

You stand and charge toward the building. The saucer beams hit around you but, by the grace of God, they all miss. A wall of fire springs up in front of you. You put your head down, cover your face with your arms, and rush through.

As you blindly rush, your foot catches on something and you go sprawling forward. You're pleased when your body hits a steel floor rather than sand. You made it inside. You scramble to your knees to look around, but there is too much smoke in the air to see.

Another explosion happens to your right and you crawl further into the haze.

The smoke envelopes you. It stings your our eyes and lungs. You try to cough but the smoke is too oppressive. You drop to the floor, dry-heaving and choking.

Someone grabs you and slides an oxygen mask over your face.

"Close your eyes and let me guide you," says a voice from behind.

You shut your eyes and greedily breathe in the fresh oxygen. The person pushes you forward a few feet. You hear the sound of a door electronically unbolting and opening. You are led forward a few feet more and then you hear a door close behind you.

"You can open your eyes now and you don't need the mask," says the voice.

You take the mask away from your face and open your eyes. You are in a large room filled with military personnel. People are rushing about but there is still a sense of order and control.

"There has been a general evac ordered. We are gathering up all survivors for immediate transport. Do you require medical treatment?"

You turn to find that the voice belongs to a young soldier. He looks the same age as the girl you saw die earlier.

"Sir, are you OK?" asks the soldier, looking concerned.

"Yeah, I'm fine," you say, realizing that you are still