

Ten years later...

You stand on top a hill of sand and rubble. You look to the dirty purple sky and see the angry green clouds. Rain is coming. Thank God. You can't remember the last time you had a drink.

Your cloak of tanned human hide whips against your body. A part of you still shivers at the feel of it. But there is no shortage of corpses and you need clothes.

You take out your Walkman, a prize from the last raid, and put the headphones on your head. You push play and CIV fills your ears.

