Facility Investigation - December 23rd, 2000

Briefing:

Welcome back again. We'll make this brief because time is of the essence. We're going into a small town with a potential factory that may have a manufacturing plant at it. At the target location we're going to split into two groups. One group will hold the town and make sure that we’re not interrupted while we infiltrate the facility area. The other group will move into the facility and hold it while someone from the KSSA investigates. Our goal here is to try and identify if there’s a way to disarm the security system on the facility before the control terminal explodes.

Debriefing:

Unfortunately, the facility was already tampered with and the control box had exploded by the time we got there. We did however, find on one of the ЯTR personal that attacked us at the facility. I'll let the letter speak for itself.

Sanctum of the Requim
To:Revered Cantor of the Choir
From: Brother Elias, SongMaster of the Choir
Subject: Perfection of the Returned

Thou most holy Cantor,
It is with great reverence that I present to you another step in our most holy of endveours. The first born were divine in their inception, a spark. But, they were not without issue. They lacked true harmony, they stumbeled, they decayed... They were but the overture, beautiful yet raw, waiting for our helping hand. But, with your absolute word, I have tuned them...

Their flesh is no longer frail. Through sacred augmentation, their bodies now persist beyond the flaws of mortality. Muscle, once weakend by death's embrace, has been reborn, woven stronger than before. Their movements are steadied, unfaltering. They no longer shamble in mindless hunger; they pursue with intent.
The weapons of the unconverted, the savages, crude, desperate, cannot stop them. Tissue resists even the searing touch of flame. They endure like our unending song.

No longer do we shepered the unhearing masses. We stand at the dawn of our greatest revelation: the Returned will inherit the world, not as scattered remnants, but as a force greater than humanity ever was. The unconverted will hear our Song rise and they will know it is their final moments. Their screams will be its crescendo, their resistance is a final, dying note in the requiem of their kind.

Most Holy Cantor, the time is near.

Brother Elias, SongMaster of the Choir

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