

Strain: (Part1)

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They had come from far away, from the very capital of the Empire. They landed when the first faint light of a pale sun just kissing the sand barren, lifeless planet that hidden within the confines of the galaxy. They moved with a precision synchronized so notorious that evidenced an intense and systematic training.

They were armed and uniformed.

Sheltered by the homogeneous mass marched a very different group. While wearing similar clothes, her outfit was not a mandatory uniform and not carrying any weapons, only metal suitcases.

They looked scared and uncomfortable, turning their heads, their eyes alarmed fired at the four corners, as if seeking some danger lurking.

Of course, as nothing moved for miles around, as no one had come to meet, all your fears "appeared" exaggerated ...

Torren Carlos worked in the office of protocol affairs, his first and only job, and always arrived a few minutes before the scheduled time.

He liked his job.

Hannibal Minsk was another story. He always arrived a few minutes later, on the run and agitated.

They were close friends and during "Chaos Days" faced all calamities shoulder to shoulder.

Carlos recorded his entry into the card reader, just passed the turnstile delved more and stopped two meters in front of the entrance. He looked at his watch and thought: "In a minute happen ...".

Principio del formulario

And as is predicted, a minute later a man came running poorly dressed, threw on the reader, inserted the card and recording their income.

Hannibal was.

Carlos, who was watching the event daily, never failed to cause grace and always tore an amused smile. Attempts were futile to try to retrain your friend, so just merely smiled sympathetically and expect the picturesque man to walk together the common path to their respective offices. An agitated Hannibal stood next to Carlos and stammered a laborious "Hello ..."

"Hey, idiot." Answered Carlos. Both started the arch known way.

The building showed dusty and deserted, a huge heap of crumbling cement, ominous and silent, seemed harmless but was only a deceptive appearance. The soldiers remained semi hidden, almost buried in the sand, but they knew it was useless, would be detected and many do not return to the ship. A few meters ahead of the platoon commander and two of his officers watched the bunker with lenses and tried to delineate some harvest strategy.

But they knew they were facing ...

The attack would be devastating and, most of his men would be destroyed, but if I could enter if only with a minimum set and all scientists could be successful mission. He looked back at the nearly dozen men in rear and protected, trembled in silence by having to live a marginal situation to normal life. They were scientists. If anything happened to them, if only one of them, the mission exploded and the long journey to this remote planet would be in vain. He was quite aware of the precariousness with which the central power had embarked on this adventure, even the doubtful of it, but they were military and had to obey without question. Even the scientists belonged to the army and were affected by the same rules but lacked the necessary training to deal with such a situation and only the desperate cruelty of a decadent system of government could put in such a predicament. Never in history a man of science had been placed directly on the front line of confrontation.

Certain imperceptible movements observed in the north wall of the building. He put on his glasses approach ...

There was nothing that Carlos craved, his life was calm and steady, predictable, exactly as he wanted it to be. That's why in "Chaos Days", the years, many years, in which the human race almost lost his planet almost loses his mind. Hannibal, however, was all strength, courage, combativeness.

He even seemed happy ...

Just because he was that he could stand it, settling like trance. And now I was so happy, Hannibal ...

They had appeared at any moment sowing misery among the population, introducing her unhappiness and unrest.

So many years ago ...

Sometimes Carlos lost his train of thought to the point that, for example, did not remember how everything was back to normal. He lost in his mind lapses reflective and impeded his progress, his thoughts went out, was suspended in a vacuum. Thus the arrival of Hannibal startled him to the point that overturned coffee cup he drank brown staining his right fist crisp white shirt. Appalled, stared at the spot, it was inevitable for Carlos, an event of such gravity that will surely affect your mood the rest of the day.

"Sorry ..." Hannibal tried to apologize aware of what it was like to crash his friend.

Carlos looked up at the newcomer. His eyes were empty.

Only twenty percent of the peloton reached the entrance door of the building but the total scientific plane was intact. Behind there was only death, fire and smoke. Arena hot and charred bodies, the attack was a terrible ferocity. The resulting group was almost battered ammo but enemy defenses

would need a few minutes to resume hostilities.
There was little time ...

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