

2013 - 2020



ORIGINS HISTORY AND THE EVOLUTION OF OZI

★ ORIGINS

And so our story begins...

It was 2013, I had not long left The Australian Airsoft Council after eight or so years of lobbying for the legislation of Airsoft in Australia.

The AAC released a competition, the prize was an all-expenses paid trip for two people to travel to Christchurch, New Zealand and play airsoft for three days.

Entry was \$10 so I bought a couple of tickets. I didn't win, but one of the guys who did win couldn't go and I was lucky enough to get pulled out of the redraw. I was introduced to the other winner, Josh McKenzie.

We were both extremely excited and exchanged comms leading up to the trip.

It was my first time overseas. Prior to the trip, travel never really interested me. I was 31 at the time, had never left the country and had no real desire to do so.

After a short flight Josh and I arrived in Christchurch and we were driven to McLeans island where we shared a tent and quickly realised that thongs and board shorts were not going to cut the crisp South Island night time temperatures. We both dressed in our BDUs which we put over our civvy clothes to try and subdue the cold. At this stage we still hadn't seen an airsoft gun and we were so excited about what was to come we didn't get a lot of sleep that night.

The following day we awoke already dressed and ready to go. We were told we would be heading out to the ocean and doing a small operation in a small dingy. The trip there was mind blowing because for the first time we were in reach of airsoft guns which were just casually stacked in the boot of the trusty 4 runner. Something that could result in extreme repercussions if we were on Australian soil. It was hard to shake that where I was and what I was doing was perfectly fine and acceptable at the time.

The weather was chilly and the water was freezing. As our ankles froze over as we pushed the boat out into the water in full BDUs with our G36 hire guns (and civvy clothes still on underneath) Josh and I for the first time experienced an enormous sense of freedom we were not used to in Aus.

After returning to McLeans island we spent two days in the bush playing small skirmish games and riding around in an APC. It was one of the best experiences of my life. Some very important friendships were forged over those couple of days with people like Glen, Carl, Heather, Leanne, Nigel and the MAG group. Josh and I took the time to sit down with them and conduct an interview which provided some really interesting answers. Some that still hold weight today. You can watch the edited 30 min video here. youtu.be/JvxSta2quMM

What would follow was the birth of OZ1 and an open invitation to all Australians to travel to NZ and play airsoft and it was all thanks to Military Adventure Group.



***A STRAY KITTEN APPEARED
ON THE FIELD AT DINNER
TIME ON THE SECOND NIGHT
CARL & HEATHER ADOPTED
IT AND CALLED IT CARBINE.***



2014 INVASION

“Airsoft ain’t coming to Australia so we will bring Australia to airsoft.”

After what seemed like a lifetime, it was time to return to Christchurch only this time we were a slightly larger group. Kurt, Bruce, Brendan AKA lunchbox, Josh and myself arrived in Christchurch and were greeted by our good friend Glen who we met the year before. Glen had invited us all to stay at his place where we were overwhelmed by his hospitality and his airsoft collection. Again the night before the event we didn’t get a lot of sleep, instead we spent the night going over our gear and guns and setting thunder Bs ready for the next day. At 2am Kurt cleared the lounge room after rigging a thunder B which started hissing like it was about to blow. Luckily it was a dud which is when it went from serious to hilarious.

Invasion was a overnight Milsim designed by Carl. Starting on Saturday at 9am and finishing on Sunday at around lunchtime. Relatively simple game set up with 2 teams, 2 bases and an envelope system where each team Commander would open an envelope at a set time and would offer the mission to the first available squad. In addition to this, squads were able to free range and go out and look for trouble and possibly disrupt other squads attempting enveloped missions.



With the OZ1 squad led by Heather and Glen we were off on our second mission to defend a SAM missile with intelligence suggesting we would encounter the enemy who was trying to capture the SAM.

It is still unknown to this day if we arrived too early or to late but we arrived at the SAM late afternoon. We dug in around the SAM and waited. We watched a couple of enemy patrols casually cruise by not taking much interest in the SAM. 2 hours later it was dark and a third enemy patrol came past the SAM. Suddenly someone yelled CONTACT and a flurry of tracer bbs, lasers and strobe lights were in effect with a huge back and fourth between the 2 groups. I was directly on top of the hill where the SAM missile was with Kurt sporting a DMR and a LMG. I'm not sure anyone could really see anyone (except for Carl on the enemy team with a thermal scope) It was only the tracer rounds and lasers and strobes that gave positions away. 3 hours after arriving and an hour of shooting into the darkness we ran out of ammo and bugged out through the pitch black bush to RTB and re-supply.



Only when we did RTB, our base was under attack. It looked like a scene from Starship troopers, bodies running everywhere, search lights waving around and tracer rounds whizzing by.

It was another hour before the enemy backed off and we regained control. We hydrated and settled into a bunker at the front of the base and it began to get cold. Very cold.

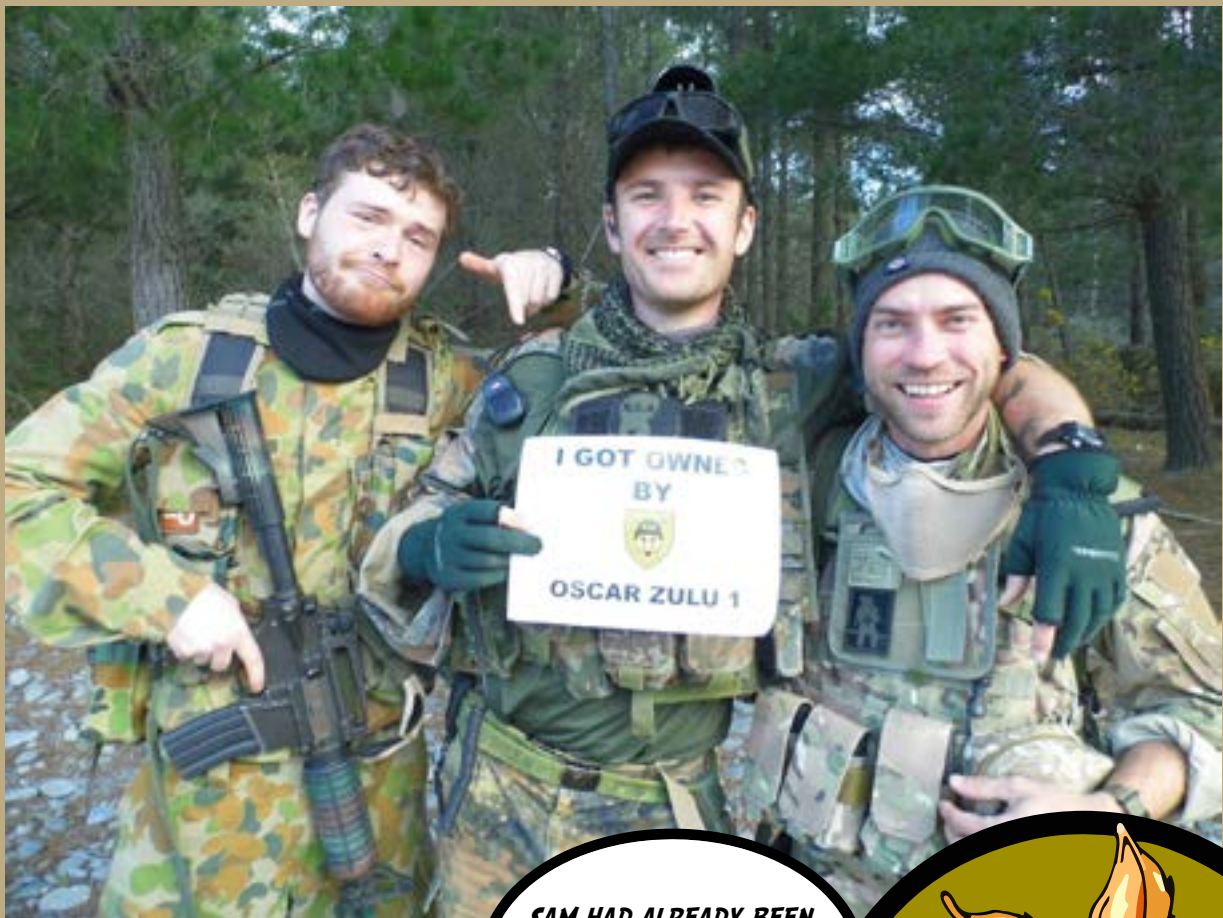


KURT PLACED A STROBE LIGHT ON THE WHITE METAL DISH WHICH DREW A LOT OF FIRE. TING!



At 1am We found ourselves huddling together to maintain some warmth and just when we thought it couldn't get any worse, it began to rain... the enemy came in waves throughout the early hours of the morning constantly peppering our base and bugging out. The event was to end with a last man standing. We took the fight to them after finally figuring out where their base was but they were ready for us and in the end they won.

We did capture a sniper named Sam who was a great sport and was courteous enough to take a photo with us and hold a sign that Glen had prepared earlier.



**SAM HAD ALREADY BEEN
KILLED BY ANOTHER
TEAM WHEN HE WAS
CAPTURED BY OZ1.**





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH BRANDON AKA PTE LUNCHBOX

It is hard to forget your first firefight, the break in silence as a BB narrowly misses you and breaks apart on the surface you were just standing in front of. Depending how long it takes you to shoot back or duck for cover will change the outcome. For me, I did neither, I took too long and won 3 thuds to the chest. "HIT!"

My first Airsoft experience was Invasion 2014, I was lucky enough to be with the Original Oscar Zulu members. The more firefights you get into the better you get at it, one of our missions towards the end of the event was to capture a High Value Target. We knew which route he had to take, and we knew he would have an escort.

We set out and prepared an ambush, we waited for what felt like a lifetime, the sun was starting to set, we're dug in, on our bellies waiting for the target to come through. Using only hand signals to communicate we watched the area, waiting for them to make a mistake.

A sharp snap of a twig is heard in the distance and we see the Target and escort approaching, keeping our heads low we reposition and allow them to come into the kill zone. I cannot remember who from Oscar Zulu fired first, but I catch the second enemy by surprise with a short burst, it was over quickly. It was our communication and strategic movement that let us flank and overcome them, nabbing the High Value Target.



**LUNCHBOX GOT HIS
CALLSIGN FOR EATING
AN EXCESSIVE AMOUNT
OF RIBS AT LONE STAR
BAR AND GRILL.**





Still to this day, Invasion for me personally was one of the best events I've played. Nice and simple, not overly complicated, plenty of firefights and, at the same time, physically and mentally challenging.



2015-★COLOMBIAN DAWN

Birth of the PMC

Glen, being an extremely talented graphic design artist, had designed a patch for the OZ1 players of invasion which later on would become a well known icon for OZ1. I remember wearing mine with pride as it was the very first skirmish sports team I had ever been a part of. In a way, it also marked what was essentially an evolution of a crazy idea 2 guys had and the dream was now a reality.



**ONLY 12 OF THESE
PATCHES WERE EVER
MADE...**





It is fair to say that without Glen, OZ1 simply wouldn't exist. Glen was not only the one who came up with the design but also knighted us Oscar Zulu One. He is responsible for the majority of OZ1 artwork event posters and banners. Its been a pleasure watching his skills develop over the years as a graphic design artist.

From the moment he picked us up from the Christchurch airport he was absolute gentleman. He treated us like we had been mates for years. Hell of an airsoft player too.



Glen was also the man who introduced us to LnP which was later dubbed "The drink of freedom" because whenever OZ1 were in New Zealand we would drink LnP and whenever OZ1 were in New Zealand we were free to play the sport we love.

We later found out that LnP had been available to us for a while after someone had found it in the international section in Woolies. Some say it just doesn't taste the same. I tend to agree with them.

This 24 hour MilSim was based around the CIA, pitted against an extreme and ruthless drug cartel. With 24 Aussies now in the mix, the “good guys” got what they badly required, numbers and support from across the Tasman sea. We got an experience that would solidify a legacy, and the players that were OZ1.

An event designed by Glen had a mix of different factions. Some working together, some against each other. Most of the Aussies took up the role of the PMC. It was a great turnout from the Kiwis making up the most of a 100 + player game.



The Aussies camped out just down the road from the field at the car club pre event which was an awesome venue for training and relaxing complete with BBQ and big screen TV. The 24 of us got pumped by watching black hawk down the night before the event. The whole group bunking down together at the car club was a great bonding experience. For 24 people of so many different cultures and backgrounds who would not even say hello to each other in the street but, because of our common interest in airsoft, we all became good mates quite quickly. Anyone who stayed at the car club will tell you how good the cold showers were (not)



The Car Club was equipped with a enormous kitchen. Caterers were hired to cook delicious meals for the duration of the event, including a packed lunch for when we got hungry on the field. There was also a bar and a pool table which both got a work out when the team was off duty. The club had a decent size chunk of land behind it. Perfect for a sneaky skirmish.



**CUT THE ROOF OFF.
PUT A TURRET ON IT**



Some of the Aussies ended up on the other team simply because that was the path of the faction they chose. But for us, this was our first event with Carl on our side. You want Carl on your side. Not only because he is a great airsoft player but because he can be very sneaky and mischievous and will often come up with ways to completely screw you over without breaking any rules. If you're up against Carl and his partner Heather at the same time, its pretty much game over. Fortunately for the other team, Heather sat this one out.

The PMC spent a lot of time in vehicles during Colombian Dawn, they did a pretty good job of suppressing enemy factions back into the pine trees from which they came. However it was not all guns and glory for the PMC.

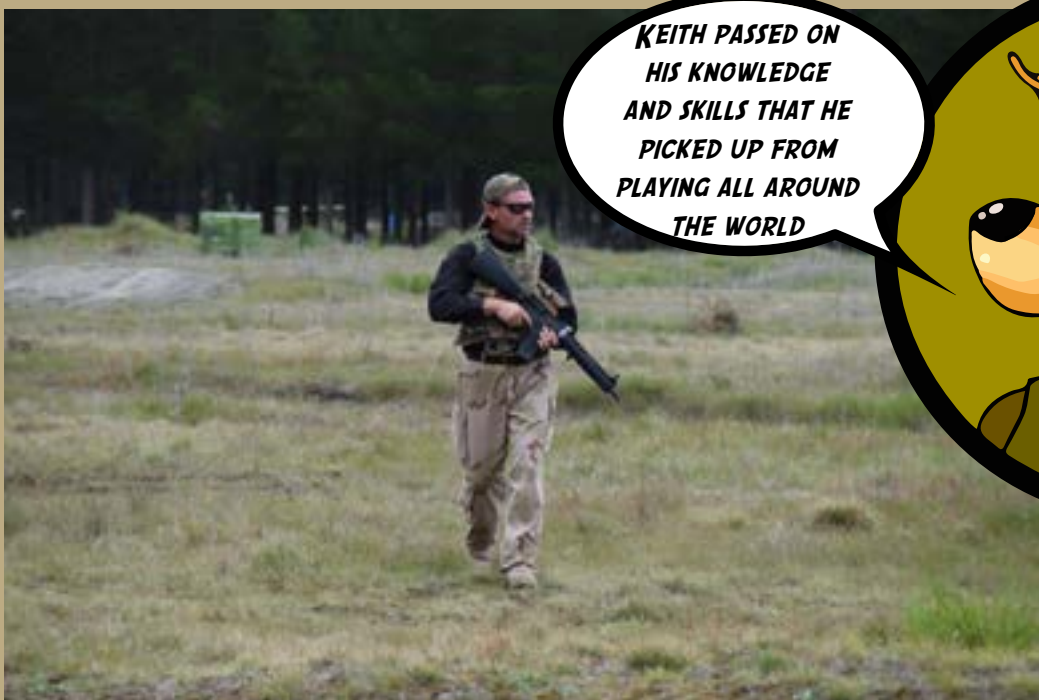
It was an escort mission, down a narrow dirt road. One technical and one van carrying a VIP to whom we were to protect and escort to the end of the road. It started off well with the Cartel pushing as one and driving the D.E.A back. It was when the Cartel split in half, it all went belly up. One half pushed hard on the right and broke through enemy lines but then got stuck on the other side and couldn't get back. The technical and the VIP van was taking heavy fire, players dropping left and right from sniper fire from the WW2 bunkers. Not even the games greatest medic, Lee, could heal that many players. The Cartel put up a good fight but just could not move forward with the VIP, eventually being captured and mission fail.



Some iconic characters started to appear. Funny and quick witted Ben and Adam, who have never missed an event since Colombian Dawn, brought laughter and comedy to the group.



As well as the legend himself, everyone's favorite Irishmen who made a split second decision to attend only a week before the event Keith "Dingo".



**KEITH PASSED ON
HIS KNOWLEDGE
AND SKILLS THAT HE
PICKED UP FROM
PLAYING ALL AROUND
THE WORLD**



Keith would go on to join the OZ1 command team and help push the OZ1 Organization to the next level. He even appeared with me in a podcast with Jason from Australian Hunting Podcast to further promote the sport and make everyone laugh with his accent. I was nervous as hell but Keith was as cool as a cucumber and single handedly saved the podcast.

Listen to the podcast here australianhuntingpodcast.com.au/?powerpress_pin-w=2820-podcast



Colombian Dawn was a great event. Strangely enough, my strongest memory from this event was wrapping bricks up with gold paper with Glen to simulate prop blocks of Cocaine and burying them in the bush for a mission that was to take place during the event. Just so happens that time didn't allow for that mission to take place and to this very day, those cocaine bricks are still buried out there somewhere in the Badlands..





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH KEITH AKA DINGO

Where to start, so many great times and no bad ones, seldom in airsoft do you get to meet organisers and players of such high caliber, standards, commitment and genuine love for our sport, to pick an outstanding moment from all of the great times would be almost impossible for me but here I go.

I think the night ops portion of Colombian Dawn was probably the best OZ1 experience I ever had, both as an individual and part of the team.

Herding a tonne of Aussie newbies into a dark Forrest in NZ is no mean feat, trying to keep them safe and quiet even harder (think at that time there were only 5/6 of us that had ever played before never mind played night ops).

Startex was great fun, dark, fogging safety glasses, noise was shocking, like a herd of elephants heading off into the night, a lot of mildly nervous players on edge, full of excitement and anticipation, off we went with the thermal wielding "Ginga" on point.

Sneaking (like elephants) through the bush we finally reached our objective, deployed the squads, set the game plan in motion, fire was called and hell came to the enemy, tracers criss crossing ten fold, strobe lights of white and laser green illuminated the forrest on McLeans island like never before, i think those 5 minutes were the best experience any player could wish for from an event, we captured the enemy base and drove the kiwi defenders back into the bush.

They regrouped and came back at us while we were holding their base, more strobes, more tracers, a prolonged defense until game was called around midnight so we could get back to base to eat and prep for the next days gaming, guys were exhausted but buzzing, I reckon most hardly slept.



While walking to the extraction point to the trucks we were asked who was going to play through the night. No better man I thought, love night games and when you only get to play with these guys and this event once a year I wasn't missing a minute.

Got to the extraction point and every single Aussie except me was gone."fuck I thought "im gonna miss super...then out of the dark Carl says your playing all night "Keithy".. let's move

out, explained the op and off we went, scouted our options and set off.

Have to say I was still warm after slogging it out on the previous mission so the cold night didn't bother me.

Carried out our first mission,"raid the enemy sleeping camp", we got in, had a bit of fun, shots were fired, returned to our base and set in for the night to wait for the inevitable retaliation from the enemy. Two hours later and no sign of the enemy we hit the hay only Carl was the only one who had a bivvy, the rest of us were in our now cold all day gear. Anyway Carl buried himself in his bivvy like a hedgehog, tactically placed against a wall of logs and covered with a few pine sprigs (say it was lovely and warm) the three of us left had nothing, no sleeping bags, no tarp, no coats, fook all, I have woke at sunrise to several enemies approaching our camp, looked to my left I was snuggled into a kiwi, looked to my right another Kiwi, we ended up asleep together huddled up tight as it was that cold, regardless we were over run and endex was called.

We met our transport for exfil back to OZ1 HQ for brekky, was shivering to my bones, got back to base for a shower, change of undies, quick brekky before we headed out for next days events, turned out I was the only OZ1 player who played through the night, the freezing, damp, dank night was worth all we had as a team back then, the kiwis couldn't say we were soft or unworthy, I think I slept 8 hours in 4 days that trip but when I got home to Aus I felt like I won the lotto then slept for 2 days, immense pride in your mates is the most positive thing I ever took from an OZ1 event, won't find better anywhere in the world, luv u guy's..."DINGO"...





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH ADAM AKA SHOGUN

Honestly not sure where to begin there has been so many good memories, one of the most memorable would have to be walking back into the fight after being squad wiped with a bunch of kiwis and being introduced to our first thunder b grenade... which was appropriately mishandled by the user while he was showing us how it worked.. Upon removing the pin he fumbled and dropped the grenade and killed approx. 6 of us.

In the prior firefight watching Dennis try and crawl under a log as squad medic to try and reach a downed member in full kit including a helmet and got his head stuck between the log and the ground so badly he actually had to remove the helmet to get his head out so we could help him dislodge the helmet after the battle... I remember being unable to see from crying with laughter while we were trying to fend off an offensive push on our position.

On our last day of the first trip holding ground at WW2 trenches with Ben, running out of ammo and loading and swapping mags with each other trying to keep the other team from making it in to the trenches with wave after wave of people rushing in.

See dud grenade video here

www.youtube.com/watch?v=fLhvVVBUifk



Patches were made for the PMC section and Carl bought us all wolf tooth necklaces. The Russian translates to something like “We fight as a pack, we are Wolfpack.”

It was probably at this point where my obsession for patches really took off.

Keith called them “candy” and in a way they are a sweet memento that can take you back to a specific time and place.



A ranking system was created for OZ1. Although it never served as a way of rank, more so a bragging right as to how many OZ1 events you had been to, also a way to identify experienced roo's should you need some assistance. Everyone started with a patch similar to the original patch designed by Glen for their first event and would be awarded the next patch after completing an event, with the black SV (Seasoned Vet) being the prestige of patches.



**THE SKULL SV PATCH
WAS MADE FOR THE
5 ORIGINAL GUYS
FROM INVASION...**



2016-INVASION 2

What's better than 24 Aussies? 52 Aussies.

Invasion 2 had a lot to live up to after invasion 1 and, with helo insertion and a ton of pyrotechnics it did a pretty good job... Although not everything went according to plan..

It was a fair drive out to the airfield and a very short flight back to the game field. 3 airborne sections in total.

The plan was that the first airborne section was to recon the area and the second airborne section was to join the first, and continue recon until the third airborne section arrived, which was when the airborne and ground force was to simultaneously converge on the enemy position. But as soon as that first helo touched down, it was on for young an old. By the time the second and third airborne sections arrived, the opening battle of Invasion 2 was over. I later found out that the ground force had just walked 5kms after they were deployed to the wrong location. Such is Milsim.

Watch first battle here youtu.be/lW-XcTRNAE



CARL PURPOSELY
WAITED FOR OZ1
PLAYERS TO GET CLOSE
BEFORE DETONATING
ORDINANCE



Camp was again at the car club for this event and probably my favourite accommodation so far. Two massive white marquees, each housing 26 Aussies. Team bonding peaked with how close the group was. From the Antics of Rob waking a tired bunch of Aussies with the Reveille at 5am (see video here www.facebook.com/shredder21/videos/10157664076065357 to Habib getting around in a pink towel. The banter was next level and the snoring of Luke was a level above.



We were also joined by a reporter named Gabrielle who not only wrote a story on the event in a local news paper, interviewed Josh and filmed the event for the local nightly news, but also played the entire event. It was her first time playing airsoft and she had a lot of fun. Gabrielle did an awesome job at the game and further exposing OZ1 as the bringers of airsoft for Aussies. She went on to switch teams near the end of the event and OZ1 placed a friendly bounty.

See the TV news report and Josh' 15 seconds of fame here www.facebook.com/starnewschch/videos/1263577720365117



OZ1's reach was starting to grow. Invasion 2 had players traveling from nearly all the states and territories in Australia as well as a few international players making the trip to Christchurch. More and more iconic players like BJ, Andrew, Habib, Zen, the Bianchini brothers, the Giomataris brothers, the Louw brothers Lachlan, Rob, Jack, Wade, Luke, Glenn, Gore, Damon and Todd to name a few. Logistics from the airport to the field was an absolute nightmare.

I also had the pleasure of acting as a guardian for a young 16 year old player who's parents had called me before the event to double check I would be able to pick up their precious little boy from the airport. Enter Lachie... A kid who would eventually tally up enough stories to fill this entire PDF.



Two new Aussie groups made an appearance for Invasion 2. Aussie Assassins Milsim, led by Tyler, and Raider Platoon led by Zane. Both these players and their respective groups would forever change the dynamics of OZ1.



Both Tyler and Zane have not yet missed an event since attending Invasion 2. With the Aussie Assassins contributing by running their own games for everyone pre-event. Zane taking on leadership roles and getting some outstanding photos and footage along the way.

Invasion 2 was hot with firefights and hot with pride. Having enough players to fill a platoon, it was designed to be an Aussies vs Kiwis game. The Aussies consisting of mostly first time airsofters were often out gunned by the experience of the Kiwi's.

Carl and Heather played this event and were both on the OPFOR. They had OZ1 dealing with poop your pants explosions only feet away as well as a hard lesson on radio hacking in the way of listening in on our channel as well as jamming it. Over the course of these events, a friendly rivalry was building. Before the event even started Kurt only had one objective, and that was to capture Carl and Heather.

Carl and Heather have years of airsoft experience. I believe they met on the field. Is their wedding photo not the best thing you have ever seen!?



From our very first trip over they have been extremely inviting. Always offering an invitation to come and bunk up at their place for the duration of our stay. Not to mention the amount of help we get from them with the events. Heather is also a top notch photographer and if is not playing airsoft, she can usually be found getting around the field taking photos.

Now as the story goes, Heather was captured but before she could be put in cuffs, she pulled a pistol (after being disarmed) and shot and killed her captors.

Carl, however, was not so lucky. Kurt did capture him and we all shared a moment giving ourselves a pat on the back. That was until Carl opened his hand and revealed a grenade...



KURT AND ADAM MOMENTS BEFORE PULLING OUT DEAD RAGS.





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH LACHE AKA LATCHY

During my first event with OZ1 back in 2016, Myself and a about maybe 30 other Aussies were headed out for the night game, This was my first experience in a completely blacked out environment and could never tell when my goggles were fogged up.

About half an hour of walking through sticks branches and other obstacles that I couldn't see we finally reached a NZ camp, we spread out into a line so we could move up and take the area, the closest people I had near me was my mates Bruce and Irish as well as a friendly Kiwi, I quickly swarmed the camp and took out the people who were inside and took cover where ever we could find it, Irish disappeared into the night without a trace but Bruce the Kiwi and I headed into a small bunker and waited. Suddenly all I see from outside is a big stream of tracer bb's fly over the camp and hear "CONTACT!" it was on what felt like only 10 minutes of fighting but in reality 3 and a half hours. Bruce was taken out and had his dead light on. Me and the Kiwi sat next to each other waiting to see small glimpses of movement among what I can only describe as a sea of dead friendly players with there lights on. An enemy jumped over the stick fence and took cover in front of me. My friendly told me he has a gbb so his gun won't be silent if he shoots and told me to take the shot. I lined him up and shot the enemy in the back. He called his hit and they thought it was friendly fire so they sent a medic over. I waited for him to stop moving so I can get the medic as well. They heard my shot and now know knew our position. They sprayed into the bunker where I sat and hit my leg. I turned on my dead light and see that it was illuminating my friendly who was still alive after I took all the shots for him, I covered it so he is still invisible. After a few more minutes OZ1 got called to regroup all dead players. I hid my dead light as I get up and blew a kiss of good luck to my new nameless friend and walked out with Bruce. As we re- grouped we all stumbled across Irish who was laying down in a bush just off to the side of the camp we took over and he told us to bugger off as he has knife killed heaps off players and they haven't found him yet.





Nigel and Leanne, leaders of the airsoft group called the Marine's, played a huge part in making all of the events work. Nigel would usually take up the role of the armourer and did an amazing job getting the hire guns out to the Aussies and keeping them running. Nigel is a no bullshit, straight to the point veteran and on field he was hard as nails! Some of the new guys were terrified of him lol. I remember an OZ1 player coming in with a AK47u who had tripped over and filled the muzzle up with dirt. I saw Nigel's face turn bright red and smoke started coming out his ears with frustration. Before he started to spit fire, I quickly intercepted the players gun and did the repairs myself. Personally, I think Nigel's presence on field was great. Its what I imagine being in the military would be like when having to report to a superior officer about having done

something silly. It really made the experience. If you saw Nige heading towards you in a rover, you quickly learnt to get the hell out the way or else you're gonna be pancake. Off the field, Nigel is nice as pie.

Nigel's partner Leanne, when on field, can be equally as frightening but I think she has a soft spot for us Aussies. Leanne spent a lot of time training the new guys and was never far away from the fire fight. Pictured below getting a cuddle from Bipy.







LONGTIME KIWI
FRIEND SID
PLAYED AS THE
OZ1 GENERAL





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH TYLER AKA ROCKSTAR

Invasion 2... For me...Where it all started... I have 3 Memorable moments from that year im happy to share with everyone. Never Traveled Overseas Me & My Best mate Dave took a leap of faith and ended up on a plane to NZ, with absolutely no idea what we were in for.

Never flown too many times on a plane before i booked our tickets with Jetstar.. Little did we know with Dave being so tall how crampy it would be, we sat in opposite isle seats.. The poor bloke that sat in front of him had a bulge of both Dave's knees protruding through the seat. I felt so sorry for the bloke. You could tell he was VERY uncomfortable.

When we arrived at our accommodation (Custom Car Club) Dave and I were hanging for a shower... We soon realized that hot water system was switched off & was locked inside a cage with the gas bottle . Dave and I spent about 20 minutes poking a stick through the cage to turn on the gas before we poked a stick to flick the on the switch A Few guys realized there were hot showers going once they seen the hot steam flowing out the doorway... Within 5 minutes the water went stone cold.. Every poor bugger after us that was keen on that nice hot shower was met with stone cold water,





The Next night after a big day of orientation & training. Our Accommodation was a giant marquee and Dave hung his uniform up on the side of the marquee to “dry”. the next morning I woke up to water dripping on my head due to the amount of condensation that was in the marquee. Dave’s uniform was absolutely drenched and the poor bugger had to wear it soaking wet! Neither of us had a spare uniform .. that was one good lesson we learned on our 1st airsoft trip.



Shannen, better known as “Doc”, was on hand at Invasion 2 as the event medic, along with his buddy Hayden. Both Shannen and Hayden did an amazing job looking after the boys at this event. The lads were doing scheduled checks on the boys and treated a few also, mostly for blisters and headaches.

Shannen and Hayden are also responsible for providing OZ1 with copious amounts of LnP, as well as Cookie time cookies and Whittakers chocolates.

Invasion 2 also birthed a new tradition of playing a CQB match on the Monday after the event at a place called the Arena. The Arena is small field lined with multi level shipping containers, tyres and a couple of long open areas. Its always an absolute pearler of a day. A lot of my favorite photos have been taken at this field.



**THE ARENA IS ALSO A
POPULAR PLACE FOR
OZ1 TO PLAY A GAME
THEY CALL *Run and
Gun***



See Run and Gun video here

www.facebook.com/shredder21/videos/10161056949705357



It was a post event tragedy. A helicopter pilot fighting the Christchurch port hills fires went down and sadly lost his life. Originally we were told that it was the same pilot who flew us into battle at Invasion 2 but later found out the pilot worked for the same company.

Former SAS David Steven Askin was a war hero. Serving in Afghanistan kicking Taliban arse and ended up saving a bunch of people.

Read full story here www.stuff.co.nz/national/89419834/helicopter-pilot-who-died-fighting-christchurch-fires-exsas-member-david-steven-askin



OZ1 decided it was only fitting to create a patch in David's honour. The OZ1 Airborne patch would be worn at the next event.



2016 F.O.B. 13

Sleep? What's Sleep?

FOB 13 was an event that I will never forget. Again, it was a Aus vs Kiwi game. Only this year, 90 Aussies took on the role of defending a forward operating base and the Kiwis were blending in as locals, but with intent to make things very difficult for the Aussies.

The FOB was constructed out of shipping containers and the game was due to start in the afternoon on the Friday. The Aussies spent the afternoon patching up holes in the FOB, filling sand bags and building defensive bunkers. Once the sun went down, the Aussies dug in and prepared for battle.



The Aussies set up regular patrols around the FOB and maintained radio contact. It was dark and quiet... Too quiet. It was around 1900hrs when a patrol radioed through movement behind the FOB and shortly after the Kiwis let out a high pitched Jihadi noise and opened up on the FOB.





The Aussies didn't know what hit them and with only one player on the team rocking night vision, it was hard to tell friend from foe. Pure Chaos ensued with constant attacks on the FOB as well as patrols calling in under heavy fire and requesting immediate back up. Often a request that couldn't be fulfilled as the backup had their own problems defending the FOB. The action started to die off at around 0300. We left a section on watch and the rest of us tried to get some sleep. We awoke at 0400 to what sounded like



Automatic gunfire. It was paint ball Steve and his mounted 50 cal bird scarer. The cracks of the 50 echoed through the pine trees. OZ1 Commander was also going around banging on the sleeping quarter walls because the Kiwis were back also.

**FOB LIFE WAS
ROUGH BUT THATS
WHAT MADE IT
MEMORABLE.**





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH ROB AKA SHIFTY

As we drove up to the FOB, I became acutely aware that what we got was a little short of what was promised... No showers, the portaloos weren't in a separate area, but in the main compound, right next to someone's sleeping quarters. The actual compound being ALOT smaller than what it was meant to be..with I think about 60/70 blokes (possibly more) crammed into about a dozen shipping (sleeping) containers.

This was really going to push some of the guys outta their comfort zones. It was a tough few days.. But I really loved FOB13. Yeah. There were many things that were done badly... but the experience was fantastic. For me it was what milsim was all about. Things going wrong, adapting, getting on with the job. The stinky people, the really stinky toilets. It was all part of the milsim experience.

Plus the friendships that were made. Real friendships. You found out a lot about each other and yourself in that environment. You found you could put up with things that would send you round the twist in the real world.

We were all tired, dirty but we stuck together, when someone needed help with something we all helped each other out.

That Aussie spirit shone through in spades and that's what makes this event so memorable for me.



FOB 13 was quite a complex game. Going outside the box with vehicle check points, checking enemy I.D. and conducting searches for anything unusual on the locals. As well as not engaging unless fired upon first made it really challenging.

I remember the first squad to conduct a search were so intrigued by what was going on which grabbed the attention of another nearby squad and they all gathered around. It was at this moment that the Kiwi opened his jacket and detonated the bomb he had strapped to his chest and took out about 20 guys.



They were so cheeky, often riding around on pushbikes, protesting outside the FOB even trying to sneak under the FOB fences and go on to say they were just looking for teabags.

The guys from WA airsoft club made the trip for FOB 13 and had their flag stolen by the mischievous locals. Operation flag reclaim was a hard fought attack on the village. They didn't give it up easy thats for sure.

We used a lot of smoke grenades for this event. One of the rules were that green smoke was poisonous gas and if you found yourself in it or within 5m of the grenade itself without a gas mask, you were dead.

I remember eating bacon and eggs in the mess on the second day and a green smoke grenade came over the wall. We were so used to attacks like this by the second day we had a man with a gas mask positioned inside the FOB. We'd just yell GAS and old mate would casually stroll over with his mask on and toss it back over the fence.





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH ZANE AKA ZULU

The 2017 FOB 13 event is one of particularly importance to me as this was when I first stepped up into a proper Airsoft leadership role. Though I had ended up a de-facto section leader (about 5x people) the year before, this time I was in charge of seeing some 22 players through our first continuous 48 hour event.



This event had many unique features and saw us sleeping on field in a makeshift base ('FOB 13') that was constructed from shipping containers. Platoons of approx. 20+ Aussie airsofters rotated through various duties including; base security, combat patrols, vehicle checkpoints and other distinct missions as they arose. Ever-present was the threat of attack by the Opposing Forces ('OPFOR') who were played by our Kiwi brethren. They were also camped in various locations onsite and went about their seemingly innocent business during the day but could become hostile at any moment which meant that maintaining 24-hour security of the base was crucial.

Effectively, OZ1 played the role of an 'occupying force' with responsibility for the FOB 13 area of operations ('AO'). The Kiwi OPFOR however, were often dressed as civilians with 'legitimate' reasons for being out in the AO. OZ1 was challenged with the task of determining friend from foe while the OPFOR insurgency had objectives such as infiltrating our base or, smuggling contraband and weaponry through the AO. This meant that we had to be constantly vigilant with regular patrols and vehicle checkpoints were required in order to suppress and gain intelligence on enemy activity.

Whilst many highlights could be covered off here, the event culminated in one large final assault against a village that was now openly held by OPFOR. After receiving a briefing as to what to expect, I was left to muster the troops with our initial battle plan being that my platoon ('Raider') would spearhead the assault down a nearby tree line to an enemy held fortification which overlooked a key intersection. From there, we would be leapfrogged by the following platoons who would then press on towards the village whilst we covered their rear from any enemy reinforcements.



Of course, no plan survives contact with the enemy. Upon securing the crossroads from a small enemy force, we traded fire with Kiwis using the bushland on the far side of the road from the barricades to flank our forces moving onward to the village. The advance of our friendlies faltered about halfway to the village as they came under fire from a well-entrenched force occupying a multi-story fortification along the road. As our losses grew, I pushed half of my platoon across the road to push up and overwhelm the enemy stronghold. Taking my HQ team and the rest of the platoon 'up the guts', we pushed forward onto the enemy in an effort to regain momentum. With the combined assault now occurring on both sides of the road and a timely arrival of reinforcements from the rear, we overwhelmed the force that had been impeding our progress.



With our forces replenished from an opportunity to pick up our wounded, we pushed on to the village. Forging ahead we came upon the southern flank, a sector of the village home to a scant five or so buildings spread broadly along the tree line. Pushing aggressively in, our forces were able to capture the outer line of buildings and make decent progress into the heavily defended inner. From my position I saw our troops dashing between buildings, slowly pushing back the enemy force. At one point, I saw one of my platoon (Erol) make a mad dash out into the open under sniper fire to grab two wounded Aussies (Kurt and Cal) who had failed to make the sprint from the tree line to the cover of the buildings. Dragging them back into cover he applied 'first aid' and got them back up and into the fight.



Despite the good progress we were making, things were about to fall apart. Flanking enemy forces with long range DMRs and sniper rifles pincerd us from both sides of our push. One by one, they picked off our guys, circling our position yet staying out of reach of our own weapons. Forced to take cover in a building and pinned on both sides, I heard the call outs as more of our team took hits and went down. I relayed an urgent request for reinforcements via my radioman (Jeff) which resulted in a bold attempt by a very depleted force to attack from the largely unprotected northern side of the village. An attempt that was, sadly, quickly put down.

Jeff and I held off the encroaching enemy, popping out from cover every few moments to suppress the OPFOR approach only to duck back in as we were met with a barrage of return fire. Before long, one of the Kiwis had sidled up alongside our building. Responding to the frantic hand signals given by Jeff I spun around, throwing my weapon and I out a nearby window to try and take out the trespasser. As I did, I simultaneously saw an object come sailing through the window past me and the sliver of the enemy troop slipping back around the corner of the building. Pulling myself back in to the building, I turned in time to see the object he had thrown, a Thunder B grenade, go off in the lap of our civilian 'war correspondent' (Matso) who had been tagging along with the assault.



With the 'death' of the Jeff and I, the guns fell silent and our final assault was finally defeated. Leaving the building with our guns raised, the wounded started to get up and mingle with our Kiwi brothers. Many handshakes and re-collections on key moments from the final battle were exchanged with both sides expressing appreciation for the other.



Zulu enlisted a camera crew for FOB 13 who would follow Raider Platoon around the battlefield, which turned out to be a really cool video. It paints an accurate picture of what FOB 13 was all about. From the locals protesting to the ERE explosive room entry. No doubt the best coverage of an OZ1 event to date.

Check it out here www.youtube.com/watch?v=WnpcmivYNic&fbclid=IwAR1Ek-mevoh8PYD2LFodPMhXvYYCPZspp0Wqf2YNuUAlk0Q9Zw_4xNnCnLUg

On the first day, mid afternoon a NO DUFF was called over the radio. One of our guys had collapsed on field and had an epileptic seizure. An ambulance was called and the game put on pause until he was on his way to the hospital. No one really felt like gaming much after that.

We had word later that he was fine. He had never had a seizure before and the doctor said it was probably a result of him overheating. If anything, it reinforced how important it was to stay hydrated and to wear layers that can be stripped away as the temperature heated up.

FOB 13 sure had its ups and downs but the biggest down was that it would be Keith's last event as he would soon return to Ireland.

We knew prior to the event that he would soon return home, so we made him an award which was a framed pic with each OZ1 patch inside. We were going to give it to him at the Lone Star Bar & Grill dinner but we decided to give it to him during a stoppage in the game with hopes of lifting player moral.

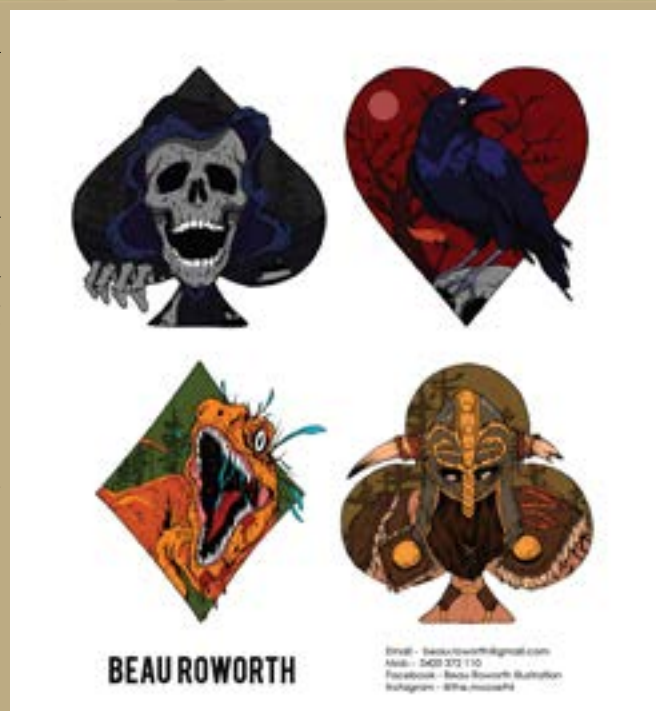
It was a pretty special moment. Keith cried and i am pretty sure there were a few others with watery eyes behind their dark glasses including myself.

As a result, the Dingo award was created where we would choose certain people from each event that were a standout as well as best and fairest.



There was some really cool artwork drawn up for each Aussie Platoon in FOB 13 by one of the players, Beau Roworth. There was Reaper, Raven, Raptor and Raider. It was cool how there were 4 platoons starting with R but became a little bit confusing during the event. Not long into the event, it just turned into Platoon 1,2,3 and 4.

The artwork was supposed to be for Platoon patches but none of the patch makers wanted to know about it because of the detail in the designs.





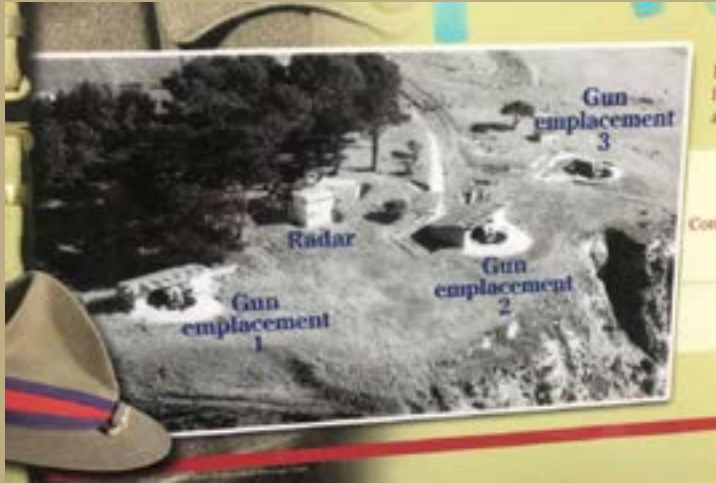
After Invasion 2, I was outside Lone Star bar and grill with Nigel, Leanne, BJ and Josh. We were chatting away when a man in a suit approached our table and asked me if he could pinch a smoke. I pushed my open pack towards him. He took one, and then another. I said "hey mate just one don't get greedy". He was hesitant to put the second one back and continued to be a bit of a pain for the rest of the night. He even tried to worm his way into our private function room. Anyway, at the end of FOB 13 continuing our tradition, again we made our way to Lone Star Bar and Grill. Once again, I was with Nigel, Leanne, BJ and Josh. Coincidentally we were talking about the man in the suit and how funny it would be if he showed up again. It was at this very moment, the same man, in the same suit, approached our table. I was shocked and BJ spat his drink. I opened my mouth to say something but all that came out was "fuck off". It was said more so in disbelief than it was a threat but it startled the man in the suit and he left. We pissed ourselves laughing uncontrollably for the next half hour. The story goes, that he first appeared in 2017 and after I told him to piss off, he traveled back in time to 2016 and took 2 smokes because I told him to F off in 2017. Much to our disappointment, he didn't return in 2018 or 2019. This is the story of the time traveler.



After the traditional Sunday nights dinner and awards ceremony at Lone Star Bar and Grill, OZ1 returned to the Arena on the Monday and got stuck into some CQB. The Arena was great in the way it was a little bit more personal and there was plenty of rest breaks where we got to mingle with the Kiwis. It was around this time that we met TF33's Victor, Alastair and Scott who would eventually become apart of the OZ1 family.



After the event we had some time to burn so we went and checked out the Godley head defence battery with Shannen. It was a really cool day out and both the area and the history was absolutely amazing. Highly recommend a visit if you havent yet been. View here www.doc.govt.nz/parks-and-recreation/places-to-go/canterbury/places/godley-head/godley-head-coastal-defence-battery/



GREAT PLACE
FOR A GAME OF
HACKY SACK



2018-CONQUEST

Return of the PMC... Friend or foe?

Conquest was the first event that was designed and organised by OZ1. It was essentially 4 years of jotting down what worked well and what didn't, what was fun and what wasn't. It was a simple game mode based of a video game called Battlefield where each team would capture specific points on the map and hold those points for as long as they can. Each capture point had a radio and a flag. To capture the point you would radio HQ and announce your capture. HQ would record the time of capture and at the end of day 2, whoever had the most capture time was the winner. It allowed players to freerange around the field. Fight when they want, rest when they want, go where they want and do what they want. It was designed to be free flowing without any game stoppages, with the exception of a planned side mission for each squad at a set time which would give them a chance to add points to their team, should they be successful in their mission. We distributed the Kiwis evenly over both teams to simmer the AUS vs NZ rivalry, with Invercargill airsoft team fighting for red and TF33 and First strike fighting for Blue. The whole game experience was amazing. It worked so well that Conquest would later become a trilogy.

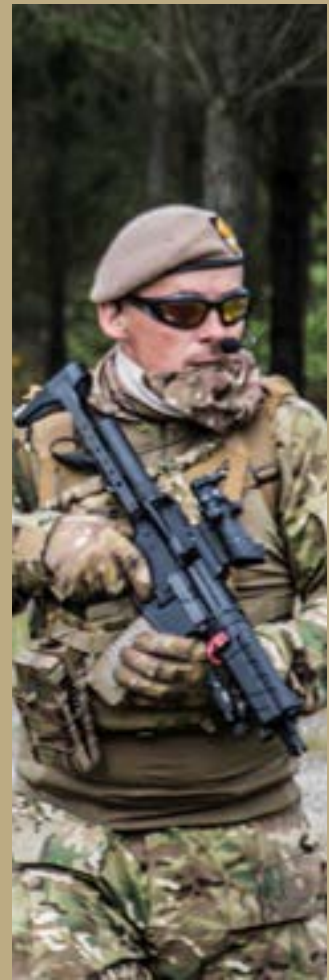
The PMC was introduced to Conquest as a game balance. Should one team be dominating the other, the PMC would deploy and fight for the losing team. Hats forward for Red Team, hats backward for Blue team, hats off and they were inactive. This worked reasonably well but with the game score constantly changing, it was like, at times, that the PMC would be flipping their hats against the team they were just helping. It definitely put some trust issues in both teams minds but at the same time, kept them on their toes.







VS



Conquest was non stop action from start to finish, with the WW2 area and Spamburger Hill being the hot spots in the game. There was plenty of fire fights at the other capture points, but if you were looking for chaos, WW2 and Spamburger was the place to be.



It was never a part of the plan but the PMC must have had some spare time on their hands. Someone thought it would be good idea to capture Zulu and hold him captive as a way to help the GC forces catch up on points. TF33 was recruited to help out.

PMC would capture Zulu, take him to the village, radio the UFF and tell them we had their commander and see if they had the balls to come and get him back.

The PMC spent, what felt like an eternity, searching for Zulu and after a while we just kinda gave up and got stuck into a fire fight. During the fire fight, a squad of dead players strolled through the PMC line. Trailing the squad was no other than the man we were looking for, Zulu Bravo. I caught up to him and casually, without alerting the rest of his squad, told him he had been captured and needed to come with us. Zulu with a shake of his head and a sigh of disapproval, wasn't happy about it but, being the good sport he is, played along anyway.

The PMC got excited, maybe a little too excited, because we hadn't had Zulu for more than 2 minutes and I was already on the UFF radio channel telling them we had captured their Commander and were planning on doing questionable things to him if they didnt meet us at the Village. Nobody replied, just radio silence... Then the BBs started flying in. There was a red section already within 70m of the PMC and the PMC were still 150m out from the Village, so we frantically ran towards the Village to meet up with TF33.

Once we met up with TF33 at the Village, we continued to taunt them on the radio. It was a fire fight we wanted but I don't think anyone ever mentioned that because 2 UFF members showed up and they came unarmed. Jeff, 2IC of the UFF was looking to negotiate for the release of his commander, with his hands in the air slowly moving towards us. I believe he got shot. What happened next is a story better told by this video. www.facebook.com/zayne.breadmore/videos/10156577413068820



**ZULU FILMED
MOST OF HIS
OWN EXECUTION.**





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH DAVE- AKA RATTLESNAKE

WAR JOURNAL ENTRY, CONQUEST 2018. Rattlesnake.

The year was 2018. This year I was contracted with the Global Coalition (GC) fighting the United Federation Front (UFF). My battle buddy was 'IGGY', an English gent and former British Navy specialist. We were tasked to 'Charlie' section with a mission to take and hold an objective know as 'Stockpile'.

We moved out quickly and seized it with no sign of any enemy resistance. Just as I was thinking "Where are all these son's of ..?" the radio lit up up with chatter of heavy contact and overwhelming enemy numbers at 'Bravo' section position 'WWII' about a half click down the MSR leading away from 'Stockpile'. While our section set up defensive positions to hold and secure 'Stockpile' Iggy and I were sent in to back up 'Bravo'.

On our way there, the radio chatter at 'WWII' sounded like we were walking into a shit storm. At 100/150 meters out we could hear unrelenting fire from both the defenders and attackers piercing the tranquil silence of the pine forest in which 'WWII' lay. It was a bunker complex with well dug trenchers at the perimeter with the MSR passing by at the north.





We came in from the southwest as the enemy was attacking from the east to the northwest. As we approached we contacted 'Bravo Actual' the Section commander 'SHIFTY' of our approach so as not to get lit up by the rear guard. We hit the trenches and made our way to Shifty passing a few hit and wounded, some getting medical heals and others waiting as there comrades did their best to cover them. As we got to Shifty he was at the heart of the fight yelling orders, taking comms and laying down fire - all the while there were bb's flying everywhere. As we got our orders I remember thinking this is my sort of CO. Calm as a Hindu cow he told us to "jump in with boys up front and get these mofos out of MY AO."

As we ran through the trench's to the front, you could hear the bb's pass by and hit the sand around us. It took us about 2-3 hours to push back that attack and we took a few casualties. I was hit once in the chest only to be revived by a medic before I could yell for one as I'd had one on my left during the fire fight. A lull in the battle came and the enemy fell back to lick their wounds, restock and rearm. We did the same. My boy Iggy took this time to pull back from our trench and get some food into him and as Pom's do, have a quick cup of tea. I figure it would be a good time to push out of the trench and crawl my way to the edge of the MSR to a mound I could see. I did so with the young medic coming along watching my left flank. We layed prone there for about 15/20 minutes doing recon on the enemy and even managing to get a couple of long range sniper hits on unsuspecting troops that found themselves wandering into my scope. Out of nowhere I here two rounds hit a body to my right "CRACK CRACK" as they hit this bloke right in the middle of his plate carrier. I turned to see the barrel of his secondary (pistol) pointed right at me and the bb's that hit him in the chest land on the ground. "Hit" he said as he pulled out his dead rag and placed it on his head. The medic on my left grabbed me and said "There" pointing behind the dead guy with his gun in my face. I grabbed my glock and lit up another enemy scout not 10/12 meters behind this first sneaky bastard on the MSR. This all happened in seconds. I checked my six to see who the hell just saved my ass and here was Iggy, AK in his right hand, cup of tea in the left. He gave me a head nod of 'I got you bro' then continued to sip away like it was just other day on the Airsoft field. I was really grateful to Iggy for watching my back and saving my ass and I felt like I owed him one. Turns out in the pursuing fire fight I get my chance, but that's another story. RATTLESNAKE OUT.

Accommodation for Conquest was at a place called North South Holiday park. We hired out a couple of bunk houses, each sleeping around 20 pers. Super convenient with burger king only a short walk away as well as being about 10 minutes drive from both the field and the airport. Having so many players in one place off field is always a barrel of laughs. Its also a breeding ground for mischief, which Koala proved by throwing a thunder B into the bunk house and getting the better of some unsuspecting fellow Aussies.



Having warm showers and clean toilets was a bonus but having 20 tired and battle worn blokes in one room was a racket come lights out. It was like an orchestra but each instrument was a different tone of snoring. It was almost like they were having a conversation with each other.

Ear plugs would become a necessity and one would often go green with envy of those who spent a little extra cash on their own BnB. But the social aspect of the bunkhouse was awesome.





OZ1's reach continued to grow. There were so many players that had traveled internationally or had an international airsoft background. The New Caledonians made their first appearance and made a huge impact for the UFF. Putting an enormous effort in to get to NZ as well as importing and exporting their own guns.

Conquest was also blessed to have players from the US, Spain, Britain and Brazil to name a few. Most of the guys expressing to me how good it was to be behind an airsoft gun again after such a stale period of living in Australia without airsoft.

It was Iggy's first event and also very early beginnings of TSI magazine. OZ1 featured in TSI Magazines issue 1 which can be viewed here issuu.com/tacsportsint/docs/issue_1





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH LUCAS AKA C-4

Before coming to Australia I tried to find out about Airsoft in the land of the kangaroo, but the sad news was to find out that there is no Airsoft here. However, I got to know OZ1 through Cal and found out that the Aussies travel overseas to New Zealand to practice the sport.

2018 was the year of going deep into my first international Airsoft event. The famous New Zealand event.

I went to the Conquest event, which name says, A game that consisted of two days of intense gunfight with the goal of conquest controlling point.

Before the event actually initiated, we had a day of training and field reckon. Something I particularly liked, because in addition to knowing a little bit of the terrain map, we also had tactical training, something that never hurts. I was very excited about the field, as it is large in size and on top of that it is very diverse, with areas of closed bush, fake village, open areas and many points to be conquered.

My platoon was the one that the commander was part of. Therefore, in addition to the quests for conquests, attacks and point defences, we still had the task of protecting our commander.

The game has started and we have already gone on a reckon mission. We avoided face the combat as far as we could, but we ended up surrounded by two enemy platoons at the "Drone" control point. After we got some enemy downs, our group was eliminated, but the reckon mission had already been achieved.

We went back to the base, and after we were healed we gave the information and we got a ride in the "tank" to the "Border" control point.

After regrouping and supporting another platoon, we received a call from the base to return to the base and to lead a mission to search for some explosive devices in the territory of the green army, an independent military force that attacked anyone who entered its territory.

We were ambushed inside the bush and after a few downs we managed to find the box with the devices and run out of the territory before it was too late.

It was like this the first day of the game, We were doing some specific missions and we were also taking some control points.

So, at the end of the day, our army, the blue team Global Coalition, was regrouped because we received the information that the whole red army, UFF, was in the village and we would have to make a coordinated attack to put the village down.

I can say that this was one of the most epic moments I've ever had playing Airsoft. Our boys were approaching the Village while mines at the entrance were detonated, smoke grenades were massively launched into the air, many shots and shouts were heard on the battlefield, thus ending the first day of combat with a flourish.

The second day started and the gunfights were more and more intense. We spent several hours circling the field trying to conquer as many control points as possible.

However, the “WWII” control point was the most difficult to take and hold. In the middle of the day, with the help of the mercenaries and attacking on a large scale we managed to take “WWII”. But the most difficult moment has come, to hold it. We were in two platoons. The enemy regrouped and began to spread across all flanks. WWII is a bit of a well-protected control, with bunkers, pillboxes and trenches, but the number of enemies was much bigger.

It was a tense vibe, because each enemy that we neutralized appeared 2 to reinforce. The enemy snipers were the most feared, we almost couldn't identify them in the bush. After holding this position for some time, the green army platoon arrived to reinforce the defence and to control the point for us. We accomplish our objective at this point and after giving the position safely we moved to other points.

To end the event, there was a great hunt for the commanders of each army. Since everyone already knew that our platoon was what the commander was in charge of, he had the idea of separating from us, going to one end of the field and we were in a defensive position pretending that we were actually defending the commander. Of course, the other army attacked us hard, but after killing us all, they were unable to capture our commander who was not there.

And this is a summary of how cool this event was for me. I realized that Aussies and Kiwis are honest and very friendly. I can only thank you for the privilege of having participated in this awesome Airsoft event.



The game was designed to have the Red team start in the village and the Blue start over in Greenfield 2. Neither base could be attacked as they were too heavily defended. At the end of the first day we would set off some decent size explosives (see explosives before end of day 1 battle here) www.facebook.com/776890356/videos/g.1052096224959086/10161049021965357 which would simulate an airstrike on Red base and destroy their defence, ending in a big battle. Blue would take up occupancy of the Village on day 2 and the game would run for the same amount of time so everything was fair. Blue team came through with the win and set the stage for Conquest 2019.



The first Dingo awards were given out at the Lone Star Bar and Grill presentation dinner with Phil, Zen and Dave receiving the prestigious award.



After the Dingo Awards had been presented, Josh and I were very surprised to be presented an award of our own. Nigel took the stage and gave Josh and I Captain pins and welcomed us as honorary Marines. It was an epic end to a brilliant night.



We were back at the Arena on Monday and again proved to be a great place for some terrific photos.





2019-HOKI

Hoki is not an OZ1 event but we do have a small crew that attend. Unfortunately, I have never been and, given both my kids are born during the Hoki dates, I probably will never get to go. I keep asking the organisers to shift the dates by a week but to no avail... Haha

I am going to hand over to Josh for his memorable Hoki moment.

OPERATION OPERATION

Aussies have landed in Christchurch like normal, only this time it's March, and we're going for a drive. We've played east coast NZ time to hit the west. A picturesque drive through hobbitland is really and truly like something out of a 100% Pure tourism ad. Finally I get to see some of NZ for real. We drive 3.5 hours through otira and kumara, even stop at punchbowl rd (my home suburb is Punchbowl).

Its damp misty and proper opposite to the east when we land in Hokitika, we're staying another half an hour away out in the serenity. Its extremely peaceful.

OPORD

SITUATION: We are to enter an abandoned mental facility and zip BBs at kiwis the only way we know how.

Enemies are opposite a frontal assault inside one of the wards. We've teamed up with the lads we know now that we've been doing this a few years. Its an exciting and eerie place. Full of past horrors.

MISSION: We must find and secure the package which is of high value, resource cards are to be collected along the way.

2:31PM

As I stand in the doublewide doorway, the smell of rotting timber is all too familiar. Trying to catch my still-escaping breath, the scent gets a chance to dive deep into my lungs. Moist.





**IF THE WALLS
COULD TALK...**



I notice the privacy curtain is still up in this room, weird. I pull it aside, as if it is what's clouding my mind. I'll need to be sharp for the next assault.

I remind myself that through this doorway, just around the corner, is the entire enemy team. Well. As far as we're aware...

Where?

Undetermined.

They may be next door, could be 3/4 down. Anywhere in between.

How ballsy are their frontmen?

How fast were their first runners?

Have they already reached the objective?

How many resource cards have they collected?

The setting is mapped out in my mind's eye:

One long hallway.

It pairs entrance to entrance in a straight S shape with an elongated middle.

North east breach connects south west via the full length of the ward.

The objective is midpoint. The centre room on the west side. A large space where intel suggests a device that threatens the entire structure is in place.

The centre contains two large rooms. Each a mirror of the other.

They are centred with tens of other small rooms littered up and down, connected by one long hallway.

And the beds. Those were the creepiest.

The walk to the AO was safe, we cleared building 1 without contact. A few scouts got cleaned up by the other jellybeans on the opposite flank, but otherwise..

Whisper quiet. No activity.

Now, we know they're here.

On the opposite end of one long hallway.

2:32

We move out, mind meets reality once more. Single doors litter the battleground, open and closed at random down an abandoned runway of death.

One long hallway.

Guns up immediately, the enemy combatants scribble across the far side like roaches in the light.

Shots flying at random intervals, some simply rolling along the linoleum flooring.

Pot shots, from the ghosts behind doors at the end of the hall.

I reflect while others push to provide covering fire.

We made contact, it happened seconds ago, hence the unheld breath.

"CONTACT FRONT" and we sent those who weren't mission critical in a full blown assault.

This mission requires a search for intel while simultaneously escorting the "doctor" to the objective.





It must be held while he works.

How should we procc--

ZIP

"HIT!" I exclaim, surprised.

Yeah thats my bad, back to the entrance I go, 60 seconds to get it together.

2:33

Sweat drips down my face inside the greenhouse that is my ESS turbofans. I round the corner, I need airflow to kill this fog. Maybe the next doorw- ZIP ZIP.

"HIT" I remark with defeat in the depths of my throat.

Get it together, regroup, lets go.

2:34PM

We huddle in and remind ourselves of the objective: Get old mate to the centre of the hallway, bank left and secure.

He cannot die, we need to collect resources along the way, they will not be in plain sight. The enemy may have already secured these, we need to make serious head-way. Find the hidden clues to an eventual defuse.

"There!"

I point to a card secured to the roof. Joe, Joseph and anyone who can get a spot provide covering fire while someone moves a bed to allow the card to be within reach.

This is pure CQB in the hardest environment I've witnessed yet. Tight corners, seemingly infinite line of sight, chance and skill will need to work together here. We push through the pot shot hurricane and are 1 room away from the objective. A wirey frequency pings our ears. As I make out a smile from the mask on my right.

"FIRE IN THE HOLE" I hear from the unknown assailants next door. But they are too late. No one escapes a subtle rolling thunderB.

In we go. Flinging BBs at kiwis is all too familiar but they get to do this every second weekend at a minimum. We've picked up a trick or two, guns up and rush. 4 KIA look at us, deadpan. I smell a rat, there is two rooms here, go low.

I round the corner, almost on the floor, the bloke on my right goes high.

ZIP ZIP ZIP

"HIT" enemy down.

"HIT" friendly down.

This time it wasn't me. The sweat continues to drip.

2:35pm

We're 1 room away from the objective, a mere 7 or so metres separates us from the enemy front, they have control of the hallways and the objective. This will not be easy.

We need the hallway first and then a rush. Left and right simultaneously.

We regroup once more, you'd be surprised how many full grown men can huddle behind a single door if it is the only cover from unending suppressing fire.





We will not be suppressed.

I can hear Alistairs stinger whipping BBs out from behind, joe and joseph move door to door and we reinforce. We must protect the ginger at all costs.

In we go, clearing left and right.

“Clear”.

We’ve secured the room. Now it’s time for Mr steady-hands to get to work.

We won’t have much time.

On the table sit two identical games of “Operation”.

Someone is playing games with us.

The two children’s board games have a few extra wires coming from the side.

As we look the whole room is rigged to blow. One wrong move on the patient... we all perish.

This is “sick”.

We suppress the incoming ricochet generators from the hallway.

Doctor Adam sets up for the defuse. We’re holding them off and a grenade is lobbed in immediately. They’ve tried our tactic on us, damn.

Immediately before it goes off we hear a familiar sound. A Buzz which is always associated with a little red light on a relatively happy blokes nose.

The patient.

BOOM.

2019-CONQUEST 2

Based off the same game design as Conquest 2018, Conquest 2019 was a result of player input and a few small changes from OZ1 Org group.

Although there were always mini skirmish days prior to the main event, this would be the first time OZ1 offered an option of playing, what we called, "airsoft week" which involved a skirmish day on Greenfield, Zone67 target shoot day and a Zone67 CQB day before the event. Around 35 players out of 70 signed up for the full week.

There were event patches designed by Glen, which arrived from Pakistan a day before airsoft week started. It was a blessing in the end because I forget to account for fuel for the transport vans, and New Zealand fuel prices are ridiculous at over \$2 per litre. The sale of the patches covered the fuel and the hospital trips for Duffman.





We were not sure if airsoft week would fly. We were even more unsure about filling a day with an IPSC style event. Turns out they were both awesome ideas. Joe and Joseph did a great job setting up the course. Basically a set of targets you could down in any order you choose. Whoever dropped all targets the fastest was the winner. Caydenn put in a big effort with this event and ended up winning with a really impressive time. I ended up launching the drone inside Zone67 and got some cool footage of the crew smashing out some CQB.



See one of Caydenn's runs here www.youtube.com/watch?v=QKjoeIlW05Q&feature=youtu.be



So much field prep went into Conquest 19. We had a few issues in Conquest 18 with out of bounds areas. Given Conquest 19 was even more of an odd shape with basically a road passing through the Fort Murray area, we went overboard with tape and tied off on pretty much every second tree, twig, weed, peg and star picket. It wasn't far into the game that we lost the top main road to Mortar, which changed the dynamics of the whole game, but the guys and girls accepted and worked around it.

No bases this year, just a central hub HQ with toilets and water where players could come and go. Whole thing seemed to work well. There was an issue with transport being parked outside the HQ in a live area. It was hard to tell players to leave the vehicles out the front when they had so much gear to bring in. The HQ had its own shooting range which got a solid workout from players dialing in their guns.



C19
CONQUEST 2019



GAME MAP



- | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|
| CAPTURE POINT | WEAPONS FREE (CLEAR TO ENGAGE) |
| RESPAWN | NEUTRAL ZONE (NO FIRE WITHIN 20M) |
| OUT OF BOUNDS | HQ (CLEAR AND SAFE) |
| | PARKING (NO PARKING IN FIELD) |





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH PHL AKA PREACHER

-Conquest 2019-Sunday-

'Preacher, where are you' Tyler sounded anxious and slightly concerned as he tried to find out my status over the radio, thankfully I had an inner ear piece in and not transmitting my comms to everyone. I tried to respond with a whisper indicating that I was still alive and about to engage hostiles at Fort Murray. I was embedded within some foliage beside an old rotting log some 35-40m from the Fort wearing my custom Gillie suit with my trusty DMR the L1A1 SLR with its 1.5-5x32mm scope. I saw several targets present themselves to me but at such a close distance I was fully aware of not giving away my position by hitting targets as I saw them, I needed to lull the enemy into positions which fooled their senses into believing I was somewhere different to my actual location.





I saw their gunner present his side to me and I waited until he turned away to take my shot. The last thing I wanted was a M60 spraying the bush and forest around me, fuck that. I eased my breath and squeezed the shot off "HIT" I heard as he went down. I saw panic within the Fort, they had no idea where I was, I didn't move, I didn't even breathe. Swiveling my eyes back and forth scanning for my next target so I could again create confusion. I saw a target, I think he was a medic trying to get the gunner up, I spied him through a hole in the corrugated iron wall which was an easy shot with my scope which enabled me to land shots like this easily, another hit. I saw heads bob up above the walls, BAM "hit" BAM "hit". BAM "Hit". I saw dead enemies filing out from the Fort. I knew I was making a dent in their confidence and numbers. Minutes that felt like hours passed I played the waiting game scanning for targets, not allowing myself to be baited by easy targets that I knew were presented to allow them to pinpoint my position. Again my earpiece crackled with conversation, I forced myself to shut it away as more enemies moved closer to try and find me. I waited as my crosshair followed my next target he was close maybe 25m, if I shot him now the man behind him would immediately know my location. I switched targets and slotted him instead then shot his buddy in front "Hit' Hit" they were both down in the open with no hope of being revived. My heart was pounding in my ears like bass drums as my adrenaline spiked again. I again forced myself to calm not wanting any movement or sound to give my position away.

Brrrrt I heard the sound of a burst of fire then felt the "thwack" as I was hit "HIT" I yelled and stood to my feet, my time at Fort Murray was at an end. God damn this sport of Airsoft is awesome I thought to myself. "Tyler this is Preacher, I am dead, heading back to respawn, over"

You know when you meet someone and its like you have known them for years? Pretty much sums up our relationship with Vic. The type of mate where you just naturally bounce off each other and have a great time doing it.

Josh, Koala, Anton, Lachie and myself got to spend a bit of time at Vic and his partner Alice's place as well as checking out some local places to eat and a sneaky session of real steel shooting.

Vic played a key role in both the Conquest events. He stepped up with the org of Conquest 2019 and coordinated both the Arena sessions from both 2018 and 2019.



Vic and TF33 have really welcomed the Aussies at all the events and have been a pleasure to airsoft with over the years.



IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING... NO, HE HAS NOTHING ON UNDER THE KILT.





The PMC added some Kiwi's to the unit, Dave, Carl, Vic, Tony and Nick, but were mostly scattered throughout the event. Sometimes organising duties need to come before strapping on a vest and stepping out into the field. Personally, I have found myself playing less and less as the years go by. We did, however, get together for a couple of side missions where the objective was to transport a high value target from point A to point B. Vic got dressed up in his Elmo suit and we put the word out that we were on our way. We did run into a few sections on the way and they got absolutely rolled. There was something special about seeing Elmo sporting an AK and tactical rolling through the pines.





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH ADRIAN AKA CANDYMAN

2019/ Christchurch/ Mcleans Island / Most Memorable Day so far

It was Day one, The start of 2019's CONQUEST OZ1 Event, Everyone standing around in the compound, built around 4 shipping containers and a assortment of Gazebos to give players shade, Every person loaded up for the Fight ahead, packs full, mags filled, final tests on Markers at the small Firing range on the side complete and me, with enough packed candy to keep 70+ players kicking for the day!. The Command team gives the morning briefing, the sun shining down behind them, illuminating them like gods to us Mortal Folk about to head into battle, the lines are drawn into the sand and the call is made, they announce which half of the map belongs to who at the start of the day, Reds on the right, Blues on the left, a Plan starts to come to fruition, The HQ team calls out the Countdown till game start and we are off like bats out of hell.

Our goal, Fort Murry, and Mortar behind, with the back path closed off by delta Paintball, we hunkered down with our escape routes blocked by the Blue team who pushed hard to separate us from the rest of our team, so we settled in for the fire fight! Holding the position against wave after wave of BlueFor, we held that position, slowly retreating to the walls of Fort Murry till late afternoon, BB's Running low, Candy bags near empty we prepared for the end! Last mags loaded we deployed on the line ready to face the final wave.



Unbeknownst to us, BlueFor Special forces had infiltrated behind us, stuck between a Rock and a Hard Place, we all fought to the last man, and as we were all tagged out we watched from the spawn point behind the blue forces as we made them Pay for every meter in Bio BB's, this day sticks with me, even though it was day one, we bonded as a team and As mates, As each one was tagged out we tagged out thrice our number!.

After blue team had won the fort, instead of heading off to our spawn, we ended up stopping and chatting to the attackers, sharing our favorite moments, talking about how close certain fights had been, who had nearly nothing in their mags, and who had been dry firing to scare off the attackers!(admittedly in Vain!), what a Day it was!



Check out Candy on twitch here www.twitch.tv/callsigncandym4n?fbclid=I-wAR2NjOlbu8lqJ1iUlBk_czMbC-3imWCQJx1a2Ajs90wGnJ5mD2D4WrLV2g

The final battle of Conquest 19 would see red and blue temporarily working together. The PMC were in possession of launch codes which were concealed in a small briefcase. Each team would enter from different sides, but both converge on a building located by the Hanger capture point called the Killhouse. What Red and Blue didn't know is that the PMC had spent the last hour laying trip mines and placing bouncing Betty's beneath the pine needles. Carl set up a few bangers and then the PMC set up a defense that was bound to be broken, but not easily broken. The team who took possession of the briefcase and returned it to HQ would pick up a time bonus to add to their base capture time.



Although it was a combined effort from both teams, Red team was the one who came bursting through the Killhouse entry demanding the briefcase and then fighting their way out, pushing past the remaining blue sections. Blue team had set up a defensive position not too far away from HQ, but ended up getting rolled by the hungry UFF. In the end it was the GC with the most capture time but with the time bonus that came with the successful delivery of the briefcase to HQ, the UFF came out in front. As far as the Conquest series goes, its 1 point for Blue and 1 point for red.





A MEMORABLE MOMENT WITH MARTIN AKA MARTY

As a first timer to the world of Airsoft the one thing that stood out most for me was the range and accuracy of the good gear being used.

My most memorable moment of Conquest 2019 was late morning on day 2. My section Alpha Blue of the Global Coalition was dug in at the forest capture point. We had managed to hold off a few attempts by the UFF to take our strong hold to capture our flag.

Non of their attacks had made it through and we stayed on strong numbers.

I was running the LMG at the time as C4 had taken up the medic role so he swapped out with my M4.

The LMG had proven strong from my vantage point which was a metre tall barricade of piled up sticks roughly 25m from the flag

With good vision and room to fire from It was a strong position against the UFF.

But. When the PMC guys pushed from the village passing through the Forest as they were transporting the high value asset Tickle me Elmo towards Fort Murray.

The way the PMC guys co-ordinated their attack on us was something else.

The PMC hit us hard. Their team of 8 or so guys literilly step by step walked over us.



My once strong hold was very quickly emasculated by a distraction at 2 o'clock followed up by a smack on the side of the face by the sniper at around 60m. Yes, he was barely even in the forest but he worked to find a clear shot at me while I was working on putting shots on the other guys coming in 40m to his left. I didn't even see him moving into position I can only assume he stayed very low and moved in while I was distracted.

Once that single shot was fired my head dropped.

From that point I just laid there with the LMG waiving my red rag. My machine gun strong hold was wiped out. From there the PMC literally knocked us down one by one until we had no defence Left to protect the flag any longer.

The range of the Silverback SRS with the field craft of the sharp shooter set that moment as my most memorable part of Conquest 2019.

This is the single moment that has caused me to purchase a bolt action precision rifle for the next airsoft week, be it 2020 or 2021. I will be running the long range game.

Peace out

Shoot fast shoot straight.

Marty TSI



The Lone Star Bar and Grill celebrations started off well with dinner and drinks. There were 5 Dingo awards to be presented to players this year.

It was about the time my ribs were due to come out that Shannen approached me and told me that Adam, Ben and Caydenn's BnB was on fire. Without a second thought we were on our way to our boys.

There was a couple of roads blocked off and, after a short discussion with traffic control, we managed to get fairly close. We parked the car and ran the rest of the way. It was a terrible scene. The fire brigade running hoses, the house still in flames and 3 very upset lads huddled together in disbelief of what was unfolding before their eyes. A lipo had exploded and set fire to house. Given no one was home at the time, the fire quickly spread throughout the house. The boys had everything in there, their clothes, luggage, personal items as well as their airsoft guns



Although we joke about it now, at the time it was pretty serious. Read story here www.stuff.co.nz/national/116964126/house-fire-in-christchurch?fbclid=IwAR3N-MiVfu-nuOFCvcRbr7hco1bp3HA6NYUN1ZmsuhlGMPiixfacOi1LFpDw

After the leaving the scene a good hour and a half later, it was a case of the show must go on. We had chosen 2 players from Red, 2 from Blue and 1 from the PMC. Rob, Candyman, Iggy, Caydenn and Vic, all receiving the Dingo award. I wish we had 6 to give away as I would have liked to give 1 to Zulu. After the presentation, Shannen brought in my ribs that the boys had saved for me. Unfortunately they were stone cold but I still attempted to eat them.



Monday was a new day and the Arena was the place to be.



IT WAS ON THIS DAY
THAT JOSH, D WAS
DUBBED DUFFMAN



2020 THAILAND

We arrive in Bangkok after 3 days in Patong feeling refreshed and extremely relaxed.



We have organised with our Australian host Tim to meet at a nearby field. Tim has graciously provided 6 of his best guns and asked us to pick one out that we like. Anton and Josh went with the smaller but extremely modified CQB M4 platforms, while I (as usual) chose something a little longer being more comfortable with a DMR.



BB gun X-Treme - The first field we played at was hidden away amongst a Thai village in the outskirts of Bangkok. If you didn't know where it was you would have a hard time finding it.

A relatively small outdoor field with a combination of barriers and small trees complete with a 2 story house which provided a darker area underneath for players to sit and take advantage of those trying to peer in.



A bunch of tin roof barriers/structures really let you keep the heads of your opposition down by burst firing into the tin and making it clang while you advanced or retreated into a better location.

We ran a bunch of 2v2 and 3v3 mini games which were really fun and we all got a small taste of the Bangkok humidity.



Club 11 - A short drive in our Grab taxi and we arrived at a heavily guarded gate with Thai military personnel armed with M16s. Tim begins to tell us the next field is inside this very military base. After a salute, a small exchange in license checks we are inside and our minds are blown over where we are and what we are about to do.



*NOT EVEN COVID
COULD STOP THE
BOYS DOING THIS
TRIP.*



The Club 11 field was around 100m long x 50m wide. Barriers, bunkers, overturned cars, grassy areas, trenches and a train carriage make up the field. There was an airsoft shop and large setup area for everyone's gear and guns, as well as an elevated viewing platform overlooking the entire field.



Overall the Club 11 was a well laid out gaming field. Again, short 15min - 20min games provided plenty of action whilst being able to manage the Thai humidity. We met a bunch of locals who were all very welcoming and friendly. Anton learned a few Thai words from some local players to help out with calling out enemy positions. Josh received a bang kill from a very sneaky Thai player and was very thankful he wasn't lit up under 5m. In good sportsmanship the same Thai player came over to say hello, shake hands and grab a photo after the game.



CQB City - on to the last airsoft venue, Tim has us pretty damn excited as he tells us about CQB city. He says that the next spot is on the top of an abandoned shopping centre and has a massive CQB area and a slightly smaller speedball section. It was like a scene out of fast and the furious -Tokyo drift. A large group of all backgrounds and cultures, with a pure passion for airsoft, all coming together for one thing. Operating 7 days a week till midnight, CQB city was something else.



With dimmed lights and a flurry of tracer rounds, the roar of the speedball arena was amazing. Josh took a moment to capture the beautiful night time scenery of Bangkok city, snapping a few shots from the top level of the shopping centre car park



Check out Airsoft Dudzki on facebook here www.facebook.com/ersopdudzki

Anton gave the speedball a go and near took out an entire team after some tricky tactical slides. I was amazed at the sheer size of what was being called a CQB when there were areas that I couldn't shoot from one side to the other without my tracers dropping off before reaching their mark.



After some brilliant airsoft and an exchange of patches with some of Tims fellow FAST members, we headed out to the Thai markets and sampled some of the greatest street food Bangkok has to offer. We cooled off with a couple of beverages and talked about airsoft stories with Tim and his lovely wife.



The Thailand trip was right at the beginning of the whole Covid 19 pandemic. At the time there were no travel restrictions. Little did we know that the pandemic would blow out to what it is now and this would be the last time we played airsoft for a while. But you can bet that as soon as we are able to, we will be sending out the invite to all to come and join us for Thailand round 2.



Watch the Thailand trip Video here www.youtube.com/watch?v=7xEE_nn0lbQ

2020-PRESENT

What do you do when you are a traveling airsoft team but you can't travel?

A promotional poster for 'CONQUEST 2020 END GAME' featuring three men in military-style gear. The man in the center wears sunglasses with a nuclear reactor reflection. A large red 'CANCELLED' stamp is diagonally across the center. The background has smoke and a blue/purple gradient.

CONQUEST 2020
END GAME

CANCELLED

REGISTRATION OPEN 21ST - 26TH OCT
\$100 EARLY BIRD MCLEANS ISLAND
\$120 AFTER SEPT 1 CHRISTCHURCH NZ

PROUDLY SPONSORED BY

Covid continues to keep OZ1 on home soil. With the cancellation of the much anticipated third conquest event, it gave us time to work on a few things that we wouldn't usually have the time to do.



We had an artist design an image for us that really represented our love and association with our Kiwi mates. Given winter was approaching, we decided on making some hoodies and managed to get all the orders out right before it got cold. Some 60 odd hoodies were ordered and they looked great.

Props to Tyler for the printing and distribution.

I ended up buying three so I still had two spare should one be in the wash. I wear them everywhere.



We also had a whole lot of time to talk sponsorship. Command Elite Hobbies is doing amazing things to help OZ1 grow the sport. www.commandelitehobbies.com

The boys at CEH are just as keen as we are to get back to NZ and Thailand as well as early talks of a United States trip.



An OZ1 team has been created as well as a line of jerseys, all part of an expansion for OZ1 to get behind the skirmish and shooting sports we already have in Australia. Once the jerseys are ready, you should expect to see posts on the OZ1 team in Gel Ball, Paintball, Real Steel as well as Airsoft.



As far as jersey design goes, you won't find better than the guys at Phyre Apparel. www.phyreapparel.com.au

Still here? Congratulations, Ive managed to keep you interested thus far. 90 odd pages of information, pics, stories and to be fair, we haven't even scratched the surface.

I'd like to say thanks to everyone who's ever come along to one of the events. I imagine your story may be a little different but just as fun and exciting. I'm sorry I couldn't mention everyone but I want you to know, you are all a part of what makes up OZ1 and the memories that go along with it. As I said above, this doesn't even really scratch the surface. A big thanks to all the players who submitted their own stories also.

From what started as a \$10 ticket, I could never imagine I would make so many new friends and share such fond memories in a sport that to this day is still out of reach in our country.

I hope that you enjoyed reading the Origins, History and Evolution of OZ1 and hope that you will continue the story with us for the journey is not over.

Ill see you all on the field

Commander Cal

