

LIEUTENANT DANBRIDGE

GBE

The Rough Rider

You often wished throughout life that you had been born into an earlier era, where war was a matter of personal honor and bravery. In today's military, the "cavalry" is a big metal tank on treads. Sure, when it charges, the ground rumbles, but there isn't any of the same zest or flair to it as there would have been a few centuries ago. Death is something impersonal on the battlefield, meted out at a distance or via hidden explosives. You don't get to truly pit yourself against another man, each of you trying to outdo the other in defense of whatever it is you're fighting for.

You enlisted in the Marines young despite the shortcomings of modern warfare and you've made it your life. For all that it doesn't compare with what battle should be, it is still the only kind of life you'd ever want to live. You just aren't made for sitting behind a desk at a 9-5 job. You've tried and flunked out of officer's school twice before making Lieutenant. You know how to follow orders, you love the thrill of combat, and the camaraderie of your fellow soldiers aiming to take out the enemy before they can do the same to you out is the only real connection with people you know. That's what life is about as far as you're concerned.

The last thing you remember is everyone at the base you were stationed at near D.C. getting the call to action. Someone had unleashed some kind of biological weapon and you were going to be called upon to fight for your country...

Dr. Cruz looks vaguely familiar. Something about a cult? You wish you could remember.

Special Agent Epping also looks vaguely familiar. You think you remember shouting at him. Something about jurisdiction?

Dr. Hefetz also looks familiar. Very familiar. Is he your doctor?

Major Roderick is a doggie, though you'll never let Roderick hear you use the Marine slang for a U.S. Army officer. You seem to recall Roderick being too soft to be a real warrior, though you don't know why you have that impression.