

Log date: 02/26/3024 - 0600 hours

The Sargent was overrun by necromorphs, I watched as they drug his body down the hall. There wasn't anything I could do and yet I still carry this guilt with me.. his screams, the clicking of my trigger as the gun attempted to fire empty shells at the monster. Had it not been for Caoimhe I don't think I'd have gotten away myself. She punched me in the face, nearly knocking me off my feet in an attempt to get me focused. It worked.. and I have a bruise now. An aching reminder that I need to remain focused whatever the cost.

We lost half of the squad shortly after, the lutenniant stepping up in place of the late Sargent.

Log date: 02/27/3024 - 22:00 hours

We hunkered down in one of the locker rooms for the night, the lack of sleep starting to get to us. Between the voices and the insomnia we welcomed the near instant sleep when we finally settled, our bodies close to giving out. We took turns in pairs watching, listening for any signs of the infected. I was on first watch accompanied by another soldier, I could see him visibly shaking across the small room as he scanned every inch of it.. I don't think he'll last much longer.

Log date: 02/28/3024 - 07:00 hours

*I was finally able to get some sleep, my wormling screaming in the back of my skull as dark circles began to form beneath my eye. I was beyond exhausted at this point. I did not sleep soundly however, my sleep was plagued with nightmares; the necromorphs invading skire as our ship crashed onto the planet's surface. I was the only survivor from the crash, unable to move due to my now broken legs. I watched as those **things** escaped out onto the planet unable to stop what would soon be mass destruction.*

I woke up with sore, aching legs almost as if I really had broken them.

Log date: 02/28/3024 - 12:00 hours

We lost two soldiers in a surprise ambush, the necromorphs bursting through an HVAC vent along the ceiling. They were already gone before we realized just what had happened, their screams echoing off the metal vents as they were dragged up into the darkness— we dare not go after them in such a confined space with nowhere to run. We'll be paying more attention to the exhaust systems from here on out. I'm so tired.. I never asked for this. All I wanted to do was help people.

Log date: 02/29/3024 - 07:00 hours

*We caught one of those fleshy bird things attempting to turn several bodies into more of them, luckily we made it in time to dispatch it before we had even more of them to deal with. Caoimhe suggested dismembering the bodies of the fallen crew to prevent anymore of them from being turned. It made my stomach turn, hacking apart the lifeless bodies of those who's greatest fault was just wanting to put food on the table for their families. But we owed it to them to prevent them from turning, to inflicting more pain and agony on any remaining survivors. We **will** make it off this ship. We **will** contact the families of the fallen. It's the very least we can do. I couldn't stand to watch as the lieutenant and his remaining soldiers ensured they wouldn't return to*

haunt us, instead choosing to watch the doors for danger. I don't think I'll forget the sounds of those machines as they hacked their way through my fallen comrades.

Log date: 02/29/3024 - 16:00 hours

With all the exhaustion both physically and mentally I accidentally let my form slip, my tail thudding against the metal flooring of the ship almost cost me my life. The jig was up, I had been found out. Had this been brought to light under a different set of circumstances I might have lost my own life depending on their personal views of us skirians but the lieutenant didn't seem to really care just who or what I was as long as I helped him off the ship, preferably alive. Caoimhe had communicated to me via our hive wavelength that we could benefit from using less energy to keep up our disguises and invest it where we truly need it. I was hesitant but agreed considering our lives were on the line. We both dropped our human forms entirely in favor of our true selves.

Log date: 02/29/3024 - 17:00 hours

As we quietly traveled through the ship I wasn't expecting the remaining soldiers to be curious about our true identities, having dropped our disguises I was surprised to find that they were rather curious about us cccats. I answered their questions as best I could, the distraction much welcomed. I learned that most humans had only been taught the bare minimum about the planet of skire and its inhabitants despite us trying to assimilate for nearly one hundred years at this point. I shared my story, as did Caoimhe, our life on skire and why we chose to move to earth, why we chose the professions we have now and what we plan to do if we are able to make it off this god forsaken shit hole.

With a heavy sigh Crater placed the recording device back in his pocket, his once white lab coat now littered with holes, covered in blood and other various alien substances. This is not how this was supposed to go, all they had wanted to do was *help* people only to end up as potential food for an ancient alien race. The blue and green cat drug his hand down the front of his face, lips slightly parted to allow his eye to look out just behind a set of sharp yellow teeth. The remaining squad members continued to navigate the wreckage of the ship in silence, weapons drawn with the safety off as they maneuvered through the remains. Bodies littered the floors of almost every room, the rooms themselves torn to shreds as the monsters ripped through them like butter as they chased their prey.

"We're nearing the bridge of the ship, once we arrive we should be able to make our way down the elevators to the shuttle room. There we can get into the escape pods and get off this damn ship." The lieutenant advised, glancing back over his shoulder at the ones left of his original crew, Doctor Caoimhe and Doctor Crater included. They were looking worse for wear but they were *alive*— three fourths of the crew didn't even make it that far.

The halls remained dark, small emergency lights littered the edges of the walls providing just enough to light their way though not nearly enough for anyone to feel comforted by it. The door to the bridge appeared to be functioning as a blue bulb remained lit just to the side of the keypad.

"Anyone got a key?" The lieutenant asked after patting down the length of his own body.
"In a hurry I.. must have left it back in the soldiers quarters."

"I do." Crater spoke up, side stepping several soldiers before approaching the door, keycard in hand. The bulb above the door quickly lit to green before sliding open with a metal thunk, the loud noise causing the group to hold a collective breath. Only when nothing lunged from the darkness did they dare breathe, once again continuing on through the room.

The bridge was a large room with dozens of display panels lining each wall, various seats bolted into the flooring in front of each panel with a massive window on the far facing wall. This had been *the* place when the captain had been alive, piloting the ship from this very room, ordering the different crewmen to make calculated decisions on how to proceed through the various dangers out in deep space.

In the middle of the room sat a large column with metal doors on either side, the elevator.

"Thank god." One man muttered, several others agreeing through clenched teeth as they made their way to the elevator, their boot steps echoing off the flooring around the large room.

"Doc, can you use your keycard to get us down to the escape pods?" The lieutenant asked, motioning to another keypad accompanied with a blue light.

"We're home free once we get down there."

Crater nodded and approached the elevator doors, key card raised once more. Before the plastic card made contact with the keypad, Crater felt the fur on the back of his neck begin to rise accompanied by the light shaking of his crowns.

"Something's not right here." He warned, glancing around the room frantically.

Before he could determine just what was causing his fur to stand on end a monstrously loud roar echoed off the eardrums of every living being within the room followed by a series of heavy footsteps from across the room.

"Doc! The keycard!" The lieutenant cried, raising his weapon towards the massive creature that had made an appearance from across the room before running towards it. The beast looked drastically different than any of the previous necromorphs they had encountered before now, a large bulbous head sticking out of the creature's front size accompanied by a series of plate-like horns. What looked like a rib cage had been twisted and warped into a cage to protect a glowing orange mass on the backside of the monster's body as four hoof-like appendages carried it forward. It let out another terrifyingly loud roar before charging forward at the lieutenant, energy bullets doing little to slow it down as he emptied his clip.

Crater fumbled with his keycard, Caoimhe taking things into her own hands as she grabbed Crater's wrists and slammed them against the keypad, the blue light quickly flicking to green before the elevator doors slid open.

"Move move move..!" One of the soldiers screamed, pushing past the doctors and into the elevator. They were quick to follow, waiting on only the lieutenant to make a mad dash for the elevator or die trying. From the elevator itself the remaining soldiers who still had weapons

began to discharge their own guns at the beast in an attempt to slow it down, a decent amount of the bullets simply ricocheting off the creature's rock-like exterior.

An ice cold block began to settle in the pit of Crater's stomach— judging by the distance to the elevator and the speed the monster was running he wouldn't make it in time. And if he did, the beast would crush every single living person inside this elevator before the door could shut. Caoimhe had come to the same conclusion as she quickly swiped her card once more, the metal doors sliding shut followed by a sickening crunch as the beast crushed the lutentiant between them and itself.

"You bastard!" One of the soldiers cried out, attempting to grab at the doctors in a fit of rage. Several of the other men held them back as they tried to rationalize just what they had witnessed, likely struggling to accept that the decision had not been made lightly, that the lutentiant would have wanted them all to escape even if it meant sacrificing himself in the process. Still, the decision to shut the elevator doors is one the two cccats would have to live with for the rest of their lives.

The remainder of the ride down to the escape pod deck was hauntingly quiet, a few sniffles here and there from soldiers pained to have lost their second in command. The metal doors once again eventually slid open once they reached their destination, the small room lined with several escape pods on either side. By the looks of it, they had been the only ones to have made it this far.

"We should only take as many as we need, no more, no less. Just in case there are anymore survivors.."