

Received: from anonx.ywy.ub by anonx.com with SMTP id AA--
(5.65c/IDA-1.4.4 for <distrib@anonx.com>); 25 February 1994 21:59:32 -0700
Message-Id: <19940225--.AA--@anonx.com>
Received: from ANONX.YWY.UB by anonx.ywy.ub (IBM VM SMTP V2R2)
with BSMTTP id --; 25 February 94 00:00:09 CDT
Received: from ANONX.YWY.UB (NJE origin dx1@anonx.com) by ANONX.YWY.UB (LMail
V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTTP id --; 25 February 1994 00:00:06 -0500
Date: 25 February 1994 00:00:01 -0500
Reply-To: dx1 <dx1@anonx.com>
Sender: dx1 <dx1@anonx.com>
From: dx1 < dx1@anonx.com >
Subject: Final Report
To: dx2 <dx2@anonx.com>
X-UIDL: -----

Major General Reginald Fairfield, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Final Report
2/25/94

It's been twenty-four years, a month, and two days since the bastards brought us down.

In that time we've come back strong, doing things they couldn't conceive of. They think they understand us, those who know we're still around. They think we're cow-boys, meddlers.... They think we're just too pig-headed and selfish and old to let go of what we once were.

They know nothing.

They think they're better than us. Stronger than us. And worst of all, they just plain think they're right. They sit in their offices and debate the Accord with the skinny little fucks from space. They sell out the American dream in exchange for stealth technology and sonic weapons. They betray our highest ideals, our loftiest principles. They've lost sight of whom they serve--the people who vote them and their kind into power. They've forgotten why they're in power.

They know nothing.

Every night my teeth rest in a glass and every morning I have a bowel movement and I couldn't even begin to get it up these days. My eyes are hollow and blood-shot and my wife left me fifteen years ago. My children are callow monsters who laugh at me and the ideals I cherish as they vote fools into office because they saw them on MTV.

They know nothing.

My generation supposedly saved the world from the forces of darkness. Now everyone thinks that evil died in 1945--or was it 1989? They think that things will never be that bad again. They think the Apocalypse, the end of all we hold dear, just isn't going to happen. They abandon the Lord and don't go to church and teach sex in the schools and put filth on the television.

They know nothing.

Evil never dies. Darkness never retreats. In the cracks and the crevices of our society there are monsters undreamed of by the rank and file of humanity. I've been there. I've seen them. They exist in the spaces between things, in the folds of existence where we can't find them. Sometimes they cross over, sometimes they manifest, and all Hell breaks loose. Only this is not Hell, nor Heaven. This is like nothing anyone has ever understood. This is pure evil, pure destruction. This is the Apocalypse, and I've been fighting it tooth and nail since 1961. They made me retire in 1970 when Cambodia blew up in their faces and they blamed us, but I didn't stop then and I'm not stopping now. They think I gave it all up that day in the Pentagon when they told me the choice--the only choice--I would be allowed. I took it, and then, like most of us. I made the decision to continue the fight. They thought we were washed up.

They know nothing.

But they know enough. They know how we started--a little slice of the OSS, investigating the Nazis' interest in the occult. They know what we found--how the supernatural was realer than real and more powerful than the A-bomb. They know what we accomplished--three decades spent fighting the monsters wherever they cropped up, three decades that kept the world a saner place. They know what we want--to abolish the Accord and send those ET fucks back to wherever they came from. Among other things.

They know nothing.

Things are different today. There's a whole new generation coming into the ranks, men--and women, for Christ's sake--who are smarter and slicker and tougher than I ever was. We've got it down to a science. Something crops up, phone calls are made, operatives are re-assigned, paperwork is filed, and the darkness gets pushed back for another day. When it's over everyone goes back to their routine and no official records exist to reveal the truth. We travel light, we probe deep, and we strike hard. We're Delta Green, and we may be outlaws and cowboys and fools, but we've kept this green ball of shit safe and sound for longer than most people have been alive. They think we're idiots.

They know nothing. But they know enough.

The Majestic group made the deal. They signed over the constitution to the Greys, those bastards from space--or so they claim--in exchange for technology and information. Majestic thumbs their nose at the executive branch and has more security

clearances than brains. They call the shots when it comes to the Accord with the Greys, and they dispense the technology breakthroughs and they cover their tracks and they let the aliens do whatever they like to God-fearing U.S. citizens. They're fools. I've seen the Greys for what they really are, and they sure as hell aren't refugees fleeing a sun gone nova. The things that lie behind the Greys are no different from the things I've been fighting on the edges of reality since '61. I couldn't begin to guess what they're really up to, but Majestic couldn't care less. They just want to make deals and cover their asses.

They know nothing. But they know enough.

They know what I've been up to. Finally, after fourteen years, a month, and two days, they've figured it out. The news reached me fifteen minutes ago through six connections and two satellite bounces--the news that they were coming for me. I could give a shit. I've lived life true and full and rich and I've never betrayed my country. I've done my duty and ten times more and I regret nothing. Nothing.

I have, perhaps, another ten minutes before they arrive. They'll come tromping through the snow and put a bullet in my brain. My communications have been "out of order" for hours, all except for the line I laid myself three years ago after hoarding the equipment for twice that time. That's my escape route. A digital relay that will take this letter and the accompanying files and put them in the hands of my successors. A line that our slimy twin DELTA, the Majestic networks boys, know nothing of. I've used it five times since I set it up, and it, at least, is secure. It's enough to get this information into the hands of Delta Green. It may be enough to save this planet a few times more.

That's it. My power just died, except for the backup generator I installed in the basement for this room. They're upstairs, tripping my internal alarms. In minutes they'll come through the hidden passage and spread my insides across the wall.

Before they do, they'll have a fight on their hands. I may be eighty, but I'm the toughest goddamn son of a bitch these assholes will ever meet. I'm Delta Green, and I'm not dying alone.

But first, I'm going to hit Send and put this information into the hands of a few people who will carry on the fight. People who will crush the Accord and--when the time comes--who will tell the public about all the lies our government has been force-feeding them since the Roswell saucer crash in 1947. They'll carry on and they'll fight hard and true and maybe they'll leave a better world for their children than the one I'm leaving behind.

Entry One has been breached. Time to get this show on the road. They have no idea the kind of Hell I've prepared for them. May God have mercy on my soul.

(signed)

Major General Reginald Fairfield, U.S. Army (Ret.)

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