

GHOST TOWN

The Whiterock Incident Part 2: RAW Troops

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Confidential Report: File Number ‘WR0020130715-Main’ Ground Reconnaissance at the Whiterock Incident

After the first Ghost Town Event, during the time now designated “The Whiterock Incident” as documented by FBI Agent Ethan Drew’s journal and notes, a panel within the Domestic Terrorism branch of the FBI began to put together a rescue plan. The situation was allowed to play its course while containment procedures were put into place. Dr. Victor Tesla’s intentions were made clear, and we have double confirmation that he has taken Ghost Town Labs private. Dr. Tesla had put together a board of directors who are running the company while he and his team handle the science.

The issue of Ghost Town Labs being private poses two distinct and unique problems. First, the United States government must be in control of the mind control systems and the machines used to create the ghosts. In the wrong hands, these devices used could spell the end of humanity. The second problem: Ghost Town Labs has patents and licensing agreements for many products that are being used every day—translation, a multi-million dollar per year revenue stream that has been taken away.

The goal has now become total destruction of the current Ghost Town Labs structure. A new company has been formed within the government, Quad Force. They will handle all the issues that Ghost Town Labs was dealing with, and it will be staffed with all new personnel. We must find Dr. Tesla before he unleashes the machine on a highly populated area. Dr. Tesla, by order of the President of the United States is to be found and questioned. All other team members are to be killed on sight and their bodies burned. This includes any and all of the women in his army who’ve been through the mind control programs.

Other orders moving forward include finding and apprehending Ethan Drew, Michelle Tesla, and Madison Tesla, all of whom have not been seen or heard from since they left New Church upon Ethan finishing his journal. Other persons that must be found are Hannah Jones, Mackenzie Hanson, and Anna Jenson, all who disappeared after dropping other Whiterock survivors off before returning to extract

Ethan, Michelle, and Madison. These six must be questioned to see what other information they have.

The only information we know outside of Ethan's report is that all the townsfolk of Whiterock were turned into ghosts; they are still roaming the forest. Ethan reported that the Ghost Town Labs women shot the people being loaded onto our buses. It's now apparent that there was a device running that turned the dead into ghosts as the women shot them. The women then destroyed the people who were already ghosts, but we have no information as to why they did that. This horrifying information came to us by satellite imaging and it showed how quickly the machine can turn people.

To carry out these orders, an elite group of soldiers have been selected. RAW Troops, or Remote Alert Warriors, was formed as a unit five years ago when we got the first reports of Dr. Tesla's possible betrayal. A RAW troop's team is a full squad that breaks down into small groups of between two and six members. Each small unit has a spot commander that has all the orders and runs the unit while the Tactical Commander, or TC, runs the entire squad.

RAW troops differ from most military command groups in that only the TC wears black military fatigues while the rest of the troops will be outfitted to blend in with the local populace. RAW troops have trained with special guns called E.P.D. guns, or electro-plasma distorters that are the only way to disperse the ghosts that now inhabit Whiterock. All RAW troops conceal a normal Beretta 92FS 9mm handgun as well. One RAW troop, a fencing and knives expert, carries a sword and throwing knives made of the E.P.D. material.

The RAW troops have prepared for this situation. This is why they were created. Every RAW troop is lethal at hand-to-hand combat and has received black belts in at least three different martial arts. They are the most disciplined members of the military and all are of the highest intelligence. We have selected the best of the RAW troops for this first mission: the investigation of Whiterock and the surrounding area. The troops will arrive at their locations and they will get their first taste of combat with the ghosts. They are scheduled to arrive in the morning, three days after Ethan left the journal on the altar of New Church. They will hold at their location with instructions to kill or destroy anything that's hostile, until dusk. At that time, they are all to converge on either the Tesla farm, or the elevator at Blackstone

Hollow where they will enter the lab, destroy all threats, and gather information about where Dr. Tesla may have gone.

A new tactical commander will be flown in by helicopter to enter the lab. The chopper will be under orders to take any survivors of the Whiterock Incident to safety. The chopper flying over the area will be the signal to the teams to get to the farm or the elevator, and the chopper leaving the area is the signal to enter the labs. Any force needed has been authorized to enter the labs. Once the team has investigated the lab and is out of the area, a grouping of military planes will fly over the area, dropping napalm to burn the forest, destroying the rest of the ghosts with fire. The only luck we've had with this situation is that the ghosts haven't left the forest. We are not sure why, but speculate that they cannot travel far from the point where they were turned.

**Confidential Report: File Number 'WR0020130715-Main'
Ground Reconnaissance at the Whiterock Incident
-Amendment-**

This report is compiled from the teams who searched the area. The report is the first hand accounts of the surviving members of the RAW troops as verified by our satellite surveillance. While we knew that casualties would be inevitable, we were not expecting losses in the numbers that we received. One high-level trainer thought it wise not to inform all the members of what they would actually be fighting as he thought that they wouldn't believe and then not take the training seriously. As the teams enter the area, only the spot commanders and the tactical commander knew what they were up against. That proved to be a fatal mistake...

Chapter #1

Beta Watch Team

The scorching sun was high in the midday sky as the temperature hovered at slightly over one hundred degrees with a high humidity. Jake Wright wiped the sweat from his brow and sighed, knowing he had a long time left standing out in the sweltering heat. A massive man, standing six feet, four inches tall and built like a linebacker, Jake couldn't help but laugh at the thought of all the training that he'd had in the RAW program and that their first mission was in the tiny farming town of Whiterock.

With no real information about this mission given to the troops, Jake tightened his grip on his EPD shotgun. Jake thought it looked like an ordinary twelve gauge shotgun, but he felt the ammunition they used in it was too light. He had a pistol of the same design along with his regular pistol. Jake paced, worried that they hadn't heard from any other unit since they were dropped off at the old forest road that morning. Jake and his unit were to man the roadblock and destroy any threats. Jake wished he could use his training for more than guarding a road.

Jake gazed down the main crossroad. He'd been there all day and had not seen one car. He thought that was odd considering how rushed the team was in getting to the area. Jake figured that they were going to be set down in a hot zone and there would be bullets flying the second they hit the ground. However, he and the other members of the Beta Watch team just paced back and forth, looking at a deserted highway going through the forest.

Jake looked at his team members. He didn't know either of them personally, but he knew they were in the top of their class. First was Blake Otto, a tall and lanky man, with stringy blonde surfer hair and a very narrow face. Blake was the fastest runner in all of the RAW troops, and he'd even raced in the Olympics. Blake held the RAW records for both short and long distance running. He looked about as board as Jake was, keeping his eyes trained on the old forest road as he paced like a caged animal.

Leaning against a civilian-style black Hummer H2 was the spot commander for the Beta Watch team, Rachel Chance. Tan and tone, Rachel was the definition of sexy. Her black hair hung loosely to her

mid-back. She had a figure to die for and was only eighteen years old. While Rachel wouldn't win a strength contest, everyone knew to watch out for this five-foot-three genius. She was an expert in hand-to-hand combat. Jake had heard that Rachel had a talent for strategic planning and that she helped with the setup of this mission.

One thing Jake questioned about RAW Troops was the order of their clothing. They were told that they would need to blend in to local populations and as such they would not be wearing fatigues. Jake wore only wind pants and a t-shirt. He was thankful for that, considering the heat. Blake wore a sleeveless flannel shirt underneath a pair of denim overalls, making him look like a farmer. Rachel on the other hand, wore jean shorts, a tank top, and knee high boots, all very high end and designer labels with a lot of expensive accessories and jewelry. Jake questioned Rachel's outfit, not knowing what women around here wore, but he was pretty certain that they didn't wear that expensive of clothing. More than one time during the day, Jake caught himself staring at her, and when Rachel realized it, she just smiled. "Car." It was Rachel's soft voice that broke the silence for the first time in hours. Jake and Blake looked and saw an old pickup truck coming down the road. They quickly rushed into the woods, hiding, while Rachel continued to lean against the Hummer. The old pickup came to a stop and a tall man, with tight jeans and a flannel shirt got out. The man put on his Stetson hat as he got out and when he looked over Rachel he rubbed his chin and handlebar mustache.

"Damn big truck," the cowboy said, "for such a little girl. Need any help ma'am?"

"Name's Rachel," she said in her soft but confident, powerful voice.

"Just waitin' for some friends to show up. Going hiking today."

"It's dangerous for a little lady to be at the edge of the woods alone," the cowboy said with a sly smile. "I'd better stay here and keep you safe until they come."

"Unnecessary," Rachel said with a smile. "I can take care of myself."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," Rachel said starting to get impatient. "And that's old enough to take care of myself."

"I'd better stay," the cowboy said as he took a step closer. "It's dangerous here. All kinds of rumors have been circulating around the

area about military men and helicopters and what not. I haven't seen any of my friends from Whiterock for a few days now."

"What are you doing here then?" Rachel asked.

"Just passing through."

"Just passing through?"

"That's what I said," the cowboy said with a sneer.

"Then you best be on your way," Rachel said. "I don't need help."

"I think you do," the cowboy said.

The cowboy took a couple steps closer to Rachel and with his height and size; he had her cornered against the Hummer. Rachel smiled a soft smile, trying to hide how amused she was. The cowboy moved in closer and put his hand on Rachel's shoulder and put some force on it, making Rachel realize how strong he was. He moved in as if to kiss her, but as he got closer Rachel pulled the Beretta pistol off the back of her belt and drove it underneath the guy's jaw. The guy stopped dead in his tracks, as his eyes grew wide. Rachel just smiled.

"Told you I could take care of myself," Rachel said with a laugh.

"Why don't you get moving before my finger slips?"

"You wouldn't."

"You want to test that?"

The cowboy slowly backed away, got into his truck, and drove off. His tires spun as he tore out of the area. Rachel watched the truck until it was out of sight before opening the Hummer door and grabbing her EPD pistol. She clipped her Beretta back onto her belt as she looked around.

"Do you have any idea," Jake said as he and Blake walked out of the forest, "how dangerous that was? Pulling your gun on a civilian? Who in the hell do you think you are?"

"Quiet," Rachel said in a hushed voice as she scanned the area with her EDP pistol. "There's one nearby. I can feel it."

"Feel what?" Jake said harshly. "That cowboy's gonna call the police and we're all gonna be in trouble. Why didn't you signal us to come out of the trees?"

"There's one nearby," Rachel said, tension growing in her voice.

"Look around for it."

"One what?" Jake said. "I'm sick of this. I'm sick of your lip. I'm sick of taking orders from a teenager." Jake pulled his gun on Rachel.

"Damn it; tell us what's going on here."

There was tension all around, so thick you could cut it with a knife. Rachel was frozen, as was Blake, not knowing what to do. They both knew Jake had a temper at times, but he'd never acted like this before. Rachel knew what was wrong—a ghost was near them—but she couldn't tell them; she had her orders.

“I said,” Jake barked, “tell me what’s...”

Jake trailed off, as he turned as white as a ghost. He took two steps back allowing Rachel to see what he did. Jake was shaking like a leaf as urine started to travel down his leg. He reached for a gun that wasn't there as a ghost moved closer to him.

It was a middle-aged man, baldness starting to set in and slightly overweight. He wore a nice polo shirt and tan slacks with dress shoes. The man was dirty, and there were rips in his clothing. The group could see right through him. The man was merely an outline, barely recognizable as a human. He stumbled along with a trail of mist that seemed to follow his every move. When the ghost noticed the troops, he began to walk towards them.

“My son,” the ghost wailed. “Please help me find my son.”

Chapter #2

Gamma Ground Team

There hadn't been the slightest bit of movement anywhere. Kelly Grimes, spot commander for the Gamma Ground Team, felt a bit foolish hiding in a children's play fort, but the location was on the old forest road, and the fort was elevated high off the ground, making it the best position to watch the entrance and exit to Whiterock from. The fort was made of very basic wood strips, all scraps, nailed together on four pallets, mounted in a tree next to a swing set. The entrance ladder was composed of several boards nailed to the tree and the exit was either a slide or a fire pole. Kelly had laughed when she first entered the fort, thinking how much she would have loved to have a place like this as a kid.

Kelly tried to stand in the fort to stretch but the ceiling was too low for her six-foot, one-inch frame, especially since she was wearing brown cowboy boots. Kelly hated the outfit she was in, not that it looked bad, but the fact it was impractical for her mission today. The boots were new, not broken in, and were hurting her feet. Beyond that, they were hard to run in and she'd never worn boots like them before. She also wore boot cut blue jeans that were too tight in the waist and thighs topped off with a plain white tank top. She was supposed to have a red flannel shirt on over the tank top, but had taken that off within the first half hour due to the heat. Kelly worried that she would be at a great disadvantage since the jeans were so tight she couldn't maneuver quickly, even if she took the boots off.

Kelly ran her hand through her shoulder length blonde hair, feeling the dampness of it from her sweat. Just sitting in the fort was hard with the sweltering heat that was getting worse as the day progressed. Kelly had run out of water an hour ago. There was no breeze, but at least the sun wasn't beating directly down on her. Kelly sighed and spread herself out on the floor, twisting in an attempt to get her back to crack, which, after a short struggle, she was able to do. Kelly felt a little better and began to scan the area again.

She had a short range scoped out rifle that she used to scan the area. Being the oldest RAW member at the age of thirty-three, Kelly was one of the first RAW recruits, and was the best shooter at close and mid ranges. Having already served in other military divisions, Kelly

was no stranger to covert action and hot zone fighting. Being one of the strongest of the women, and having led successful covert operations across the globe, Kelly was given the position as commander for the town of Whiterock and picked her own team comprised of women she had trained and trusted.

As she scanned the area, trying to think how long it had been since she'd seen movement, Kelly caught something moving out of the corner of her eye, Brady Hops. Brady, the youngest member of Kelly's team being only twenty-one years old, stood five-feet, six inches tall and had been a state champion in high school track, gymnastics, and swimming. Brady's body showed her athletics; she didn't have an ounce of fat on her. Brown hair in a messy braid, Brady jogged along the old forest road in white sneakers, running shorts, and a baggy black t-shirt that was tucked in front, but loose in the back concealing the two pistols she had clipped to the back of her shorts. Kelly had given Brady the orders to stay out in the open, looking like she's going for a run, and circle the area. Kelly had seen Brady run by a number of times today, but she realized that Brady was now heading to the fort with sweat pouring off of her. Kelly felt bad for not having enough water. She wouldn't be able to give any to Brady, even though she was feeling very parched herself.

As Kelly waited for Brady to make it to the fort, she looked over the pictures that were hung on the walls. It was all little children, no older than ten, who looked to be having the time of their lives. They were playing on the swing set and in the fort with parents who loved them very much. Kelly tried hard not to tear up thinking about the horrors that had happened to them, the pain and suffering and loss of life that had occurred because of a simple betrayal. Kelly brushed the tears away as Brady popped into the fort.

"We have an issue commander," Brady said as she kneeled in the fort. "What?"

"I haven't seen anyone," Brady said, wringing the sweat from her shirt. "Erin and Maria included. I haven't seen anyone for a couple hours."

"Maybe they discovered something," Kelly said optimistically.

"Maybe something came up."

“I followed S.O.P.,” Brady said. “They didn’t make it to the second check in, so I came back to the main base. I think we should look for them, I mean, what if they’re in trouble?”

“Have you tried to communicate with them?”

“Once, about an hour ago. There was no reply.”

“Try again.”

Brady took out a cell phone she had clipped to the front of her shorts and flipped it open. She pushed a button on the side and the phone beeped. Brady waited, but there was no return beep—the signal from the others that all was well. Brady tried a couple more times with no luck, before she placed a call. They didn’t answer. She hung up the phone and clipped it back to her belt, shaking her head.

Kelly was about to speak when they heard a strange sound outside the fort. It was one of the swings, swinging back and forth at a slow pace. The rusty chains were making a distinct noise. The pair stuck their head out the window of the fort and saw a small boy, no older than six, hair a mess, dirty clothes in tatters, having the most wonderful time on the swing, except for the fact that the girls could see right through him. He was a ghost, a spirit, not even aware that anything was wrong.

Kelly raised her rifle and sighted the boy in on her scope, but she hesitated, having a hard time pulling the trigger on someone so young. That’s when it happened, the boy turned and looked directly at Kelly as he stopped swinging. Kelly froze in a panic while Brady reached her EPD pistol clipped to the back of her shorts. Brady wasted no time in sighting the boy in and pulling the trigger, causing the boy to disperse into a cloud of mist.

“What happened to no hesitation?” Brady asked as she put her pistol away.

“I’m sorry,” Kelly said, trying to regain her composure. “That was just a little kid, like my brother when he was that age. Oh God, how did this happen? Who could have done this to these people?”

“Pull it together, Commander,” Brady said as she slapped Kelly across the face. “These situations sucks, yes, but get it together. I thought you’ve been in combat before?”

“I have,” Kelly said, rubbing her face where Brady had connected, “but not with children, not like this. We have a job to do so let’s do it and get the hell out of here.”

“Good,” Brady said. “You got any water?”

“No,” Kelly said holding up her canteen. “I’ve been out for some time now.”

“I’ve been out too,” Brady said. “We need to gather more supplies once we figure out what happened to Erin and Maria.”

“What?”

“Erin and Maria,” Brady said. “What should we do about them?”

Kelly thought it over for a moment. Erin Foltz was a computer genius and military royalty, having relation in every American war dating all the way back to the Revolution. Extremely shy, short, stocky, and level headed, Erin was the first person that Kelly had picked for her team. A late bloomer to the athletic side of combat, Erin could do anything with computers and electronics. Kelly’s only hesitation about Erin was that she was shy and timid, but Kelly thought they could take care of her long enough to get her in the lab. Kelly knew Erin could open the high-tech electronics that guarded the lab.

Maria Diego was the conundrum of the group. She was of Brazilian and Moroccan heritage, born in the Caribbean, but raised in Russia. She had moved with her mother to the United States when she was sixteen after her father died. Kelly thought it was a little unnerving to see an island looking girl speak with a fluid Russian accent, but Maria was the real deal. Six feet tall, solid muscle and a black belt four times over. She was a world champion in three different martial arts and sword fighting. Maria didn’t learn fighting for fun, where she grew up, she needed it for survival.

Kelly had faced Maria in different training and sparing sessions and quite honestly, was afraid of what she could do. Maria was a personable chatterbox, fluent in six different languages, but get on her bad side, and you’d see a temper that had no equal. Kelly knew, however, that Maria was one of the best sword fighters in the world and figured that if they were doing a house-to-house search, Maria with an EPD sword would be a great asset.

“We’d better go look for them,” Kelly said. “We should stick together, though, at least until we find them.”

“Good plan,” Brady said. “Where do we start?”

“Where was the last place you saw them?”

“Near the school.”