ACP soldiers from entering the fort, but after minutes it was too late. A few soldiers had pushed their way into the fort, through all the arrows and sword-wielders. I knew not if the soldiers would survive while in the fort. I wanted to get in there. I would definitely know then.

We were having a problem though. It seemed like no one was worrying about the archers on top of the fort, and they were getting killed by them. A general realized this.

"Hey everyone! Take out those archers!" This yell was directed in my area, where no UMA soldiers had been able to attack us at the moment. So I took out the bow I had (I always had plenty of supplies in my bag) and arrows too. I fired at the archers, but it was a bad shot, and I didn't even put enough strength in the shot to reach the archer. Luckily, a couple of the other soldiers succeeded. One soldier was shot by his target right after his attempt at the target's life.

While we continued to try and defeat the archers, I heard an explosion. Apparently, a bomb had gone off. I didn't even know we had bombs. These bombs, I later learned, consisted of explosive and flammable material formed into a ball shape, wrapped in some black stuff. I don't really know what any of the stuff is, but anyway,

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<sup>1</sup> "What do we want? A girl worth fighting for!!!!"

there's a fuse on top, and so you light it, and the fuse burns up, and then the bomb explodes! Someday, I would like to know how that works to a better extent.

A soldier carrying several bags, which were each labeled with a picture of a bomb, came running toward my area. He dropped the bags in front of us soldiers. He said, "Use these with your arrows!" and then he ran off. I wondered why no one minded destroying a fort that was once ours. But I concluded that desperate times call for desperate measures.

I opened the bomb bag. I didn't really want to do this. I was worried about blowing myself up. Other soldiers, however, were not quite as hesitant as me. But I guess that's why they were so far away from the fort. I, though, I hadn't intended to be back there. But they just told me to start shooting at the archers on the wall, so I obeyed.

While I pretended to "figure out how to use the bombs," the others had launched their arrows right to their destination. Most of the archers either, before the arrows arrived, jumped off backwards, where there was probably ground nearby, or were caught in the explosion and died.

Well, I decided to forget about that task, so I just dropped the bombs and ran to the entrance of the fort. Some soldiers were inside of the fort, but most were trying to get in past the enemy. I drew my primary weapon---a sword---from its sheath. Though I wished I had a sword that was truly mine. The sword I was using was cheap, and might have even been found in stores! But there was no doubt that impressive works could be accomplished with a lame sword.

I entered the heart of the battle, where it was chaos that reigned. I had never seen anything like it. Never before had I been to a battle in a battlefield like this. Enemies and allies were running in every direction. People were attacking whomever they could. And I had to defend my own life. A sword was swung at me, but I blocked it, and next came someone's mace, which I avoided. I knocked the wielder of the sword down, and I kicked the mace-holder's stomach. An ax was what I saw next; it was not even intended to hit me but boy did it come close. I realized that I should have pulled out my shield before I entered the vicious fray. The shield was in the bag that I carried on my back. Another one's sword was swung at me, but I took a firm swing and somehow knocked it out of this soldier's hands. I decided to pull out my shield from my bag as quick as I could. I succeeded in doing this, for no one attacked me in these few seconds.

Someone kicked me down suddenly. I couldn't see who. For all I knew, it could have been unintentional. If it had been a kick in the face, then it would definitely have been intentional, but it was in my stomach. It didn't really matter who did it, really, so I got back up, and decided to sheath my sword for a bit. I almost didn't see someone about to hit me. I put my shield up and stood as immovable as I could. This effort succeeded in protecting me from the attack. The (armored, I should tell you) attacker was actually following up to his attack, unlike everyone else. He swung again, but I blocked it with my shield. Then I, in one move, pulled out my sword and slashed this soldier. His armor, which was not the heaviest armor, was not strong enough to stop the full force of the blow, and he was injured.

And meanwhile, the level of chaos had not lowered. Anyone's shouts were incoherent thanks to all the other noise. Arrows with bombs attached flew over our heads, flying to the fort. Explosions were the loudest and most audible of any noise.

And of course, as I said, allies and enemies were everywhere, and people were attacking whenever they had the chance.

And somehow, I blocked countless attacks and barely avoided death many times. But even with many deaths, this part of the battle went on for an entire hour.

But the sun took its place in the west, and soon began to sink. And at this point, many soldiers from both armies had been killed, but the venture into the fort had barely progressed. It was at this point that we recoiled. The battle would cease until the next morning. It was far from over, but the UMA had sustained heavy losses. Our losses really didn't turn out to be much different. The battle was far from one-sided.

We set up camp away from the fort. Tents were set up for many, but the rest had to build igloos. The leaders met in a particularly large tent to discuss strategy. By the way, it didn't seem like any leaders had been killed. But many of my fellow privates had been killed.

### Day Two

We as a whole were determined to win the battle and take back the fort. There was just some motivation present in everyone that compelled us to get the fort back at all cost. After all, it had once been ours. But it was more important to get a good night's rest, and so we did.

Everyone woke up before sunrise, but day two of our attack would not begin until the sun had risen. I probably wasn't the only one who wondered if that was the last sunrise I would ever see. Leaders, though, looked confident and somewhat optimistic.

They gave us nothing more than bread for breakfast. And it could have been worse, to be honest.

And when the sun rose, they opened the gates. There the UMA soldiers stood waiting. While it would have been nice if we had been the ones to charge, it looked as though they would be doing it. I thought then, we won't be getting in there today.

But they didn't charge immediately. And Oagalthorp was the one to give the command to charge. And thusly, the noise began. As we began running, excitement rushed through my whole body and I had some sort of sudden burst of energy. The UMA started running to us immediately after we began. And before long, the two armies would collide. And then there would be madness.

Oh, it definitely happened. And within several seconds of the collision of the two armies, at least one death occurred. But the soldiers could only step over the fallen soldiers at the moment. Their own lives were on the line, after all.

I wanted to be important in the battle, to feel like I was defending others, and to feel as if I was a main cause in the capture of the fort. And plus, doing well would probably get me promoted. It's not like I joined ACP to protect Club Penguin. Oh, but what was I saying? Well, I was pushing my way to the front. Whether I lived or died...well, I wasn't worried about death. I *was* afraid to die. I just didn't think that I was *going* to die.

So to tell about the battle itself, my first opponent was a lightly armored UMA soldier with a sword. Our swords collided, and I pushed him back. I managed to knock his sword out at that moment. Then I tackled the guy. But I never did learn of his fate. There was a whole lot of chaos, just like the previous day.

The face of a sword hit my back. I turned around and saw that the UMA soldier did not intend to hit me. But the ACP soldier he had been fighting had apparently run

away. So I became the UMA soldier's next target. But before he could hit me with the sword, I punched him in the face. Yes I did. Then he swung the sword at me, but I blocked it. Another swing. I blocked that one, too. Then I kicked his stomach twice. I was giving him a decent beating. A couple of UMA soldiers helped him get away.

At that point, I laughed at my triumph. I was a mere private, yet I apparently had incredible skill. It seemed amusing to me. The real question was: when was Oagalthorp going to promote *anyone*?

My laugh might have angered a couple of people. The first one to attack me, though, had just killed an ACP soldier. After his triumph, he ran over toward me and took a swing. But this swing was easily blocked by me. So I then swung powerfully at him, and you might have guessed that he blocked this. For a while, we were just trying to hit each other, but each swing was blocked by the other person's sword. Any sort of attempted roll to get behind the adversary---well, that was a serious risk, and I wasn't going to try. So I decided to pull out my shield that I had been keeping on my back all along (*That risk is something I enjoyed at that time*). The next time he swung, his sword met my shield with a loud clang and bounced back a good amount. That probably didn't make his arm feel very good. But anyway, I shoved him with my shield. Then I drove the sword through his chest.

Enemies and allies locked in combat were surrounding me, though they did not realize it. Like the previous day, weapons came close to hitting me, but I was able to avoid them. When an enemy attacked me, I was able to easily and quickly defeat him.

But after hours of fighting, it was once again the time to fall back. A success wouldn't be possible if we just stayed in that area while losing soldiers. And rest was necessary, as was easing our hunger.

"It's time to change the strategy!" yelled Oagalthorp. I was glad at that, and I'm sure everyone else was, too. "I want the archers to get over here!" Evidently, the plan involved archers. But that seemed strange. The terrain was totally flat, besides the hill we were camping on. There were no trees for protection.

But this plan was weird to me. I doubt that many others felt the same way, but it just seemed totally impractical to me. The soldiers involved in the plan marched down the hill. Those in front had large shields, and the others had shovels.

I saw them go toward the fort. They started digging when they were close enough to fire at the UMA.<sup>1</sup> And the ones with shields were there for good measure. In case the UMA started firing at them, they would do their best to block the arrows. And the UMA did end up firing. Sadly, I couldn't really see how their attempts at blocking the arrows went. But I could see that the diggers' mounds were growing. These would give us cover, which we had not previously had.

After a fairly long amount of time, the diggers returned with those with the shields. It seemed that everyone had escaped harm. By that time, we had eaten lunch. "Onward!" said Oagalthorp. We began running.

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<sup>1</sup> Wait, they're digging. Are they digging trenches? That kind of combat was pretty common during, well...any war before WWII, I guess. But these guys seem to be missing machine guns...

When I entered the battlefield, I observed what the diggers had made. There was a series of mounds, which could be used for cover. Oagalthorp seemed pleased. Perhaps they had built even more mounds than he had expected.<sup>1</sup>

“We’re going to wait for UMA,” Oagalthorp said, “so just sit behind a mound.” There turned out to be enough mounds to hide everyone.

We sat and waited. And then, we heard the gate slowly open.

“FIRE!”

Hundreds of arrows flew towards the UMA. But most were going at an upwardly angle. If there weren’t so many UMA, they would’ve been easy to avoid. That being said, only a few arrows actually hit their mark.

After a few seconds, Oagalthorp said, “We’ve got plenty of arrows. So that’s why there’s no need to wait until they get closer.”

The UMA started to run. “FIRE!” Everyone with a bow in hand (which was almost everyone) stood up and fired. This time, the soldiers did not be quite as hasty when they fired their arrows. They took the time to aim. I suppose that on the first attempt at shooting the UMA, everyone was afraid of being hit when they stood up, so they aimed too quickly. So as the throng of soldiers charged toward us, some of them were hit with arrows and fell to the ground.

The UMA ran quickly. “FIRE!” Once again, arrows flew, and many UMA soldiers feared for their lives. But we could not slow their pace.

But the UMA stopped running when they got pretty close to the first mound. After all, can you charge an army when they’re hiding behind mounds? Well, it was during this brief stop that more soldiers were shot down. But then many soldiers charged at the mound! The first to arrive tried to hop over the mound---they were shot in midair, and then stabbed. The other arrows were flying toward the other UMA soldiers that were charging toward the mound. They were fantastically preventing the soldiers from killing the ACP soldiers hiding behind the mound.

I was hiding behind a mound a good distance away from the front---as usual, I wasn’t at the front---but anyway, I realized that my bow skills had improved quite a lot since when I first held a bow. I was actually able to hit the UMA soldiers from such a distance!

If I looked overhead, arrows filled the sky. They were coming from both sides by that point---though the UMA was having little success. The soldiers who were behind the front mound had left it and were then fighting UMA in close combat.

But UMA was taking heavy casualties because of our archery. And we were enjoying the victory we knew we would get. We were sure that before long we would just go charging into that fort.

We were also sure that UMA would eventually have to retreat back to the fort. And at *that* point, *that* was when we would go storming in.

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<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the ACP will use “rolling fire?” This was used by the U.S. army in the battle of New Orleans, I think. Basically, the soldiers stood behind a mound in a line. The first person in line fired his gun, and then went to the back to reload. Then the next person would fire and reload. Do you see how this worked? The British were puh-owned. The bad news---this battle took place when the war of 1812 had already ended! Heh heh. So, anyway, let’s think about this. Bows don’t take nearly as long to reload as muskets did. I’m not sure that this technique would be necessary. J Well, just a little history lesson for ya.

Yet maybe the UMA wasn't making smart decisions. They kept losing soldiers, and before long the day would be over. And we began to wonder if they would ever retreat.

So we waited no longer. Oagalthorp yelled, "AWAY FROM THE MOUNDS! SWORDS OUT!" And then he said, "CHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGE!" The previously mentioned deep noise of hundreds of voices yelling sounded. We ran toward the fort under the cloudy sky.

The UMA still had plenty of troops. But they were in no position to stop our charge. They had been busy trying to somehow take out an army that's hiding behind mounds. So we cut right through any resistance toward the doors.

And we all entered the fort. Spacious and made of stone bricks, it was.

But as a private, I had to wonder... how do we capture it??

"Ok, we have made plans," said Oagalthorp. "Everyone else, stay here and defend your position!" I didn't know whom Oagalthorp was referring to when he said 'we,' but he soon disappeared from sight.

The UMA had not given up just yet... or at least, not most of them. Some of them, of course, were exhausted and just lying down. The rest of them, however, did not cease their attack. The level of action had decreased a little bit, but arrows were still flying and soldiers were still dying.

An arrow flew past my head. I was a bit amused. It was like I was taunting death itself...and enjoying it very much. Death, I knew, wasn't going to grasp me at any time in the near future. And I was pretty sure that I would have the pleasure of retiring.

In my state of deep thought, I wasn't paying much attention to the battle. I was just staring into nothingness, not focusing on my surroundings. My focus did not return to the battle until another arrow flew right past my ear, even closer than the previous arrow.

But the battle was still relatively quiet. The UMA didn't seem to be doing anything in particular. They seemed unsure, so they weren't attacking us with full force. I assumed that their leaders were occupied. Perhaps the ACP leaders were keeping them busy.

Eventually, Oagalthorp emerged from the door that he had entered when he left us. "The battle is won," he said, and we broke out into a cheer. I focused on my thoughts once more as I cheered. I thought, this means that we had a great base, instead of the small little Dojo, which is located in the city of Mammoth. Being outside of the city seems like a great thing. We have more freedom to train and fight.<sup>1</sup>

I learned later that day that the UMA leaders had been held up at sword at the top of the tower in the fort, where they there admitted defeat. According to fellow soldiers, there had been no sword fighting up there.

To be optimistic

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<sup>1</sup> Ok, so this battle for Mammoth was based on what happened on June 13, 2007. On that day, the ACP regained Mammoth from the UMA. Really, at that point, Pink had already quit, and UMA was weakened greatly. There wasn't *that* much resistance. But I wasn't there, so what would I know... I'm just going off of what Oagalthorp wrote in "The ACP Saga." He still hasn't finished it, by the way. Anyway, the end of WWII is near...

The city of Mammoth was always to be protected, I knew. During these weeks, it had been abandoned, for the most part, because there were so many battles. But perhaps now someone had to go and protect it.

Apparently I was wrong. The day after the battle, while we were still at the fort, Oagalthorp said how next weeks would turn out.

“As I said after the battle of Breeze, the war has turned in our favor, which is why I predict that the UMA will be on the defensive side from now on. We will attack relentlessly.

“It is for this reason that I do not fear for the city of Mammoth’s safety. The UMA shouldn’t attack it---after all, they only care about us. I do realize that some of their soldiers committed arson recently, but that was not under the direction of their leaders. We still will take vengeance for that, as we should, of course. But I doubt that they would do that again. Otherwise they have lost all sanity and anything that a good-minded and good-hearted person has.

“What they really want is to destroy us. We were the ones who threatened their existence in the first place; we started this war! And we started it because they were a threat to the well-being of Club Penguin. We will finish this war having changed UMA. I do not believe that we can defeat them entirely. We really want to destroy evil. And if the whole army was evil, this war would take a long, long time. And if that happened, no one would escape war’s miserable presence. Every man, woman and child would feel the terrors of the war.

“Therefore we will end this war quickly! If defeating anything evil involves killing UMA’s leader, we will do it. For the suffering of the common man is far more significant than the suffering of some twisted and demented tyrant.” At this, I thought he was exaggerating. Even I had seen Pink Mafias. He didn’t seem like he was too messed up. I didn’t think he was any more messed up than Oagalthorp, anyway. I did know, however, that he had committed crimes with his power, and that was wrong. And I knew not why so many of the innocent’s lives had been shed, yet he still lived. War is complicated.

“Because we want to limit the suffering of mankind, we will end this war! As I have already requested alliance multiple times, I know that bloodshed will be required before the war ends.” I was surprised when he said that he had requested alliance. Why would Pink Mafias deny a request for an alliance? Is peace really so bad? But he probably thought that ACP would still negatively affect Club Penguin, and he wanted to stop their growth. That’s just my assumption, anyway.

“But when we do end the war,” he said, “We will have changed this great nation for the better, and we will have grown more powerful. And hopefully, UMA can recover from the war, and not continue as a corrupted army.

“The way to do it is simple. We have to attack with full force! And even *that’s* not so hard. All I need to know is UMA’s plans, and then they can easily be defeated. Now many of you probably think that there’s a small chance that I can get those, but you’re mistaken on that. Getting information isn’t as hard as you would think.

“When I find out what the UMA is doing, we will attack. Right now I no more than the slightest idea as to where UMA is right now, but I don’t worry.” Oagalthorp had serious confidence. Though many people, who don’t necessarily deny that he was a great leader, say he has too much ego.

“So currently, I’m not worried about Mammoth. After all, the level of crimes has really been extremely low lately. Our focus will be on defeating the UMA. I don’t imagine it will take more than a couple of huge battles. As you can tell, I am very confident that we can do anything right now!!”

The ACP cheered. We knew that someday, we would be the greatest army ever.

We discuss girls!!!

After a few days, I noticed that Oagalthorp had gone somewhere. I had no idea where. I really had no reason to be worried. After all, after all that time of being ACP leader, not a scratch could be found on him.

After a week of being at the fort, I found a burning emptiness inside of me. I suddenly became depressed. It was unexplainable at first. But then I realized that I wanted the company of females. Don’t be surprised that I said that. I mean, it’s nice to be around no one but guys sometimes, but after a certain amount of time, I just miss the gals. And I especially wanted to go hang out with the girls that I had just recently met. Never before had I seen so many lovely girls in one group. And I wanted to go back. But my emptiness wasn’t just there because I wanted their company... I also wanted love. It is a basic need, and I wasn’t really getting it.

But there were females in the ACP. Yes, they were in small numbers. And I wasn’t even sure that they were still alive after that battle...until I saw a couple just walking around.

Apparently though, the other guys weren’t concerned about love. They probably already had found it, and they would be returning to their loves after the war. And if not...then yes, they didn’t care about it. But *I* on the other hand, was going to hit on the girls! Or... maybe I’d just see if they wanted to hang out with me in that sort of friendly way...that seemed like a better idea.

The only problem with that is that that’s not one of my strengths. Even with my ability to put words down on paper and show them to people, I can’t seem to get words to come out of my mouth with the same complexity, or...grace. I confess that I’m just shy. And I’ve known that since my teenage years (which were a total success!).<sup>1</sup>

But my desire for the females’ company was great. This desire, or similar ones, has driven me mad in the past. It has caused me to do much more than I would have without it. I’m pretty sure that the desire is natural, and present in just about everyone. I don’t see why else we’d want to devote ourselves to one person of the opposite sex. I don’t mean to write a whole book on relationships and stuff, but I’m just writing down what’s on my mind. I’m just a young man, you know. I’ve been looking for love for years now, and I still don’t fully understand it.

But as I said, I don’t mean to go into the whole topic of love and why we date and things like that.

On that night more than a week after the battle, my plan was to get a couple of girls to hang out with me. I hadn’t even dated any girls in a long time.

And well, the last relationship I had had was no good. I mean, it was temporarily satisfying, but it was bad. I had met her in a club back in Blizzard. I was feeling

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<sup>1</sup> Yeah um... you didn’t think that everyone was a kid in this story, did you? Kids don’t fight in wars. Now hopefully, everyone in the *real* ACP is a kid, or else we may have a problem... Also, have you ever heard that your teenage years are all about discovering who you are? Well, apparently Tomtwelve succeeded!

confident on that night, and everyone was acting a bit insane. It was nights like that where I used to get a lot of girls. And on nights like that, people lose their minds. It's not always such a good situation.

But anyway, that relationship was bad, as it lasted only a couple of days. But I had kissed that girl late at night. In fact, late at night was really the only time we had hung out, which probably explains plenty of things. I mean, in daylight I wouldn't lose my head and just go kissing a girl that I barely knew. My standards are high, man! I just lose my head on occasion...

Well, I'm ashamed to have had a couple of relationships like that. But upon leaving Blizzard, I decided that I wouldn't do that anymore. Of course, as of this point in this story, I haven't dated *anyone*, but that, of course, will change.

So at the fort, I was thinking of how I would do it. I decided that the best way to do it would probably be to sit by some girls at dinner. It seemed like a good idea.

Dinner at the fort was always provided by a team of ACP soldiers who enjoyed cooking. And their food, I tell you, it was delicious. I loved it when they cooked meat. It was cooked to perfection. Biting it to the juicy meat was heavenly. That's not to say that their other food wasn't good. I mean, they could cook some mean noodles, or... bread...stuff like that.

It was served in a large room where they were many long wooden tables with wooden chairs. There was a fireplace on the wall. There were also small windows spread out along the wall. It was a pleasant room, although it didn't seem to match the rest of the fort's stone walls.

But anyway, back to the point here: on that night, there was a group of girls sitting at a table with plenty of room. There were also a couple of guys there, who were talking to them. I was glad at that, because I'm more comfortable when guys are present.

When I had gotten my delightful smelling food, I carried it toward their table. They were laughing about something when I arrived.

"Hey guys. You mind if I sit here?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure," a girl said, her smile not fading.

"Hey man," a guy said.

"Dude! You're dang awesome!" the other guy said.

"Why?" a girl asked.

The guy that had first greeted me said, "Cause he just is," but the guy who had said I was awesome said, "No, it's because I saw him killing some freaking UMA!"

They seemed like an interesting group. They weren't unlike some of the kids I hung with back when I was in school.

"So dude, what's your name?"

"Tom."

"That's cool man. Call me D. No more than D." D was the guy who had said I was awesome.

Well, since it was the army, I was figuring I would run into some people who go by some weird nickname. But wait, I came to this table to meet the girls!!

"My name is US, dude." Oh, so they both had weird nicknames, evidently.

"Yeah, their weird nicknames..." One of the girls had said this. But apparently, they didn't seem to want to introduce themselves. But I *was* sitting right next to a girl,

while the boys were on the other side of me. Next to the girl next to me was another girl, and there was one more across from her.

The girls talked for a moment. And then I finally said “So, hey, what’s your name?”

“Alex,” she said.

The other girls didn’t really get that I wanted to talk to them. Maybe I wasn’t making myself clear. Or maybe they were just ignoring me for some reason.

But I said, “How about you two?”

One said her name was Kristen, and the other said her name was Maddie.

Now all I had to do was get some sort of conversation going.

But maybe the guys would help with that. Well, in some way... Anyway, D said, “So man, you’re like, what, a colonel?”

Smiling, I said, “No, I’m a private.”

“Whoa,” D said.

“Yeah what is up with Oagaldork? Update the ranks, man!” said US. I didn’t find his insult of our leader funny.

But D was still joking when he said, “Hey man, you’d better watch the insults! Ha, Oagal might have to demote you!”

At this, we laughed. But I had the feeling that Oagalthorp would in fact do that. So I said, “Really, has that ever happened?”

“Ever? It happens all the time!” said D.

“Well, I wouldn’t say that,” said Alex.

“The insult thing doesn’t bug me as much as the uniform rules do...” Kristen said.

“Um, you were trying to walk around in your bathing suit. I think he was right to discipline you!” said Maddie.

“Ok well, yeah, but I was planning on going swimming,” Kristen said.

Alex said, “Didn’t you once get in trouble for like...”

“Oh yeah I, uh...showed myself once and uh, someone reported me to Oagalthorp. I got in real trouble then,” Kristen said.

Kristen had some serious sexiness going on there. And she was looking sexy, too. She was dressed sexy. I mean, white spaghetti strap top and a denim miniskirt? Oh yeeah. That being said, the other girls were also quite hot.

“Hey man,” D said, “Is she freaking you out a little?” We laughed at that.

“Seriously Kristen, when there’s a new guy at this table, I think you could do him a favor by not making him think that you’re a freaking...”<sup>1</sup>

“Hey. Don’t call her that!” Maddie said.

“I don’t know; she might be one...” D said.

So far, I was enjoying these guys. Note that I really wanted to hang out with the girls I had met in Mammoth, however.

“So anyway, man,” US said, “You probably should get a promotion, but Oagalthorp hasn’t promoted anyone in a long time.”

“What rank are you?” I asked.

“Oh I’m a colonel.”

D said, “And I’m a General.”

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<sup>1</sup> [Censored]

They didn't seem like the ideal generals. They seemed like they just wanted to have a good time. But I noticed that on their uniforms (which they were indeed wearing) they had plenty of medals and recognition. They must have done some good stuff.

Alex said, "And we're all privates."

We continued to talk after we had eaten our food. As I grew more comfortable talking to them, the conversation's fun seemed to increase. We were still there long after everyone else had left. I didn't think that that was because of me---this was probably a pretty vivacious group. And boy, did I love them all by the end of that evening.

I think they were my first actual friends in the ACP. And all I had to do was sit with them. When I sat with other people, I didn't talk to them much. But I had sat with them wanting to talk to girls...

So I asked D and US later, "Why don't more boys pay attention to Alex, Kristen and Maddie?"

D answered after a brief moment, "Well... plenty of them do. They just don't want to date. And that's what all the boys want."

"Not even Kristen?"

"Ha ha, she's not really that much like that," said US. "I mean, she dresses like a...<sup>1</sup> but... she doesn't really want to date while she's in the army."

"So...they just like to hang out...and all guys want to do is date?" I said.

"Yeah, that's it," said US.

"Guys here seem to think that they'll just automatically want to date them no matter what, so they just say a bunch of stuff that's...offensive, I guess," said D. "They just kind of... forget that whole part of getting to know a girl, you know man."

These guys were smarter than they had seemed.

Well, I'll tell you, that was an absolutely fantastic night. And as I said, I love those people!

#### Oagalthorp's spy efforts

Two weeks passed. I had been sitting with that group every day, and enjoying them a whole lot (plus, Kristen is hot).

One day, flyers were being distributed to the soldiers of ACP. A lot of people were reading them, and it seemed like they were reading with divine interest. Usually flyers aren't something that you see people staring at for minutes...and then they reread them!

So I was wondering why I hadn't gotten one yet, when one was placed in my hands.

#### **ATTENTION SOLDIERS:**

We recently received the following message from Supreme Commander Oagalthorp. When you have read it, please give it to someone else. We have only rewritten it about 20 times. If you have your own ink and paper, you can write it down for your own records. Oagalthorp's message is as follows:

#### **REPORT ON UNDERCOVER MISSION**

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<sup>1</sup> [Censored...again] There are plenty of words for you to put in there...

Greetings, soldiers. I am writing to you from outside of the location of UMA's fort, which is located somewhere in the province of Canada. Allow me to tell you firsthand: their situation seems bleak. Their downfall is inevitable. But I suppose I should explain why I have left you all without warning, and why I'm here at the UMA fort. With Commando, leader of the RPF, I have been going on an undercover mission to discover the plans of the UMA. I'm not going to share my discoveries just yet, except for one that should have become clear to me after the battle at Fort Mammoth. The UMA leader Pink Mafias has...disappeared. I do not know where he has gone, or if he has died, but the UMA has managed to put its faith in its top soldiers. Loyal soldiers will keep them alive for the time being, but I think that this will make it easier for us to win the war.

Getting UMA's secrets was no easy task, of course. This is the most fearsome UMA fort that I have ever seen. It's completely made out of metal, and its walls' heights surpass that of the trees. It strikes fear into me because of its prison-like demeanor. As you can imagine, it has a very high security level. And I suppose it would amuse you to tell how Commando and I possibly infiltrated the fort's security.

Just several days ago we were sitting outside the fort at this very spot I sit at now. Because it's a hill, no one sees me here. Commando and I were lying down where we could see the fort, with packs with all the supplies we needed on our backs. After pondering how to get in the front door without causing a big uprising, we decided that the only way was to shoot the guards down with arrows. And luckily there were only two guards. We fired at the same time and both of our arrows hit their mark. We then easily knocked down the front door. It took several minutes, of course, but we did it.

It was dark in the metal hallways of the fort, but not too dark to see. But I had done things like that before. Your goal is to not be seen. If you can take your enemies down before they make a sound, then you don't have a problem. If you can sneak past them without getting caught, then you don't have a problem.

Commando and I split up. We knew this fort was huge. Getting to the very heart of UMA would be no easy task. It's not as if I had any navigation, either.

You might have realized that this mission took several days. On my second day, I found where they kept UMA uniforms. I put on a uniform and a mask, and then it was much easier to roam the halls. Then on the next couple of days, I found all the information I could get my hands on. I know where they will be later. And I know their strategy.

When I get back, I will share all of this information with the army. In the meantime, please make sure that everyone in the army reads this letter.

ACP Supreme Commander  
Oagalthorp

That message was interesting indeed. And it gave me as much confidence that we would win the war as Oagalthorp seemed to have. Although, I had really only seen us lose one or two battles...but um, I just hadn't been absolutely sure that we could win the war.

After I read the flyer, I went downstairs. That's where the smiths worked. A few days ago, I had told them that I needed a new sword. They weren't convinced that a private deserved one, but with the help of D and US, they decided to make me a sword. I was happy that I would finally be able to get a great sword that I could call my own. My sword had been completed. I had requested a one-handed sword, and that's what I got. It was...awesome.

#### The end is near!

Oagalthorp returned the next day. He met the waiting crowd at the door.

"So sorry to have been gone, but during travels I ran into a lot of trouble," he said as he rode through the gates. "We can't wait any longer, though! Immediately get all the soldiers together for a meeting!"

The soldiers all came down to the center of the fort. Blood had not been cleaned off of the floor of this area. I always remembered the battle when I came there. Now all of the ACP soldiers were here ready to listen to Oagalthorp, just like the end of the battle for the fort.

"ACP! I have gathered a whole lot of information!" he said. "I guarantee that this war will end before the month passes. Of this I have no doubt. So let me tell you what I found out.

"I know where they will meet next week. And there we will attack. I am predicting that aside from some skirmishes, the war will end after this battle." I realized how soon that was. I had not even fought in this war for very long at all. But it had exhausted me to an unbelievable point. It had also strengthened me. Still, I had no idea how long the war would really last.

"I also know their strategy. Because their leader is no longer with them, it's weak. I don't really think that we would be any worse off if we didn't know it. Still, it is a bit nice to know exactly what they will do.

"We are going to leave...soon. UMA will fall!" And the crowd, of course, cheered. Everyone was truly excited because of Oagal's short speech.

We were told that we would be leaving the next day, though we weren't told where we were going. So curious we were as we slept through the night and ate breakfast. Oagalthorp then said after breakfast, "Our destination is Wool Socks, Canada." That was no short distance. "The weakened UMA has fled to their strongest fort. At least, I have heard that it's their strongest." Apparently, even he hadn't seen it.

"This battle will be for revenge!" Oagalthorp said. A cheer broke out.

So we left. On horses we rode. I'm not going to go into the details here. It's not so exciting.

#### The battle of Wool Socks

Just because UMA was weakened a whole lot, that does not mean that they did not give us heck in the battle of Wool Socks. In fact, many of the soldiers didn't believe that UMA had been weakened even before we actually arrived at the fort!

We were getting close to Wool Socks, when suddenly someone was shot off of their horse. We then saw a couple of UMA soldiers. They fired another couple of arrows, and then they started running back to wherever they came from.

Oagalthorp did not find the UMA soldiers to be brave at all. They were probably just scouts who decided that they could kill a couple extra ACP. Maybe they wanted to give a better report back to UMA. Heh heh. But anyway, Oagalthorp demanded that someone shoot the UMA soldiers. They certainly had made an idiotic move in shooting us. They could have just seen us, and then gone back and told the UMA how awesome we were, but they decided to shoot us. How moronic.

But the archers tried to shoot them. And they couldn't seem to get a good shot. The scouts were far away and moving fast. Arrows may have flown past them, but not one hit them. "Well...they're no threat to us anyway," an archer remarked.

"Right," another one said, "because there's no way that UMA can match our army in size." They were probably right.

We were riding toward some steep hills, where we certain that the fort was located. Thanks to the spy mission, we had a map of the place. And Oagalthorp seemed to know exactly what he was doing. He might have even been doing more than we suspected. Perhaps he was leading us to the fort at the best possible angle. That's not likely, but you never know.

Storm clouds were gathering. It looked like we were going to get wet pretty soon.

A soldier remarked, "How much do you want to bet that those storm clouds will clear once we win?" We chuckled at this comment...and no, no one did bet anything. We all did believe, of course, that we were fighting for the greater cause. And if UMA did not realize that soon, we would have to pronounce them as nothing other than evil.

We rode onward. Before long, we would be in the midst of the hills. And boy do I love that. It's so pretty.

Rain began to fall, as we knew it would, by the time we reached the hills. We came upon a narrow road, which sometimes rose above the ground. Our speed would be slowed. We knew, thanks to the map, how long the road went on for, and this made things easier for us.

But we became cold. Riding slowly while being soaking wet was not fun at all. It also was harder to see, and that could have turned out to be a serious problem. Once again, the map saved us.

Suddenly, Oagalthorp said, "Stop." He dismounted. Then he walked over toward the hill that was next to us. He shoved a bush aside. There was a hole there. It was probably a secret entrance of some sort. He put his head in it. Then he came back out.

"Ok, now here is the secret entrance to the fort! You who are to enter this tunnel--you know who you are---enter now. And contribute to the defeat of UMA in any way you possibly can. Oh and don't worry---the ceiling is actually quite high after you enter. So please hurry." Dozens of soldiers began to crawl into the tunnel one-by-one.

We, in the meantime, continued to ride slowly in the pouring rain. It was a good thing I had a sheath for my brand new sword.

We suddenly saw horses riding below us and to the right. The people on the horses seemed to be riding for no reason---except for fun. The horses jumped over rocks and things.

“Look! Natives!” someone said when they got next to us to see what we were doing.

“Natives?” one of the persons said. “We ain’t natives. We’re cowboys.”

We didn’t really get what THAT was supposed to mean.

“We like to ride and do fun stuff in the wilderness,” the cowboy said. And then they just left. They seemed stupid to me. I had no idea why they were called cowboys, either.

The road’s steepness was increasing. But Oagalthorp must have known that eventually it would be flat. We were getting very unhappy, in the meantime. It’s not as though the hills were problems. It was the wetness.

We did reach some flat terrain before long, though. And finally we could see the fort. I felt hope. And then I remembered that just because I had made it through weeks of fighting, it does not mean I would survive that battle. Still, I had a new sword which would hopefully be useful, and I was just ready to destroy some people!

As we approached the fort, it looked like it was well-made to defend those inside. But we knew that we would find a way past those walls. Even if we didn’t have UMA’s plans, we still knew we would be able to do it.

We ran toward the walls. We expected that someone in the front would get hit by an arrow before long. Sure enough, it happened. Then a whole shower of arrows flew toward us. We then knew that there were plenty of enemy soldiers up on the wall.

I also saw UMA soldiers get knocked down. It looked like the ACP soldiers who had gone through the secret entrance were helping. Skilled they must have been to be able to take on all those UMA, when they themselves only numbered around 50 soldiers.

But while UMA was weakened, that does not mean that their soldiers had any less skill than before. And I could see some of the ACP soldiers being killed on top of the wall. And hopefully, not all 50 soldiers had gone up to the wall, or otherwise, we would have had a gigantic problem.

The front of the army reached the gate, and they started trying to break it down. But UMA showed bravery by opening the gate themselves. The effects of this were not good for them in the long run. The initial surprise displayed in the ACP soldiers gave the UMA an advantage for a moment, but soon tons of soldiers were entering the gate. So UMA briefly fell back.

But somehow, another wave of UMA troops rushed to the gate. I saw the ACP soldiers in the front try to fight off this powerful charge. Some of them had spears driven through them. And sometimes, the enemy’s blade met them with huge force. On the other hand, the UMA soldiers charging were frequently hit with arrows. But some UMA knew that now, more than ever, incredible endurance and strength had to be shown, or they would lose the war. So a few soldiers weren’t slowed by the arrows, and managed to slay a couple more ACP soldiers.

In the meantime, I was trying to shoot down the UMA soldiers on top of the wall. As I have never been a good archer, this was not easy. The wind and pouring rain made it harder, naturally.

Several ACP soldiers and I were hiding behind a small mound. We weren’t entirely protected, but as always, my luck was good. Arrows landed in front of me and flew beside me, but never did they hit me. However, when it came to shooting, my luck was not good. Every so often, though, I hit someone. I then celebrated briefly. After

this happened once, someone rushed beside us, paused briefly, and while indicating with an arm motion, said with a bit of a smile, "COME ON GUYS, LET'S GO!" It was time for me to use my new blade.

I drew my sword and shield while running. I think I must have felt intoxicated at this time, because I don't know why I wasn't afraid of the enemy and their weapons. I held my sword out high, and I held my shield out in front of me---it was light, anyway. And I yelled, too. Some people followed me.

Someone came in front of me before I got to the gates of the fort, though. This enemy wore a fearsome mask, though everything else about his uniform was the same as any other UMA. Our swords collided---hard. In fact, a few sparks flew from my blade. We reclined. Then we swung forward again, but of course, this was not a success. Our blades collided again. Putting my shield in front of me, I kicked the soldier in the stomach. Then I gave him several good punches in the face. This knocked him out. I didn't find it necessary to kill him.

Another arrow barely missed me, as I continued to move toward the fort. An enemy was in front of me, and I expected to fight him, but someone else hit him with an ax.

I, for the first time, noticed that there were RPF at the battle, as well. They were fighting every bit as good as we were. They were, however using a couple of extra weapons. They were throwing knives and tomahawks at the enemy...and even throwing stars were being used.

What I also noticed were the cowboys. For some reason, they were fighting the UMA, too. I guess they had some sort of grudge against them.

The storm kept going on and on. It didn't seem like it would let up anytime soon.

In the meantime, I finally managed to go through the gateway. The next enemy who attacked me failed. I hit him in the back. So my blade took its first victim. Of course, I *really* did it. The blade just helped.

But anyway, another enemy came upon me, though I hit him in the front. The pouring rain washed the blood off of my sword, though it was also rusting it, I knew.

And then yet another enemy did I defeat. But those three enemies put up little fight. Somehow, they had survived long enough to get to me.

Outside, the arrows continued to fly, but inside, UMA was retreating. We started to run after them. They had gone into the hallways of the fort.

Someone nearby said, "I don't know if we ought to go in there." And I didn't know either. The hallways could be a very dangerous place for us. We could get lost very easily, and the UMA would just shoot us when we had no idea where we were.

So a general said, "We'll go through the center. Surely there are some UMA there." So we opened the large door that led to the center of the fort. It was another roofless area. It was circular, and there were many doors along the wall. Then there were windows high on the wall, which led to the second and third levels of the fort. Now, there were UMA soldiers in that room indeed. Apparently they had wanted us to go into the halls. But we just weren't going to fall for that.

When they saw us, they ran toward us. But some of them were hit by some of RPF's knives that were thrown. And one guy got a tomahawk stuck in his head. The ACP soldiers fought just as bravely. I saw a soldier deliver a very strong blow to a UMA

soldier, and he stabbed the next UMA soldier. I then fought an enemy soldier. Our swords collided several times, but finally I cut his chest after pushing him back.

I ran toward another UMA soldier. Some ACP soldiers ran beside me. But just then one of them was hit with an arrow. He fell down. But then he got back up and continued to run. I killed that UMA soldier I was running towards, and I did it while running.

The UMA soldiers began to come out of the doors continuously. There seemed to be a constant flow of soldiers. Before long, the entire battle was taking place in this center room. And I could tell that the ACP was winning.

All of the officers, however, didn't like the way the battle was being fought. They didn't want it to be some all-out brawl. Even with the large number of troops we had, we would save a whole lot of them if we fought the battle out a bit more carefully.

So although we were winning in the center area, we retreated.

I saw General D ask, "What now, sir?"

Oagalthorp was standing on a crate in front of the whole ACP, which was outside of the fort. He chuckled. He said, "Why, a charge, of course." Apparently there wasn't to be any complex strategy after all. The generals did look skeptical, as if they were thinking that some serious tactics could be used.

Oagalthorp said, "You see, we really need to just hammer them at this point. They are not strong enough. Under our hammer, they will collapse. So that's why we will charge, and then retreat. We'll hit and run. So..." he stepped off of the crate.

"CHARGE!" he yelled, and we all ran toward the doors once again. We crashed through them, and somehow I heard loud grunts from people who were shot with arrows. In the meantime all of the ACP soldiers went to find someone to kill.

I found someone indeed. We were running at each other, and then our swords collided. He swung his sword with great speed. I had to match his. And to be honest, never before had I done so. My movements seemed a bit awkward to me. It is a wonder that I was not killed.

But after this was going on for a while, the enemy started to look worried. His sword was far lighter than mine, and I guess that he was amazed that I could match his speed. At this point, he messed up, and didn't swing quite hard enough. His arm flew back, and he lost balance. It was at this point that I struck.

I noticed that all the ACP soldiers were running back. I had probably not heard the call to retreat. I followed them out of the fort.

Oagalthorp said, "Now, I have sent some soldiers to go through the hallways. If they succeed, they will be able to shoot down the UMA soldiers who are in the center room. So we won't get shot anymore, the UMA will.

"Once again, we're going to charge. CHARGE," he yelled.

Once again, we ran into the fort. "Use bows!" Oagalthorp said. So we ran in with bows ready. We shot down the UMA who carried bows. They still succeeded at shooting a couple of ACP soldiers. If the UMA was stronger, they would be able to get better armor. But we could easily shoot them dead with bows.

As the arrows started coming toward UMA from the windows, they began to run.

Oagalthorp stood on a rock, held his sword up, and said, "CHARRRRRRRRGE!" I suddenly felt happy and excited. Charges always excited me, although this time we were charging at them while they were on the run.

We had to run through a long hallway. This was under a ceiling. We had been getting rained on for a long time, and we made the floor wet as we ran.

The hallway had many doors throughout it that led to other sections of the fort, but to go straight across it lead to the outside of the fort.

Before I forget to mention this, let me say that that place looked awesome. We were by the cliff, and nearby was lots of rocky, steep mountains. They weren't as beautiful as Mammoth's mountains, as those had snow, but these were just cool, in a way.

Anyway, UMA had really messed up coming back here. We knew that we had won. Now that they were by the cliff, and we were preventing them from going back to the front, they would have no choice but to surrender. It was not a good decision at all.

Nevertheless, fighting continued for a couple of minutes. Those in the front of the armies were the only ones to fight. After these couple of minutes passed, we heard some strange sound. And the sound silenced us.

It was a roar of some sort. Though it was nothing I had ever heard before. For a moment, all that could be heard was the pouring rain. And then we heard the roar again. Then just about everyone saw what made that sound. A long red dragon emerged from behind a mountain, and started to fly toward us with swiftness.<sup>1</sup>

The mood changed a bit. Before, triumph was all that we had felt. But now we were afraid. A dragon could destroy us easily. The ACP started to back up. We were pretty sure that the dragon was going to land there. And we were right to assume that. The dragon got closer and closer.

"Soldiers," Oagalthorp said, "exhibit now your bravery. Those of you who are cowards and have made it this far through haphazard ways, do not bother with this creature. We will kill it, for I know that it is an enemy. These are the greatest threats that UMA has ever possessed, and in the past they have caused us great damage. But here we are, with huge numbers, and some of the bravest and mightiest soldiers in the world. I challenge you, brave ones, to fight this dragon with fearlessness and undefeatable courage. Your loyalty, your skills, as well as you bravery will be tested here. When you have destroyed hundreds of soldiers, causing great diminutions in the numbers of UMA, do you have any reason to fear a creature with this much might? For all that this army has accomplished---none of it has been easy. And today we will become legends in history in many ways. This here will be one of the ways we will do this."

And the dragon then landed. Oagalthorp's speech had given us the knowledge of what we needed to do. And so the brave, the strong and the mighty all ran toward the dragon. And I ran with them with no doubt that my decision was the right one.

I arrived at the dragon's body. It was here that everyone was trying to stab it. But its scales were mighty and firm. They would not be cut by our blade.

So someone shouted, "WE HAVE TO BREAK ITS BONES!" We had no idea how to do that. The dragon was turning, trying to get us off of it. We all tried to turn with it, so we could avoid its front. Though, some were knocked down.

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<sup>1</sup> At this point, you probably realize that this story is in fact a high fantasy. I mean, animals don't talk in the first place, and the story is in some medieval time period, so...why not have a few mythical creatures in there?

In the meantime, the UMA did not fight any longer. They knew that there was no way they were going to do any more damage to the ACP. They were just going to rely on the dragon to do all of the damage.

I was trying to hurt the dragon in any way I could, as was everyone else. Some began to climb on top of it. But they couldn't get to the dragon's head without being thrown off. For the dragon's head appeared to have softer protection than the rest of its body. And its wings were another spot like this. But its wings were basically always up. No one could reach them.

Those who were not brave enough to fight the dragon up close were firing arrows at its head. They stuck to it, which is how we knew that that was the only spot we would be able to attack.

The grass was on fire, and some of the ACP soldiers were starting to back into the fort. They sure didn't want to get burned by that dragon's fire. And by the way, the rain wasn't putting the fires out.

Meanwhile, our attempts at defeating the dragon weren't going well. As much as we tried to penetrate the dragon's firm, hard scales, we couldn't really do it. They were as if they were made of iron. The only way was to stab its soft forehead. But how could we get to it? It was starting to seem hopeless.

Suddenly it put a wing down. At that moment, an absolutely huge hammer fell upon it. The dragon roared and could not lift its wing up. So it was hit again. And crack--- this was enough to break the bones. Now it no longer was able to use its left wing. The pain of this really put the dragon off. It stumbled around. And then finally it just couldn't take the pain. It collapsed, but it still lived.

At this moment, it was the time to go and stab its head. I did not see who the ones who did it were. All I knew was that they had some big swords. They hit the dragon's head repeatedly. Finally, it died.

The rain didn't let up, but of course we had won the battle. And after a few moments of us cheering, we found out that we had officially won the battle. Then our cheering increased greatly. The UMA soldiers were not cheering. Then we found out that an alliance had been formed. The cheering wasn't as loud that time, because lots of people had mixed feelings about that.

Oagalthorp then gave a speech. "Soldiers, we now approach the dawn of a new era! Through this war, immense bravery has been shown, and you have all remained loyal to our cause. In the beginning of the war, we stumbled. We didn't expect for these challengers to be able to defeat us. But defeat us in battles they did. And eventually, they took our main fort, Mammoth. So in the city Mammoth we stayed. Our space for training was limited. And in a way, the citizens were in even more danger. Even though we always patrolled the streets, with almost the whole army there, the UMA was sure to come. And they did. We lost some battles in the city. We won some. We almost lost control of the city. But we kept it. And then the war started to go in our favor, and in such a short time, we took the offensive side. It all happened after the battle of Breeze. Through a series of victories, and no losses, we came to a very strong point. And in the meantime, the UMA fell to a weak point. But I think we have won today not because of the UMA's weakness. I believe it is because of you soldiers and your determination, courage and bravery toward this army. All of you have risked your lives to fight for our cause, and I believe that you would do it again. You all have your own reasons for

fighting, but you do whatever this army needs you for. An army with as much great soldiers, the ones I just described, can not fail. It helps to have tactics, and the secret plans of the UMA, of course. But it is the soldiers of ACP that make it so great. We may have been the ones to bring life back to Mammoth. We've defeated gangs and such things. And we fought victories over other armies. But it is not the deeds of the past that make an army great. It is its soldiers, for one thing, and also the deeds that it is doing in the present, that make it great. No matter how great an army's history is, an evil army is still an evil army. It works the other way, too. And that's why UMA can be fixed. We found that they were evil. But with an alliance, we will remove the evil. And once again there will be peace in Club Penguin. None of you shall forget this day. I assure you that you will remember it forever. I'm pretty sure that if you don't remember anything else, of course, that you'll at least remember the dragon attack." There was a bit of laughter from the audience. "Anyway, remember this day, and also look toward the future. I can assure you that it will be a great one." And that was all he had to say. So we cheered, of course. Everyone cheered. It was a great speech, and one of the best I've ever heard.

Here ended the battle of Wool Socks.

#### Return to Mammoth

We arrived back at Mammoth on a sunny day. Someone must have spread the news of our accomplishments, because we were applauded when we came in.

Nonetheless, a speech was given by Oagalthorp to all of the citizens of Mammoth.

"The war is over! UMA surrendered at Wool Socks. All of the trouble that they have caused and might have caused ceases now. ACP and UMA are allies now. But I know that there still will be a bit of trouble. So soon, we will be taking care of that. But I would like you all to know that it is now safe to relax."

And since he said that, I went to bed. It may have been daytime, but I had not gotten sleep on the previous day. Plus, I just was tired of doing things. Because I was just a private, there was going to be nothing to do, and plenty of time to rest.

My dreams did, as you might expect, involve the war and the victory. My dreams weren't clear, but they were enjoyable. It was like reliving the victory. I did enjoy that victory...just the victory parts, not the actual fighting.

All of the soldiers and I reported to the Dojo on the next day. There were new recruits to be trained. But besides that, there was no real business to be taken care of.

"So in that case," Oagalthorp said after reporting that there was no real news, "we will march the streets. I know that there won't be any problems... but we must enjoy our triumph with the people!"

So we walked through the streets without worry, and I suppose that all I was doing was enjoying the peace.

Peace, however, was not to last forever. It, in fact, wasn't even going to last long at all. The battles of all the brave soldiers of ACP were not to end there and then. Their loyalty was to last forever, and thanks to that, they would always be ready to fight.

*By Tomtwelve*

Continued in Book Two