Sheltering from the giants that loomed over the chaotic city, I peered around the corner and watched in horror as hundreds of people tried to escape their inevitable fate. Like mice trying to escape the clutches of a falcon, they scampered in terror through the crumbling square. As the whirring of the enormous vacuums approached, I had to take a chance. I had to run. Run for my life.

Dodging falling debris from the facades of the now derelict buildings, I raced from my hiding spot towards the safety of the city walls. If only I could make it to the other side of them, then I would be safe. Deafening screams mixed with the strangled moan of the contraptions filled the air as innocent lives were sucked up. Would I be the next one to die?

Fearing I may be next, I looked up at the malevolent beings – determined to look my killer in the eyes if that was to be my fate. As silent as a shadow one of the things leaned forward menacingly, flexing his fingers around the destructive device. Its face was nothing more than one penetrating beam of cold, white light which was now locked onto me like a target. I froze in horror.