

# **DEAD STATION PREAMBLE**

**A MILITARY ZOMBIE  
APOCALYPSE SPACE  
OPERA**

**HUMANITY SHATTERED BOOK 1**



**SHAMON HARPER**

Dead Station Preamble

A Military Zombie Apocalypse  
Space Opera (Humanity Shattered  
Book 1)

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Book Cover by Shamon Harper

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# Preamble

Freezing rain whipped his face, stinging like shards of glass. The air was so bitter that every breath hurt. He wondered if inhaling the ice was harmful to his lungs. His fingers throbbed with a dull ache spreading through his knuckles. The wind didn't just cut through his clothes—it pierced to the bone, turning his soaked uniform into a frozen sheath. Each step became a battle with the biting cold and the gnawing exhaustion.

He forced his mind back to the patrol. The day had already proved brutal, and miles still stretched ahead before they would reach the relative safety behind the wire. The bitter temperature was harsh, but the constant tension was worse—a taut, fraying cord ready to snap. Peacekeeping on Seti Prime—no peace existed, only endless violence. This rotation turned nightmares into something cozy.

Yesterday's chaos hung over the team like freezing mist. Don the Legend and Moss laughed it off, but their eyes betrayed them. A rocket had slammed into their transport on a supply run, ripping a hole in the vehicle. By some twisted luck, it didn't detonate, bouncing around like a cruel joke. They survived by chance. The jokes and

bravado couldn't hide the sharp, suffocating fear.

Last week proved even worse. Johnson, the idiot, picked up something from the dirt—a shiny object he thought might be worth keeping. He knew better, they all did. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! That rule drilled into them was basic survival, but Johnson ignored it, and his stupidity cost him everything. The explosion tore through the air, ripping him apart and wounding three other team members. Johnson's gone, obliterated, the others now carried his mistake in their bodies and minds for the rest of their lives. One bad choice sent ripples through them all, leaving scars both seen and unseen.

And for what? This frozen, godforsaken rock of a planet. Not worth it, not any of it. Seti Prime, is nothing more than a wasteland—a dead world embroiled in a pointless civil war. Let them kill each other, he thought. At least then we could go home. Six months of trudging through these shattered streets, dodging sniper fire from the ridges, and enduring ambushes in the ruins of the city left him hollow. Peacekeeping is a fucking joke.

The patrol stopped at an intersection, the lieutenant scanned his map and checked in with Command. He leaned against a crumbling wall, trying to shield himself from the wind while he talked with one of the Beta Hydri

soldiers. They traded stories and discussed swapping their lighters—unit-insignia-stamped mementos marking time spent in hellholes like this. He didn't mind the guy; the two struck up a decent rapport over the past few hours. That's when the world exploded.

The surface behind the Beta Hydri soldier disintegrated in a mist of blood, brick, and bone. Shards of cement slapped his face and helmet confusing him. The man in front of him crumpled, crimson spray painting the ruined wall as his body collapsed like a broken doll. The sharp crack of the shot came an instant later, the sound reverberating off the buildings through the intersection.

Chaos erupted. Soldiers dove for cover, sending lead in every direction, blind to the attack's origin. He dropped to one knee, his rifle aimed into the void, and started firing. His mind went blank, muscle memory taking over as he moved through the motions drilled into him a thousand times. Lay down suppressing fire. Make yourself as small as possible so you don't get hit. Overwhelm the enemy with brute force. The Beta Hydri soldier didn't move. The medic crouched over him, but everyone saw he was lifeless, gone, just like Johnson.

The firefight came to a quick end, but the fear lingered. Hours later, back behind the wire, the warmth of

the shelter did nothing to thaw the cold knot in his chest. When the adrenaline wore off, its weight all came crashing down. His hands trembled as he sat on the edge of his rack, staring at nothing. Shame gnawed at him, for how scared he felt, and the panic that seized him in the middle of the chaos. He buried his face in his hands, his breath hitching as he fought the rising tide of emotions.

He had the strangest sensation this had all taken place before. The nightmare was so familiar.

He woke drenched in sweat, heart pounding, the echoes of Seti Prime flooding his mind. It took a moment to gather himself—not on that frozen battlefield, but in his rack aboard the *Nostromo*. Twenty-five years passed, yet the memory remained vivid, as if it happened yesterday. Sitting up, he ran a trembling hand through his hair, the weight of it pressing heavy on him.

“You okay?” a sleepy voice said beside him.

“Fine,” he said, swinging his legs off the bed. He needed air, to clear his head. In the dim light of the compartment's head, he splashed cold water on his face and stared into the mirror. The lines etched on his face told the story of years gone by, but the past never stayed silent. It clung to him, sharp and raw, always lurking in the shadows, ready to strike when the darkness fell.