

# YOUR STORY

## NEWCOMERS

Your lungs are burning. Your heart still races from the intensity of the attack. The smell of burning gasoline and tires still drawing tears from your eyes. Its ok... you are ok now... you're safe in this Mall. Whatever happened out there is over... you are gonna make it. Hazily you look around... you are in a store...or office, it's hard to make out words in the dim light. The light! The electricity is still on in this place... sort of. You are alone and isolated. Who knows how many others survived the attack? You are in a survival situation now. You reach into your NDF Survival bag and pull out your Identification Card. On it there are instructions on what to do. Right... you need to get Security, Food, Water, Equipment and Information. You start searching the room you are in, maybe you can find something... maybe you can find someone.

You start exploring... cautiously... you don't know what happened out there, but you also don't know who or what else is in here. Luckily you find other Survivors, some who were with you on the bus and some who witnessed the attack and came to help. Attack... who or what attacked us! And these others... should you trust them? Are they NDF, are they going to protect you? You are not sure, trust doesn't come cheap these days.

You start talking to fellow Survivors, some are just as lost as you, some are helpful, some... less so. You follow some of them to the items you need, and sometimes they follow you. This place... it looks like a mall but it feels different. There were people staying here, after the Night of Fire. Each room is different, their story, their purpose, strewn about like food wrappers. The smell of rotting food, dirt, and medicine fills your nostrils. The darkness dulls your bravery as you continue to explore, the sounds of war raging outside. Wait! Noises...yelling...gunfire! Something is coming! Someone is out there! The southern entrance door bursts open, two Survivors racing through it.

## FELLOW MAN

"Help us!" they cried. So you ran to their aid. You dragged a chair over, hoping to wedge it between the door and wall. One of them held it shut while the other finished the barricade. You helped them, it was the right thing to do. They told you things, things about the attack, about what was chasing them. You can trust them...right? One of them was hurt, it looks like a scratch. You took care of them. You found bandages and medicine to treat their wound. "We are all that's left", you remember someone saying. The newcomer who was injured, trusts you now. They asked you if you could help them... help them figure it out what's really going on here. Maybe if you work together you can.

## **HOPE**

It's different with the newcomers. Some of the others trust them, some don't. You... you don't know what to think. You finished gathering your survival items, along with some extras, just in case. You started to look for clues... something that could tell you what happened here. You were about to check the room with the crazy writing in it, the one that everyone was scared of, when another Survivor stops you in the hallway. "Did you hear that?" she whispered. It's hard to tell... things are harder to hear in the dark, the explosions don't help. You block out the sound of two other Survivors arguing over what this or that key was for, and hear a faint sound. "Any station this net, any station this net, this is the National Disaster Force calling on all stations, any Survivors, please respond, Over" someone says over the radio. The NDF! They are looking for us! Should you answer it? Maybe someone else should... but you want to survive, so you run downstairs. The excitement draws everyone into the food court. Another Survivor gets to the hand mic before you, "Hello?" she meekly asks.

## **E&E**

The NDF want information, you aren't sure if you can trust them but it looks like they are your only hope. They lost you once, maybe you just have to take things into your own hands. You know exactly where you are, but you are having a hard time on deciding where to go... more over how to get there. It looks like there are two roads just north of here. Your best bet would be to head northeast to Kaatterskill Creek. Once there you can get to 23A. If you can make it there the NDF could get to you. If not, you are a sitting duck. The newcomer told you those "things" came from the southwest. You think the NDF is calling them "the Bad" or something. Now if you could just figure a way out of here...

## **THE CALL**

You reach around your back to your survival bag, checking to see if you still have all of your supplies. The NDF keeps saying that something bad is coming and we should be ready... but what does ready mean? You have all your stuff, you have all your information, does that make you ready? Should you have been getting ready before you were even in this mess... before the Night of Fire. They say an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, but you aren't sure if "They" even survived. The other Survivors are anxious, they don't know if they are ready either? A few of them went searching for more clues about vials, a few of them went with one of the newcomers, you haven't seen them since. One of the other Survivors from the bus was wearing an NDF patch, they "recruited" him for a mission... or something. Some of them are just... well... lost.

But isn't that ok? Are people supposed to know how to deal with this crazy situation? Are they supposed to be able to just react to unforeseen circumstances, with excellence and precision? No, at least not the majority. In these types of situations, not everyone survives... that's just the way life is. Is it fair? No. One of the greatest faults in life is to think you will be treated fairly.

Only you can prepare, only you can make yourself ready. Ready to run, ready to fight, ready to survive. The radio interrupts your train of thought. The NDF needs you to make a decision, they don't know if they can get to you in time. They want to know if you are going to Run or Hide. You don't even know what you are running from, but it can't be good if the guys with guns can't get to you. The newcomers are trying to get the others to make up their mind. If you don't decide soon... they might decide for you...

## **RUN**

This is it. You chose to run... most of you anyway. If the NDF can't get to you, you have no choice. They said they will "cover you"... we'll see. Your survival bag is light and shouldn't weigh you down much, but you are defenseless. You don't have any weapons. Security first, they said... well how come the only one with a weapon is the newcomers? You feel so helpless... but that's normal in these situations... you just have to prepared.

## **GET READY**

It was like the world was ending again. The NDF said we were being overrun, that if we don't get out we will all die. Gunfire and explosions echoing off the building's walls outside. Those "things", the Scorched, groaning and clawing at the southern entrance, one of the newcomers writhing on the floor, and the NDF was screaming for you to "move out" over the radio. You didn't even see the exit was there until one of the newcomers ripped off the tarp. "Everyone needs to push!" they ordered. You pushed with all of your might, as one of the other Survivors tried to unlock the door. "Get down!" they yelled, as an airstrike cleared those the Scorched from the other side of the door, showering you with debris. "We gotta keep going" they said, slamming the boarded exit with a hammer, as the other Survivors ripped beams and boards down with their bare hands. "We're almost through!" "Come on!" "One more!" "Get ready!"

## **ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED!**

### **RED ENDING #4- LEADER**

The wall exploded outward, showering the sidewalk with shards of glass and splinters. You, the newcomers, and the other survivors rushed through the exit dodging twisted steel and rebar. As you run through the smoldering wreckage of the airstrike you see charred bodies of humans and other creatures. "Move, move, move", the newcomer says, as you run into the tree line. You walk hundreds of meters through the pitch dark forest... not a single Survivor making a sound. You come to a small clearing in the woods, littered with the remains of an NDF encampment. A newcomer quickly runs to the bodies lying in the field. "These are taken care of", one says calling back to the other. The other searches the remains, handing you a rifle and three magazine, "You're the leader, and you're going to need this". They start handing out weapons to the others. The leader? You? You're not sure if you can lead these Survivors through anything let alone a forced march through the woods. You look back to the others, and no one else says a word. "Come on", you say. As you continue through the woods you reach a small road. The group hides in the bushes as an armored vehicle slowly rolls in from the east...

searchlight shining on the tree line. “It’s the NDF”, one of the Survivors whispers, “We’re saved!” “No”, a newcomer whispers harshly, “look”. As the vehicle passes you, you see a stack of mangled bodies piled onto the truck bed. Following the convoy you see two large things... what looks like black dogs or wolves flanking the vehicle. One stops and sniffs the air. The creature unleashes a soul numbing howl as the vehicle stops abruptly. “Open Fire”, a newcomer shouts. The tree line erupts with gun fire as the creature charges. Baseball size holes erupt in it, black ichor oozing to the ground. The scorched bodies on top of the vehicle come to life, running towards you, as their mounted machine gun opens fire. A survivor next to you is cut down by a stream of bullets. You shield your eyes from the dust and debris as you try to fire at the gunner. Suddenly the vehicle is rocked by a large explosion. A small NDF patrol screams in from the east, firing rocket propelled grenades and machine guns. The Scorched are cut down instantly, the vehicle exploding in fire. The other beast howled again and with a grunt leapt indescribably back down the road. You and the other Survivors cheer, as an Army Stryker vehicle pulls up to you lowering its ramp. “Get in Survivors”, an NDF Soldier says “We need your help”.

## **ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED!**

### **STORY FRAGMENT #4- LEGENDS**

Thousands of years ago, life was created on Earth. Why exactly... remains much a mystery... every religious sect has its own story on how, and when it happened, but all of them dedicate the majority of their scriptures to the actions of a higher power. This power is an all-powerful being, a God, God, or Gods, with demi-gods, sub entities as “his” assistants. These beings were called angels, djinn, spirits and more. The righteous of these lived in a place called Heaven, the fallen lived in Hell. It is widely believed that these places are other planes of being, universes existing beyond the reaches of our own. These beings are said to have had their hand in many of our races past events, even taking part in the ruling of different sets of humans throughout history with disastrous consequences. The building of the pyramids, the Plague, the destruction of Atlantis and Pompeii, the Gates of Fire, World War II, all events that had beings of either side playing an important role. These secrets kept by some, grew into fairy tales, lore, and legend. These beings continue to play a hand in the fate of our race, albeit from the shadows.