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Signal Received  
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Connection Established  
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Radio Operator: Thank God we got back in contact! Is everything alright on your end, Doc.

Doctor Simons: S-So cold...

Radio Operator: What was that, Doc. Is something wrong?

Doctor Simons: The s-storm... It... It hit us...

Radio Operator: What!? Is everyone okay? Where's the rest of the exploration team?

Doctor Simons: They... They're here... They're... P-Pale... Not moving... D-Dead...

Radio Operator: Oh no... What about you? Are you okay? We can send someone to pick you up right away!

Doctor Simons: No... The storm won't let anyone leave this c-cursed p-place... D-Don't send anyone... My resting p-place is here...

Radio Operator: I'm afraid I can't do that, Doc. Can I have your exact coordinates? We will send a chopper to get you.

Doctor Simons: The s-storm... It d-did this... It k-killed my team... Jack, Samantha, C-Chrissy, D-Dave... All of them... D-Dead

Radio Operator: Doctor Simons. May I have your coordinates?

Doctor Simons: The storm b-brings unspeakable things... The monsters... They only attack d-during the storm... They creatures... They're f-fast... And d-deadly... I c-couldn't do anything... Anything to... To p-protect everyone...

Radio Operator: That doesn't matter now, Doc. What are your coordin-

Doctor Simons: D-Don't you see... I c-can't risk anymore lives being lost... The wind is p-picking up... The creatures are back... The Wind-Walkers...

Radio Operator: Doc, get under cover and stay low. What are your coordinates? We can send a chopper out now. We have one awaiting directions now.

Doctor Simons: Ha ha ha! The Wind-Walkers will tear that bloody lump of metal to bits! Anyway I c-can see them now... The c-creatures are hear to finish me off... You know... They're every c-child's worst nightmare... You c-can't see them c-coming... Until... It's t-too late... They're the perfect monster... Silent... Q-Quick... D-Deadly... No use hiding now...

Radio Operator: I won't have any personnel die on my watch! What are your coordinates?!

Doctor Simons: It's... It's okay... I've accepted fate... No point hiding from the Wind-Walkers... No p-point risking another man's life... No point...

Radio Operator: WHAT ARE YOU'RE BLOODY COORDINATES!?

Doctor Simons: Shhhh... D-Don't yell, Operator... If those Wind-Walkers d-don't finish me off... I would... I would like the last moments of my life to be q-quiet... I... I would p-probably die from b-blood loss... Or starvation... Or I might even f-freeze to d-death... What a way to go... I might try and fight... Kill as many as I c-can...

Radio Operator: Don't try anything stupid, Doc.

Doctor Simons: I've already d-done the most stupid thing of all... C-Coming here... I'm a d-dead man walking now... Ha ha ha... YOU HEAR THAT! I'M DEAD ANYWA-

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CONNECTION LOST  
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Radio Operator: Doc... DOC, DO YOU READ ME?! Dammit...