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GALILEO 10/22

DESIGN BY DB FIREARMS

ARE WE COOL YET? EXCLUSIVE

Acknowledgments:
Thanks to the AWCY? Team for the invaluable testing. Special thanks to InsertMeow for the take-down mechanism. Thanks to pokedaboss for initial alpha testing and build suggestions and justinhates for alpha testing the take-down version. Thanks to all of the beta testers that risked their fingers to test a new design. afishionado, apanon, armedayndividual, BbBluGlk, DaveLauBrownCow, det_disp_is_for_cucks, Dr. KC6331, energylegs, jak321, majorpayne, OA, RMDC, ryegoalie, & sanding

DB FIREARMS PRESENTS

GALILEO 10/22

AN "ARE WE COOL YET?" EXCLUSIVE

WRITTEN BY:
DANISHBULLDOG

TESTED BY:
THE AWCY? COMMUNITY

WARNING!!!!

Do not read this manual straight through from beginning to end! These pages contain many different adventures you can have as you defend your space kingdom from the evil Cyborg AI Prince. From time to time as you read along, you will be asked to make a choice. Your choice may lead to a successful firearm or to a NFA violation! The adventures you have will be the result of the decisions you make. After you make your choice, follow the instructions to see what happens to you next.

SPECIAL WARNING!!!!

The completed Galileo is not easy to reach. Many readers will never get there. Others never return.

Before starting out on your journey, make sure you have your printer calibrated, filament in hand, and a positive attitude. Any mistakes you make along the way are yours alone. Accept your fate.
Good luck!

THE INVASION

At a remote space base in the outer reaches of the galaxy, the young space ranger looked out at the abyss. His supplies were dwindling. A re-supply mission had not taken place in several months and Central Base #12 was no longer responding to his SOS calls. It seemed that he would be on his own from here on out.

To make matters worse, his arsenal was depleted when he arrived 18 months ago. All he had was a few bricks of CCI Mini Mag 22LR ammunition, a sack of Ruger parts, and a few kilograms of plastic.

The evil Cyborg AI Prince was sweeping through the galaxy taking stations and re-purposing them to spread the message of communism. He must be stopped at any cost. Even if it meant violating the National Firearms Act.

Just then, the lonely ranger saw a ping on his radar screen. It appeared to be an enemy ship approaching in the distance. He must act fast and arm himself! He fired up the main computer and scanned through his files. Lots of models to choose from. But he only had a few parts. He opened the small ammo can under his bed where he kept his parts kits. One kit left. It contained the following pieces:

Ruger 10/22 Assembled Bolt
Ruger 10/22 Standard Barrel OR 5/16" OD Barrel Liner
Ruger 10/22 Trigger Pack
Ruger 10/22 Charging Handle Assembly
Ruger 10/22 Barrel V Block for Standard 10/22 Model
Ruger 10/22 Receiver Cross Pins and Buffer Pin

It looked like he had two options to arm himself based on the parts he had. The first option was a standard 10/22 model. His second choice was a versatile 10/22 take-down model, which would indeed fit well in his armored rucksack. He put his head in his hands and though hard, "This is it, what will I choose? Which one will defend and define me?"

CHOOSE THE STANDARD MODEL: PAGE 7
CHOOSE THE TAKE-DOWN MODEL: PAGE 9
CHOOSE TO REASON WITH THE EVIL PRINCE'S FORCES: PAGE 30

THE STANDARD HARDWARE

The young ranger was proud of his decision to make the standard model. It was a true classic, and with 8 different shrouds to choose from, he was sure that he could defend his base from the army quickly approaching.

His next step was to gather the necessary hardware to complete his build. He didn't have much left, and the McMaster ship hadn't been reachable in 3 weeks. He'd have to re-purpose some things in his base to make ends meet. He prepared a list. It contained the following items.

† 7 M3 x .5MM brass heat set inserts for the receiver
(McM 94459A130)
† 1 M5 x .8MM brass heat set insert for the grip screw
(McM 94459A180)
† 2 M4 x .7MM brass heat set inserts for the barrel
(McM 94180A353)
† 3 M3x10MM Button Head Bolts for the receiver rail
(McM 91239A115)
† 2 M3x50MM Socket Head Bolts for the receiver rear
(McM 91290A137)
† 2 M3x45MM Socket Head Bolts for the receiver front
(McM 91290A079)
† 1 M5x30MM Socket Head Bolt for the grip screw
(McM 91290A254)
† 1 M5x25MM Socket Head Bolt for the bottom shroud
(McM 91290A252)
† M4x10MM Socket Head Bolt for the top shroud
(McM 91290A144)
† 2 M4x40MM Socket Head Bolts for the barrel retainer
(McM 91290A184)

Of course, he realized he could order the hardware kit and pre-chambered barrel liner from the legendary dbfirearms.com as well. That was always an option.

He gathered the last piece of hardware and placed them in a pile on his desk. It was apparent that he would need to also gather some tools. He grabbed his punches, a dremel with a cutoff wheel, his needle files, drill bits, sand paper, and nylon-faced hammer. He was now truly ready to get to work. But he had to make one more crucial decision. What barrel should he go with?

The standard 18.5" ruger barrel would work, but it was sort of boring. He considered printing it. What would that involve? Just then, the power of his thoughts overcame him. Surely he couldn't print his barrel? What about chambering? How would he ensure it didn't explode? His thoughts transcended his body and he slowly began rising up into the air as he was transfigured into a true gun cad deity. There he floated, strings of brilliant white energy exploding out of his eyes until as suddenly as it began, silence engulfed his station.

As his body descended back to the station floor, he began the preparation process for printing his barrel. He cut his barrel liner to length, then used a #1 drill bit to cut the chamber. He sanded the outside of his liner to give it a rough texture. Then, he printed the barrel sleeve. Slowly and thoughtfully, he caressed the epoxy onto the exterior of the liner. Gently, he inserted the liner into the printed barrel. He was ready for the next step. (For detailed printed barrel instructions refer to .txt file. Be prepared to transcend your body)

BEGIN PRINTING PAGE 11
RIG THE BASE HOME ALONE STYLE: PAGE 28

THE TAKE-DOWN HARDWARE

The young ranger was proud of his decision to make the take-down model. It was both compact and innovative. Ancient lore dictated that the design was forged in the fire of InsertMeow's brain kiln.

His next step was to gather the necessary hardware to complete his build. He didn't have much left, and the McMaster ship hadn't been reachable in 3 weeks. He'd have to re-purpose some things in his base to make ends meet. He prepared a list. It contained the following items.

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(McM 94459A130)
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† 2 M3x50MM Socket Head Bolts for the receiver rear
(McM 91290A137)
† 2 M3x45MM Socket Head Bolts for the receiver front
(McM 91290A079)
† 1 M5x30MM Socket Head Bolt for the grip screw
(McM 91290A254)
† 1 M2x20MM Socket Head Bolt for the take-down latch reinforcer
(McM 91290A049)
† Brass Sleeved Bearing for the barrel sleeve
(McM 9440T37)
† 2 M4x35MM Socket Head Bolts for the barrel retainer
(McM 91290A182)
† 1 Compression Spring for the take-down Latch Mechanism
(McM 9434K59)

Of course, he realized he could order the hardware kit and pre-chambered barrel liner from the legendary dbfirearms.com as well. That was always an option.

He gathered the last piece of hardware and placed everything in a pile on his desk. It was apparent that he would need to also gather some tools. He grabbed his punches, a dremel with a cutoff wheel, his needle files, drill bits, sand paper, and nylon hammer. He was now truly ready to get to work. But he had to make one more crucial decision. What barrel should he go with?

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As his body descended back to earth, he began the preparation process for printing his barrel. He cut his barrel liner to length, then used a #1 drill bit to cut the chamber. He sanded the outside of his liner to give it a rough texture. Then, he printed the barrel sleeve. Slowly, he gently caressed the epoxy onto the exterior of the liner. Gently, he inserted the liner into the printed barrel. He was ready for the next step. (For detailed printed barrel instructions refer to .txt file. Be prepared to transcend your body)

BEGIN PRINTING PAGE 11
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THE PRINT

After careful consideration, the ranger prepared his printer for the next task, printing the weapon that would likely save his life. He knew he needed to be extra careful here, as failure to produce a good print would result in his death and the further spread of communism across the galaxy. He calibrated his printer by printing an AWCY? Calibration oven. Not once, not twice, but three times until all of his measurements were precise.

He knew he had to print several pieces to make up the main receiver. He saw them. Upper Receiver, Lower Receiver, and the Receiver Rail. On top of that, he decided on a shroud to compliment his build. He'd finish it off with a brace or stock as well, making sure not to accidentally violate any silly arbitrary and antiquated laws.

He ran to his humidity controlled foot locker and opened up the lid. The familiar whoosh noise greeted him and a vapor cloud engulfed his helmet. He loved the sweet smell of fresh PLA+. But he had a decision to make. Should he print in the classic PLA+? Or should this adventure take the form of ABS? The one thing he did know, PETG was trash and he would never use it. TPU? Very cool but not a great fit for a firearm. And at last, his eyes fell upon the NylonX. Should he spend the time to use it? Surely not, this wasn't an evo after all. It's just 22LR.

CHOOSE PLA+ PAGE 12
CHOOSE ABS: PAGE 13
CHOOSE NYLONX: PAGE 29

He grabbed the roll of PLA+. “Of course,” he thought. “PLA+ is the easiest choice. Less likely to warp, more likely to work. And it’s just 22LR. We can do this!”

For the main receiver, he printed it upside down with supports everywhere. He printed it at .2mm. He knew that the supports were needed in the barrel hole if he had the best chance of fitting his barrel. Plus, he had spent hours calibrating his printer. His training would pay off.

He printed the lower receiver upside-down without any supports at .2mm. His rail he printed flat right-side up. He made sure that for the rail, he used .16 layer height. He wanted that AWCY? Logo nice and crisp. And of course, all of his prints had a minimum of 8 walls. Because the more walls the merrier. He learned that from him mentors in chat.

The PLA+ seemed to print best at 220 Celsius with a 60 degree build plate. All of his prints came out beautifully. He cleaned out the supports and prepared for the next step. What should his next step be?

CHOOSE THE SHROUD AND STOCK/BRACE: PAGE 14
HANG OUT WITH ARTIFICIAL IINTELLIGENCE GIRLFRIEND: PAGE 16

He grabbed the roll of ABS. "PLA+ is for noobs. I'm an experienced printer. I've spent way too much money on this ender 3 to keep printing PLA+. ABS GANG, BITCH," he clamored. Nobody heard him. He was alone.

For the main receiver, he printed it upside down with supports everywhere. He printed it at .2mm. He knew that the supports were needed in the barrel hole if he had the best chance of fitting his barrel. Plus, he had spent hours calibrating his printer. His training would pay off.

Then, disaster struck. Such a large print in ABS was warping like crazy. He turned off the HVAC system, closed up his enclosure, and tried a different orientation. Straight up? It seemed to be working. He was on his own. The original designer never tried printing the Galileo in ABS.

He printed the lower receiver upside-down without any supports at .2mm. His rail he printed flat right-side up. He made sure that for the rail, he used .16 layer height. He wanted that AWCY? Logo nice and crisp. And of course, all of his prints had a minimum of 8 walls. Because the more walls the merrier. He learned that from him mentors in chat.

The ABS seemed to print best at 250 Celsius with a 95 degree build plate. All of his prints came out passable. They should be strong enough to destroy the commie bastards. He cleaned out the supports and prepared for the next step. What should his next step be?

CHOOSE THE SHROUD AND STOCK/BRACE: PAGE 14
HANG OUT WITH ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE GIRLFRIEND: PAGE 16

SHROUDS AND STOCKS

With the main receiver printed, and the barrel chosen, it was time for the ranger to choose the shroud for his barrel. There were 8 to choose from, each one having a little different style to it.

He had to consider the length of his barrel as well. Some shrouds were longer and would work well with a rifle. Others would look great with a short barrel. One thing he was sure of, it didn't matter his barrel length in space. But if he were back on Earth, the AFT would be watching him closely. Too short of a barrel and too stocky of a stock would mean he'd end up in the clink and his dog would be shot on sight.

He chose the rifle space stock for his build, as well as the space brace. "How fitting," he thought; "A space gat for a space war." Most shrouds appeared to be best printed vertically with minimal supports. The take-down shrouds seemed to differ by having a cutout to mount the take-down barrel inside them. It was truly a clever solution by a clever designer.

Once the shroud was on and printed, it was time to move to the stock. The stock was the same, straight up resulted in a very nice finish. With both of those pieces printed, it was time to move onto the scariest part of the build, the heat-set inserts. But something was nagging at the ranger. Perhaps it was a sign of impending doom. Should he make sure the bolt fits in his receiver? Or should he skip that step and move onto the heat-set inserts?

CHOOSE HEAT SET INSERTS: PAGE 17
CHOOSE BOLT TUNING: PAGE 15

BOLT TUNING

The ranger placed his charging handle into the bolt, slid it back against the spring pressure, and dropped his bolt into place. It didn't quite fit. The bolt was sticky in fact. There was only one real solution, to make more room for it. He removed the bolt and began using his needle files to clear all the support material away and remove some material where there was rubbing.

He had built enough guns to know that the bolt needs to ride in the receiver like it's floating in a cloud. The smoother it moves the less chance for malfunctions. He spent time working the bolt back and forth to bed the bolt into the receiver. Slowly, he realized it was getting better.

He turned to his desk and picked up the PTFE dry lube. It was a game changer when it came to his builds. He sprayed the concentration in and let it evaporate away. 100 strokes of the bolt. 200 strokes and he finally felt it getting smoother. Click, clack, it made so much noise. But he was alone, nobody to yell at him in space. Finally he was happy with the way it was running. Had he not done this, his bolt would have stuck, failed to cycle, and left him dead.

CHOOSE HEAT SET INSERTS: PAGE 17

"Well, after all of that printing I think I've earned a break," said the ranger to literally nobody. He was alone, still alone. As he had been for several weeks now. The loneliness wears on you after a time. He rose from his chair and flicked on his AI girlfriend device located next to his bed. That's when he heard it, a faint sizzle and a loud pop.

The AI girlfriend device was dead, likely due to over-use. The truth was that the young ranger didn't have a real girlfriend. And technology filled him with emptiness. He chased the high but nothing completely fulfilled his needs anymore. "It was probably for the best," he thought.

"OK, back to building," the ranger exclaimed. Just then, a sound echoed out from the darkness. It was the sound of approaching ships. His partially finished Galileo lay next to him, a mere pile of bolts and plastic. In an effort to quickly prepare for the approaching commies, he hid in the closet.

The blast doors rose with speed to reveal the galactic enemy force. All 50 of them were armed with DB9's and Thump N' Grind projectile launchers. Tear gas filled the room, the poor ranger began to wither in pain on the floor of the closet. "END ME!," he cried to the soldiers. They fired hundreds of shots into the door of the closet. The Ranger died in a pool of blood.

"Quite the build he was working on!," shouted the captain of the communist force. "Indeed comrade, this will make a fine weapon yet." They laughed in unison as they plotted their evil effort to rid the galaxy of prosperity.

YOU HAVE FAILED YOUR MISSION

HOT BRASS

With confidence that he had made the right choice, the brave ranger continued his build by gathering his heat-set inserts. "I've never used these before," he thought. No reason to be afraid though. He prepared the receiver first by drilling out the pilot holes for the bolts. They all printed under-sized. The designer seemed to believe an under-sized hole was better than an over-sized hole, and his artificial intelligence girlfriend tended to agree.

The ranger gathered the necessary drill bits and drilled out each hole carefully, ensuring not to melt the plastic from excess friction in the process. He then made sure each receiver bolt fit in their respective holes without binding. Yep, seemed good. Onto the next step.

He then plugged in his soldering iron. The designer seemed to make the heat-sets act as captive nuts on the opposite side of the bolt, so the receiver sandwiched itself together. There were 7 M3 inserts. 3 went inside the main receiver for the rail. 4 were used in bottom of the lower receiver. He carefully used his hot soldering iron to press them in. Once they were set, he used the drill bit again to clear out the melted plastic and tested the threads. With everything passing, he moved onto the barrel retention M4 inserts.

Those two looked tricky, as they didn't allow room for the soldering iron to press them firmly down. He decided that using the side of the soldering iron would work well. Sure enough, it did. Just as before, he used the drill bit to ensure the hole was clear of melted plastic, then tested his bolts.

He noticed a hole for a heat set insert in the bottom of the folding stock he had printed as well. So, with determination, he added that one just like the others. The final heat-set was used for the grip screw. It appeared that there was ample room if he wanted to drill this hole for a 1/4" grip screw, but the heat set seemed like a really solid option. He melted it in from the top of the lower receiver, cleared the hole with the drill bit, tested the bolt, and all was ready for final assembly. Suddenly, he fell to the ground in pain.

The soldering iron was still on, and it was lodged in his heel. It must have fallen to the floor. The tip was cooking his foot like it was hot bacon on a George Foreman grill. The brave ranger screamed in agony and rolled to his side. The white hot pain traveled through his whole body. As he rolled, the iron came unplugged from the wall. Darkness fell upon him as quickly as the pain came.

When he woke, he stared down at his foot. "Where am I? What am I doing?" The wound from the soldering iron had cauterized itself, but the pain was still there. He did his best to wrap his foot in a layer of bubble wrap, and continue his mission. The ships were close now. He could see their vapor trails as clear as day.

He couldn't recall what step he was on, or which version of the Galileo he had chosen. He needed some help.

CHOOSE STANDARD VERSION: PAGE 19
CHOOSE TAKE-DOWN VERSION: PAGE 21
CHOOSE TO SOOTHE FOOT: PAGE 27

STANDARD ASSEMBLY!

With the memory of the pain still in his mind, he became more determined than ever to finish. Now that he had prepped everything, it should be simple to complete his assembly. He started with the barrel. As he inserted the barrel into position, he noticed that it was extremely tight. However, he had cleared out supports entirely, so he continued on. He continued to twist the barrel until it was completely seated in the chassis. Using the bolt as a guide, he lined up the extractor slot with the extractor. Once he was sure it was clocked correctly, he grabbed his v-block and his two M4x40MM screws and slowly tightened them down. He went back and forth snugging them each down a little at a time.

Once he was certain that his barrel was fully seated in his receiver, he moved onto the next step. He installed his bolt and charging handle for the last time and added the rear buffer pin for good measure. He then slotted in his trigger pack and secured it with the receiver cross pins from his parts kit.

He function tested things at this point, noticing that everything seemed to work as it should. He added the lower receiver, tightened the four receiver bolts on top, and then added his rail on top as well with the small M3 button head screws.

The final step was adding the grip and grip screw. Once that was installed, he admired his work. “Damn that looks good. If Fosscad could see me now!,” he exclaimed. Of course, they couldn’t see him at his remote base. And if they could, they probably wouldn’t care. They were busy arguing about the required bolt mass of an open bolt 50BMG.

The shroud seemed to be a tight fit, but with some light sanding he was able to mate it flush with the receiver. He added his top and bottom shroud bolts and moved on to the folding brace. This was pretty simple and easy, just a button to retain the spring, a rod to retain the button, and an M4 bolt and heat set insert to act as the hinge pin.

Once that was sorted, he gently tapped the brace onto the back rail of the gun with his nylon-faced hammer. It was a tight fit but it went on fine. He checked his handiwork. He was done. Just as he finished, he heard the roar of approaching booster engines. "They're here," he said somberly. His time to defend had come. He grabbed his bricks of .22LR, his two BX-25 magazines, and his trusty Pinty red dot sight and thought about what he should do next. It seemed he had two choices on where he should position himself to defend the station from the approaching enemy ship.

CHOOSE TO TAKE COVER BEHIND THE AWCY? OVEN: PAGE 23
CHOOSE TO DEFEND FROM THE RADIO LOFT: PAGE 25

TAKE-DOWN ASSEMBLY!

With the memory of the pain still in his mind, he became more determined than ever to finish. Now that he had prepped everything, it should be simple to finish his assembly. He started by prepping the receiver. He needed to get that bronze bushing installed and glued in. Normally he would use an epoxy like JB weld. But he didn't have time for that! He used some 5 minute epoxy and hoped he didn't regret it. He smeared the epoxy on the outside of the bushing and pressed it in all the way down in the front of the receiver. Once it was fully seated, he set the receiver aside to cure.

Next he would assemble his barrel and shroud. He pressed the barrel into the back of the shroud until the take-down housing was flush with the rear face of the shroud. Then, he tightened the M5x15MM bottom bolt to hold the barrel in place. The take-down mechanism was still a bit foreign to him, but he pressed on, sure he could figure it out.

Down went the spring into the take-down mechanism housing, followed by the latch pin retainer and then the latch pin. He screwed the M2x20mm bolt into the latch handle to strengthen it. Then, lining up the holes, he inserted the latch handle from the bottom until it snapped into place. "Wow!," he thought, "That was so simple and satisfying. I heard that this part was designed by InsertMeow, what a great guy."

With the barrel and shroud done, he moved onto the receiver finishing touches. His first step was to screw in the take-down lock retainer. He used the M4 bolts and tightened them down. Now he could finally test his barrel to make sure it seated well. He removed the bolt and charging handle, pushed in the barrel, and gave it a twist. The satisfying click of the mechanism gave him more joy than he cared to admit.

Once he was certain that his barrel and shroud combo was locking securely into his receiver, he moved on to the next step. He installed his bolt and charging handle for the last time and added the rear buffer pin for good measure. He then slotted in his trigger pack and secured it with the receiver cross pins from his parts kit.

He function tested things at this point, noticing that everything seemed to work as it should. He added the lower receiver, tightened the four receiver bolts on top, and then added his rail on top as well with the small M3 button head screws.

The final step was adding the grip and grip screw. Once that was installed, he admired his work. "Damn that looks good. If Fosscad could see me now!," he exclaimed. Of course, they couldn't see him at his remote base. And if they could, they probably wouldn't care. They were busy arguing about the required bolt mass of an open bolt 50BMG.

Once that was sorted, he gently tapped the brace onto the back rail of the gun with his nylon-faced hammer. It was a tight fit but it went on fine and wouldn't fall off on its own. He checked his handiwork. He was done. Just as he finished, he heard the roar of approaching booster engines. "They're here," he said somberly. His time to defend had come. He grabbed his five bricks of CCI Mini Mag, his two BX-25 magazines, and his trusty Pinty red dot sight and thought about what he should do next. It seemed he had two choices on where he should position himself to defend the station from the approaching enemy ship.

CHOOSE TO TAKE COVER BEHIND THE AWCY? OVEN: PAGE 23
CHOOSE TO DEFEND FROM THE RADIO LOFT: PAGE 25

THE OVEN ASSAULT

The courageous ranger fed bullets into his BX 25 with precision. He had no choice but to be quick about it, the enemy ship had just landed near the auxiliary pad in sector two. With his magazines loaded, he slid the first one into the bottom of his Galileo until the mag lever clicked into place. With well-trained hands he pulled back his charging handle and set his pinty to 11. He was ready for battle.

The oven was a prime spot to be stationed behind. He had full view of the room and a concrete wall in front of him. The oven had made many tasty treats for him, he nearly worshiped it. It would serve him one last time as makeshift artillery station.

The ranger took aim at the door. It was only twenty yards away, but the only way into the station. "They'll come in through there, I just have to be patient and ready," he thought. An eerie silence overcame the station. Suddenly, smoke began snaking out from below the door. He heard a loud thud as the doors were displaced from their frame. A crash rang out as they fell on either side of the doorway. The enemy had breeched the gate.

The ranger squeezed the trigger, assured that he had built a quality plinker. Sure enough, the sound of gunfire rang out from his Galileo. The first shot landed on the face shield of the enemy. "Bullseye," said the ranger. He shot a few more times as enemies fell to the ground.

Suddenly, he realized what he was firing at. The smoke had initially obscured his enemy but was quickly dissipating. He couldn't believe his luck.

The communist cyborg prince must have depleted his other troops. He was attacking the remote station with his reserve team, the rodent people of Planet Chipman. The Galileo was indeed the perfect weapon to deal with these foul rodents.

They appeared to be equipped with DB9's known for their durability and firepower. However, the lone ranger continued to fire head shot after head shot. The oven offered needed protection. The Galileo landed shots with precision. Soon a pile of rodent bodies began to accumulate near the doors.

The leader of the troops was a venerable man in his own right, but the ranger didn't care. He wasn't the one drawing lines in the sand. He saw the man and pulled the trigger. The CCI ammo landed right where the Pinty said it would. Another clean kill. The ranger had made it! He surveyed the damage. His beloved oven was riddled with bullet holes. He scavenged the bodies for DB9's and ammo.

His base was secure and the battle was won. Just then, he heard a crackling coming from the radio station. He ran over and heard the familiar voice of his command base. They explained the absence was because they were fighting a great battle. They had taken the evil prince in an epic battle. The war was over! He began to sob as he was overjoyed with the news. He could finally return to his dear family. He could leave the cold and desolate station. He was finally done.

THE END

THE RADIO REACTION

The courageous ranger fed bullets into his BX 25 with precision. He had no choice but to be quick about it, the enemy ship had just landed near the auxiliary pad in sector two. With his magazines loaded, he slid the first one into the bottom of his Galileo until the mag lever clicked into place. With well-trained hands he pulled back his charging handle and set his pinty to 11. He was ready for battle.

The radio loft gave him an advantage with it being so high. He was also surrounded by the equipment, which would likely protect him from whatever ammunition the enemy was using. He knelt down and laid out his spare ammo. He was ready for battle.

The ranger took aim at the door. It was thirty yards away, but the only way into the station. "They'll come in through there, I just have to be patient and ready," he thought. An eerie silence overcame the station. Suddenly, smoke began snaking out from below the door. He heard a loud thud as the doors were displaced from their frame. A crash rang out as they fell on either side of the doorway. The enemy had breeched the gate.

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They appeared to be equipped with DB9's known for their durability and firepower. However, the lone ranger continued to fire head shot after head shot. Radio equipment was taking a lot of damage. However, he was safe. The Galileo landed shots with precision. Soon a pile of rodent bodies began to accumulate near the doors.

The leader of the troops was a venerable man in his own right, but the ranger didn't care. He wasn't the one drawing lines in the sand. He saw the man and pulled the trigger. The CCI ammo landed right where the Pinty said it would. Another clean kill. The ranger had made it! He surveyed the damage. His beloved oven was riddled with bullet holes. He scavenged the bodies for DB9's and ammo.

His base was secure and the battle was won. The ranger began to survey the damage. It dawned on him - his radio equipment was damaged. It appeared to be beyond repair. He realized the spot he picked had protected him. However, it came at a cost. He lasted seven more weeks alone at the station before he ran out of food. He spent his final days in a state of madness as his body slowly withered away into nothing.

Finally, one long endless night, he closed himself in the airlock and released the pressure switch. He instantly froze and floated away into deep space. He was gone. He never knew that the evil Prince had been defeated. Command base tried to reach him. They didn't get a response and assumed his station was lost. In the window of the station, his brightly-colored Galileo glistened in the light of the distant stars.

THE END

The discouraged ranger hobbled to his bathroom and threw open the medicine cabinet. Dizzy with pain, he grabbed bottle after bottle trying to find what he was looking for. Finally he found it, a small bottle of Hoppe's Elite Gun Oil, with high performance technology. He dumped it liberally on his burn inside the bubble wrap cast. It leaked out the bottom.

With that job done, he began to hobble back to his build station. Though the oil had soothed his pain, it made things extremely slippery. He began slipping and sliding on the smooth concrete floor. His arms flailed, his left foot shot forward. His right foot went the opposite direction. His scrotum tore as his legs split apart and he fell to the ground smashing his head on the side of his space stove.

Soon the Prince's forces landed and overtook the station without issue. The ranger lay dead in a pool of his own blood.

YOU HAVE FAILED YOUR MISSION

The naive ranger suddenly remembered a movie from his childhood where a young boy had set traps for burglars. He resolved to do the same to his base. The gun wasn't important to him in that moment. And to be fair, he had always been easily distracted and his prescription for adderall has long since been used up.

He began tying half-gallon paint cans up above the doors. That's when he heard the ship land. The station walls shook and the lights flickered. 100 communist soldiers armed with DB9s began firing into his oxygen rich environment. It didn't take long for the base to explode, cratering the earth. The young, stupid ranger was vaporized where he stood, clutching a piece of burlap string. Nobody remembered him because he was dumb. Home Alone wasn't real life. He couldn't save the galaxy with those tactics.

YOU HAVE FAILED YOUR MISSION

He grabbed the roll of NylonX. “I’m not a beta male cuck,” he thought. “NYLON X BITCH!” As he started his print, he realized his mistake. He didn’t have a garolite build surface. His nozzle was brass. He never finished his enclosure. He didn’t care about any of that. He decided to send it.

As he began his print, the first layer didn’t stick. He threw down some glue stick on the print bed and started again. It started to stick this time! He decided to make some breakfast tacos while he waited for his print to finish. When he returned, he was greeted with a pile of filament looking like thin black pasta. He cried as the Prince’s army approached in the distance. He was sure to die now.

As he attempted to calibrate his printer one last time, the army blasted through the doors with their DB9’s in hand. Round upon round they fired into his body, spraying blood and brain matter all over his printer. His body fell to the ground with a thud.

“Clean this shit up,” shouted the commander. “We’ve got things to do.”

YOU HAVE FAILED YOUR MISSION.

The ranger confidently stood up; he decided that he was wise beyond his years. All of his training had taught him one thing. He needed to get woke. He realized that this whole time, he was the oppressor. He was born into the evil patriarchy and he should be ashamed of himself. Weapons were scary and evil. There was no way he would face the army with a weapon. He would use his words. He needed to welcome the prince's army into the base and attempt to reason with them.

As he opened the blast doors, the Prince's army entered quickly. They were all equipped with DB9's and immediately fired upon the young ranger. Hundreds of shots rang out like fire from Hell. He fell to the ground. The gunfire didn't stop. Case after case fell to the ground as each soldier emptied their magazine. The ranger never got a chance to explain his peaceful ideology with them. He was unarmed and his base was taken by the Evil Price.

YOU HAVE FAILED YOUR MISSION