



## The Storm

It was a quiet morning. But, every morning was a quiet morning since the evacuations began. Only a small force of coastal observers remains in towns north of Woods of Wayne up to Cape Eastway, with the exception of the separatist commune of Oras, which has declined to leave. Felix Redshirt hoped that the naval facility under construction in Woods of Wayne would be completed quickly, providing a second base of operations for the military under development. Here, at his largely abandoned hometown of Chevette on the East Atkinos coast, he had plenty of time for worries as he scanned the cloudy horizon for signs of enemy activity.



*From once bustling Osborne Street, only the occasional sound of birds in the trees punctuates the silence.*



*As he surveys the horizon from the shore, he thinks a storm is brewing. He hears thunder in the distance. Odd, since the clouds don't look that gray.*

The morning in Charlesina, another coastal town, passed with equal calm. A small contingent of monitors remained in the once-bustling village. There was a surreal atmosphere; buildings looked ready for business and homes like someone had only stepped out for a moment. But, hardly a soul to be seen on the streets.



*Karn's Square is deserted*



*Coastal defense is coordinated from the Charlesina City Hall until the new facility is built in Woods of Wayne.*

Defense Coordinator Les Izmore wonders what the day will hold for his crew of fifty monitors. He looks up at the sky, lightly clouded toward the west and increasingly overcast to the east, and wonders when the storm will blow in. He heard some thunder in the distance and imagines it is only a matter of time.

On the Isle of Scout, farmer Ida Grownit sent her extended family to safety. She stayed behind. Someone needed to keep the farm in good working order.



*She was not entirely certain why security had deteriorated so badly so quickly, but she was certain that she needed to get her chickens back into their coop. A storm was coming. She could hear the thunder in the distance.*

Only, it was not thunder.



*Queensferry has arrived.*

First to meet the invaders was the isolated commune of Oras, headed by the llama loving Llama Llarry. His flock rejected evacuation, saying that the charismatic Llarry would deliver them from their peril with a proprietary blend of synthetic hydrocarbons and an invisibility cloak powered by llama spit.



*Let's hope Llarry has a Plan B.*



*He'll need it.*

The [attack on Schulmania](#) has begun.