



STELLAR JOCKEYS JANUARY NEWSLETTER

Welcome to the first Stellar Jockeys newsletter of 2021. We're starting the new year on a more formal note than usual.

Benjamin, Stellar Jockeys

Merch Deliveries To The UK Suspended



As of January 28th, 2021, **we have suspended deliveries to the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland** following changes in the trade agreement between the European Union and the United Kingdom signed on December 24th 2020, and brought into effect January 1st 2021. As a result of this change, the UK is no longer part of the EU's single market and customs union meaning new rules apply to parcels arriving to the UK from non-EU countries. What that means for us as an overseas seller is that we are now required to apply for a UK VAT ID from the HMRC. We only became properly aware of this because as of January 24th 2021, the United States Postal Service added a new mandatory field to its international shipping labels requiring a VAT ID for parcel deliveries to the

UK. Please note that **we are still accepting merchandise orders to all other countries.**

It will take some time to resolve this matter. If you have any outstanding issues about your merchandise order, please write to team@stellarjockeys.com and include your four-digit order number.

Hold The Line Competition Winners



Back in November we ran the **Hold The Line** community competition. The challenge was to come up with a three-sentence pitch about a Brigador of your choosing or invention, and should cover what the Brigador did before, during and after the Long Night. The competition ran for a month, taking in nearly 200 submissions from several dozen Discord community members. Following a blind vote, we shortlisted those submissions down to eleven entries from nine members, of which we picked our top three. In order of appearance below, those entries belong to members **Aubrey**, **mellonbread**, and **SCOREGOBLIN**, who each received an item of their choice from our merch store.

There once was a Corvid detractor,
who liked to weld guns to her tractor.
When the action began,
she came up with a plan,
shot a man and became a contractor.

For the girl riding the tractor,
opposition became a slight factor.
Things got a bit heated,
but the violence she meted,
by turning her wheels into a compactor

She managed to meet the extractor.
Back home they call her a malefactor,
but she's out on the beach,
with a drink within reach,
and a boyfriend who's also an actor.

When Martim Eaton read about the Contract on Bolero Wells Middle School's single battered terminal, he hopped on his bicycle, rode to the nearest communications tower, and severed every exposed cable his stolen bolt cutters could reach. His payout wasn't much, but his go-getter attitude must have impressed someone. As the youngest trainee in Consultant Services' Military Orphan Apprenticeship Program, he's ready to prove that Brigadors come in every shape and size.

Yesterday I worked.
Today I am a traitor.
Now I have to go and
work again tomorrow.

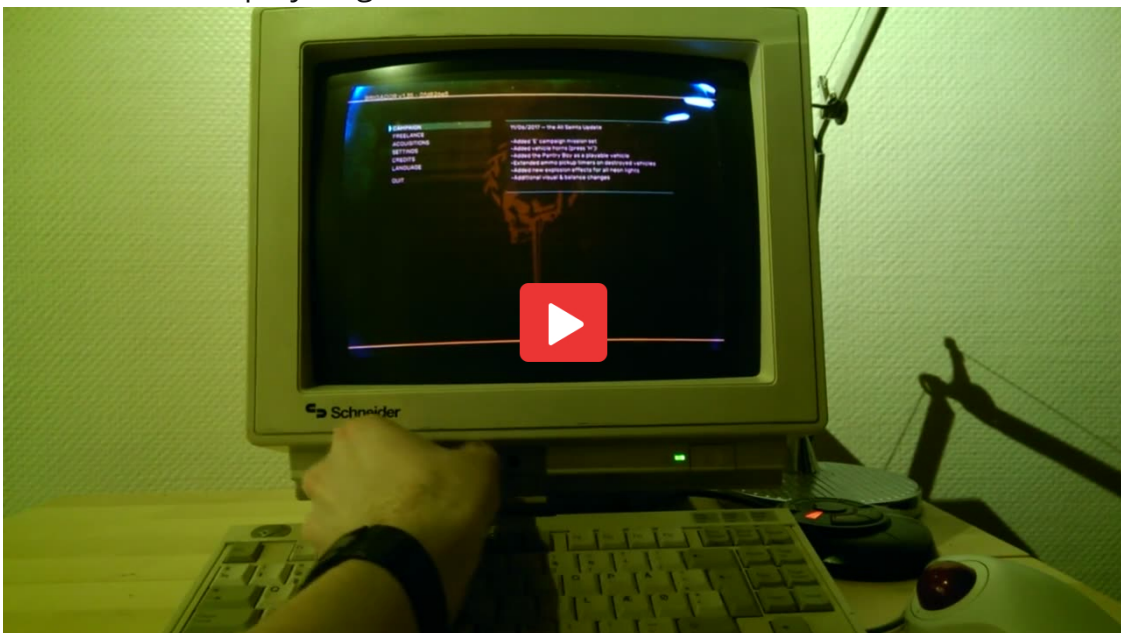
Anonymous graffito

Many thanks to everyone that took part! The team very much enjoyed judging the entries, and all submissions can be found archived in the #hold-the-line-competition channel on our Discord server.

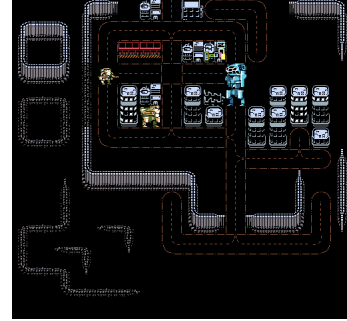
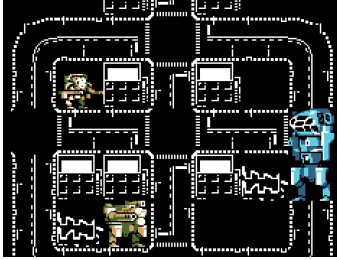
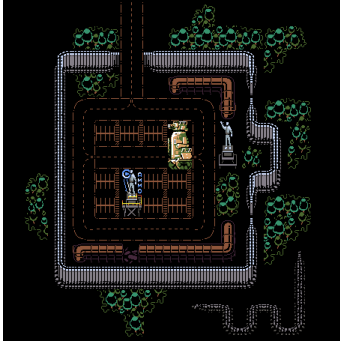
[Join Our Discord Server](#)

Community Spotlight

While we might be light on news this month, the community certainly was not. First, a nearly-forgotten throwback to 2018 when **Hara** hooked up their old CRT to play Brigador...



...over on Twitter, [@scutanddestroy](#) continues to make more 32x32 Brigador pixel art...



...and closing with a dual creation which we'll title "Pay Up" wherein **mellonbread** imagined the following short story about Precursor James...

"You understand, we've got every intention of paying what we owe. It's just a cash flow issue." Robard didn't usually give this level of detail - a simple 'we're working on it' was usually all that was needed. It wasn't like the average contractor could afford to press the issue. The Contracts were ironclad, after all.

The dead man stared at Robard through the winking laser of the rangefinder mounted to his helmet. The mask communicated nothing.

Robard reached for one of the hardcopies on the table.

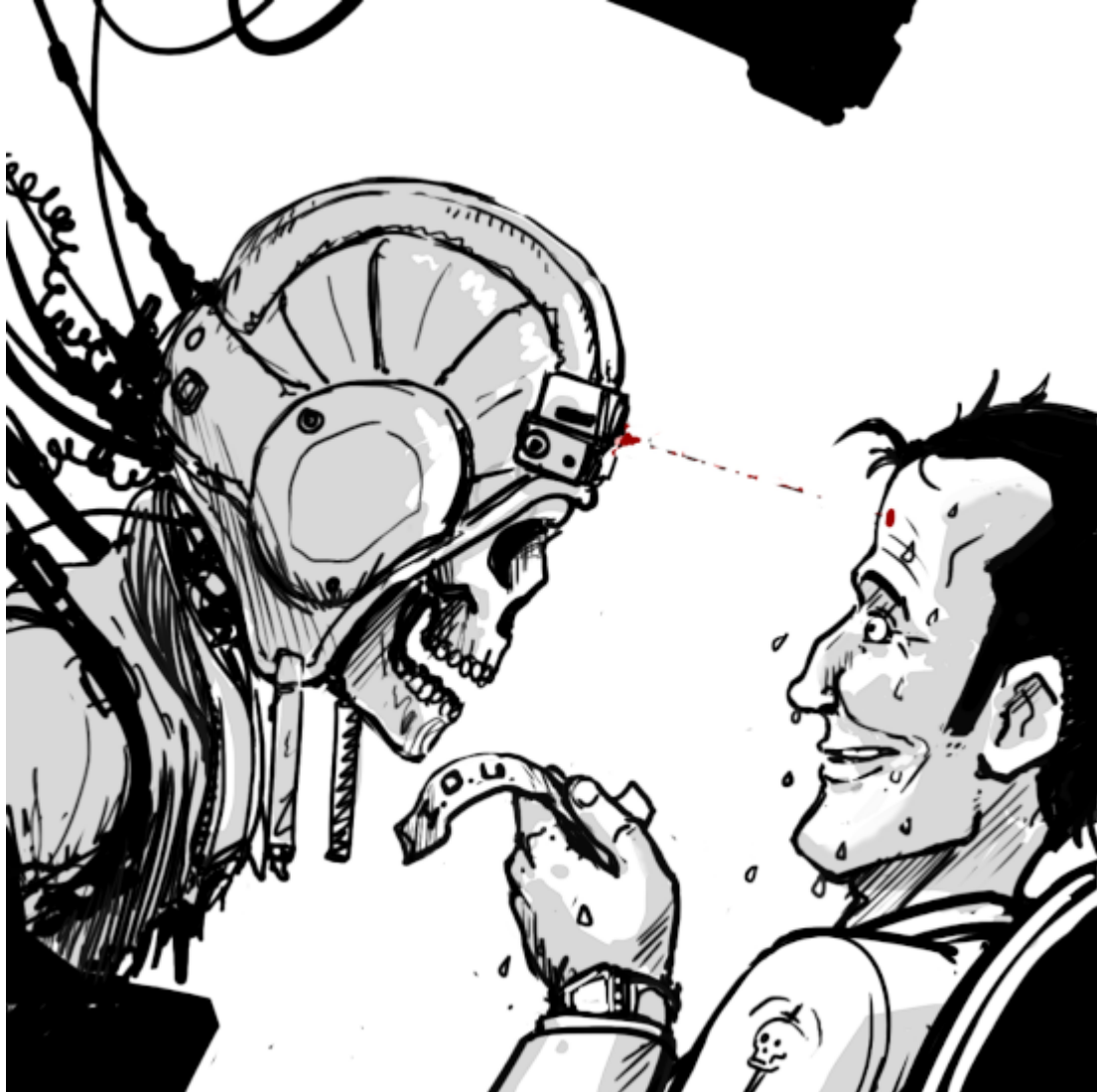
The fighting machine lurched forward. The skeleton inside lurched forward, almost falling out of the suit onto the desk. The skull's forward motion was arrested by the jack plugged into the base. It yanked back and the jaw fell open behind the mask with an audible clicking sound.

The hands of the suit hadn't moved. It hadn't raised a weapon at him - it shouldn't have even had any weapons, but he didn't trust the NOSPOL dicks to catch everything this client brought in. It just lurched, seemingly for no purpose at all. Yet it had been a purposeful movement. The laser designator on the helmet was now pointed directly at the page beneath Robard's hand.

Robard pushed the button beneath his desk, the one that indicated to his secretary that she should interrupt the meeting and pretend there was something urgent that needed his attention. Give him an excuse to end an awkward or unpleasant encounter.

There was no response.

...Which prompted this excellent illustration from **Flyingdebris**.



Remember that this is only a small sample. Scroll through our [#becks_best](#) channel any time [over on our Discord server](#) for more.

Next Month

Despite the cold, February is looking to be a busy one for the team. We're excited about all that's coming soon, and greatly appreciate everyone's curiosity about what we've been up to. We hope you stay wrapped up and warm until then.



Stellar Jockeys

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