

coated in gore, “it’s not my blood.”

“Go down that hall. All survivors are to head to the dock for immediate removal.”

You nod and head down the hall the soldier gestured to.

You walk for what seems like several minutes down winding halls. Occasionally you come to a split but there is always a soldier stationed to direct your way. A few times soldiers rush past you and head deeper into the building, and you hear gunshots coming from somewhere in the distance far too often.

Finally, you come to the dock. The hall leads outside to the large shipping yard. People, soldiers and scientists alike, are rushing about loading supplies and themselves on the numerous ships. You look down the waterway and see some boats receding into the distance.

A soldier with a clipboard stands off to the side, overseeing the operation. You go up to him.

“I’m here to be evacuated, what should I do?” you ask.

The soldier doesn’t even look up from his board. He says, “Just get on any ship that is still boarding. We are to rendezvous at a set of prearranged locations later to assess the situation.”

You nod, even though he’s not looking at you, and go toward the ships. The two closest to you are large battleships. The third is a small coast guard-like boat.

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Board one of the Battleships, turn to page 39.

Board the Small Boat, turn to page 16.