

There are only three of us left – the only three left alive in the world. Rob, Bob and me were the only ones to survive the 7th corporate war.

Rob broke the silence that fell upon the world after the AI made by Arasaka set off the nukes.

-Do you think that anyone else is left? - We all knew but the both of them still had hope, but the hope inside me died a long time ago.

-It doesn't matter – I was the second one to speak.

-Why's that Mike? - asked Bob with a sad note in his voice.

-Because the AI is right, – I continued – humanity was doomed, already back 2077 when that multi personality glitch happened to Delamain – I broke out into a rant.

Rob and Bob looked at each other, neither feeling like listening to it again, they decided to knock me out.

When I woke up I had a really bad feeling. Were it my implants malfunctioning? No, they're here. Bob realized it too.

-They're in the walls, they are in the god damn walls! - he yelled grabbing a shotgun. Rob didn't realize it in time, two robot assassins already jumped him. He managed to get away in time and shot that pile of scrap with his arm mounted projectile launcher. Then Bob got pinned to a wall with robot's Mantis Blades. A wire quickly spurted from my hands and hacked the robot to bits. Three down, two to go. The corpse of the fourth robot with a serious dent caused by buckshot fell onto the floor and blew up. The chain reaction blew Ron up sending his lifeless burning body flying across the room with half his face missing. The last robot got hacked to bits by my thermally charged Monowire. It was done, five out of five. Bob was bleeding out, I wasn't able to help him. I stayed with him in his dying moments, assured him that there is an afterlife and that he's going to paradise.

With both of them gone there was no point, I walked outside, I gazed upon the burnt ground of Eden. I put an Overture .42 revolver against my dome and pulled the trigger.

Henryk Siedlecki