

## Survivalism (introduction)

What is it that makes men go insane? Is it the enveloping darkness that takes you from your safe house and throws you into the war torn country side? Or is it the repetitive *boom-boom-boom* of gun fire in the middle of the night?

Whatever the answer may be—I don't know—but I am sure that I am insane. It has been three years since TR Corp launched their first attack; wiping out the entire city of New York in a matter of seconds. The repercussions of that were immense; not only did it cripple the United States, but it didn't help out the economical issues that we had back then.

Soon after that they attacked every major city on the planet, Tokyo, London, Beijing, Paris, and so on and so forth. And to them, it was like taking candy from a baby—it's not that we didn't fight back; no... we fought back hard. But they had something we didn't, something we had never expected, something that to us, seemed impossible.

You see, TR Corp is not of *this* earth, they are from another universe all together. And they have this nasty little adaptation—in the form of a needle. All TR Corp has to do is inject themselves with one of these needles, and they can get any designer super-power they want.

My name is Tyler Greek, I am the creator and current leader of the United Earth Alliance; there are currently 247 of us, I know it's not much, but it's all we got. Our base is currently located in Brookville Massachusetts. I'm not sure how much of this I will get out, but I'll keep writing.

I guess I should tell you a little more about TR Corp; from what we've been able to gather, they are *not* from this earth, but they are from *another* version of it. We don't know what the differences between the two are, but we know that it's something major. Their leader is a charismatic man known only by the Initials J.S; he has never been seen in public—but there are dozens of PSA from him.

Their current members rank in the thousands, maybe even the millions. And they treat us like children, they only said a fraction of their army towards us, and then they don't even attack, they just sit there, taunting us and blasting loud music (if you can even call it music). They sit there for a couple of hours and then just leave.

They had people in our military and government even before the attack. They were here for god knows how long, pretending to be doctors, lawyers, mailmen, cashiers, marines, cops, and anything else you can think of; hundreds of them, spread throughout the hull of American and every other big country, waiting for the moment to attack.

And when they did, the whole city burned—those who survived the primary attack—less than 10% of the world's populations—converted to their side, out of fear, and out of greed. Some joined out of revenge. The few, who didn't join them, joined us—and they ranged from the age of 13 to 65. All of them had lost a close family member, or friend. Some suffered from Shell-shock or Post Traumatic stress.

## Getting Away with Murder

The whole apocalyptic scene led me to do several things I had never done before; the first thing is one of the deadliest sins one could commit—murder. It happened immediately after the primary attack; I was running around, gathering supplies. When this young kid—he had to be at least 20 years old—came at me, pistol in hand.

I was pushing a shopping cart back to what would soon become the UEA head quarters. The shopping cart was filled to the brim with a canned and frozen foods; probably a hundred pounds or so in total. It made pushing the cart almost impossible.

And this punk walks up to me, waving his pistol sideways at me, talking smack like he was a gangster—a hundred-sixty pound, six foot two gangly gangster. What was I supposed to do? Let him kill me there? After we had lost so many to TR Corp? No, that would be stupid. But was I supposed to do? Well, I'll tell you what I *'didn't'* do. I *didn't* push the cart at him, making him drop his gun, and I *definitely didn't* shoot him with his own pistol.

When I got back to the soon to be base, I was greeted by several new faces; faces that would eventually become my soldiers, and technicians. One of the faces was a very important one, an old face, but still an important one.

Her name was Cary Windrow—she was a beautiful woman, but not so much anymore. She once had bright blue eyes and wavy brown hair, but not anymore—now her face is scarred, damaged beyond recognition, her hair singed and short, her once bright eyes now just shallow sockets.

I hugged her tightly before leading her back into the house. She could still shadows and motion, but nothing solid. She often said it was like Looking through a pillar of smoke with sunglasses on. The soon-to-be-base was a former Wal-Mart—we had to board up every single window and reinforce the gate at the front, but hey, it was better than nothing.

This early in the game, we only had about 50 or 60 people—so it was horribly cramped; matter a fact it was rather roomy. I took claim to the Employee's lounge everyone was calling it the mayor's office—someone even had the balls to make me a sign that said "Mayor Madison's Office" it was painted on solid oak and painted in blood red paint—it looked awesome.

We spent most of our time watching the news or playing games of poker, and I slowly began to feel something—like eyes peering into my back, I also had a growing numbness in my head; a painful numbness.

One night while I was watching Fox 25—which ran directly out of Boston—I found myself thinking about death, and not in the normal, *oh I don't want to die, or oh my life sucks I want to die*. No I was thinking about death as a solid-living-breathing entity, an entity that was staring into my head, waiting for the perfect moment to slice my neck open with his sickle.

The next day I went back out into the town—it had been two days since New York and all the major cities were bombs and already 70% of the town was gone. Probably heading out west to the Great Plains, or maybe to Canada—or maybe to join TR Corp.

This made things slightly easier; supplies were more readily available if we got more survivors with us, we could start spreading out.

Directly across from the headquarters was a park—it wasn't the biggest, or the cleanest, or even the nicest, but it was conveniently placed for us. Some nights all of us (even Cary) would go to the park to play a game of Football—or in Cary's case, just to get some fresh air.

But I still felt death's eyes—watching over me, digging into my brain, and probing for information. To him, my brain was like this city—and he was taking up residence.

While I was walking through the city—I would occasionally hear sounds; an infant crying, a woman scream, sounds of the mating ritual, and every so often—gunfire.

Eventually, another group of survivors joined us—they were from Boston, if I recall correctly. They had brought with them several guns—mostly AKs and pistols, it suited us well for the time being—and in the morning they taught us how to use them. I took a personal liking to the AK-47, it wasn't particularly heavy and it was easy to use.