



OSCAR ZULO

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**ORIGINS HISTORY AND THE
EVOLUTION OF OZI**

And so our story begins

It was 2013, I had not long left the the Australian Airsoft Council after 8 or so years of lobbying for the legislation of airsoft in Australia. The AAC released a competition and the prize was an all expenses paid trip for 2 people to travel to Christchurch, NZ and play airsoft for 3 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 on 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 and prior to the trip, travel never really interested me as I was 31 at the time and had never left the country and still had no 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.



HELMET - \$80
BDUS - \$30
GLOVES - .???
FIRST TIME
AIRSOFT EXPERIENCE -
PRICELESS



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 and plenty of firefights and at the same time physically and mentally challenging.



Handwritten signature or initials.

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 doesnt 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 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 and 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 then its pretty much game over. Fortunately for the other team Heather sat this one out.

The PMC spent alot of time in vehicles during Colombian Dawn and 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.

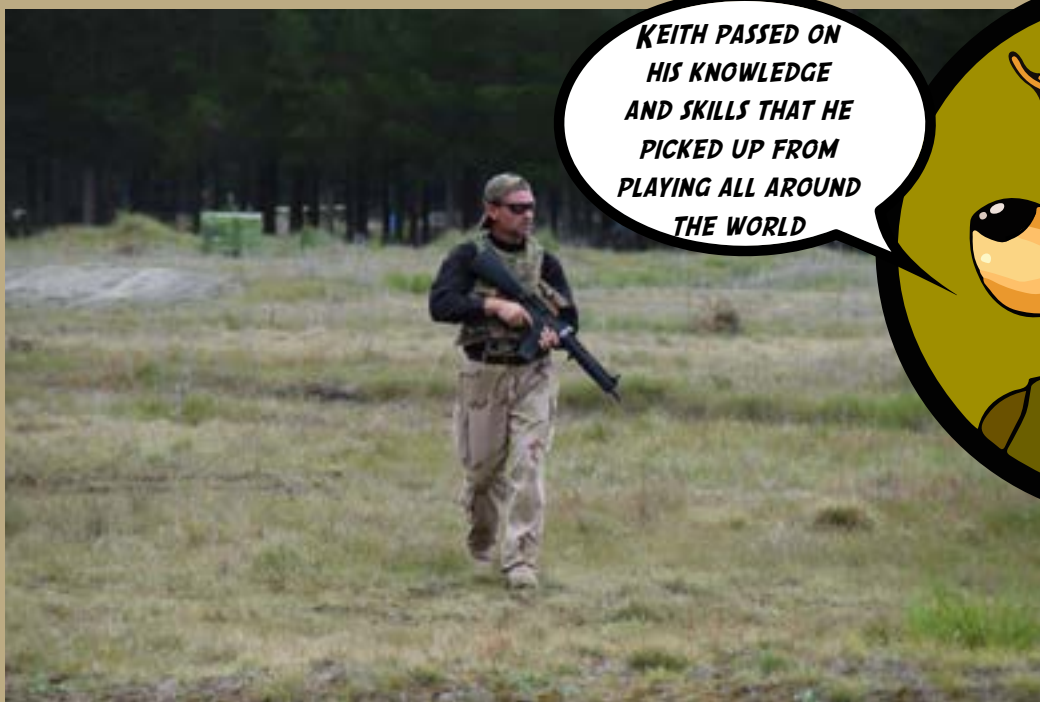
It was an escort mission, down a narrow dirt road. One technical and one van carrying a VIP in which we were to protect and escort to the end of the road. It started off well with the Cartel pushing as one and driving the D.E.A back. It was when the Cartel split in half it all went belly up. One half pushed hard on the right and broke through enemy lines but then got stuck on the other side and couldnt get back. The technical and the VIP van 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 favourite 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 Organisation 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 defence 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 burried 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 lot-to 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 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 but more so a bragging right as to how many OZ1 events you had been to as well as a way of identifying 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 and 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](https://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 accomodation 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 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 and did an awesome job at both 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 travelling 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.



2 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.

Inavasion 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 both played this event and were both on the OPFOR and 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 eachother 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 as well as 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 and before he started to spit fire I quickly intercepted the players gun and did the repairs myself. Personally I think Nigels 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 hell out the way or else you're gonna be pancake. Off the field Nigel is an absolute gentleman.

Nigel's partner Leanne when on field could 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.





INVASION
II

CHRISTCHURCH
NEW ZEALAND
OCTOBER 22ND-23RD
2016
30 HOUR MILSIM EVENT

The logo for the 'Invasion II' event. It features a stylized line drawing of a female character in military-style gear, including a helmet with a headlamp and a rifle. The character is positioned to the right of a large, stylized graphic that resembles a pair of eyes or a mask. The text 'INVASION II' is prominently displayed in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the graphic, the event details are listed: 'CHRISTCHURCH NEW ZEALAND OCTOBER 22ND-23RD 2016' and '30 HOUR MILSIM EVENT'.



**LONGTIME KIWI
FRIEND SID
PLAYED AS THE
OZ1 GENERAL**





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 copius amounts of LnP as well as Cookie time cookies and Whitmans 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 and 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 didnt 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 couldnt 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 paintball 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 didnt 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 make-shift 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 cross-roads 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 pincered 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 recollections 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. Though no one really felt like gaming after such 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 tempreature heated up.

FOB 13 sure had its ups and downs but the biggest down was that it would be Keiths 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.

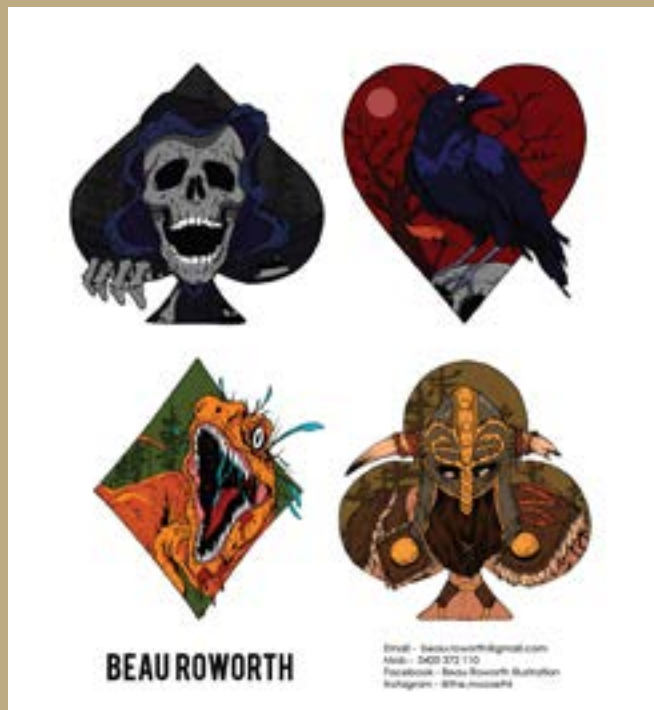
It was a pretty special moment. Keith cried and im pretty sure there were a few others with watery eyes behind their dark glasses including myself.

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 and not long into the event it just turned into Platoon 1,2,3,4.

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.





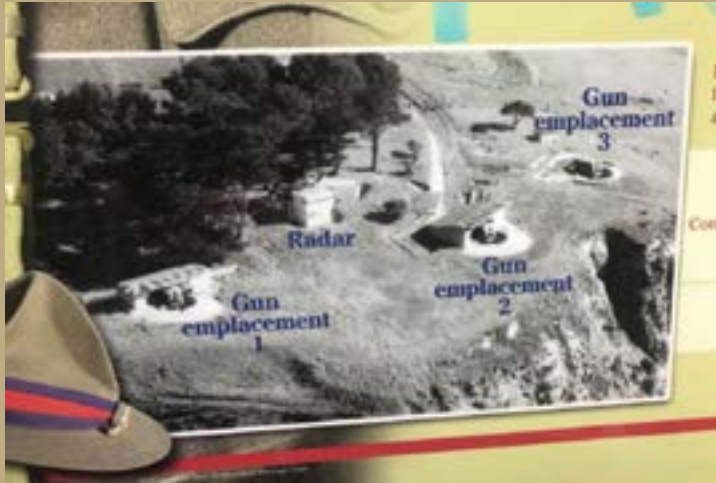
After Invasion 2, I was outside Lone Star bar and grill with Nigel, Leanne, BJ and Josh. We were chatting away when a man in a suit approached our table and asked me if he could pinch a smoke. I pushed my open pack towards him. He took one, and then another. I said "hey mate just one dont get greedy". 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. Coincedentally, I was with Nigel, Leanne, BJ and Josh. Coincedentally 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 uncontrolably for the next half hour. The story goes, that he first appeared in 2017 and after i told him to piss off he travelled back in time to 2016 and took 2 smokes because I told him to F off in 2017. Much to our disapointment, he didnt return in 2018 or 2019. This is the story of the time traveller.



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 part 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

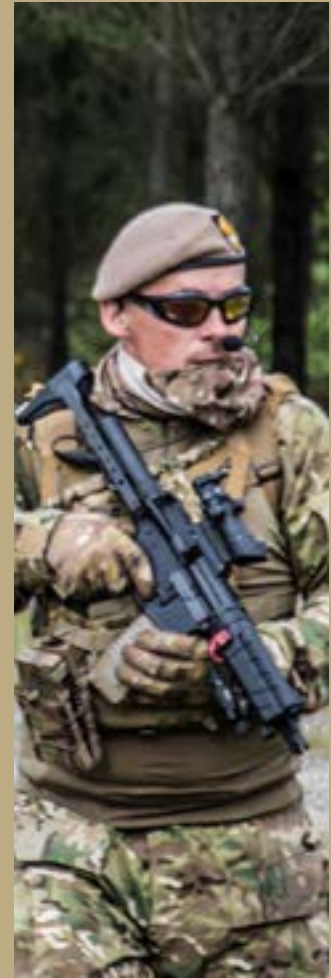
Return of the PMC... Friend or foe?

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 didnt, What was fun and what wasnt. 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 an 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 fighting for Blue. The whole game experience was amazing. It worked so well that Conquest would later become a triology.

The PMC was introduced to Conquest as a game balance, should 1 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.



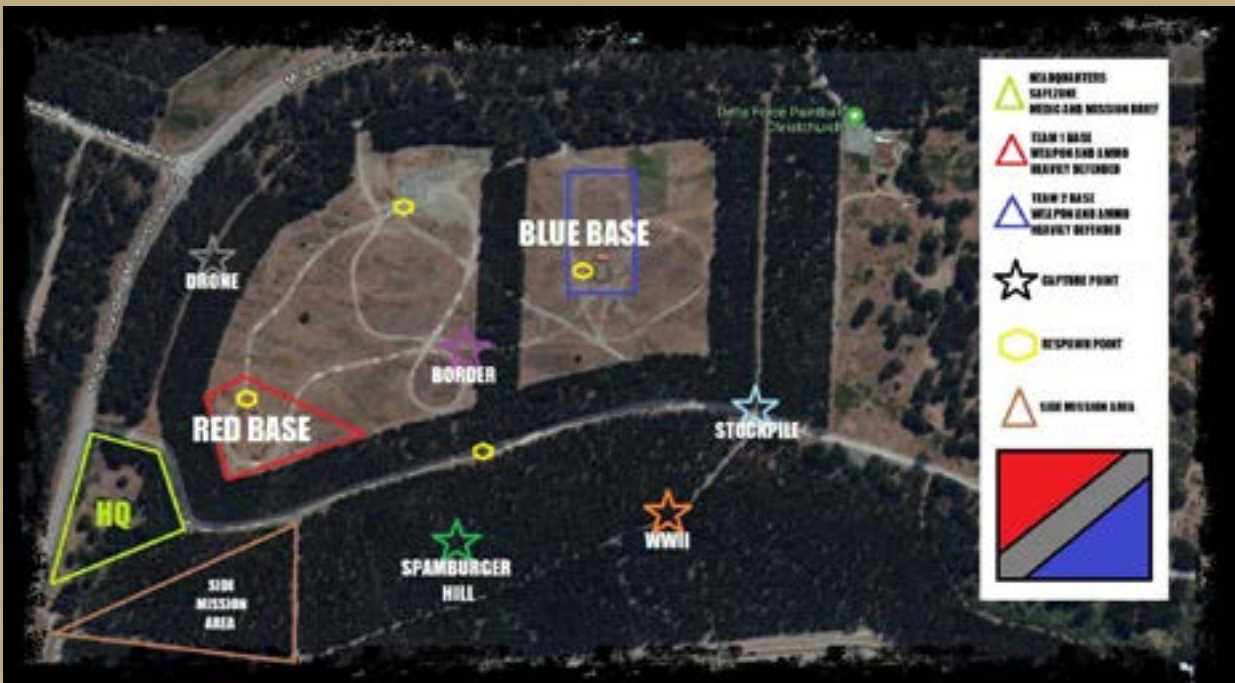




VS



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 apart of the plan but the PMC must of had some spare time on their hands. Someone came up with an idea that 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 and take him to the village and 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 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 wasnt happy about it but being the good sport he is played along anyway.

The PMC got excited, maybe a little too excited because we hadnt had Zulu for more than 2 minutes and I was already on the UFF radio channel telling them that 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 dont 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 beleive he got shot. and 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 coms 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 Koa-la 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 bunk-house was awesome.





OZ1's reach continued to grow. So many players who travelled 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



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





















