



Thirtieth year after our era

Prologue

Greetings, people of the past. I am writing to you from the year thirty after your era. From two thousand one hundred and three, according to yours.

Anticipating your questions, I can answer them right away. This message and the ones you will see below are materials I have collected over the past year of being here in the world as it has become now. From a retelling of the personal story of one of the residents of the last city and a biographical clipping about its ruler, to a searcher's diary and a textual retelling of a surveillance camera recording in a remote prison. All these are materials I have collected that reflect the present time. Only you can decide whether to believe it or not. Only you can decide whether to do something about the world that surrounds you now. And only you can decide whether you want to live in the world depicted in these materials.

Burgher

When I left the house, a small ray of sunlight shone on my face, barely breaking through the clouds and the protective dome. The day promised to be sunny. In fact, it was like that almost every year on my birthday. For the past five years, I have been asking myself the same question on this day: "How did I get to this point?" And every time the answer was about the same. I was born before the second meteorite hit, and I managed to live a little bit in a world free of these limits. My parents and I lived in a small town near Galicia. I don't remember much from those days, but my father said that we had everything he had ever dreamed of. Probably the only memories that come to mind now are my grandfather's stories. He often talked about the time when he fell into a dungeon under his house and went through unprecedented trials. My mother was always skeptical, urging him to stop filling my head with all kinds of nonsense. However, I always liked his descriptions of the dungeon, the monsters, and the trials he went through there. Unfortunately, it all came to an end one day. A huge meteorite was heading towards the Earth, which could have destroyed all of humanity. When my father heard the news, he gathered everything he could, put my mother and me in the car, and we headed to the place that was supposed to survive the meteorite's impact. The road was very difficult. As the meteorite approached the Earth, it released green gas into the atmosphere, which caused everything to mutate. My mother was breathing that gas, and before she mutated, she decided not to risk my father and me and left the car. Then my father and I drove together. Eventually we reached a potentially safe

city. It was quite large, twice as big as where we lived before, and covered with a kind of blue dome that was translucent. As we were told later, it was called a protective dome, an experimental technology that creates a translucent shield over a large area, it was supposed to protect this city from the blast wave caused by a meteorite. There was a huge line at the entrance to the city. People from all over the world were coming to this city to survive, but not everyone was allowed in. The city was large, but not infinite, so only enough young people without hereditary diseases and with sufficient intellectual abilities were allowed to enter the city. Thus, a large proportion of the population was excluded from entering the city. In theory, this selection should have resulted in a good gene pool, and the city should have become a center of the best strata of humanity. This would have given a good start to new generations and contributed to the revival of humanity after the meteorite hit, and the city could have flourished. However, later everything became the same as in any other city. The corruption came quite quickly. It started with illegal trade in illegal substances, and then it got to murder. In short, even though there was a strict selection process for entering the city in the beginning, after a while people still created a society that was like before the meteorite hit. Eventually I went to school, and my father started working in a bank. He was constantly disappearing at work, and every day he came back more and more tired. However, his unhealthy workaholicism paid off, and he was promoted at least once a year. When he became a deputy chief, the excessive workload proved to be insurmountable. Unfortunately, my father's body could

not stand it, and he slowly passed away, not even being able to get out of bed. After that, I started living on my own, at that time I was about sixteen. Almost thirty years have passed since then. And now I am the same bank employee as my father was. However, I was not endowed with the same workaholicism, I never really dreamed of big positions, and I was hired, to be honest, because of my father's surname, which gave my bosses hope that I would work hard like him. However, work is work, and you can't skip it even on your birthday, so I had to hurry.

I headed towards the tram stop and waited for the familiar, almost native tram number 15, which would take me to the bank in about twenty minutes. Today seemed to be a good day, so I didn't wait long and the iron chariot with horns arrived at the stop. I quickly sat down in my favorite seat by the window and the tram started to move.

The tram was slowly maneuvering along its planned route, passing through the wide streets of our nameless city, past the gray faces of the houses. They were built of blocks, which were a square, brick box with an area of no more than fourteen square meters, in fact, one such block is one apartment. Each house consisted of five or nine such blocks in height and three or four in width. These houses always feel cold and unwelcoming, but they turned out to be the best solution that the architects could come up with to build a more or less livable city as quickly as possible, so I have nothing to complain about.

I don't remember exactly, but I think I heard that everything used to be powered by electricity, but now it only keeps the dome and other critical infrastructure

running, but the city is not a rubber one, and no one dared to take away living space to build more power plants, so everything, like this tram, runs on steam, and electricity is supplied by only one nuclear power plant located in a suburban area that is barely covered by the dome. At the same time, all the other plants that produced steam for the city's life are located underground. They supply steam for the main mechanisms and, in addition, the excess steam is sent to the pipes that provide heat to our city.

Passing the only church in the city, for some reason I remembered how it was built with the intention of uniting all existing religions. However, this attempt was too successful. People who came here from different parts of the world could not believe in one common God, but went to that church to pray to their own. However, the church was never very crowded, as many people were disgusted to pray in the same church with representatives of other races or religions. At first, based on these beliefs, people generally organized rallies to expel a particular ethnic or religious group from the city. But without support from the authorities, massacres began, resulting in mass imprisonment and forced reconciliation work, where people who fought with each other were forced to work in one group for the good of the city. Seeing this, the first generation born within the walls of the dome began to deny all existing religions and gods, arguing that if the gods really existed, they would not allow their children to behave like this toward others. They were constantly trying to catch believers and priests in some contradiction or disagreement, trying to deny everything that religions said. Instead, they created

their own idol, a meteorite, believing that it was the one that created the world. However, within a few years, this religion also began to be questioned because of the information that seekers brought back. Eventually, it disappeared from the city. The only place where this belief in the meteorite still existed was in the poor neighborhoods, but they believed and prayed to all the gods that existed.

The time spent contemplating the city flew by unnoticed, and I was already approaching the bank. The manager was already standing in the doorway. He was quite short and fat, the mold on the top of his head had already formed a bald spot that resembled a lake in a small forest. One could not expect a single kind word from him, he was only interested in the numbers on the account, and the bigger they were, the better.

- Andriy, where are you wandering around? It's five minutes to your shift. Get to your office, you lazy bastard!

- Yes, sir, sorry I'm late.

- You should have come right away. Lazy bones.

I pretended not to hear the last sentence. In fact, I wasn't late yet, but arguing with a boss like that would cost more than just apologizing. I worked as a loan officer, or rather, I was the person who decided whether or not to issue a loan.

The office greeted me with warm, compressed air. The clock was already pointing to ten o'clock, which meant that the working day was beginning. Usually my working day is not very busy, but I have at least five meetings.

There are about a dozen other employees like me in our bank, but there is always work to be done.

Our offices are mostly designed for one person, so the team doesn't really socialize. To be honest, I don't even know the names of most of our employees. In such circumstances, the only entertainment between meetings is painting. I've never been good at it, but while I'm drawing, my thoughts are somehow more structured. So now I'm just wasting time drawing some crooked houses. The first meeting is scheduled for twelve o'clock, so I still have plenty of time to do it.

Before every meeting with a client, I study their case to decide whether to give them a loan. This helps me to refuse a client if they don't meet our requirements. Even if the client asks me to change my mind, I won't be able to do so because the decision has already been made. So now, looking at our potential client's file, I already know that she will not get a loan. She is a resident of a poor neighborhood without any permanent job, has many children and no husband. The requested loan amount is one thousand kupols. She obviously won't be able to repay the loan, which means that I will have to bear all the losses in case of default. This is the bank's policy: if a client fails to repay the debt, the one who issued the loan pays for it. To be honest, a thousand coupons is not such a big amount for me, in fact, I could have given her the money myself, but if I gave my money to everyone I felt sorry for, I would go bankrupt very quickly...

The clock struck twelve, and I invited the client in through the loudspeaker that was attached to the wall above my office door. She was quickly in the doorway,

indicating that she had been waiting outside the office for some time. Her steps were very small, and the soles of her torn shoes shuffled on the floor. They looked very old, and the material resembled some kind of rag she had just found on the street. Her clothes looked as if they had been made from several bags. Her face was grimy, although it was clear that she had spent a long time trying to clean it from dirt and city dust. Looking at her, I felt sorry for her, but even so, I could not break my decision.

- "Good afternoon, ma'am..." I looked at the file, "Anna, I see you need a thousand domes. Am I right?"

- Yes, sir, that's right. - she said, in a quiet, trembling voice.

- "It also says here that you need this money to..." the file came to my rescue again, "feed your children and repair the roof of your house. This is really important, and I would really like to help you, but... How can I put this? Our bank will not be able to provide you with such funds, I'm sorry.

- Why?" she asked with tears in her eyes.

- "First of all, you don't have a steady income, so you won't be able to repay the loan...

- But I really need the money!" she said. - "I have to feed my children.

- I understand, but I can't help you. Our company's policy is not to lend to people without a fixed income, I'm sorry.

- I see. Well, thank you for your time," she said as she left the office.

- "Loans are really not the best option in your case. Try contacting volunteer organizations. I am sure they will be able to help you more than a loan would.

The woman stopped for a second and whispered through her tears.

- If only they really worked like that...

With that, she slowly left the building.

I really felt sorry for this woman, but honestly, in my work, such cases quickly become boring and familiar, so the feeling of pity began to disappear quickly as soon as the woman left the office. Perhaps I could be accused of inhumanity, but I don't think so, I just issue loans that will definitely not affect the situation of this person. However, it doesn't really matter. Anyway, the next meeting is in half an hour, so I should get ready.

I opened the file with the dossier. The first thing that greeted me was not a photo of the client, as usual, but a small piece of paper. It read: "To give credit under any circumstances" with the signature of the boss at the bottom. This, so to speak, "note" can mean only one thing - this client or his acquaintances have already agreed on everything, this is not a common practice, at least I have had quite a few such cases, but this practice has never disappeared, according to my father's stories, bribery and nepotism flourished long before I was born, so who am I to object to the normal course of things.

I wondered who managed to get the boss to agree with me this time, so I continued to look through the file. The client turned out to be the son of a well-known MP, Borys Vayt. He was in the news quite often, mostly because of

scandals, but his father was quite influential, so I understand well how he got the support of such a self-serving person as his boss. I felt a strong wave of disappointment, but the note in the dossier meant either execution or dismissal, so I had no choice.

Half an hour passed and I was already waiting for a new client in my office, so I called him on the loudspeaker. A minute passed, but I didn't hear any movement, so I repeated the message, but again nothing happened. I got up and went to the door to check where the client was. Opening the door, I looked around the corridor, but I was greeted only by narrow walls with peeling putty of dull orange, almost brown color and an empty bench where clients usually waited. There was only one thought going through my head: "What a rascal. We've already made a deal for him, just come and get the money, but you won't do that, will you?" I was tearing up inside. With each passing second of waiting, I was becoming more and more reluctant to give that loan to an irresponsible person like him. I can't say that I had a lot of that desire to begin with, but now it was getting smaller every minute. However, who cares if everything is already agreed upon...

I went back to my office and sat down to wait for this unpunctual major. He was almost an hour late, fifty-six minutes to be exact. He pushed open the office door with his foot and fell into it, holding a bottle of elite rum in one hand and a girl in the other, as if holding her in awe. His whole image looked expensive, but completely careless. The collar of his shirt was slightly torn, his pants were rolled up just below his knees, and his hair was loose in

all directions. Looking at him, memories of the woman who had come in the morning involuntarily popped up in my head, but as easily as they appeared, they disappeared when the client's voice broke through the silence of the office.

- Hello, boss. I'm sorry I'm late, but you see, I wasn't up to you. - As if trying to explain, he shook the girl.

- "It's okay, don't worry, I understand everything," I said with a fake smile.

- Good. Then, in order not to waste time, let's get right to it. You were supposed to call for me.

- Oh, yes, you are Alexander Borisovich White. Is that right?

- Yes, yes, I am Alexander Borisovich White. Will the money be there soon?

- Yes, I'm bringing it right now. Wait here for now.

I walked out of the office, closing the door, and headed for the vault, putting on the fake smile I always put on for clients. People like this really annoy me. Does he really think he's better than the rest of us just because his father is a deputy? However, nothing depended on me in this case, everything had already been agreed upon, so I just had to give him the money and forget about him until the time when I had to return it.

So I took the money, and the only thing left was to give it to the client. I was already approaching the office when I suddenly heard a noise coming from it. I came closer and listened. Behind the door, I could hear paper flying, and White Jr. was repeating: "Look harder! There must be

more money in here, you want a new purse, right? Then look for it, you bitch!" I knocked politely and went into my office. All sorts of papers and client files were scattered around the office, and in the center of it all stood Alexander White. Putting a smile on my face again, I squinted even harder to pretend I didn't see it all.

- Mr. White, here's your money. Fifty thousand domes, as agreed.

- Finally... - He looked at the case with the money. - Are you sure all the money is in there?

- Yes, of course, Mr. White. You can count it if you want.

- And one more thing. Why do I have to do slave labor? - He said again, taking the girl by the scruff of the neck. In a second he disappeared from my office, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

I was so enraged by White Jr.'s behavior that the next day was a blur. If I recall, I had three other clients. The first one was an artist from a good family with no debts and no bad habits, who asked for money to open her art studio, as she already had a lot of fans and many successful exhibitions, so I gave her the money. Then there was a construction worker who was constantly complaining about his employer, he asked for money to open his own construction company, here I honestly hesitated because he was a heavy drinker, but everything else was almost perfect, he even brought a plan of how he planned to organize everything to pay back the loan faster, and in the end, I gave him the loan. The last one was a pensioner in his seventies, he asked for money to organize a lavish funeral for his wife, they

had no children or other descendants, so if he died too, there would be no one to pay back and I would have to pay the amount out of my own pocket, and I didn't want that, so the loan was denied. I spent the rest of the day filling out reports on my current clients.

The reports were the most boring job I've ever done, in fact, the report was a rewrite of the dossier with little details added like how the client behaved during the conversation, what about the loan, whether the loan was disbursed, and so on. Although the day wasn't too busy with clients, the reports took a lot of time, and there was also this general meeting of all employees at the end of the day.

In short, I finished later than usual and decided not to go home as usual, but to take the tram. The wait at the stop was not long, but it was longer than in the morning. The sun had already set over the horizon, having given up its last rays twenty minutes ago. Because of this, the tram's lights were visible from afar. The iron horn pulled up to the stop again and let me into its belly. My favorite seat was already occupied, as were all the other seats, so I had to ride standing up.

The tram stood at the stop for a while longer, hoping to pick up more passengers, and realizing that it was already full, it started moving along the route. The lights from the windows of these gray houses twinkled like stars in the endless space. Every time I went home at such a time, it seemed to me that I was not looking at the city through the tram window, but at the endless space through the windows of my rocket. Since childhood, I have dreamed of flying and traveling the

world, but now every time I look up in the hope of seeing an airplane that could take me somewhere as far away as possible from here, I keep seeing this damn dome.

On the one hand, it protects us from mutant invasions, gas, and any other external danger, but it also traps us inside, forming a cage that masquerades as a shield. However, this is the way of life now, and I am just a small person, even by the standards of our city-country, so it is not up to me to change anything in this world.

Finally, I arrived home. The house was old and abandoned, like all the others in our city, but this one was my home. I opened the door by entering the secret combination of numbers, which was not so secret because it was the same as all the locks made by this manufacturer, and entered the entrance. The only lamp in the entire flight was already burning out and not giving enough light, the walls were tastelessly painted white and blue, and the smell of mold hung in the air. Almost automatically, I went up to my second floor and entered the apartment. The door seemed to greet me with the usual squeaking of the hinges, which should have been greased by now, but I never got around to it. I had inherited the apartment from my father, so everything was quite old, but I couldn't bring myself to do anything about it. It would have been easier to sell it.

I didn't even have dinner and just went to bed, but remembering my birthday, I lit a candle on a small cake I had bought yesterday in anticipation of the holiday. However, neither this cake nor this candle lifted my holiday mood in the slightest. On the contrary, they reminded me how lonely I am in this world, that I don't

even have anyone to share this moment with. After that, I just lay there and looked at the ceiling, thinking about everything that had happened recently. I thought about my work, my relationships that didn't exist, and my life in general. I felt like I was stuck in a swamp and couldn't get out, but where could I go? Behind the dome where there is nothing but mutants. Or like my father, to get out of the middle class at the cost of my health? I'm not sure I'm ready for that, because I'm just a small person in a small world. I lay there for another hour, maybe even more, immersed in my thoughts. But all that any topic brought me to was the fact that I can't change anything. I'm just a small person in a small world, and I'm doomed to live my life the way it is now.

The night passed quietly and the morning began as usual. Coffee and the square TV, which only broadcast something in the morning and late at night, were already part of my waking ritual. The only things on the TV were news and old TV shows that had long since lost any relevance. I turned on the news to fill my background.

"...A searcher nicknamed The Traveler returned to the city after a long expedition. This time he moved away from the dome to a distance of one hundred thousand kilometers. In a special interview with the 2 by 2 channel, which will take place at eighteen zero-zero, he will tell about what he saw and what he brought back from the wreckage of the old world. In other news. A new park has been opened in the city and has become a favorite place for walking and relaxing. The park has several attractions, such as swings, a carousel and a slide, as well as a picnic area and a playground for children. The

governor personally held the grand opening of the park by cutting the ribbon. He said that the new park is a symbol of a new beginning for the city. He also believes that the park will be a place where residents can meet to socialize, have fun and enjoy nature..."

It looks like the news doesn't change at all, and neither does this city. Oh well, anyway, I have to leave soon, so I might as well turn off the TV.

"...And finally, a scandal! The son of a well-known deputy, Borys Vayt, ran over a woman to death. It happened in the morning in a poor neighborhood. The woman was trying to crawl across the road when she was hit by White Jr.'s car. She died before an ambulance could arrive. White Jr. was probably drunk at the time of the accident. He fled the scene and is still on the run from the police. The investigation is ongoing..."

After hearing this news, I started looking at the small screen and was horrified by what I saw. The victim was my yesterday's client, she was wearing the same clothes, but her face was torn to blood by concrete. I stared at the screen and realized that this could not have happened if I had given her the money. It drove me crazy, but I started to reassure myself that people die all the time, so this could have happened to anyone, and even if I had given her the money, she could still have died either under the wheels of some major like Alexander White or she could have been killed for the money she would have received in the bank. That's how I tried to calm myself down until I finally just exhaled and went to work.

The day went by in a completely ordinary way, but I couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. I felt guilty for the death of this woman. I thought about how she could have lived if I had helped her. But what difference would that have made? A loan could not have saved her from that life, so even if I had given her that money, nothing would have changed.

In the evening I came home and couldn't sleep. I lay in bed and looked at the ceiling, thinking about that woman, about what money is worth in our world, and why we all have to die. Eventually, without any logical explanation for any of these topics, sleep gripped me with its soft claws.

This went on for several days in a row, and I came home from work very late, so every night I just lay there staring at the ceiling. Every day, my sleep was getting worse and worse, and the same thoughts were spinning faster and faster in my head. They repeated over and over again, so often that I began to doubt that I could help this woman.

Finally, Friday came. It was never a busy day, so I could get off work early and go for a little walk. The day went on as usual. I had three clients today, so I finished even a little earlier than I expected and decided to walk home as planned to sort out my thoughts and the guilt that had been drilling into my brain for the past three days.

All my life I thought I was a small person who didn't make a difference, and after I successfully integrated into society, I didn't even doubt it anymore. The only thing that still kept some shreds of my thoughts and guidelines in me were my father's words before he died. At that

time he was already very sick, he couldn't even drink on his own, so all his colleagues and people he had once helped turned away from him, and he said that he had realized something, namely that people are tools, and the most important thing in this life is not to become a tool in the hands of others. At the time, I thought it was some kind of dying rant and didn't pay much attention to it, but after a few years of working at the bank, I stopped feeling like a human being, rather, I became a tool used by my bosses. Even my position, which gave me power over people in need, could not improve my attitude towards myself. I was still a tool in the hands of my superiors. But for that woman, I could have been more than just a tool, I could have been a ray of light in the pitch blackness of poverty, I could have given her the opportunity to feed herself and her children, but I did nothing

My feet were leading me down a completely new road, in fact I was making a huge hook between work and home. This path led me to a poor neighborhood. The buildings here looked even more worn and time-worn than the rest of the city combined. Children were running down the street covered in mud and dressed in rags. Not a single streetlight was working, and then, as luck would have it, it started to rain. I hid under the roof of a bus stop. They never stopped here, but the government had set up a bus stop to pretend that they hadn't forgotten about these people. The rain was getting heavier by the second, the sky was completely overcast, so it was going to be a long rain.

I started looking around the street. I found that almost all the houses had cracks and holes in their roofs. Suddenly, a large pack of weak dogs ran around the corner. The noise they were making was ear-splitting. They were running very fast in my direction. I curled up and began to cover myself with my hands in the hope that they would not notice me and pass me by. In another moment, they were already near me. I prepared to defend myself. Suddenly, the dogs changed their course and ran in a different direction. I breathed out a sigh of relief and tried to stabilize my heart rate for a few more minutes, then continued to look around the street.

Soon the rain became less, but I didn't wait for it to end because I was afraid it might become even heavier. I picked up my pace and kept walking. The street was constantly narrowing, like the body of a snake, but the alleys were constantly growing larger and larger, so the street formed a maze from which few people could get out, not because it was difficult, but because society simply does not let these people in.

I was almost out of the neighborhood when something white caught my eye. It was in the alley to my right. For some reason, I was curious, no, it became important for me to find out what it was, so I decided to look into that alley. I headed toward the wall to see what was going on there without being seen. One step before I reached the wall, a puddle splashed under my foot, so I jumped to the wall faster to avoid being seen by whatever was in that alley. As soon as I looked into the alley, this white object disappeared from my sight, as if something had dragged it into the alley. I was wary, but my curiosity was

stronger, so I continued on my way. My steps became heavier, and with each step, my fear began to grow stronger and stronger. And now I am one step away from the truth. I looked around the corner and saw something terrible. A weak, hungry dog was clinging to the leg of a dead woman to whom I had refused financial assistance. For a moment I froze, unable to move. And then suddenly I felt nausea approaching my throat. I rushed out of that alley, trying to hold back the vomiting.

I didn't have to run for long. Soon I hit the railings of a bridge over the wide river that divided our city in half. Leaning on the cold iron of the railing, I gave in to dry spasmodic spitting - my body was no longer capable of more.

When the nausea passed, I could hardly catch my breath and looked around. It was quite late, so the bridge was almost deserted. Only rare lights of cars and lanterns flickered in the distance. From this height, our city with its dome looked almost fairytale-like. But I knew that this idyll was deceptive.

Remembering the picture I saw, I shuddered. Gradually, the feeling of disgust gave way to an oppressive emptiness. "I could have saved her..." - I kept repeating in my mind, as if numb. At first, this phrase only pulsed somewhere on the periphery of my consciousness. But with each new wave, it hit my head louder and louder, like a bell.

I could save her... This simple thought gradually grew into an unbearable feeling of guilt that filled my head. Suddenly, the faces of other people began to appear in

my memory, to whom I had once refused to lend money for one reason or another. How many were there over the years? Dozens? Hundreds? I had never been interested in their fate... What if there were those among them who repeated the path of this unfortunate woman because of my indifference?

Every second I was finding it harder to breathe. It seemed that a little more and my throat would finally catch from the realization of the burden of blood and tears that could lie on my conscience. I looked down, down to where the river's waters were splashing ominously against the concrete pillars of the bridge. From this height, they seemed almost black and abysmal. And suddenly I thought that the only way to relieve myself of this unbearable burden was to dive down into this abyss and end myself and my rotten indifference forever

I swallowed hard. A few minutes ago, this thought would have seemed crazy to me. But now... Now it made terrible sense to me. My hands involuntarily clenched the cold handrail. I thought about my life and suddenly realized that there was nothing left in it worth living for. No family, no friends, no people close to me in any way - just a job that turned me into a machine for denying people in need their requests...

No, I could not go on like this. Let my death be the atonement for the sins of my past.

I took a deep breath, looked at the city lights for the last time as I stepped onto the bridge railing. Fear clutched my stomach, my eyes filled with tears again, but guilt and the realization that I could have made the world a

better place if only I hadn't done anything prevented me from taking a step back. I felt that this was the only way to atone for my sins, the only way to find peace. So, stealing my last breath of air, I took a step forward.

Ruler

Historical section "A look into the past"

Today in our column we will delve into the events that happened not so long ago, but have already left a significant imprint on our city and recall the figure of probably the most controversial ruler in the history of our city-country - Dmitry II. His rise to power and his brutal rule still cause controversy among the public. Who was he really and why did he change so dramatically after his election? Let's try to figure it out.

At the end of the first decade after the meteorite hit, a boy was born to the family of the first dome ruler. The ruler named him Lev. He lived his entire childhood at his father's estate, where he received first-class education and medical care. He was never limited in his desires, and his every whim was fulfilled almost instantly. However, there was only one restriction - he was not to be seen by other people. The boy didn't understand why he couldn't socialize with his peers or go outside the estate, but all his other needs were met with abundance, so he stopped paying attention and just accepted it.

Subsequently, the ruler was re-elected to his post for the last term. When he realized this, he realized that he only had five years left to prepare everything so that his son would become the new ruler. So he sent his son to the grassroots of society, rewriting his biography so that there would be no references to himself. In the process of rewriting his biography, the ruler also changed his son's name to Dmitry.

Dmitry spent the last years of his father's reign working as a laborer. He was often engaged in loading work,

building roads and helping with various volunteer organizations. The only contact he had with his father was through secret messengers who came every few months. From these small parcels, Dmytro learned about the state of affairs in the family, and his father, in turn, learned everything about his son with the help of his subjects at court.

Eventually, the election period came. Dmytro decided to run for governor, just as his father had wanted. His election strategy was to play on the fact that people needed a ruler who understood them. Dmytro's father also invested some money in his campaign, but he spent most of it on bribing election officials.

In the end, Dmytro won the election in a mock contest with another young candidate who actually received a lot of public support. After that, protests were organized on the central square, but Dmytro brutally suppressed them with the help of plainclothes security forces who undermined the protest mood from within. And after the protests ended and everyone went home, any mention of the protests was banned.

Once in the chair of the ruler, Dmitry tried to play the role of a fair reformer. He made some telling positive changes. However, his real goal was to consolidate his power and stabilize the regime. The first repressions against dissenters began.

Despite his ostentatious charity, Dmytro actively stole from the treasury for his own needs and the satisfaction of his supporters. This is how he kept their support. Behind the scenes, Dmytro cared less and less about the

interests of ordinary people, as he was afraid of losing his power at any cost.

At the end of his first term, Dmytro began to fear losing power several times more than before. He knew that his opponents were strong, so he was not sure that he would be able to win again, and using his still-existing power, he put pressure on the election commissions, which eventually rigged the election results so that Dmitry was once again elected to the post of ruler.

Everyone knew about the fraud, but in the eyes of the majority, he was not a bad ruler, "Well, he steals, well, he rigged the elections, but the standard of living has really improved during his rule, so why not..." - people argued.

Once again in power, Dmytro could have breathed a sigh of relief for the next five years. However, his fear of losing power turned into real paranoia. He begins to see enemies everywhere and creates huge groups of guards, which he pits against each other. A campaign is launched in the city to catch all those who disagree. Special patrols ply the city in civilian clothes, eavesdropping on other people's conversations for the slightest disrespect for the ruler, in which case a small black car comes to pick up the person the next day. The fate of these people is still unknown.

Under the guise of new reforms, Dmytro vetoes any activity that is not managed by state institutions. He is also afraid of losing the treasury as a source of money in the near future, and he is starting to steal more and more, allocating unnecessary money for meaningless projects. An example of this was the incident when the

government signed a decree to allocate hundreds of thousands of coupons for the production of gold awards for the winners of the Dome Olympics, which was never held.

Dmitry finally dropped the mask of a respectable ruler and turned into a cruel tyrant who oppresses his people under the pretext of reforms. He is losing the trust and support of the people, and his regime is beginning to collapse. Realizing that power is slipping from his hands, Dmitry falls into panic and despair. Rumor has it that he spends days raging in his office, throwing things against the walls and shouting: "It's not working! I have to save myself! I have to save my government!"

Some of the guards heard these tantrums. They finally became convinced that the ruler had gone mad and was threatening the death of the entire nation in his quest to maintain power. That is why the guards began to plan an urgent coup to overthrow the mad tyrant before it was too late.

During this period, one could notice the ruler's panic without even seeing him, as all his decisions began to go to extremes. For example, one day he signed a decree dissolving the conscript army, and a few days later he announced a general mobilization to march on the mutants' lair near the dome. There was no way the mutants could break through the dome, so it would be a futile campaign, especially since almost no one in the army was trained.

Before that, the guards had long been watching Dmytro's growing madness and violence. They realized that he

was ready to do anything to retain power. However, the last straw was the order to mobilize and send hundreds of unprepared people to certain death against the mutants.

Many of the guards had families among these people. They realized that Dmitry had finally lost his mind and would stop at nothing. He must be stopped now, before he destroys the entire nation in the name of his own ego. In addition, some of the guards simply did not want to serve the executioners anymore and see innocent people suffer.

Eventually, they realized that if they did not carry out a coup now, they might never hope to get rid of this mad tyrant. They decided to act without wasting a minute. After all, it could be too late in a moment...

In the end, the coup was successful, and the ruler was overthrown. Until a new, democratic ruler was elected, one of the guards, who was determined to rule fairly and honestly, became the head of the government. He immediately released all prisoners who had been convicted for their political beliefs and announced the reversal of a number of reforms that the previous ruler had implemented.

The coup, organized by the guards, was a warning to future rulers that even the strongest ruler with a huge army of guards and bodies controlling freedom of speech can be overthrown if he loses the trust and support of his people.

Searcher

24.08 (0 km from the dome)

I am starting a new expedition. This will be my last one, as I have already worked for twenty years. Before retirement, I, like all prospectors, was instructed to try to get to the meteorite that made our world what it is now.

This time, everything will be a little different than usual. I plan to read books that I find on the way. I used to try to finish expeditions as quickly as possible, but now I have no obligations or restrictions, so I will try to research what I find myself.

My objectives:

- To get to the meteorite and take its samples for research
- To study what I find on my own

I've already built the route on the map, and I've prepared food. So the journey begins...

25.08 (20 km from the dome)

Today, at a distance of twenty kilometers from the dome, I met young seekers. Their names are Columbus, Wind and Pioneer. We have worked together several times, but they are still young, so I will not take them with me on this mission.

They were returning from the event with full bags of loot. Various wires and dusty books were sticking out of their bags. They said that a sandstorm was coming from the north and advised us to wait it out in a shelter. I don't consider them experts, I've been in those storms more than once and it's not for them to teach me how to protect myself from them.

I asked them for a book, one of the books they had gotten during the expedition, and they did not refuse. They recommended a book with the word "Encyclopedia" on it. I haven't read it yet. But I think to fix it as soon as I set up the tent.

26.08 (23 km from the dome)

What a disaster! The storm caught me in the middle of the desert. For some reason, all the time I was walking in the fields or forests, the weather was perfect, not a cloud, and as soon as I entered the desert, it was a storm. Also, mutated rats tried to attack me in a pack while I was setting up the tent, but I still had enough experience to scare them away and set up the tent before I finally fell asleep.

In fact, the whole day was lost because of this damn storm. But on the other hand, at least I will have time to read that Encyclopedia.

Despite the fact that I understand only half of what is written, it is very interesting. It turns out that animals

used to look completely different, and before them there were some bizarre monsters, they were also called so in an interesting way. What was it like... That's right: "Dinosaurs". And here it says that there are six continents on Earth. And the word is so interesting... we now call it land. Anyway, I know that there is only one big earth. Probably the meteorite somehow influenced this as well...

28.08 (47 km from the dome)

After waiting out the storm, I started to move on with a calm soul. Because I was caught in a storm the day before yesterday, I had to make up for lost time today at the expense of speed.

The desert finally ended and I finally got to the first city where I quickly ran through various "cultural places", as we say among the seekers. By "cultural places" we mean bookstores, hardware stores, and similar places where you can find traces of people's life.

I quickly gathered some old equipment and took with me a few books that were most abundant on the shelves. It looks like there will be a lot of prey.

29.08 (64 km from the dome)

Today was an ordinary day. I explored the new city again, found some loot, and eventually finished the Encyclopedia.

I didn't expect books to be so interesting. I learned a lot about the world. For example, I was very surprised that there was life on the planet before humans, and most of all I was surprised by some species of animals, they are so strange and funny that I wonder what they might look like if they survived the mutations caused by green gas.

I started to regret that in the past expeditions I hardly ever read the books I found, so I think it was a good decision to start reading books on this expedition.

30.08 (83 km from the dome)

Today was the same day as the previous ones. I passed several places that looked like small, long-abandoned settlements and finally started reading the World History book. I learned a lot about the different cultures that existed on Earth before. I was fascinated by their diversity and beauty. It is a pity that they have all disappeared... But maybe the meteorite samples I will get will help humanity to become the masters of the Earth again, and all these dead cultures will be reborn again?

31.08 (100 km from the dome)

Everything is the same. The views of the destroyed cities replace each other, but they all look almost identical. I've picked up my reading pace and can't do without new information. Today, I have almost finished the third paragraph of the World History. If this book is not fiction, it is very interesting to know how far humanity has come since the beginning of its existence.

07.09 (213 km from the dome)

Today, while hiding from a bunch of mutants in the basement of some dilapidated house, I saw the body of another seeker. He was fully equipped, but he was dead.

I examined the body more closely and recognized it as a very famous searcher nicknamed The Traveler. He was always an example for all of us, because he was always the first to enter uncharted territories and always set records for how far he went from the dome. On one of his outings, he simply disappeared. Everyone thought that he had just gone to set a new record, and then he came back...

In the hands of that corpse was a map with a bright red mark. I could not ignore it and took the map. The map had a cross on it, marking the largest, lost library in the world. It looks like he did break through there, but could not return unharmed.

This library is on my way, so I'll stop by when I'm in the neighborhood.

09.09 (235 km from the dome)

I finally reached this majestic library. It was almost all covered in sand, so if it wasn't for the Wayfarer's map I would never have found it.

After spending a whole day here, I discovered that not a single mutant had gotten here, and that there was not a single living soul here except me.

13.09 (235 km from the dome)

I spent the last four days in the library studying human history. I learned a lot of new things, but I also came to some sad conclusions.

I saw that people were constantly trying to destroy each other. They fought each other, they destroyed nature, they destroyed their own cities. And this has always been the case, from the very beginning of humanity. I also saw that people were constantly destroying the environment. They cut down forests, they hunted animals, they polluted the air and water. And this process of destruction was intensifying every year.

I think that humanity was leading itself to destruction. We constantly made choices that led to environmental degradation and the extinction of other species. We have chosen a way of life based on consumption and destructiveness. And this way of life is not sustainable. The meteorite simply accelerated this process, allowing

all living organisms to evolve through mutations. The meteorite wiped out most of the humans, but it also gave a chance to those who remained. Those who were strong, smart and flexible.

14.09 (251 km from the dome)

I have now entered the perimeter of the crater, and somewhere in the distance I can already see the outline of the meteorite. I think tomorrow evening I will be near it.

15.09 (260 km from the dome)

I don't want to admit it, but it looks like this is my last entry... In any case, I will make it for myself...

Upon reaching the meteorite, my dosimeter went off the scale, from which I concluded that it was probably radioactive. This could confirm my theory that humans would destroy themselves someday. I had read about nuclear bombs, which also seem to leave behind significant radiation, and thus the planet could have turned into that even without the meteorite falling.

In the end, I removed a small layer of the space rock. Even so many years after its fall, it still emits a tremendous amount of green gas.

When the samples were taken, I headed in the opposite direction. But suddenly, a mutated rat rushed at me from behind and wounded me in the side. Now the wound is bleeding, and none of the drugs stop the blood.

I hope that my recording will be found by someone who can use the samples I collected to help humanity.

Prisoner

The scorched wasteland stretched in all directions. The sun had already set, and the moon had taken over the world, which became the only source of light that entered the cell of prisoner number K-57. The cell was quite ordinary: bars, an iron bed, and a toilet. It was saturated with dampness and dampness. The floor, which had long been covered with sand, was sticky and terribly uncomfortable. Strange sounds like the grinding of chainsaw teeth were coming from the command compartment through the long-rotted door. The prisoner was very thin and weak-looking.

In the next cell was a body dead from starvation. The body's hand was touching the K-57 cell, and he was trying his best to pull it closer. The smell of decomposing flesh clogged K-57's nostrils, and the dead man's face kept trying to turn to him, forcing him to remember how they had met.

It all started before the meteorite hit. Back then, he wasn't called Prisoner K-57, he was just Kevin Grace. He had just been sentenced to life imprisonment for treason when he came here. After a while, the information about the meteorite's fall reached the chief warden of the prison, so he ordered the prisoners to build a nine-meter-high wall. The construction did not go smoothly. Some prisoners did not want to obey the warders and tried to escape at the first opportunity. They were simply killed and walled up in the wall. The prisoners were given little food so that they would not have the energy to escape. However, many did not even have the energy to build. Many of the prisoners died from lack of energy or

overwork. Their bodies met the same fate as those who tried to escape. Thus, at the end of the construction, only a small proportion of all prisoners remained alive, and about seventy percent of all prisoners died. Around the same time, prisoner number K-57 met prisoner number D-31, whose arm he is now trying to pull closer. They became friends almost immediately because they were from the same state and had several common topics.

The prisoner's memories were interrupted by the cold touch of D-31's dead hand. His body was already squeezed into the bars as much as possible, so he could no longer strain. K-57 had eaten about fourteen days ago, although it could hardly be called a full meal, as he had only eaten a few lechinos, which he had somehow found in the sand on the cell floor. Previously, he and D-31 somehow managed to catch mice. But now, it seems, all mice have mutated, and if they catch K-57's eye, he will be the prey, not the other way around. So they both had to survive by eating cockroaches, mold, and other growths on the walls. D-31 could not survive on such a diet for long and died of starvation, but K-57 was a little more fortunate, he outlived his comrade.

His mind was racing with thoughts about the morality of this act. He knew that he would not survive otherwise, so he tried to reassure himself with a quote from a biologist that cannibalism is actually the same food, but because it is meat from your own species, all the microelements and all the useful components are better absorbed, but it did not help much. He couldn't bring himself to do this to his friend, but the realization that if he didn't take advantage of this opportunity, he would become a corpse

in the cell increased his anxiety and sense of hopelessness.

Eventually, overcoming himself, he took the plunge and bit his teeth into the raw pieces of skin. Tears were streaming down his cheeks and saliva was coming out of his mouth. He swallowed the pieces of raw flesh and screamed as if in pain after each bite. When he got to the bone on the corpse's arm, his face was covered in blood, and every few minutes he started to burp on the floor.

Every time before biting off another part, he kept saying: "Forgive me... Forgive me... You realize that I can't do it any other way, but what do you care... You are already dead... Forgive me..."

Finally, the forearm of prisoner D-31 was completely devoured, and prisoner K-57 decided to use the bones in his escape. There were no people left in the prison. The wardens had long since fled, and those who remained had turned into mutants or died of gas poisoning, from which K-57 was only trapped by a rotten door. There was no one to hope for, and the body of D-31 would obviously not last long, so there was no choice. It was time to try to escape. He tore off his index finger from his already gnawed hand and began to sharpen it against the wall. After a while, the cyst that had once been a finger turned into an improvised lockpick. K-57 fiddled with the lock for a long time, but after a while it finally gave way. The cell door creaked open and the prisoner found himself in the corridor of the prisoner's compartment. To get to the exit, he had to go through the command compartment and overcome the wall. Without hesitation, the K-57 moved toward the command compartment, from which the

grinding sound was still coming. With each step, the sound grew louder. All the cells had been empty for a long time. All the prisoners had long since died of hunger. Every step became more and more tense. The fear of the unknown was growing. A pounding began in his temples. K-57 wasn't even sure if he should go into the prisoners' compartment anymore, maybe dying of starvation would be more pleasant than meeting what was hiding behind the doors of the command compartment.

Suddenly, K-57 turned toward the cell where D-31 was lying. He seemed to be staring at his dead comrade. Looking at him, he backed up toward the door, constantly repeating: "You're not real... You're not real... You are not real...". Leaning against the wall, he began to shout as if hearing his friend's voice:

"Get off me! No, I am not guilty of anything! You are the one who died! And I have to survive! You're not real! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

The sounds from the command bay faded away, and in contrast, his screams became even louder, so loud that they seemed to be cracking the walls. His eyes were so large they looked like they were going to pop out of their sockets, and his hair was standing on end. He was in the grip of panic.

The D-31 did not respond. His body was motionless, his eyes were closed. But K-57 could still hear his voice. He heard him telling him that he was guilty. He heard him telling him that he was going to die.

Terrified, K-57 ran out of the prisoner's compartment and ran for the command center. Taking advantage of this,

the mutant rat rushed at the prisoner from a long-gnawed hole in the wall. The prisoner, terrified, didn't notice and just kept running. The only thing that saved him from instant death in the mutant's jaws was the leg of one of the dead guards lying in the passage. K-57 stumbled over it and began his fateful dive very quickly. The rat, which was aiming for the head, flew higher and into a small passage, which gave the prisoner some time to gain at least a small advantage. And he took advantage of it.

After falling to the ground, K-57 began to move all his limbs, starting on all fours. He still heard D-31's voice and did not realize what was happening around him. He was still just scared and ran through the same wardens' quarters.

Finally, the cells ended, and a light flashed in the door of the prison's command center. K-57 jerked the door open and found himself in a small room with large windows. Behind the glass, he could see the nine-meter-high wall he had once built with his own hands.

As K-57 walked through the room, he suddenly heard a rustling behind him. He turned around and saw a hideous mutant rodent with glowing eyes staring at him from a hole in the wall. A hunch flashed through his mind - this must be a former ventilation shaft, which is now used to hunt these monsters. I'd have to be careful.

The K-57 cautiously moved on, trying not to lose its vigilance and control all the holes and nooks and crannies around it. Suddenly, something flashed right under his feet. It was the same rat! It rushed at him from

the side, aiming for his face with its sharp fangs. K-57 barely managed to recoil and kick the mutant. The rat rolled back into the corner, but did not calm down.

Assessing the situation on the fly, K-57 quickly rushed to the door, hoping to get out of the room before the rat did. But suddenly his eyes came across another mutant standing right in the middle of the doorway. It was the former prison guard, who now resembled a monster, his body swollen and emitting a poisonous green gas.

K-57 suddenly found himself trapped between two mutants - the rat and the former warden, who was now emitting a poisonous gas. The situation seemed hopeless.

But suddenly K-57 remembered how he had once heard the wardens talking about how this gas was actually formed in the lungs of mutants. And suddenly he had a hunch - if he punctured the lungs, the gas would stop being released!

Without wasting any time, K-57 grabbed a metal bar from the floor that had broken off the bars of one of the cells. As the mutant warden approached, he swung and threw the rod, aiming for his chest. The rod pierced his lungs, and the mutant suddenly began to suffocate and dry up before his eyes. The green gas stopped coming out, and soon the monster fell dead.

Meanwhile, the mutant rat rushed at K-57 from behind, managing to sink its teeth into his leg. K-57 screamed in pain and rage and, turning around, began to beat the rat over the head with a rod until it let go of his leg and rolled away.

Seizing the moment, K-57 ran out the door of the command center and up against the wall. He could hardly feel his leg due to severe pain and blood loss. However, he managed to crawl to a hole under the wall that prisoners had once dug during construction in an attempt to escape.

Pushing through the pain, K-57 squeezed through the narrow hole and found himself free on the other side of the wall. He heard a rat trying to get to him through the hole. But it got stuck in the passage, and K-57 was able to muster the strength to roll a huge stone back to the opening one last time, blocking the entrance.

When he was finally free, K-57 screamed with joy, despite the terrible pain and blood loss. He wasn't sure how long he would live in the world he had become, especially without his leg, but he was glad to see the light, to see the sun, which gave him hope that he could still overcome this endless wasteland that stretched to the horizon.

Scientist

Exactly one year ago, I woke up from the cryogenic sleep I had threatened to go into in two thousand thirty. The sleep capsule was my invention, but as usual with my inventions, it had a significant drawback. In this case, it was the fact that the sleep period could not be set manually. The sleep timer settings were set automatically, and I couldn't figure out how to fix it, so I decided to test it this way.

I woke up in the basement of my house. It was littered with debris that the house had been built on. Using the reaction of acetylene with oxygen, I was able to damage the rubble a little and get out.

The world greeted me with a twenty-centimeter layer of green gas that stretched in all directions. The desert had taken over almost everything around me, and the temperature on my handheld thermometer read forty degrees. Using images from a satellite I had been connected to secretly since I was twenty, I saw that the world had changed radically: all the continents had crashed into one and were partially submerged, no signs of life were detected, and the only potentially inhabited place was some kind of dome that I didn't think nature could have created. It was completely unclear to me what to do next in this dying world. And the only thing that came to my mind was to check out that dome, where I might find more answers.

So, having gathered some of my equipment and stocked up on food capsules, which were a set of all the substances necessary for life compressed into one small pill, the journey began. I set my sights on that dome, so I

headed southeast. It took me a few days of wandering in the desert before I came across the first interesting object of my journey, but eventually I came across a building that looked like a prison. The walls of the prison were almost completely covered with sand, as if someone was trying to hide it from view. But my scientific curiosity did not let me pass by. I climbed down the rope hanging from the top of the wall. Strangely enough, there was no one inside, and judging by the fact that everything was abandoned, no one had been here for a long time. I walked around the building and went into the control room. There, I found some stagnant water, some medicines, and surveillance footage from the last thirty years, which I was trying to document.

Later, continuing in the same direction, I came across a giant meteorite. It was the one that oozed that green gas. I removed a small layer of rock from it for research and moved on.

After a day of hiking, I came across a small, tattered tent with a body in it that had long since decomposed to bones, but still clutched its backpack. Looking through its contents, I found the same rock that I had taken from the meteorite, and something resembling a diary, from which I learned that the body had previously belonged to a prospector. This was the name of the profession of people who went outside the dome to find some artifacts of a bygone era. Judging by the fact that the style of writing changes throughout the diary, we can conclude that people in this profession are given only a very basic education to be able to recognize whether the information they find is important or not.

The next few dozen days were exactly the same. I passed through exactly the same shattered cities, lifeless wastelands, and small forests. Everything repeated itself in the same way, as if in a cycle that had been forgotten to stop. I walked for a very long time. So long that I even began to think that the dome had never existed, and that everything that said otherwise was just a figment of my imagination, or a long-destroyed echo of the past that still hung on the images from the satellite that had already failed. But even with these thoughts, I kept walking in the direction that would lead me to the right coordinates. However, what other choice did I have? If all of this is not true, it means that I am the only representative of my species on the entire planet, and therefore my life would have no more meaning than this journey. So I just kept walking.

The scenery and this kind of thinking repeated itself from day to day, until the moment when it appeared on the horizon. The dome. It was very far away, but it still made a huge impression. It meant that maybe my journey was not as futile as my existence.

The dome was huge, about as tall as a nine-story building and about 10 football fields in diameter. With a new burst of motivation, I set off in its direction with even more enthusiasm.

After a long journey, I finally found myself at the gates of the dome city. Perhaps the last city on the planet. In order not to arouse suspicion, I changed my appearance to that of the seeker I had found in the desert. I tried to recreate his appearance from the remains using the EGO Personality Clock. (This device was developed in two

thousand twenty-six, because of the incident in the city of Kifi, but since I was a beta tester, I just made something similar to this clock and handed it over to the company as defective. It allowed you to change the appearance, as well as change some personality characteristics to suit the needs of the person) Since I tried to recreate the appearance only from the remains, I was not sure of the result, but there was no other way out. Surprisingly, it worked, and very well. Following the mission of the seeker, I gave one piece of meteor rock to be allowed into the city, which gave me access to the entire warehouse with resources that the seekers had found over the years.

As I contemplated the world during my journey to this place, or rather what it had become, I kept getting the feeling that the meteorite was only a catalyst for change, but not its creator. This hypothesis was reinforced by the seeker's notes that I found not far from the meteorite, so I couldn't stop thinking about what I could do to fix the situation, but no solution ever came to mind. As I wandered around the city looking for information, I realized that the humans in the dome had taken a huge step backwards, but I still needed information, so I started to ask anyone I could to learn firsthand about the structure of this city and how it came to be.

In my search, I accidentally came across an article from an old magazine. It contained an article about the city's past ruler. He turned out to be very tyrannical, although at the beginning he carried out reforms for the benefit of the population, in his second term he began to stifle his own population and their freedom of thought.

I was impressed by the article, and I wanted to learn more about the city's past. I started asking people what they remembered about the old days. I met a man who is now a great philanthropist, everyone calls him legless Andriy, because after falling from a bridge he damaged his spine and now he uses a wheelchair. However, he witnessed the foundation and development of the city. So I asked him about everything in more detail.

As a result of this research, I realized that in this time, in this city, people simply do not have enough resources to fix the situation, and although I know that if I change the past, this world cannot be saved, but maybe, just maybe, if I can change the past, I will at least create an alternative reality where all this was avoided. So, using the materials found by the searchers and some of my devices, I was able to create an Intertemporal Transmitter. Because I didn't have enough details and some of the tools I needed, I couldn't optimize the algorithm for transmitting data in time and space, so the text is converted to numbers and sent as a .txt file to a completely random phone number, like an SMS. In fact, if this email reaches a disinterested person, nothing will happen, but still, the minimal chance of an event turns the odds into 50-50, so I want to try to use this minuscule chance.

I have tried to put all these materials, research and experience about the current world into this text. I don't know how well I did it, or how plausibly I described everything I saw, but I hope it's enough to make you feel what I felt when I was wandering around these scorched wastelands or when I was in the last city on Earth.

However, as I said before, what you do with them is up to you...