

You pick the battleship. With everything that is going down you want to be near as many guns as possible. The yeoman waves you aboard and you pick a spot on the deck to watch people board and load up.

You begin to drift off in your thoughts for a minute or two when the ship starts violently rocking. You look over the edge and see the water in the dockyard brutally churning as long shapes move under the waves just beyond your vision.

Tentacles as thick as tree trunks burst out of the water. The small coast guard ship docked next to you is wrapped up and pulled underwater. Good thing you didn't decide to go there. Other ships are quickly pulled under or torn apart as dozens of tentacles attack.

Soldiers still on the docks open fire with their guns but are quickly batted away like toys by the monstrous appendages.

The battleship begins to move forward to make an escape. Tentacles reach out and latch onto the ship but it is too big and strong to hold back. You can barely contain your joy when you realize you are going to escape. The joy soon disappears as you look at the dock and see the tentacles destroying ships and massacring people.

A sailor comes up to you and asks you to go below deck as the ship heads for the rendezvous.

You are assigned a room and you head there, your body sore and tired from the day's trauma. You lie down on the bed and quickly drift off to sleep.