
The war for Maelstrom

From the dawn of time...

It was early morning in Kaeloth, and even do the war against the tyranids was raging not far to the north, life had to go on for the remaining personnel of the city's cold fusion power plant. The power grid had been mostly unaffected by the recent evens. Until now...

6h12: In the cold fusion power plant, one of the operators spots an intriguing phenomenon on the automated power consumption analyses software.

- Chief, I'm reading an abnormal fluctuation in the power consumption over the west ridge.
- Isn't that near the local garrison's base?
- Yes chief, but they moved out most of their troops and equipment to the north, near the front line.
- What kind of fluctuation are we talking about?
- Nothing very alarming, just a couple of megawatt power surge, but it lasted over a minute. Do we send a maintenance crew to investigate.
- Nah, no need. It's gone now anyway, I'll just put it in the report for the engineer. He'll be in by nine anyway. He'll decide if it's worth checking.
- Fine by me.

The lights dim, the night shift chief tech looks at the operator.

- What's that?
- I haven't got a clue chief, there seems to be something draining the power off the grid. It seems to be located at the same place than the power surge we had a couple of minutes ago.
- I don't need this on my shift. Is there a maintenance crew active at this time near that place?
- I'll check the computer's dispatch log.

The lights go out, a message pops on the computer screen: "power failure. Please save your files. Automatic shutdown procedure in 5 minutes. Emergency lights turn on, barely illuminating the two mens in front of the operator's screen.

- What the?
- Chief, we've got no more power. The generators have started, but somehow they don't seem to be producing any power at all.
- How can we have a power failure. This is a state of the art cold fusion power plant. Get me the on call engineer on the vidlink right away.
- The vidlink is not working chief. The computer tells me that there is no power over the whole Kaeloth region, but the power plant is working at full capacity. We're about to reach the maximum output limit.
- What is taking up all the energy?

The computer turns off, The emergency lights flickers. A nice female voice can be heard over the intercom: “Critical stage reached. Cold fusion reactor shutdown imminent.” The only light coming from the windows, having a orange glow characteristic of the rising suns.

- What should we do chief?

- What can we do should be the right question. Take your car and go wake up engineer Blaxten. He lives only five minutes from here. And be quick about it.

The operator leaves in a rush. The chief had never see such a thing in his life. This was a ultra modern, fully automated cold fusion power plant, in theory a single child could operate this place without any problems. Now this. It wasn't good. Pondering on the question, he looks out the window, the operator had just left the plant's perimeter. But something else had caught his eye. A green glow could be seen in the distance, a strange glow. It was hard to tell the distance to that glow, it seemed so far, and yet so close at once...

Vui'nee knew something was wrong. His ethereal sixth sense was way off scale. Yet, there was no way the space marines or the tyranids could drop undetected behind the third line of defence. He was almost tempted to disregard his sense, to remove troop from the front line at this moment could prove hazardous for the whole town. Then he remembered that the west ridge base had kept a small mobile contingent, to cope with any unforeseen problems away from the main battle. Maybe he should send them to investigate that disturbance in the ethereal scheme of the greater good. He would have to lead them himself, but the front had many more able commanders. They could do without him.