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Alien: Betrayal

By

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Chapter 1

Rubbish Boys

“You know, Tiny, I’ll never get used to it,” Jake said with a sigh. He was in a large room, standing by the doorway with a spade over his shoulder. The walls were made of concrete. There were harsh strip lights high overhead and no windows in the bunker.

“Get used to what, Jake?” said Tiny, the boy beside him. Tiny was huge, a lot bigger than other boys of his age. He had a big spade over his shoulder too.

“The smell,” said Jake, holding his nose. “The whole place stinks.”

Jake nodded at the great pile of rubbish in front of them. The proper name for the room was Waste Disposal Centre Five. Rubbish was taken here from all over the underground bunker. The boys had to put it down a hole into a chute in one of the walls. No one knew where it went after that. No one cared.

The only other thing in the room was a News Screen.

There was one in almost every part of the bunker. The Old Ones liked to tell people what was going on in the war, so the screens were on the whole time. But these days Jake tried to block out the grim voices and awful pictures.

He sighed again, but soon he and Tiny were hard at work. The rubbish was mostly empty food ration packs, crushed drinks cans and scraps of rotting food. But there were uniforms as well, blackened and torn apart by laser beams and stained with blood …

That's where the smell comes from, thought Jake. It's the stink of death. Each uniform was worn by a soldier who died in this war. A kid like me or Tiny, made to fight by The Old Ones, while they stayed safe in the bunker.

"I still can't believe one of the squad told on us," said Tiny. "Have you worked out who it was?"

"Not yet," said Jake with a frown. "But I will."

Jake put down his spade and wiped the sweat from his face. A few weeks ago he had been a Squad Leader on

the front line. He had led ten soldiers, the best on planet Earth, people he could trust. Or at least he had thought so …

They were kids, of course, like him and Tiny. The war had started many years ago when a race of aliens called the Krell had arrived on Earth. Most of the grown-ups had been killed – so the kids were left to do the fighting.

Some of the few grown-ups who were still alive were in charge. They were called The Old Ones, and they said the Krell were evil. But one night on a mission, Jake had met an alien girl called Tala – and had found out that was a lie.

I tried to do what we agreed, Tala, Jake thought.

I tried to tell people that the war should stop. But someone in my squad betrayed me to the Old Ones, and they sent me here to punish me. So now we're rubbish boys, Tiny and me …

Suddenly the News Screen got louder. "Reports are coming in that a Krell Night Scout has been captured …"

said the excited news-reader.

Jake glanced at the screen and saw an alien being dragged into the bunker. There were the long arms and legs that all the aliens had and the big golden eyes. But then Jake looked more closely – it was Tala!