

== INCOMING MESSAGES, YOU HAVE (1) MESSAGE ==
== MESSAGE (1), BIOMETRICS ENABLED ==
== BIOMETRICS AUTHENTICATED ==
== BEGIN MESSAGE (1) ==

== SENT: 2274:765:09:95:48==
== DELIVERED: 2274:768:03:61:37 ==
== ORIGINATING UICC RELAY STATION: CLASSIFIED UNDER UFF REQUEST 289.21 ==

I haven't been able to write for a few weeks now Dad, things have been pretty rough here. Just so you know, I'm in the infirmary. Yes, I'm ok and do NOT tell Mom! I've been sitting here for a couple of hours now debating on whether I even wanted to write or not, finally I figured if anyone would understand where I'm coming from it would be you. Looking back through the earlier stuff I wrote I feel pretty stupid and naïve, being so damned idealistic. Oh well, live and learn as they say and at least I'm alive to learn right?

The last time I wrote I told you about the large crowd coming to pray and then giving us hell, well the next couple days got worse. We gave up the area we were working on and were moved to one of the least damaged areas, I think the brass was figuring on scoring a PR coup with some quick renovations. It sounded like a good idea, with both the level of devastation and frustration here. You and I both spoke about the war before I left and neither of us had any love for the Malvernians when this thing started. When I first saw the city, I felt really bad for these people as I said earlier. It hit me how I'd feel the same way if this happened back home in our town, seeing the buildings, homes, and stores annihilated like this. For the first time, I actually wondered if we were right in doing this and so were some of the other troopers in my unit, as we saw more and more devastation we caused on this planet. Yea, we're all "green" as you would call us Dad but still, it's one thing to talk about death and destruction but it's completely different when you see it first hand. You know what I'm talking about; you saw the same things when you served. Anyway, we started working on this area with the hopes to get some structures safe and sound pretty quick so they could be occupied. Lots of us were working on it, going full tilt to make the Malvies happy. Man, were we wrong!

While we were in the middle of rebuilding, all hell broke loose. These idiots started setting off bombs and kicking off ambushes in different locations while we were working non-stop to fix their planet. The worst of them happened in the cities south of us; though we had a few of the demonstrations turn rough in our sector. Casualties were limited to some concussions and minor gun shot wounds but no one was killed on either side. This probably did not make the news either. Rumor had it that there were several humans in the groups seen at the attack sites but I found that hard to believe. The reports I read said the attackers were covered head to toe in what appeared to be robes, so if they're covered from head to toe how can anyone see if they were human or not? Besides, why would a human want to kill another human along side these toads? They're not even natives!

The attacks started small but each day got worse, even the larger patrol presence didn't seem to deter them. My pity turned to frustration and the attacks continued to increase. It

then changed to anger. I was getting pissed off at these toads. Do you remember Legionnaire Roth? He's the guy I've been hanging around with since basic and advanced school. You know, the guy I talked about with the hot sister that he was going to hook me up with when we got back? Well, last night I held his hand in the infirmary as he died, killed by a toad bomb.

Despite the attacks, the zeros in the puzzle palace decided we should keep working hard to score that PR victory they wanted so badly and we doubled our efforts. The attacks eventually tapered off, things quieted down, and were even going well for about a week. The locals started to come out to gather and pray again as they watched our progress from a distance and I started feeling better. I wasn't really sympathetic though. I noticed there were fewer humans with this bunch though but to avoid another public outburst, we made sure to keep our distance and in particular, kept Fletcher's yap shut. I thought that maybe we were showing them that we Terrans aren't the boogie men their Inquisitors paint us up to be. We could show some real goodwill here. The prayers seemed like a good omen to me, I got the feeling like they were blessing this place, maybe even blessing us for what we were doing. I'm gaining a greater respect for the strength, dignity and restraint these creatures have shown.

It was too damned hot so we took off our suits, they're too bulky to work in and none of us wanted to be a heat casualty. Since things had gotten calmer we felt we could get away with it. Next thing I know I'm on my back. I can't hear or see a damned thing. I got scared Dad, really deep fear ya know? Thought I was both blind and deaf in one swoop, that my life was over and I'd be a cripple if I was lucky to live. Turns out I just got my bell rung pretty good, as I was one of the furthest away from the bomb that went off. Roth was a lot closer to the blast and took a large chunk of rock in the upper body and head, flaying his head open and crushing his chest and left shoulder. Amazingly, he was still breathing so we got him medevac'd with some others including me. Several others got put straight into bags and were shipped home.

I woke up afterward in the field hospital. I must have been out for a day or two and my body was aching all over, but my sight and hearing had almost fully come back. There was still ringing in my ears and my balance was all messed up, but I could at least see pretty well. Went looking for Roth and found him laying in one of the beds, he didn't even look human anymore. Half his head was wrapped up in bandages and the other half was dark purple. His left eye was puffed out so far I thought it was gonna pop out. It made me sick to see him that way, I felt like throwing up. The doc, an officer, told us he wasn't going to make it and I laid into him pretty hard verbally, but I was fortunate that he's a good guy. Enlisted troops can't talk to officers like I talked to him, but this doc let me rant and then just nodded and walked away. I guess he realized I was still in shock, and I've since searched him out and apologized for the way I acted. He told me to forget about it, that this place and these creatures can do that to people. Roth held on for almost a week but with no improvement and no way to safely send him home, it was just a matter of time. I sat with him every day, reading him some of the letters he'd gotten from his family while we were in transit. I couldn't leave him to die alone Dad, he was my friend. It was early last evening when I felt a sudden need to reach out and grab his hand, just hold it and let him know he wasn't alone. It was eerie, like he'd been waiting for it because a couple minutes later he was gone. I cried so hard dad, in fact I'm still

crying now. He was a good friend, a good Legionnaire and a good Terran. Damn toads.

They're keeping me here for a couple more days, until my equilibrium comes back fully. I feel like I'm going to just explode sitting in here, I want to get back out there with my platoon. Already talked to my platoon leader and asked that I be put back on foot patrols right away, it wasn't a surprise that lots of guys were asking for that. At this point, work parties have about stopped and we're running more patrols. Command has decided to limit these to foot patrols, they don't want to risk putting a CAV into tight quarters and losing one. Heard some rumors last night of one of the patrols rousting up some of the Malvies that were acting suspicious, they got belligerent so the patrol gunned them down on the spot. Also took out some nosey idiots that came by to check on the ruckus, funny how when a G-11 speaks, these animals listen.

I've got such a burning rage in me Dad, I think I finally understand the true meaning of the word hate now. The toads here hate us and I could almost understand why when I got here. But then they go and attack us, ignoring the good we've been doing? Are we supposed to sit there and take it for political expediency? Screw that! They're friggin' savages Dad, you were right, and Supreme Councilor Breckenridge is right. We need to stop them, stop them before they can brainwash others to their ways. If they can turn the minds of humans to get them to help in killing their own kind, they need to be put down. I've no doubt now that those rumors of humans being involved in the attacks are true and I bet that Jonas character is involved. Looking back on it, something about him didn't sit right with me and I just didn't realize it until now. Well, when I find him he's going to seriously regret his decision to join with them.

I really don't care about why this war started anymore. I now only care about sending as many of those animals as I can to a long dirt nap before my ticket gets punched, sending them as quickly as possible to hang out with their buddy Khardullis. I know I sound fatalistic but I don't doubt that I've only seen the tip of the iceberg in this war. Maybe I'll make it back, but if not, I just wanted to tell you that I love you Dad, and that I love Mom, Teddy, and Sara. And I miss you guys more than anything. I understand now why you were always hard on me and didn't want me to go off to this war. I wasn't able to appreciate it before now but I now know why you were that way. Some things just have to be experienced I guess. Going to sign off and send this to you now, maybe will write again when things are more settled.

== END MESSAGE (1) ==

== END ALL INCOMING MESSAGES ==

== THANK YOU FOR USING UICC NET ==