

They tell me the world is changed since the days of my youth. That progress has finally swept away the last vestiges of the Old World. Your war is done, the past is behind us and we need to move on to the future. There's no more place for you. Peace is all there is. There will never be another war, we have fought them all. Bunch'a self-righteous hypocrites. They weren't there.

They weren't there when the Emerald Tower fell. They didn't suffer the aftermath of digging through the rubble to hunt for survivors. They weren't there, to see the twisted bodies of infants in mother's arms. I was. I found them, two of the dead ones I remember most. She couldn't have been very old, either a first-time mother, or the older sister of the kid she had clutched to her chest. Appeared she had her arm over him in the end. Didn't make a difference. When rubble's flying at ya, filled with steel and hot gases, it don't make a difference what you really throw up in front of you...you're going to die.

Of course we went out for blood after that. Taught them filthy lizards a lesson, them and their machines. Fought into one of their main bases, thought we'd get one of their fancy WMD's or maybe some high-ranker mucky-muck that we could execute or ransom off. How was we supposed to know that snot-nosed brat we grabbed was the son of the emperor himself? That kicked over the anthill, I can tell you.

They came at us with everything they had. Every tin can that would fly, every fighter. Hell, I hear some of them came in just that fancy space suit of theirs and a blaster to our bases. Wiped half of them out in ten minutes. Completely overrun. Most managed to self-destruct, taking out a lot of them. They never bombarded them though, that was the funny thing. We were still trying to figure out what we had, and they were throwing frickin *garbage* collectors at us with broomsticks! Anyone they possessed was pushed into the infantry to force their way into our bases. That was...some battle.

During the fighting at home base, I was struggling against one of their captains...a big fella near twice my size and with one big friggin mouth. He kept snapping at my head, his fetid breath coming in gasps as he clapped shut louder than an alligator's. I was wonderin if I would have time to get my laser pistol off the floor from where it lay before he tore me to pieces, when he let out this awful shriek and stepped back.

My first thought was that he had somehow been shot in the back, but he was staring horrified at the center of the room. When I turned around, there was that damn princeling, head thrown back, and a bloody spear through him. Wasn't ours, but some stupid footslogger that probably never used a weapon in his life. Threw it at one of our people and missed, more than like.

Well, I figured then that I was going to die. These things were going to go on a rampage and kill us all. Sure looked like it as every last one of them drew a short sword, kitchen knife or some sort of fancy dagger. A couple groped on the ground till they found shards of glass. We were bracing for a charge or somethin' when they slashed their own throats! Never seen anything like it. I guess one of them got the word out or something, because all of them did it. Almost every lizard in the army killed themselves. Guess they couldn't handle the shame of losing the prince by their own hand...er, talons.

And the rest, of course, is history. The Emperor himself ordered his ships back to home, contacting our leaders and promising no more war. They would never leave homespace again. A buncha-bull I thought. I knew it wouldn't last. But it gave us time...time to rebuild Earth, our homes, restock for the next bout. Course, that was nearly fifty years ago, and no sign of them since.

I will tell you this, they will return. There is no going back for either race now. They will be back...and they won't stop until we are all dead. Why am I telling you this? For the simple reason that you *must* be prepared. The enemy is strong...