

The War is Over.

We won. If you could call it winning.

No one really won. No one got what they wanted. We just survived.

The aliens, the Nylaa, what's left of the force that made it planet-side, are scattered.

Some in internment camps. Others have set up outposts, communities. They have no way home. And if you believe the stories, no home to go to. We were there last hope.

But we didn't know that then.

Maybe we would have welcomed them with open arms. But some trigger happy xenophobic ass hat military bigot shot that dream all to shit along with three fourths of the entire Nylaa race.

And when the Nylaa decided to raise an army to defend themselves with the only resource at hand, our dead... Let's just say no one appreciated fighting the reanimated husks of loved ones long put to rest.

It was more than demoralizing. It was inhuman. But what could we really have expected from an alien race desperate to survive.

The BSNs. The resistance force Nova Corporation mutated to fight our as yet unknown enemy, culled from the populace under the false pretense of an infectious outbreak? The curse? The scourge that became our salvation and our damnation? They're still out there. Hunting in packs like wild dogs, looking for leadership, hungry to spread the disease, to fight a war that no longer needs fighting.

And then there's us. What remains of the human race. Scratching out an existence in the ruins. It's not what the pundits predicted for The Final War. We're not back in the Stone Age with bear skins and flint knives. We have hot water at times. We have some electronics that weren't toasted by the EMP wave. Hell, we even have power in places. Lights are coming back on in most of the cities that weren't leveled or bombed out of existence.

But most places, it's the Old West again.

Law is what the law is. The Strong take. The Stronger make them back down or take more. Some are bent on revenge. Making them pay, whoever 'they' are. Some just want answers. Too many questions, too many things unknown. Some want to be left alone. Most get up in the morning, thankful for a day above ground.

There is compassion, hatred, greed, happiness, love, desperation, fear and caution.

But mostly there is hope.

Hope and a purpose.

We rebuild.

This is the New Frontier.

Viva Humanity!

