

BOSTON,
MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston is losing
this siege. My wife
was an early casualty.
I still have trouble
writing the word "killed"
or "dead" to describe
her. It hurts too much.

But our kids survived.
I'm holding on to that.

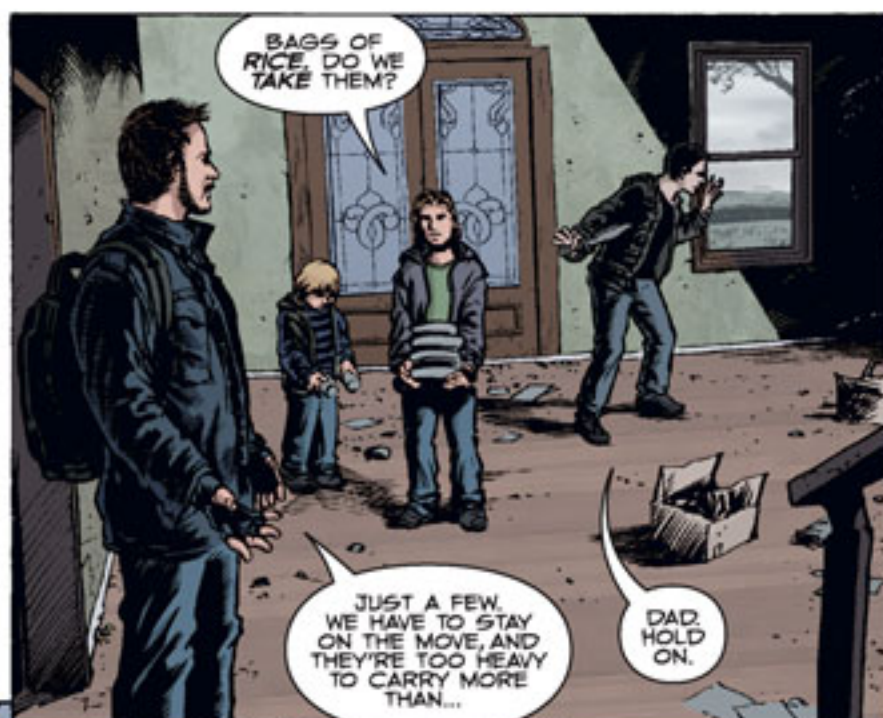
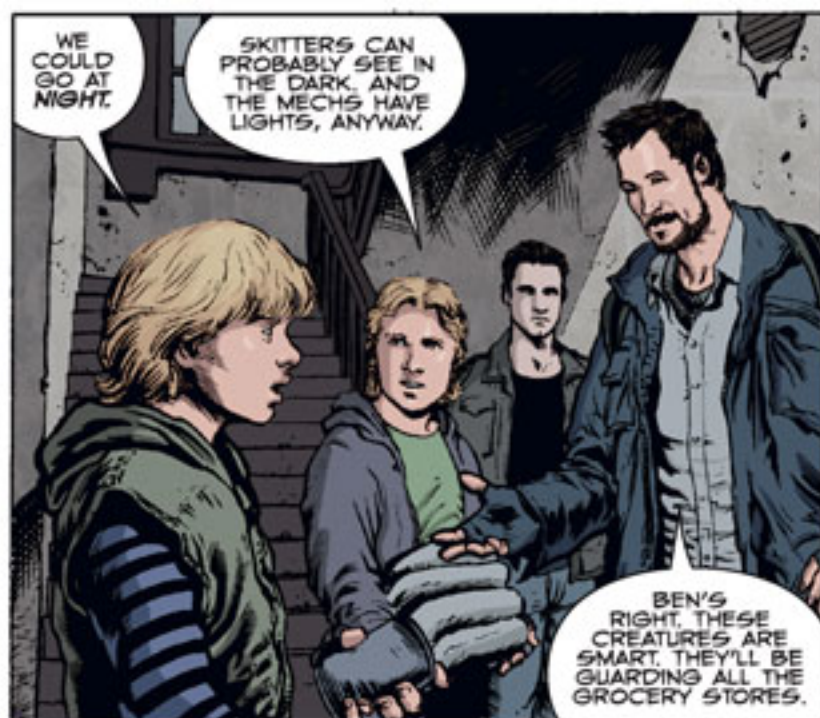
It hasn't been
easy to find food.

Everyone that's left
has been scavenging.

Everyone's on the
run, just like us.

Ever since the invasion,
the aliens have been
hunting humans. The rest
of the world is a mystery.
No communication.

For all I know, we're
the last city left.





They've got these robots--
mechs. I saw one open up
on a group of people. They
didn't have a chance.

The others, the aliens,
we started calling
them skitters--

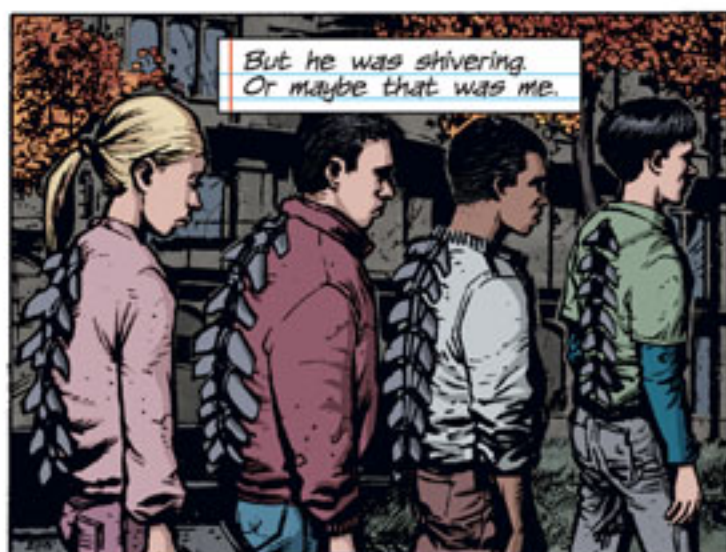


--because we
didn't know what
else to call them.

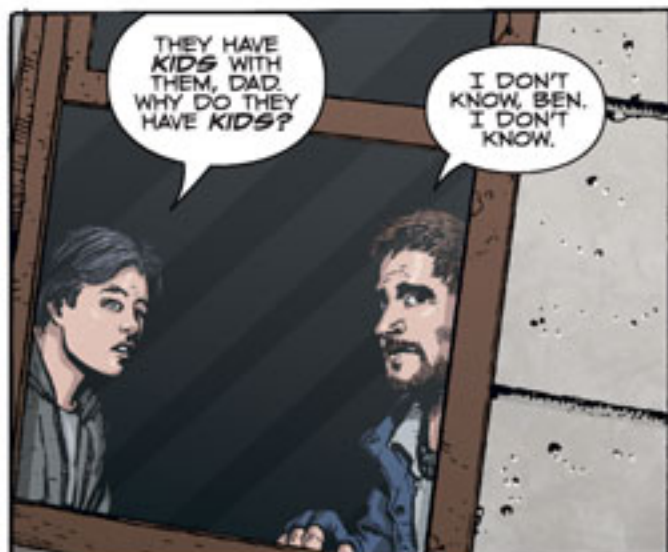
They swarmed in by
the thousands. They
were everywhere.



I could feel Ben beside me.
Watching. Studying the aliens.
He's a smart kid--his
curiosity has always been
a match for mine.



But he was shivering.
Or maybe that was me.



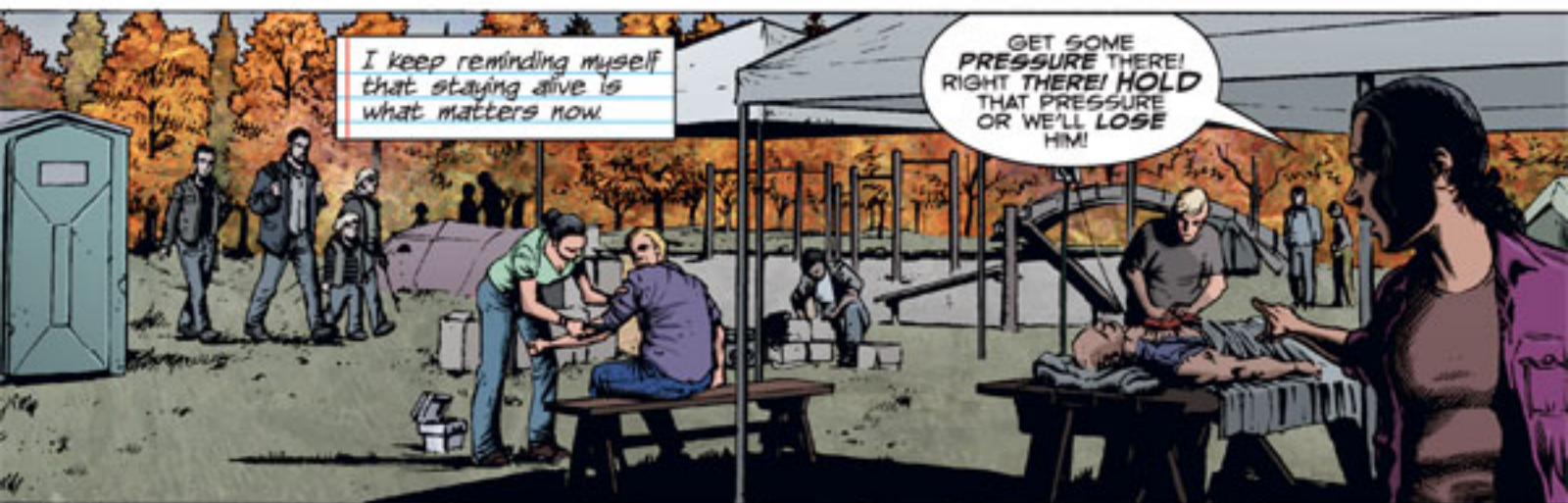
THEY HAVE
KIDS WITH
THEM, DAD.
WHY DO THEY
HAVE KIDS?

I DON'T
KNOW, BEN.
I DON'T
KNOW.



The aliens moved on. When it was clear, we did too. The rice was a good find, but those children...in those freakish harnesses...what was happening to them? Why do the aliens want them?

This invading force is organized and intelligent. So there has to be some larger plan for those kids, some reason they're being kept alive.



I keep reminding myself that staying alive is what matters now.

GET SOME PRESSURE THERE! RIGHT THERE! HOLD THAT PRESSURE OR WE'LL LOSE HIM!



It's a makeshift hospital. Cleaning out wounds with kitchen supplies.

A doctor named Anne Glass is in charge, treating people that were injured in the big attack, or in the others since.



YOU! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

IT'S TOM. TOM MASON.

WELL, TOM MASON... YOU HOLD HER SHOULDERS WHILE I SET THIS BROKEN LEG.



WHAT DO YOU--?

ONE, TWO, THREE, PULL!

HOLD HER STEADY!

AAGH!!!





