

17 Oct. 2529  
405<sup>th</sup> Infantry, Mountain regiment  
SSgt. Sam Bricker  
Beta Delphi mission report

This report is per request of Admiral Parsoen's office regarding the unauthorized use of United Naval Space Corp. cryostasis chamber during a critical incident at the battle of Beta Delphi.

As leader of 405<sup>th</sup> Mountain I was assigned to protect "Project blue", a cryo-tube that contained a Spartan. Because of the rapid departure from base and the extreme time crunch the regiment had been under, the Spartan had not been removed from the cryo-tube prior to the mission. It was decided that upon arrival at FOB Mahogany technicians at the landing site would wake the Spartan and we would begin the assault on the enemy resupply point at that time. We were loaded onto pelican 2-4, pilot Andrew Simms. 2 ODST members of 19 battalion were assigned as added protection for project blue.

Pelican 2-4 departed the 'In Midnight Awake' cruiser at 0000 Zulu time and began our descent to the drop zone. Contrary to prior intelligence, enemy air opposition was strong, and Pelican 2-4 was hit by enemy fire, causing it to buffet and shake. The compliment of soldiers in the pelican with me were disheartened by the obvious danger, and one of them vomited from the stress. I attempted to obtain a status report from the pilot.

In the cockpit I saw the co-pilot dead, obviously killed in the enemy fire that rocked the ship. The pilot was struggling to maintain control of the ship, which was in a rapid descent. The pilot informed me the radio communications onboard were not working, and he was unable to hear any radio traffic on any frequency. Because of the enemy fire the AI was too damaged for use. I attempted to assist the pilot, but there was nothing I could do.

The radio must have been broadcasting, because at this time a flight of friendly fighters flew very close to the pelican. The pilot of the pelican and the pilot of the lead fighter exchanged a few motions in body language, then the fighters flew away, apparently to engage enemy aircraft we were unable to detect.

The ride in the pelican became very rough, and the enemy fighters attempted to shoot us down several times, each time the friendly aircraft were able to keep them away, but the pelican did sustain one hit from enemy fire, which added to the already failing right side engines.

The pilot informed me there was only a small chance of survival, and since we were going down deep into enemy territory (we passed over the drop zone long before the enemy fighter shot us) and there was no way to control the ship, I should go back and tell my men. I told the pilot we were still ready and willing to fight if he could set us down safely. The pilot told me if we survived the landing we would need to fight hard, and that he would initiate emergency warm up on the Spartan to help our chances of survival.

I knew from briefing the pilot was authorized to do this in an emergency, and deemed this situation to qualify as an emergency. I then walked back into the pelican bay from the cockpit and told the men what was happening.

I issued the following orders:

2 ODS were to man the AIE-486 ramp gun and suppress anything that moves. Since there were no friendly forces in the area I wanted to completely sanitize the area of enemy presence. I then instructed my men to secure their weapons until the pelican came to a complete crash, at which time they were to assist the ODS in securing the wreckage until radio contact could be made with friendly forces. I ordered that no one touch the cryo-tube, as per briefing instructions, and decided my regiment would die defending it rather than let Project blue be compromised by the enemy.

The pelican crashed and bounced into the air three or four times before finally coming to a halt. The ODSs opened fire with the ramp gun and continued firing until one of them, Cpl. John Lashford, was mortally wounded and the other, Cpl. Terry Bateman was knocked unconscious by the concussion from a Covenant grenade.

The soldiers of the 405<sup>th</sup>, as soon as the pelican bay door opened, assisted the ODSs in laying down a sheet of suppressing fire so dense I could have walked on it if I wanted to. I assisted with laying down cover fire and calling out grenades as I saw them.

While laying down cover fire, Pfc. Doyle was grabbed by an enemy elite and thrown toward the edge of the pelican ramp, downrange of the suppressing fire. At this time, with no regard for his own safety, Pfc. Randy Donahue leaped from behind the ammunition box he was using as cover and ran to the aid of Pfc. Doyle. Donahue struck the elite with his weapon, knocking it off the ramp where I was able to dispatch it with my assault rifle. Pfc. Donahue, now injured from enemy plasma fire, was able to bring Doyle back to safety, but both were severely injured from the incident and succumbed to their injuries at the scene.

I recommend Pfc. Randy Donahue for the posthumous Medal of Honor for his actions.

At this time I heard the pilot behind me scream "SPARTAN!" and the accompanying sound of machine gun fire from my rear. I believed there was a threat to the Spartan, but I was unable to assist the pilot with the Spartan, due to a second elite jumping onto the ramp near me. This elite was thrown to the ground by his neck at the hand of the Spartan, who had just been woken up from the cryo-tube.

Enemy plasma fire glanced off the armor plates of the Spartan unit, and several needler shards sprayed into my head after shattering on the Spartan armor. This caused me to flinch and take cover behind an ammunition box. When I got up to resume firing I saw a grenade blast knock the second ODS off the gun and another of my soldiers, Cpl. Lasher, hit in the face by enemy plasma fire. Cpl. Lasher died instantly from his wounds, and the Spartan picked up his assault rifle to compensate for the drop in suppressing fire. The Spartan moved to the edge of the ramp and continued firing at the enemy, using himself as a shield for the rest of us.

About this time the enemy fire withered and died, granting us an unexpected calm in the fighting. I instructed my men to reload and vacate the pelican as quickly as possible to obtain better defensive positions around the exterior. The Spartan then approached me and relieved me of command of the operation at this time. The Spartan told me he was S51

S51 ripped the heavy machine gun out of the pelican with his hands, slung the ammunition belt over his shoulders, and announced he had a funny feeling, and we needed to leave the area immediately. I did not argue and assisted my team with carrying what ammunition we could while the pilot prepared the pelican for detonation and the ODST secured information from his comrade. Then we as a whole unit began to run as fast as our wounds would let us. Our direction of travel was, best as I could guess, due west.

The terrain was mountainous and slowed our progress, but with the injuries we had sustained we made very good time. As we cleared a nearby ridge a very large bombardment of plasma destroyed the pelican and surrounding area from above. The enemy was mortaring the area with a wraith tank. The Spartan told us we needed to double time it away from the area as the enemy was swarming to try to kill us.

As we neared a riverbed we began taking small arms fire from the rear. This fire intensified, and we were forced on several occasions engage the enemy, all the while attempting contact with friendly forces at FOB Mahoganny over our portable radio, to no avail. During one of these stand and fight moments we were fortified by a small detachment of ODST troops who fell from the sky bringing more weapons and health supplies. They then assisted with creating a perimeter to allow us breathing time and to tend to our wounds.

S51 then broadcast over his personal radio that we needed emergency medical evacuation and declared the situation untenable. We all began to run again, with the enemy right behind us. Several grunts attempted to flank us, but the ODST escort we received was able to defeat them. The enemy wraith tank was visible now, being less than a quarter mile away, but before it fired another shot at us, a drop pod struck it at supersonic speed from above, and destroyed it. From the drop pod another Spartan emerged, identified as S117, who informed us help was on the way, and he would help keep us alive until it got here.

Shortly after, a flight of pelican rescue ships arrived and loaded us on board to transport us to FOB Mahoganny, the original drop zone.

Units involved:

405<sup>th</sup> infantry Mountain regiment

ODST squad 19, escort; squad 22, reinforcement

Spartan units 051, 117

Casualties:

405<sup>th</sup>:

PFC. Kenneth Doyle

PFC. Randy Donahue

CPL. Barry Lasher

ODST:

CPL. John Lashford

PELICAN CREW

Co-Pilot: Dat Mathews

SPARTANS:

None

Misc. wounded.

End of report