

18, November 1801.
Shelter is nearly
complete. It is small and
there is no secure fence.
Too much time was spent
looking for a location.
No arches nearby.



Supplies are low. Limited
rations could last slightly over
a month? The men keep their
hands busy in hopes activity will
also occupy their minds.



But always near the
surface, the obvious
fact remains. With all
the creatures that we
have faced, all the
monsters that have
whittled us down...



Nature itself may be our
most formidable foe. We
could all perish by whatever
weather fate decides to
pass our way.



Looking back
through my
journal, I
understand
the Major's
decision. I
intended this
book to read
as a grand
adventure.

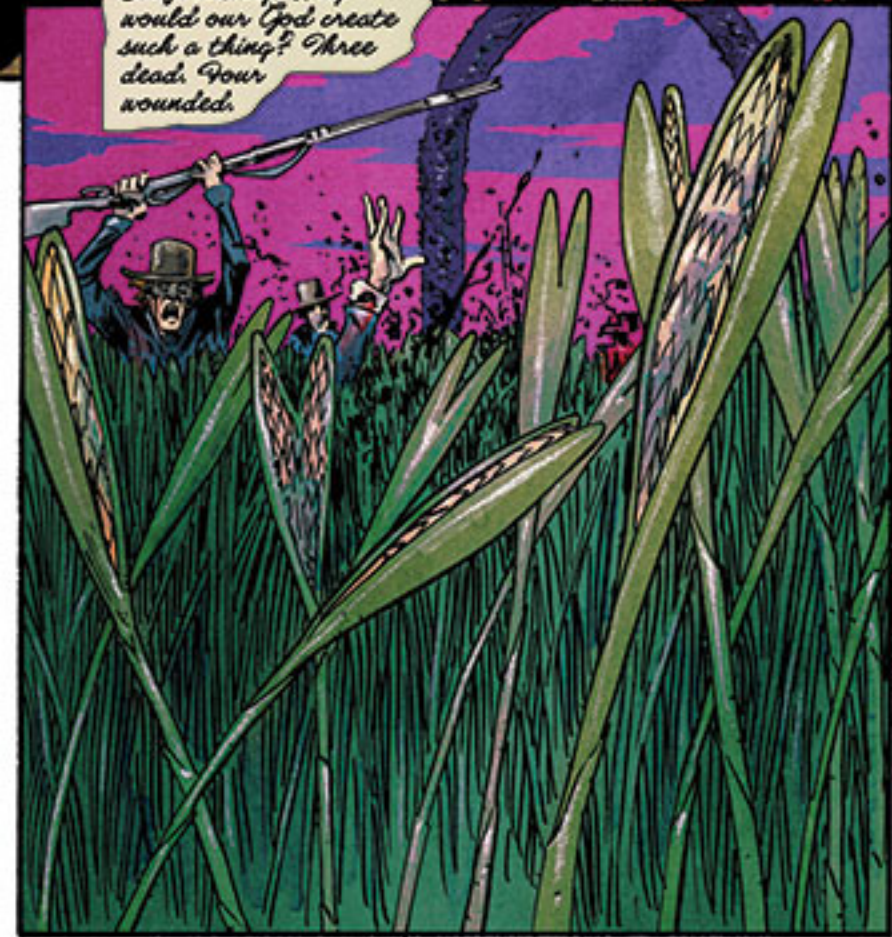
Instead, it reads
like a grim, horrific
obituary.





14, September 1801. Beset upon by creatures. Presumably mammals. No samples taken. Major Flewelling ordered retreat. Four dead. Six wounded.

22, September 1801. Man-eating grass. Confounding. Why would our God create such a thing? Three dead. Four wounded.



04, October 1801. Ship swarmed and attacked by river creatures. Crew caught in grip of panic. Hull breached.





*Each man recovered
as many supplies as
he could carry. We
shall seek a place to
build shelter for
winter.*



18, December 1801. Knowing our rations were low, I put the journal down and got to the business of surviving.

The moment we settled on a location, the search for food began. In a small window we were able to scavenge the last gifts of the land.

SHUT UP, PLEASE...

WHAT'S THAT?

NOTHING. TALKING TO MYSELF.



No animal stood a chance. We were like them, driven by a desperate need to survive. But we had the guns.



However, it was only a matter of time for the elements to catch up to us.



The soil sleeps.

And there are no animals to be found. Except the one.



The first sighting occurred weeks ago. Private Farrell was collecting firewood when he saw it.



WHO... WHO IS THAT?



We hoped this was at best an apparition brought on by hunger, at worst a lone occurrence.



Since that day there have been six encounters. Each at long distance. At least this beast seems as wary of us as we are of it.

