

The Terrans have put forth a clumsy and predictable public relations campaign hoping to win over the populace with their benevolence. Their ham fisted attempts only serve to prove their complete misunderstanding of our culture. The final insult was their latest attempts to restore one of our Chapel's, ironically the Chapel of my previously destroyed Rockhome. To see these infidels crawling about our holy sanctuary was like a dagger being further twisted, the pain we all felt could not even be described. They even hauled away the shattered altar as if it were nothing more than broken piece of furniture. Heresy!

To this point the resistance has been demonstrations, insults, and rabble rousing. I have counseled patience time and again, for we must hit them hard and in an organized fashion. We have neither the strength or arms, nor the numbers to stand tall before them, thus we must strike them from the shadows. We must also do so in a way which shatters not only their bodies, but also their wills. When faced with an enemy with overwhelming numbers, once must first break their morale in order to gain back the advantage. But to do so requires a carefully orchestrated plan and a systematic approach. Not some collection of random and half-witted strikes.

That however is what these amateurs have done. It is difficult for me to fault their fervor, but as I have said before, the timing must be correct. Jonas has called me an old fool, stopping just short of calling me out for cowardice. Well, now the human understands my hesitation, nay, my patience. His ill-timed and ill-prepared attacks have accomplished nothing but to warn the Terrans that we are here, that we are coming, that we will plan to do them harm. He sees his mistake, but is it too late?

Perhaps not. The word is out that the recent local attacks were all carried out by humans, which has shaken the Terran soldiers. This is good, and it also allows us an opportunity to pull back. It is true that other resistance movements in other cities have begun to press their assaults, but I believe that if we scale things back and Jonas and his fellow humans lay low for a short while, we can quiet things to a point where the local garrison may relax their alertness.

Our carefully planned offensive is nearly ready and all the pieces are falling into place. Through all the uncertainty and chaos which rules our daily lives, one thing is abundantly clear. It is time for the invaders to pay and for Khardullis' vengeance to be delivered with unequivocal clarity.