

Wonderland ...(Part One)

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The planet resisted four world wars ... but not five. The last, which was tested in the full range of nuclear and bacteriological weapons, won hands down, a golden Oscar and ninety-five percent of all living things.

Those who touched them survive the ordeal had three options.

Given a climate absolutely devoid of living could only:

1) die painfully.

2) in a painfully Mutar be horrible.

3) stuffed into a suit "Eternal", manufactured by the multinational "Systems and Androids Eternal" which, interestingly, had manufactured all the mills that devastated life on the planet. The first option does not need much clarification. The second was a genetic mutation generated by new and unnatural weather conditions present in the world. That is, if you had the good fortune to die after suffering horribly for weeks, you became one of the varieties of carrion eaters scary monsters swarming through the ruins of cities.

It was perhaps the most attractive third option.

If you possessed sufficient and sidereal money could buy for a suit with autonomy Eternal eighties where lock you up for life and if you died young, bequeath it to your descendants. Of course for that you should be aware that the suit never would come out alive.

This was the same autonomous livelihood system. The suit was actually a sophisticated bio-cybernetic android whose function was to keep alive when I lived and obey his orders blindly. Thus, once someone was installed inside the robot took possession of the body and in a complex and irreversible surgery he had, speaking all functions and meeting physical and physiological monitoring all. So, who inhabited the suit became a new super creature but apparently far from human. On the outside it looked just a portentous be metallic, dark, shiny and menacing, three meters high, almost indestructible and has all sorts of offensive and defensive devices. The "Wolves" and were commonly called, were predators at the top of the evolutionary ladder and devoted simply to kill everything that moved on the ground. Not many, just a few hundred, but powerful enough to proclaim own the world and everything moved according to the laws enacted by themselves. For them the only mutant animals were moved by their most basic instincts and therefore had no place on the planet. Lobo single mutants killed tens of days.

The mutants were not all the same, every day a new mutation was discovered, a new horror.

Over the centuries, the Wolves began to forget the original human figure to avoid making mistakes

programmed their systems to recognize where to come across any. Of course, never happened and may never happen, was an extinct race, but the Wolves were organized and hated the thought of accidentally killing one of his ancestors.

Van Fear had joined the suit thirty years ago and his chronological age was fifty but, of course, who could see that being amorphous, gelatinous, inert associate never think any age.

He had been a hundred years in hibernation Eternical facilities pending the suit previously paid and was one of the last humans on the planet.

But finally the day came and became a Lobo.

That day crossed the desert in search of food and prey, things were quite different, and he had both elusive. He had food stocks for three days but could not finish the day with the meager number of murders to his credit, that would go down in the scorecard. External conditions could not be worse. The presence of carbon monoxide and radiation was far worse. To cap the temperature reached above seventy degrees and heavy rain persisted acid. Of course all this concern to Van Fear not, he would always be safe within their cyber uterus but made his prey, the mutants remain sheltered, well away from the outside. Tired of nothing got put to full speed suit, and two hundred miles per hour, quickly crossed the desert and plunged into the shadows cast by the arid southern mountains. Van Temer knew I'd never see a different world, though the hard work of Eternical never recreate a habitable world in less than two hundred years.

That depressed him.

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