

In the distance is a city. You don't know what it was once called. You don't care, it doesn't matter anymore. You can see saucers hovering over it and large shapes moving within the blackened and burned skeleton buildings.

You turn back and look at your army. Over ten-thousand strong, you have been going from town to town and city to city gathering those who survived and have been changed. You are hoping one day to have a large enough force to take back the planet.

