

Operation Scorched Earth

Omega

Delta... sounds innocuous enough. In reality, it is the name of Terra's most classified research outpost. You won't find it on any star chart but let's just say that being found by the Stroggs is a constant fear. We rely on the space nebula that the outpost is located in to cover our presence both visually and electro magnetically. That along with some early warning detectors are all the protection that can be afforded without giving away our location.

The

research conducted here is two pronged. Medical research is performed with captured Stroggites and autopsies are done on dead Stroggs. We hope to learn more precisely Strogg strengths and weaknesses and hope to possibly find a way to disable the Strogg's ingrained desire to conquer and destroy all in their path.

The

other research conducted is of a technical nature with captured Strogg equipment. Engineering teams are working around the clock trying to adapt the technology for our use for both energy and weapon purposes. So as you can see the Stroggs would not be very pleased to find out about us. Which brings us to me..

As security chief of a highly classified research facility deep inside the borders of Strogg space, you could say that I have a slight paranoia complex. You see, working inside Strogg space is extremely dangerous in the best of times and this was NOT the best of times. I have been receiving strange reports for days on Strogg troop movements. The boys over at Intelligence said that we had nothing to worry about and that their analysis indicated that the Stroggs were still unaware of our presence. The last thing they said before ending their transmission was not to lose any sleep over those reports...

I was strapped to a medical bed watching helplessly as a Strogg technician was preparing to drill into my head. I let out a scream that seemed to never end. That was when I realized that it wasn't me screaming but the blaring alarms of the early warning system. I had been dreaming. I jumped out of bed and ran to the security panel. They indicated an approach of unauthorized vessels. After checking the sensors my worst fears were realized. The Stroggs had found us and were on their way to pay us a little visit. I estimated we had 5 minutes before their arrival. That was just enough time to evacuate the scientists but not enough time to render the base and the orbital space station inoperative before they got here. And we could not let this facility fall into enemy hands at any cost.

I ordered the evacuation of all essential personnel and gathered my meager security force together. I told them that we were now executing Operation Scorched Earth to neutralize this facility so that the Strogg's would not be able to use it. Our lives were expendable but this base *must* be shut down. Countless lives were depending on it and us. Our goals were to power down the facility and destroy it's

nuclear and technical capability. We were also to disable and destroy the orbital space station. After that had been accomplished we were to try and make it to the underground emergency exit. I thanked them all one by one for their service and wished them god's protection. There were so few of us, too many of the Stroggs, and not enough time. But excuses are for those that fail and I don't *intend* to fail...