
Alien Hunger

By Jeff Berry.



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Kelly “Recession Blues” Norwood for taking the big M gig.

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DEDICATION

I am deeply indebted to the V-Team (Mark Matthews-Simmons, Chris and KC Lancaster, Guy Wells, and Gail Starr), without whom there would be no adventure because there would have been no one to play it.

Hi Mom.

ALIEN HUNGER

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*"Graves at my command
have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
by my so potent art.*

– Shakespeare, The Tempest

...

Jacob Prestor lay on the floor. With both legs and arms broken, he could do naught but watch as the flames danced and flickered around him. "Why now?" he thought, "Why now of all times? The fledglings, what will they do?" His thoughts turned to the basement, which his assailants had overlooked in their haste, and to those who would soon waken therein. He held that picture in his mind's eye as he mercifully slid into blackness. Heedless, the flames continued their mad dance around his prostrate form...

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