King of Heaven.

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Emerged from the clouds, imposing, silver, superb. Floated to ten thousand feet turning just slightly. Somewhat pointed nose down, like stalking prey.
Suddenly, swooped, at tremendous speed, inconceivable. When it was less than three thousand meters, the floor seemed to light up under him and his shadow disappeared. Columns of fire of three hundred feet high, hundreds of acres burning furiously, the metal became concrete in liquid smoke.
There was nothing, only devastation, ash and barren land.
Began phase three: detection of signs of life, if you had to finish the attack. But did not detect anything, as usual in recent missions. At the beginning of time, objectives and throwing useless defensive actions by the end of the main bombing had to finish several times until no focus of life was detected by tiny it was. Now, nothing, not at the beginning or end. It was the last mission of the day and had to return to base. There he reabastecerían of ammunition for next day's missions. It was all I needed to take off again. Reactors fed battery is recharged autonomous with the sun and the resulting static friction of the fuselage with the air. It was a monumental genius, the most sophisticated and powerful military weapon ever created by man. Three hundred meters long, one hundred fifty from tip to tip of its wings, twenty times faster than sound, autonomous robotics, unmanned. Its objectives were updated every time he came to the base ... but for a considerable time this did not happen ... always the same goals, always the same way. For the past two hundred years, nine months, twenty days, eight hours, forty minutes and six seconds. Of course not matter, the important thing was bomb. Still it was a chore with the passing of the years he was making slow but gradually more difficult. Many of the systems began to give regular secondary problems. Of course, aging of materials, no maintenance, excessive wear ... He wondered sometimes because human creators no longer attended as before, and the beginning of the war, when he and his brothers sailed dozens of the air sow destruction and death. For many, many years since I crossed paths with a brother ... had evidence that some had been killed but suddenly, at any given time, the information stopped flowing.
Primary systems worked reasonably well but began to show signs of slight but disquieting functional instability. Checks soon dictated that he could no longer fly, which would crash. And he did.
One day he could not stay in the air and fell. The din was deafening, cataclysmic. Their systems dictated that before landfall, before the end, would violate the most damage and was so turned on all the batteries discharging its arsenal. He was the victim of his own fire, landed when the soil was at the height of his ardor, and consumed the same devastation that resulted. Nevertheless, condemned already, check their systems activated the shedding signs of life, of course, negative results and then everything went out. No one saw him die, no one saw him fall, no one even saw it fly for more than two hundred years, when the war came to an end, not because they dictate the peace, but because there was none to free it, because it was not in the world than molten ore, twisted metal, charred remains and ashes that spread radioactive wind of what were once living, biological. Paradoxically, the latter being that the planet was flying, the last being that inhabited it carefully, it was entirely mineral. And alone, followed a war-man, absurd, like all wars, obedient to orders that their human creators exist and had been issued. A real king without subjects.

"If World War III nuclear weapons are used, the fourth only be used sticks and stones."

Albert Einstein.

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