

It's raining again.

It's been doing that a lot lately. Maybe it's because of the atmospheric disturbance that those extra-terrestrials caused when they plowed into our planet.

Then again, it could be spring.

I don't know. Nor do I care. It's been a long time since I cared what season it was, or what day it was for that matter. Just a bunch of tic marks on the wall. All that matters is defending this rock from E.T. and the gang while not getting shot in the process.

This rain ain't helping.

You might be wondering who I am and what I'm doing here, wherever here might be. Well, to answer the first question, my superiors and my mother call me Lieutenant Robert K. Brigman of the 243rd Army Ranger Battalion. Everybody else calls me LT.

As for the question of what I'm doing here, that story actually begins at Fort Jackson training base in Columbia, South Carolina.

It all started with a bang. Literally. I was at Jackson with my men to help with the training of some recruits. I remember dragging my butt out of my government issued bunk to begin another day of turning boys into men when I felt a sudden shock as something huge hit the earth. The first thing I thought was that Iraq was attacking. But that didn't make sense. Why would they hit a training base?

I didn't have much time to think on it though, as a few moments later, about half a battalion of these...things came walking through our base, blasting everything that got in their way.

I suppose you want to know what our enemy is. Well, picture a bear. Now, give that bear the head of a dog, the raw strength of an elephant and the savage ferocity of a wild hog. They walk on two feet like a man and use weapons that fire foot-long spikes.

The scientists call them Homo-Arctinines. We call them L.S.U.s, or Led Storage Units, as our new favorite pastime is pouring as much lead into their skulls as our clips can hold.

They don't deserve a name, in my opinion. They didn't make any attempts at communication or diplomacy. Just walked in and opened fire. We still aren't totally sure why they're here. Just that they want something, and they don't care how many of us die to achieve that goal.

That's all I need to know to shoot at them.

We tried to call for help, but our radios were down. So, me and a group of about eighty men held off the brutish creatures while trying to help as many of the inexperienced recruits as we could to escape.

Only about a hundred got lucky. The rest were either shot or burnt to a crisp in the explosion.

Then the game of cat and mouse began. Over the course of three weeks, we were pushed through several towns and the occasional state border, meeting several more groups of refugees and soldiers who were also fighting the losing fight.

Our goal was to reach D.C.. We figured we could find help there. I mean, where would be safer than the capital of the United States?

Unfortunately, the L.S.U.s were two steps ahead. Apparently, Our radio problem had was not a local thing. All forms of communication had been knocked down. First the aliens took away our ability to communicate, then they hit our capital.

The sight that met us when we walked through the rubble that used to be the White House was one of brutality and death. There was no one in sight. All the buildings had been leveled and all life had been snuffed out. The aliens had stepped on Washington like I would a cockroach.

We didn't have much time to sight-see. Those brutes made sure of that. After another skirmish with the enemy, we were forced to retreat. We finally ended up in Jamestown, Rhode Island. With only two bridges to get on the island, it was an easy position to defend.

The first thing we did was to search the nearby area. There was a deserted navy base in the city of Newport. The men were able to scavenge up guns, ammunition, rations to last us at least two weeks, and one nuclear missile. When asked why they brought the missile, their leader responded, "I don't know. I just thought it might come in handy."

The next thing we did was destroy the bridge that led to the town of Newport.

At this point, our numbers had fallen from their original 4000 to around 600. We were outnumbered and outgunned. The only hope we had was our strategic position. Yeah, I

bet you were wondering why we blew up the bridge? Well, if there are two bridges, that means we have to guard both, splitting what few forces we had. If there are none, the enemy will find another way across, dividing our men even more. But if you give them one blatantly obvious way in, it's easier to defend.

Plus, if all else fails, we could blow up that bridge too.

We always had guards on duty, waiting for the L.S.U.s to attack. They didn't disappoint. About five days after we had arrived, a group of about 200 Homo-whatevers were spotted crossing from Saunderstown. *Is this it, I remember thinking, Do they only have this many left? Have we really dealt them that much damage?*

When the captain of our ragtag group of individuals gave the command to open fire, we held nothing back, emptying clip after clip of ammunition into their ranks. We were finally able to unleash our fury which had built up over the past few months. We moved slowly up the bridge, mowing down the enemy troops like weeds, our captain leading the way. I was in the back of the group with my men.

It is for that reason that I am still alive.

As soon as the men reached the middle of the bridge, something small, blue, and wickedly fast came screaming out of the sky, launching two orbs of green light out of holes in the front of its sleek design. When the orbs struck, they created an explosion so big, the force knocked me back about ten feet. I stared awestruck at what used to be the bridge, but was now just a jumble of steel bars and shattered concrete.

I had to pull myself together. I started shouting commands for my men to make an orderly retreat. Before I knew it, everybody, not just my men, were following the orders I was issuing. It was then that I realized I was the only one giving them. I immediately adjusted my strategy to organizing a full-scale retreat.

Finally, we had worked our way to a little peninsula called Beaver Tail point. We set up camp at the lighthouse that was located there, then planned our next step. I was appointed captain of the three hundred or so individuals that were still in fighting condition. We decided to fortify ourselves as best we could and then try to ride out the assault.

As I stepped out of the command building, I looked around at the hastily prepared camp. What met my eyes was the saddest looking group of soldiers I had ever seen in

my entire military career. Almost every man had some sort of bandage. At least a quarter were missing an appendage, ranging anywhere from a single finger to an entire arm.

But once again, the chance to look around was a luxury I couldn't afford. A call was raised that the L.S.U.'s had been spotted on the only road that crossed onto the peninsula. When asked how many, the soldier who had spotted them said he had counted close to 4000 bobbing heads before he gave up and came to report.

The men fell into place behind sandbags and prepared themselves for a fight. They looked scared, and I didn't blame them. We were now facing innumerable odds and had absolutely no chance of survival. I had to do something.

Without realizing what I was doing, I ran to the front of the sandbags, turned around and faced the three hundred men we had left. They now looked at me, fear evident in their eyes.

"Men, at this very moment, the enemy is marching our way. I know what you are thinking. You have already decided that we are beat. That we are just prolonging our imminent deaths. The scientists claim that we cannot win; That these creatures have no weakness. They say this is the end of humanity as we know it.

"Two hundred years ago, scientists discounted a man who thought flying was possible as being mentally unsound. On a lone sand dune in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, two men proved them wrong.

"A hundred years ago, scientists discredited the idea of space travel as impossible. But in the year of 1969, the words 'This is one small step for man, and one giant leap for mankind.' proved them wrong again.

"Now I ask, just because the scientist say something is true, does that mean it should be counted as fact?" The men shook their heads, "And have we not proven them wrong already? They said the aliens don't have a weakness. Well, bullets have proven pretty affective up to this point." My voice was drowned out as the men whooped and shouted.

"Today, we will be injured, maimed and wounded. Some will die. But I can guarantee you, by the time this close encounter is finished, they're gonna wish they had never left the mother ship!" Again, more cheering, "We will fight and we will bleed, but we will not

give up! Don't do this for me. Do this for what our fathers and our father's fathers fought and died for. We will fight for America! We will fight...for freedom!"

As I waited for the soldiers to stop their shouting, I looked up at the sky. When I turned to face the darkening clouds, I felt a drop of water hit my skin. It was going to rain again.

Now, that brings you up to the present moment. The battle is raging outside the lighthouse. I occasionally hear the smack of a spike hitting the wall beside me. We've strapped plastic explosives to the nuclear missile and have it ready to blow. We are hoping we won't have to use it, but it's always better to have a plan B if the battle starts going south.

I am making this recording on a Cockpit Voice Recorder that we ripped out of an airplane so that I may document what I hope are not the last days of the 243rd Army Rangers battalion. If anyone is still out there, we are here and we are fighting. Not for any one man, but for the freedom of humankind. This is Lieutenant, sorry, Captain Robert K. Brigman signing off.

E.C.R.B. (East Coast Reconstruction Bureau) report number 223-157: This C.V.R. was recovered at the bottom of a crater on what was once called Beaver's Tail point in Rhode Island. The peninsula and it's surrounding area have been deemed unlivable due to nuclear radiation. No signs of life have been found.

E.C.R.B. report number 223-158: A group of soldiers who survived the blast have been found in the Wakefield-Peacedale area. The group numbered twenty-four Army Rangers and sixty-eight infantry units. They reported that they had swam from Beavers tail when the fight started to go south. Their commander, Robert Brigman, is still MIA. He was last seen arming the bomb that was responsible for wiping out the alien insurrection in New England. It is still unknown whether Brigman survived the blast.

E.C.R.B. report number 223-159: The search team has just reported that Captain Robert Brigman is...