

Today had started off as just another day at Complex 23, you went to your station where you performed your daily monitoring of the “massive battlefield enforces” in Sector 8. Outside of the Rabbitsaurus dismembering and skull-fucking the Carrotphant, it was a slow morning.

The giant monsters were contained experiments, but you became worried then you saw the news reports of the alien spaceships. You were glued to your computer like the rest of the world. When the ships made it to Earth, Complex 23 was one of the first places attacked. Even though the top secret government research facility doesn't appear on any map, the ships located the island and laid ruin to the defense forces with little trouble.

Now, spacemen were marching through the halls. They are dressed in fully body spacesuits and have rayguns that turned your fellow scientists into rampaging, tattooed and spiked goons.

You and the girl took cover by ducking into the supply closet when the attack began but not before she sustained a very nasty cut on her arm. As you try to stop the bleeding, the rest of Complex 23's staff is being hacked to pieces just outside the door.

You look up at the girl as her eyes roll back in her head. Her jaw goes slack. You are too late.

You sit back on the floor and put your head in your hands. The immensity of the situation crashes down on you.

A scream from somewhere deeper in the complex pulls you back to reality. You cannot just stay locked in this tiny room with a corpse. You scan the shelves and grab a staple gun. It's the closest thing here to a weapon.

You press your ear to the door but hear nothing. You wait five minutes and still hear nothing. You unlock the door and slowly open it.

You poke your head out and look up and down the hallway. The mangled corpses of your former companions lay strewn about, but the punks have moved on. You step