

In the soft glow of the alien sunset, the crowd gasped at the intricate sculpture, unaware it was created by the one thing they feared most. The portal through the cosmic rift was open. The barriers were inundated with the seas of space. The interstellar guardians were maimed. The crowd of survivors were still focused on the statue, its eyes rolling towards the centre of the sunset. As this happened, a vortex grew in the sunset replacing the sun entirely, a shattered crystal falling out. Voices of the souls sacrificing them in the last war screeched for immediate action. But no reply came. Dark hooded figures, wearing grim black masks arose from the rupture of spacetime. They needed the stone. The very same stone that lost the last war for them.

The hooded figures evaded the crowds' delayed attacks, elusive but unlike last time, not belligerent. They would have to get to the international capital, Atlantas, to get the jewel. The humans flicked a switch that made the sky alight with lightning, directing each bolt towards the aliens. From the lightning strikes erupted excruciating tsunamis of flames withering the landscape. The aliens casted an impenetrable shield warping the direction of the lightning. They directed the wind under them with the shield, and sprinted on the water. The army had reached the defences guarding the precious stone. Unaware about the new defences laid in the underwater monument, the spectral aliens were immediately met by their first challenge. A tempestuous maelstrom pulled the aliens into the water, a ghastly reminder of their abrupt life. They saw their reflections strangled by some unknown force, and the stone flying away. They saw their life ending a second time. They saw the army of ghosts dead.