

To see a battalion of humans go into battle is like seeing a unstoppable flood.
They face the darkness with teeth bared in a smile, despite the carnage that swirls around them.

This is not to say that they are not without fear, but they are driven by a desperate courage and the thought, the hope, of a better future ahead if they get through their enemy.

Their entire unit moves as one, weapons blazing like suns in their hands,

Striking down their foes with fierce determination and lethal focus

None can face this strange creature of the Sol system, not and harbor the wish to live.

The ruins of my home around them, my dead in the streets, and the survivors, mothers and daughters, huddled behind me and my small squad of survivors, and the humans came from behind us and took the enemy head on. Heedless of their losses, roaring their battle cries and orders, creating an all new din against the enemy. Others flanked us and defend our sides while we pull back, through the rubble of the Temple.

How, I wonder whilst I look back, my pistol in my hands, the last shot in the chamber, could so few humans face so great a foe as the bugs, and break them? But break them they do. The implacable foe, that has always charged in overwhelming numbers and broken every resistance set against it, has retreated from these champions from Sol.

I pray, deep in my hearts, that these creatures will always be around to guard us, to protect us; to continue standing between us and the darkness with that smile on their face and their terrible resolve, with their weapons lighting the shadow and sending it running.

—First Lieutenant Me'hellandra
Tallasian Defense Corpe
Tallasia