

Torment  
1<sup>st</sup> Revision - Prelude  
Tale of "Grimm"  
Short Story

Sir, the readings and findings on this report are prior to my team and I entering the gateway. Please see the attached Combat Consultation for casualty listing and ammo ad reps.

Upon entering the Rebel stronghold, in the old Bridge Facility. We were immediately in contact with hostiles. These civilian scum, seem to be defending something more than just this planet. I don't think, they see to kindly to the fact of Bridge researching what ever it is they are in fact, researching.

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CASUALTY REPORT – START  
CASUALTY REPORT – END  
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The building itself, is rather large for a research and development building but none the less, a contracts a contract and we're here to execute Bridge's orders. When entering the building we noticed, two emergency power consoles, but we never figured anything of them until what we stumbled upon some sort of gate roughly on the 23<sup>rd</sup> basement floor of the facility. As we walked in a staggered formation further down into the depths of the facility, VIA given coordinates. We noticed even more power consoles, as well as generators, many of them. Then we finally found it... It appears to be some sort of gate. What ever this gate does, lots of Rebels died for it. What do they know that we don't? We killed at least 80 Rebels just to get down to this place. Was it worth it for their lives? Who knows.

Roughly 3 hours after securing the building and all of its floors and called for the said back up that would arrive with in 24 hours, I ordered Private Jackson to figure out what this gate looking thing was. In no more than 10 minutes, this kid figured out how to use it. He simply pressed a button or two, which was followed by a sound of plasma ripping through the hull of ship and the light lit up. A bright fire red light was emitted, from the arch that looked like a gate of a sort. Upon the gate being activated, all hell broke loose.

We lost, one whole platoon to what appeared to be creatures from another verse. I saw the camera feed. Our men were ripped limb to limb, possessed and decayed before my eyes on the monitor. I manually shut the gate down from the monitor room VIA power consoles. With the said incident that occurred I was left with 5 Men, including myself, six... Since, Lt Col. Howard was ripped apart during the gate opening I was now the I/C and WO O'Neil was my 2 I/C. My current position in terms of men.

I/C 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Peter Grimm  
2 I/C WO Derek O'Neil  
Mcpl. Chris Edwards  
Pte. Matthew Donnaway  
Pte. Stuart Armor  
Pte. David Dumais

Seeing, how we've lost communication with topside, we have little ammo... And you could probably guess, more Rebels inbound. We have no where to run, we have the gate. But it isn't exactly my first option. Followed by this, I realized there were no more than 3 platoons worth of Rebels attempting to break into the facility that we just took, and lost all our men to.

So I made the call, we're entering the gate those monsters came from. For some reason, the monsters that arrived VIA the gate, have disappeared. None of the scans even showed movement other than my men. No heart rates, nothing... Regardless, I turned the gate on... Maybe taking our chances of survival there is a hell of a lot better, than letting this intel we're carrying slip into Rebel hands.

We're heading to the gate now. If you receive this message, at any time. We'll be in the gate. Maybe dead, I hope not. I'm starting to believe in a god now.

-- GRIMM OUT