

Archives: Part IV
by Mohammad Khan

Quinn,

It's over.

Makennen and I and others took the base, but they were prepared. The cannibals captured everyone, but I was able to escape. The shrieks of the men dampened into the dead silence of the world. I don't think we're winning this war. Not this time.

I escaped into a ditch in the forest some miles away and now lie dying in the muck along with the bones of the lucky ones who died away. The stench of burning flesh looms in the air like a predator hunting for prey.

I'll keep this letter tied to my chest for anyone who finds my body and they'll send it to you.

Never seen it before, but it is quite beautiful here among the grayness. I wonder who was here and left their shadow ingrained in the earth as their only proof of existence. The soot circles me like vultures waiting for the animal to die.

Find hope in these last moments, it's all we have left.

Alonso

