

12th August, 1988

This is the first journal entry I've been able to write since we sealed the doors to the shelter a week ago, after the first bombs hit Texas it became real. Our nightmare scenario. The world outside of the Site-R facility is still burning. I'm lucky just to be here, writing this.

It hasn't been easy getting my head around what's happened, not for anyone trapped in this mountain, we've all lost family and friends out there. My parents live in DC, I mean lived... I'm not holding out much hope that DC is in one piece anymore, I only hope they got somewhere safe. My younger brother was stationed in Berlin, with the 106th Infantry, I can't imagine he's alive either, if this is what the Soviets did to us, on the other side of the world, there can't be much hope for anyone on the front line.

I've had to snap out of thinking about the past, I guess I'm lucky I didn't have a family of my own, some of the others here left their wives and children out there. All I really know is the first Soviet missiles hit the continental US over Bergstrom Airforce Base in Travis County, sometime around noon on the 6th of August, 1988. The day the world changed for ever. We're lucky to even get in here, they hit us with an electromagnetic pulse from their satellites in low earth orbit before their missiles even hit us, it knocked out most electronic surveillance equipment over the continent. I just happened to be here, at Raven Rock Mountain Facility, lucky me...

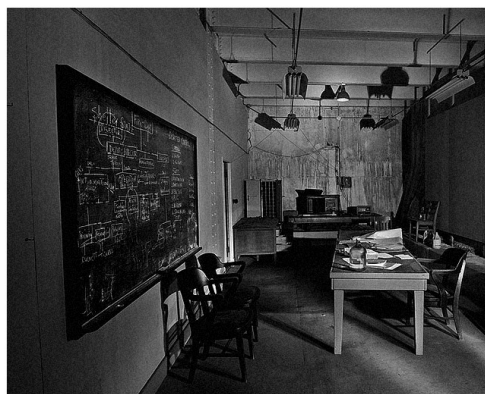


These corridors get a little creepy at night and carry echoes from all over the shelter

I can't believe the company didn't know, or wasn't better prepared, we have totally underestimated Soviet missile capabilities, I just hope who ever gave the order to fire the first one is happy with himself.

I can't dwell on the past. I have to try look to the future, whatever is left of it. We, and others like us, are left to rebuild the earth. No one yet knows what the situation outside is, so this is our home for the foreseeable future. As a former analyst for what was the CIA, I've been put in charge of helping run our sector of the facility, making sure everything is in working order, organising the maintenance crews, and to some small extent I'm consulted on future plans, no one is really sure what we'll do yet. I think everyone is in shock still.

I found a Polaroid camera in one of the foot lockers in my dorm, it's a bit old but it still works. I've decided I'm going to document life down here, you know, for future generations. God help us, we never let this happen again.



My Office. where we make sure everything in our sector is running smooth