

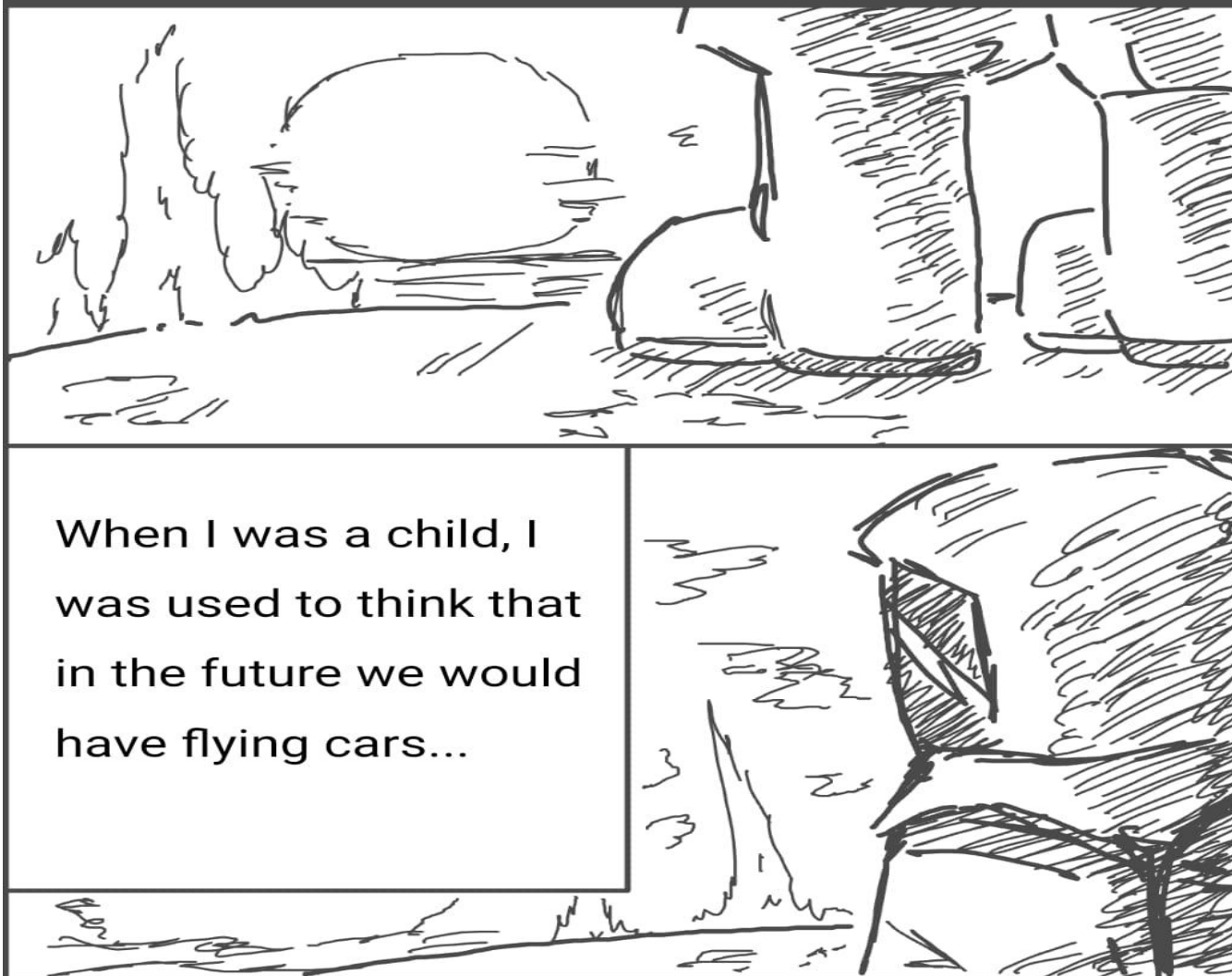
Not So Close to Perfection



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A



When I was a child, I
was used to think that
in the future we would
have flying cars...

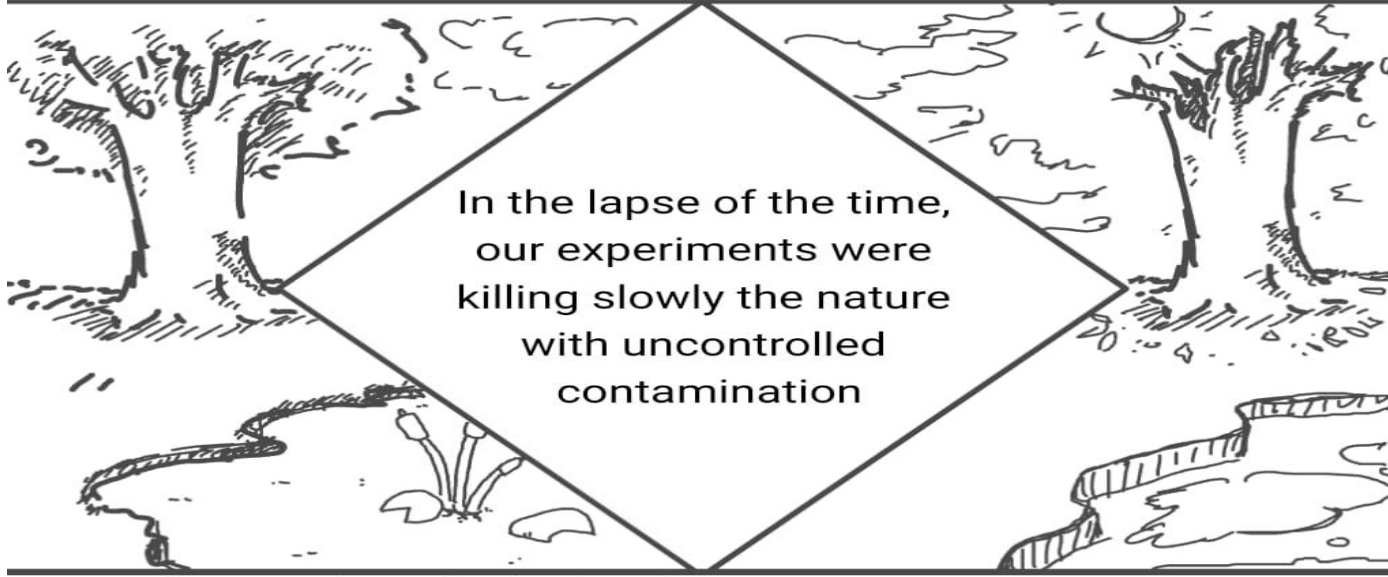
Sadly, we couldn't reach that reality.

I can't remember my past. All of my memories are confusing, so I'll call myself as Mirairel Askranova. I know I was part of a organization that wanted to create the perfect human. I was studying paleoclimatology for them, but they didn't told me how they worked.

Russia, 2028



In the lapse of the time,
our experiments were
killing slowly the nature
with uncontrolled
contamination





Russia, 2041

After a few years,
our planet was completely lost. Now, we
have skin burns because of the sun,
there are few humans left on Earth,
taking refuge in bunkers.

By luck —or disgrace— couldn't stay in crossed arms, so I'll find a solution to
this situation. Yuh, nobody else but me would have the courage to do that.
But there's a little thing... Animals muted with others species, including dead
humans.

(The place that I'm
talking about is
somewhere the
weather didn't
change so much
even if the climate
change were there.
In that zone, the
plants grow
healthy, where we
can breath again.)



(While thinking, I noticed that
something was wrong.)



A horse. A very weird horse was behind me. Biting and smelling my suit

I thought it wanted to eat me. That's normal for a zombie wild animal, until it started to talk to me.



—" What the fucking hell-"

—" Mirairel. "

—" You are not capable of saving your reality; a single grain of sand cannot rescue what died a long time ago."



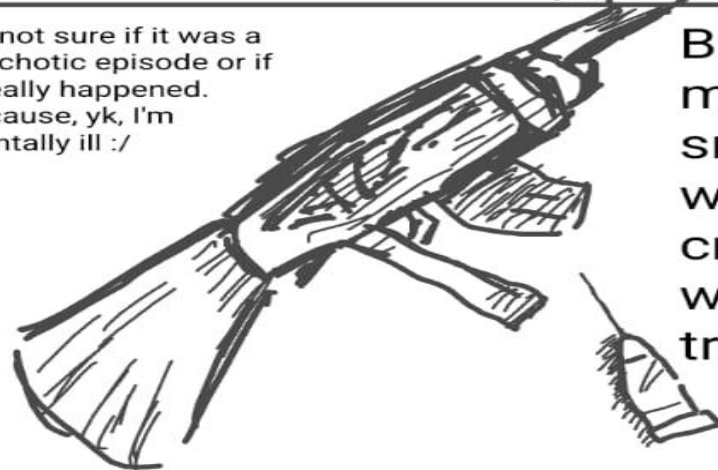
—" W-What? I can't take you seriously if you're a talking horse."

—" You don't look good at all, to be honest. Let me devour you, and that way you'll get rid of all this weight on your shoulders. You're not good enough for your own kind."



My hand burned just from listening to its words, and I simply punched him hard in the jaw, quickly grabbed my things and ran away from there, but running away from a horse is really rough.

I'm not sure if it was a psychotic episode or if it really happened. Because, yk, I'm mentally ill :/



But I remember that in my backpack, I had a small but effective weapon against these creatures, since it worked like it had tranquilizer darts.

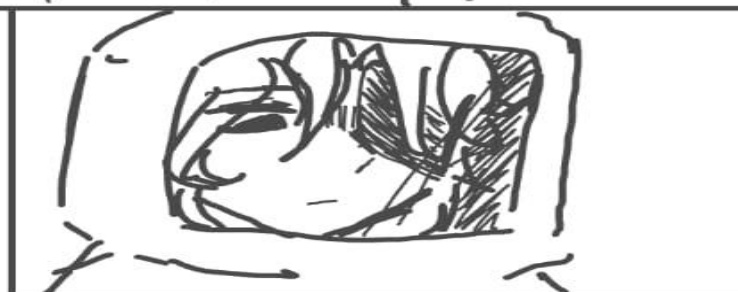


I took it out, aimed it, and fired six darts that temporarily sedated it, because, of course, we don't kill animals in this story!



Lol, here you go, you stupid brat.

zzz



The moment I managed to free myself from the beast, I stood up and saw the miracle. Because of the chase, I hadn't noticed it before, but there it was, what I had spent thirteen years trying to achieve: a small patch of livin





The world is
not completely
over yet.



The End.