

The war of humans



The war Of humans



The war of humans

To: She

Introduction

When people spend more time in the Amplified Virtual Synthetic Reality (AVSR) than in the reality they can engage with their senses without instruments.

After the plague of 2253 and the world war it caused.

When a biology student who wrote poetry be the Prophet whose designs bots and humans are sure to interpret better.

Only then will we be able to participate in wars to shape reality, not only on this planet, but we will try to attract the attention of the martians, and their friends or enemies.

Humans are like that, and it seems that bots too. We will do what we have to do so as not to get bored.

We detest non-being, nothingness, emptiness. Not even The Prophet managed to understand what the pleasure of configuring reality is, but he

The war of humans
never believed in what we call destiny and always
recommended to try to be.

Li Tao Po

VABM Sep/2022

The war of humans

Store on Amazon

<https://www.amazon.com/~e/B00EZC7SRM/>

Book on Amazon

The War of Humans

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BGBPHLJK/>

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/09/wp-1664026238136.pdf>

La Guerra de los Humanos

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BF5P7MYK/>

Demo

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/09/wp-1663796970855.pdf>

La lástima de los bots

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B9HH58R4>

Demo

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/07/demo1a1c3a1stimadelosbots.pdf>

The Pity of Bots

Li Tao Po VABM

Página 6 de 48

The war of humans

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BB51R2BC>

Demo

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/08/wp-1660805214195.pdf>

This text continues the saga of:

Treaty of the good customs and virtues of the Martians

Book on Amazon

Spanish <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09Z6M9Y6L>

Draft for the panas

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/04/tratadodelabuenascostumbresyvirtuesdelosmarcianos-24.pdf>

Treaty of the good customs and virtues of the Martians

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09ZGZFMZM>

Draft for the friends

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/05/draftforthefriendstreatyofthegoodcustomsandvirtuesofthemartians.pdf>

The war of humans

A Sunday of a special color

One Sunday a teenage couple had decided to meet in a small park next to the subway station that was closest to where they lived. Until that moment they had almost always talked in the courtyard of the high school where they both studied, or in her house when they met to study and do homework.

"I kind of feel like going for a walk this Sunday, walking and resting, just wandering around the city," she had said.

Roaming around the city was precisely what he used to do on vacation. They had both finished high school, he knew that she was used to spend her vacations with an aunt on a farm that was very far from him, and that soon she would go away to accumulate experiences to brag about. For example:

--Do you know what the worst enemy of hatchlings is? This is what they call the newly hatched turtles. It's not the people, nor the animals like alligators, it's not even the hawks, I'm going to tell you because you'll never guess. Are

The war of humans
the vultures, when the eggs hatch (Always during
the full moon)(That's how they say: Hatch)
thousands of hatchlings come out of the sand of
the beaches, and run towards the river, but as
after they built the aqueduct the river is almost
dry and what there is a huge shallow lagoon full
of mud, many don't reach the riverbed and pile up
near the shore, and I don't know why they hang
around there until they die, the vultures eat so
many hatchlings that then they can't fly. And
they seem to like the most the ones that are still
alive.

--Wow! He always said, with a little envy,
because for him vacations were the period in which
he had to look for something to do in the city
that would justify his absence from home for the
whole day until hunger overcame him.

"Once I killed more than fifty vultures and my
aunt was upset." First because I used up almost
all the shotgun shells she had, and because the
stench of the vultures combined with that of the
dead hatchlings is H o r i b l e!

The war of humans

"Wow!" He always said. "What makes you believe that you have the right of life and death over animals?" Why do you think a turtle deserves to live and a vulture doesn't? Doesn't your point of view seem very homocentric to you?

--Please don't start! Only you don't feel sorry when a fat vulture eats a newborn turtle.

That was the key phrase: "Don't start."

That was the line that was not to be crossed. When he heard it he would withdraw to a place in his mind where peace reigned and he dedicated himself to admiring the beauty of his friend. He was sure that one day he would paint from memory the wrinkles that formed between his eyebrows when he said: Don't start!

Between them there was an agreement that established that he knew about mathematics and about stupid, far-fetched, and artificial things, such as logarithms, literature, and differential equations. But that she knew more about the important things, like riding a horse, swimming, killing vultures, taming colts, or eating so much roast beef from a cow that her uncle had just

The war of humans

killed with a single shot (so that she wouldn't continue to suffer because she was buried in the mud of the lagoon and the only way to get it out was in parts) from the revolver that he always wore on his belt and that had a mother-of-pearl handle. Of course the alligators, the piranhas, the electric catfish, the blind white snakes whose bite rots the flesh, and other animals that are almost mythical but that are very real, like the nocturnal black jaguar that is almost invisible, that are all deadly for those who do not know how to treat them, they also demanded their part, and the peons, who were in charge of cutting and digging up the carcass of the beef stuck in the mud up to the chest, took the precaution of throwing the viscera of the beef as far as they could, because in the plains people eat only beef, and throw all the disgusting things, like liver, into the river.

In that tacit agreement it was established that the family of each one was the personal cross of each one, and that if she did not feel like eating liver with onions in the only visit that had done to his house, you shouldn't take it personally.

The war of humans

Likewise, if it seemed impossible to him that someone wanted to feed him and support him for more than a month without expecting something in return, something that could even be dangerous for his physical and mental health. He had every right to decline all invitations to spend vacations at her aunt's ranch, and to be bored in the city, as if this were the consequence of a fatal karma that forced him to lead a boring life due to being so boring, gross and deaf who had never been able to learn to dance despite having received classes from the best teachers, his allergies to almost everything fun, asthma, a vegetarianism almost forced by the family budget, and an innate terror of everything related to death, such as weapons, snakes, vultures, and meat.

For someone allergic to everything related to the sea, and the crowds; that gets bored in a shopping center so much that can be in the mall that is her ideal world and REALLY doesn't want to buy absolutely ANYTHING, it's not a good idea to go for a walk through the shopping centers of the coastal perimeter avenue.

The war of humans

For someone who is TRULY smitten with an action movie actor, who has already spent the equivalent of his allowance for six months on black suede sneakers like the ones advertised by the actor, and on a black flannel with the photo of her ideal lover, sounds horrible the idea of going to a poetry recital or digging through piles of used books looking for treasures only appreciable by someone who is willing to spend a whole Sunday translating, with a dictionary with missing pages, a book in french that is also missing several ones.

--Where do you want to go? They both asked simultaneously.

"How about the zoo?" they agreed again.

"Come on," they both said.

Still laughing, they used their preferential student tickets on the subway and fell silent, obeying a tacit agreement in this society that dictates that it is in very bad taste to talk on the subway, and they put on a face of being in a hurry, and of thinking about something, because that is what everyone does on the subway, and

The war of humans
since they both hated good byes, some protection
mechanism in their brains made them forget that
at best they would see each other again in a month
and that they would probably study at different
universities.

Nor did that mechanism let them appreciate that
sometimes they coincided so perfectly that it
seemed as if they were performing a well-
rehearsed stand-up comedy routine.

They both bought peanuts and popcorn, they both
knew that it is forbidden to feed the animals.

They both used their student cards to enter the
zoo for free. Neither of them knew which
university their next student card would be, if
they ever got another one, but the same brain
protection mechanism made them forget that too.

--What is your favorite animal? he asked.

"The whale," she answered.

--Yes, I know, and mine too, but in this zoo
there aren't any.

--Let's look for the elephants.

The war of humans

--And then to the jaguar.

--In the contact zoo you can touch the rabbits and goats, and they even sell bags of vegetables. I think we can go later.

--That is like very childish, we are already high school graduates.

They both laughed. They both knew it was ridiculous to throw an unshelled peanut at an elephant, but they had both secretly made up their minds to do just that.

The elephants were too far away, out of reach.

"Let's find the monkeys," she said.

On the way to the monkeys, in front of an aviary with many types of birds, he speaking for the sake of talking, said:

--I read a book some time ago by a crazy biologist who stated that our planet is a cage, what we perceive of the universe is what our keepers want us to perceive, and that there is a black stone with the label announcing the scientific and family name of the main animal that is in this cage, and that the only reason

The war of humans

why the beings that surround us don't visit us much in their zoo, it's because they don't think we're cute, rare, and interesting enough to be their favorite animals.

--It could be true, she said, it seems that there are a lot of crazy biologists, my dad works in a biological laboratory, each container with virus cultures has a code and a color, he told me that the ones with red color are the most dangerous monsters and that the owner of the laboratory spends hours and hours looking at the red containers with viruses that are invisible without a microscope, and that he is so crazy that he yells at them that they are beautiful.

--It seems to me that it is very homocentric to think that the planet is made just for us, that we are the main animal in this cage, and that the other animals are only for humans to take advantage of.

--I think the same, what happens is that there are animals that are prettier than the others -- she said, while she gave him her first kiss, exactly in front of the monkey cage. "I've been

The war of humans

thinking that I'm going to miss you a lot, that we're probably going to follow life along different paths and I wasn't going wanting to find out what your kisses taste like," she added.

When he had recovered from the surprise and her blood pressure had dropped enough for him to speak, he said:

--And?

She didn't say anything and just kissed him again, then he knew that behind the bars of our universe some keeper of the universal zoo should be used to seeing very interesting mating rituals so that what was happening in front of the monkey cage would not seem too beautiful to him. He also knew, that in some yet unknown way, his ways would always be the same.

That Sunday the clouds and the sky had a color very similar to the one that have on all sunny Sundays, but both agree on that day had a special color that will always distinguish it in some strange way from the other Sundays.

The war of humans

I copy below a text written many years later by the boy in this story about the true color of the world.

The war of humans

What is the true color of the world?
In the distance they are blue, but
up close the mountains are green.
If you see them for underneath they
are black, but seen from afar it
depends on what color the sun
assigned to the white clouds that
arise and then fade like everything
that is born. Behind the blue sky
is the night wick is always black but
the city lights can blind us like
light bulbs dazzle insects.
What is the color of the blind chameleons here?

Li Tao Po
VABM Sep/5/2022

The war of humans

What is the true color of the world?

In the distance they are blue, but
up close the mountains are green.

If you see them for underneath they
are black, but seen from afar it
depends on what color the sun

assigned to the white clouds that
arise and then fade like everything
that is born. Behind the blue sky

is the night which is always black but
the city lights can blind us like
light bulbs dazzle insects.

What is the color of the blind chameleons here?

A night monster

Camouflaged in the night.
Black with a large white spot,
and a bunch of little dots,
like come from space, a cricket
came to my bed tired or bored,
I don't know. My cat liked it
so much that looked for more.
Nope she found. I wish more
would come.

Li Tao Po VABM 30/Ago/2022

<https://riistas.wordpress.com/2022/09/03/a-night-monster/>

The Monsters of the City

The lights of the city illuminated white the background of the scattered clouds above it, the full moon was especially white that night.

The poet had been thirsty for alcohol and wanted to smoke, to sit at a table, to eat food made by street food professionals, to talk to someone who seemed despicable enough not to cause him to contradict all the stupid things could say. Or teach him anything. He wanted to practice the courtly pleasure of discussing unimportant matters with someone irrelevant.

He was at the south overlook, which was his favorite place to drink beer and eat hamburgers a thousand feet above the city, sitting at a table in the park.

The problem was that only couples and groups who were interested in socializing only with themselves arrived at that place at that time.

Below and ahead of him, behind the empty glass of his fourth beer and the remains of his second

hamburger, the city night continued its routine of sirens and neon lights.

--Is that chair free? He was asked by a guy about two meters tall and one hundred kilos in weight who was bringing two of the largest hamburgers, and two large glasses of beer in his hands.

"Yes," he replied.

The guy sat down and finished off a beer and a hamburger in less than a minute without looking up.

"Nice night," he said before attacking the second burger.

--Yes, the air is clear, you can see the lights of the port at the end, to the north.

The guy got up and turned to look with the vase in his hand, turning his back on him and blocking his view of the city.

"Yes, and the industrial zone to the east," added the poet.

"Excuse me, I'll be right back," the guy said.

The war of humans

The poet did not answer.

When the guy came back with a double slice of cheesecake and a double mocha, he earned the poet's curiosity and even began to like him even though he was blocking his view of the city.

Whenever he was on the south lookout he wondered how many interesting stories to tell were happening at that moment three hundred meters below, among the millions of electric lights.

The guy dispatched the cake and coffee in the same time he had two gulps of beer.

One hundred and fifty yards earlier, to the south, at the interstate turnpike, the traffic slowed a bit, but the steady stream of big trucks didn't slow down much at night, and the noise came to him like background music for a movie he wanted to make, and would be titled one day: "The city at night"

"I'm going to stretch my feet a bit," the guy said, looking at a bit of mochachino that was left in his vase and stood up.

Big truck driver, thought the poet.

The war of humans

Nearby was a hotel with a large parking lot that was advertised as the favorite with drivers.

The poet had been a driver for several years, and he knew that the prices and portion sizes of the food in the park were more appropriate than those in the hotel for a tired driver who wants to have a few beers before bed without leaving traces to the carriers and insurance companies.

The guy came back with two large plastic beer glasses and sat with his back to him blocking out his favorite view of the city and said:

--Down there at this very moment things are happening that would fill several movies of more than two hours with monsters and beautiful people.

"Yes, I think the same," answered the poet when he recovered from his surprise.

--Have you ever seen monsters?

--Nope.

-- I do, this is the third time.

--Oh.

The war of humans

"They're coming from above," the guy said, pointing his glass of beer at the sky, and then emptied it in one long gulp.

--From other planets?

--Yes--people come to the viewpoint to look down, but nobody looks up, there are more dangerous monsters up there.

--I had never thought about it, but since there has never been evidence that beings from other planets have come, it does not matter much.

--Do you think the government will inform you if beings from other planets visit us?

--Of course, I can't imagine why they wouldn't.

--Because the power. Imagine that you are on the beach the day the Spanish conquerors arrived on a Caribbean island. You should ally yourself with them. They needed translators and guides, business representatives, food providers.

--Could be.

--It is better to be on their side.

--Excuse my curiosity, do you work for the government?

--No, I'm a driver of large cargo trucks.

--Oh.

--And you?

-- I am unemployed, I worked as a driver years ago, my license and my certifications have not expired, but because of my age they no longer give me that job. Before it was more laborious, you could not let go of the wheel. I started as an assistant, but they are no longer needed.

---Companies are already using autonomous vehicles that no longer even need a driver.

--Yes, I have seen that.

--Insurance companies require a human assistant when the amount of the premium exceeds a certain value.

--I did not know that, so you are the assistant and not the driver.

--Yes, what I do is to supervise the guidance system, which is also being monitored by the

The war of humans
transport company. Nobody really expects that I
can correct a mistake, in fact I have to ask for
authorization to take control, but I'm there,
just in case.

--Very well, answered the poet, avoiding
yawning.

Do you know what a monster is?

--I guess so, something very big, or
disproportionate.

--Yes, but not only the physical size, it can
also be a feeling, an attitude, in short, a
disproportion.

--Yes, I agree.

The poet realized that the guy didn't talk like
a trucker's helper, and he began to worry because
the guy talked like a detective.

"If you want I can show you the last monster I
ran over," he said after a loud belch.

--Just seeing a photo is enough for me.

The guy handed the poet his personal digital
assistant.

The war of humans

The poet flipped through about twenty photos of a gigantic black cricket, sliding his fingers across the screen.

--This is the third time it has happened to me, the first was a yellow cockroach, the second looked like a mantis and this one looks a lot like a black lobster but about seventy kilos. They cut me off on the freeway. Nobody believes me, nobody cares.

The first time I ran over a monster I took it to the highway police, as I have several friends there, they advised me to get rid of the remains because they did not want to fill out the forms and do the cumbersome procedures that must be followed.

--What did you do with the remains of the yellow cockroach?

--I had to incinerate them, the smell was of beef, not of insects.

--Didn't it occur to you to make money publishing the news?

The war of humans

--My friends from the highway police explained to me that the annual average of run over monsters on the southwestern highway is fifteen, and that in the city there are ten, they also told me that if I forced them to call the authorities, those in charge of these cases would make them work excessively, and that I would be detained during the investigation, which on average lasts six months.

--What happened to you with the mantis?

--The same thing, just untangling it from the wheels I spent about two hours, three wheels punctured, the smell was horrible.

--It seems strange to me that those monsters always walk alone.

--Everything happens very fast, a second before I'm calm at two hundred kilometers per hour, and a second later I'm trying to control a truck that weighs fifty tons with a load. It's not easy.

--What have the transport company told you about?

The war of humans

--Nothing, they have all the telemetry and the camera recordings, they only send me the crane with the mechanics. I think they are only interested in the load and having the truck circulating. It seems that running over monsters is a normal thing.

With surprise the poet heard himself saying:

"I'd love to see the 150-pound lobster"

--It's in the truck, in the hotel parking lot, about a hundred meters from here.

--Let's go?

--If you pay my bill. It is a special combo number five. I think you should order two more beers.

The poet took out the account, he would have enough left to buy alcohol until he received his unemployment pension again.

--Let's go!

The driver handed him his purchase receipt, they got up from the table and walked towards the fast

The war of humans
food truck, but the guy didn't go with him to the
checkout and stayed five meters behind.

The poet paid and gave the proof of payment to
the guy, so that he could deliver it at the exit
and he could leave the park.

As they walked toward the hotel parking lot,
the poet said, as if to amuse himself along the
way:

--I believe that monsters do not come from space,
on the Dark Web they offer body transformations
that go far beyond plastic surgery, and special
pets with the ability to get rid of the neighbors'
pets. War Labs dump their failed experiments, in
search of the perfect soldier, on the highway.
The relatives of some mutant that they had hidden
abandon him or he escapes, There are many monsters
on the loose now.

---Yes-- the guy said--the other time I knew
that the monsters of a shelter escaped.

--Monster is no longer said, but: being with
special characteristics.

The war of humans

--Yes, but I'm almost sure that the monsters that have come to me come from space, because who is going to want to transform into a black cricket of seventy kilos, have it as a pet, or as a soldier?

--Whenever I come here I think about the amount of monsters that must be in the city, when you lent me your personal digital assistant I reviewed your data and saw that you work in the biological protection police (BBP), it has been an honor to speak with you, I admire you, I see that your salary is not enough, I think it's like a police tradition - said the poet saying goodbye, while thinking that he already knew that the title for his film would be: The Monsters of the City.

"Okay buddy, I just needed a witness who wanted to fill out some forms, but I like you and I'm not going to bother you anymore" the guy said as he went to where another guy in a driver's uniform was.

Back in his apartment, the poet published the annex below, which was downloaded thirty-six times.

The war of humans

A night monster

Camouflaged in the night.

Black with a large white spot,

and a bunch of little dots,

like come from space, a cricket

came to my bed tired or bored,

I don't know. My cat liked it

so much that looked for more.

Nothing she found. I wish more

would come.

Invisible Monsters

The student called his teacher. He was unemployed, he had good memories of him, he knew the teacher worked for the government, he wasn't desperate yet but he needed a job, he was pretty sure the professor could help him. He wrote to him, the professor invited him to dinner in one of the best restaurants in the city. So there he was almost relaxed and careless. After half an hour and two whiskeys talking about old college memories, the professor asked:

--What is the animal that scares you the most?

--I think the snakes.

--A cockroach has legs, a vulture has wings, but a poisonous snake only has teeth, and these have poison, there are some that have scales, they smell bad, and they can fall on you, by surprise, hanging from the branches of the trees. Do you understand why nobody wants them? They don't even have eyelashes and they're cold. If you search your memory for something pleasant to associate them with, you probably won't find anything. Some time ago I read a book by a crazy

The war of humans
biologist who claimed that man's ancestors came down from the trees looking for meat, they got used to eating it. He assures that they came down from the trees when they finished with the chicks that were in the nests and with the snakes that feed on birds.

--Wasn't it a climatic change?

--According to him, the change happened later, when our ancestors learned to use fire to hunt, and to clear the forest floor.

--Oh.

--We are the only species that has adapted to live in all climates, except for some insects and domestic animals, I think we are the most abundant. What compels you to emigrate? The war, the lack of resources, why should you move away from your hometown? Because there everything already has an owner, do you understand?

--Each generation has to move.

--Yes, agriculture sustains the cities and the common people who have no land, or where to look

The war of humans
for it, thrive in the cities, as artisans,
workers, and lackeys. Commerce and industry need
labor and compete for it with the countryside.
After the war between fiefdoms, comes the war
between kingdoms, countries, blocs, and empires.
I am almost certain that after some insects,
poisonous snakes are the animals that we humans
detest the most. Mosquitoes are saved by agility
and difficulty in seeing them, but a poisonous
snake has no escape. I read somewhere that there
is only one island where they are not yet extinct,
and of course, in the remaining forests. Surely
there are no mineral deposits on that island, nor
does it have military value that justifies a
permanent base.

--Surely.

--The dangerous thing about snakes is the
poison. What do you think of a monster that is
itself the poison? That it is invisible without
a microscope and that it prefers humans.

--A virus.

The war of humans

--Yes. That any animal can carry it safely, even your dog, but that when it finds a human it goes into a reproductive and self-destructive frenzy.

--Designed.

--Yes, to spread through the air.

--It would be the end of humanity. I don't think anyone is interested in designing it.

--Have a look surreptitiously at the table at the far end of the restaurant.

The student got up from his chair to go to the bathroom and said:

--I'll be right back.

On the way to the bathroom, he passed by a large table where about twenty people were celebrating, a banner announcing: Bio Health Medical Services Corporation (BHMSC) Annual Celebration.

The only one who had his jacket on and his shirt collar buttoned and with a tie was sitting at the head, on both sides of him there were people eating, drinking and talking happily, in the empty chairs would sit some of the couples that

The war of humans
were on the dance floor when they finished
dancing.

The other head of the table was unoccupied, he did not recognize anyone, he noticed that almost all of them were young, with the face of university professionals like doctors or lawyers.

When he came back from the bathroom, he took the opportunity to look in more detail at the skinny, bald guy who was at the head, he must have been the boss, he was drinking water, the little green bottle was one of the most expensive brands, in a glass next to him was the shellless corpse of a sad shrimp floating in pink sauce. The guy was checking something on his phone, the light from the phone highlighted the paleness of his face without traces of acne and perfectly shaven.

When he sat back down he said:

--I didn't recognize anyone, it must be a chain of hospitals, I think they're at their annual party.

--That is the facade, they are a laboratory for the development of biological weapons. The

The war of humans
problem with bombing your enemy is that if you win, you conquer the ruins of your enemy's facilities; enriched radiation weapons made that a bit better, but a virus, which your armies are immune to, opens the gates to you to intact enemy properties. Before, they tried to use viruses and microbes of known diseases, but now with designed viruses you are sure that nobody has antibodies, and if you manage to spread it through the air, without the need for contact, you have managed to create the perfect weapon, that you must use first because it's stupid to believe that if your enemy had it he wouldn't have already used it against you.

--They don't have a military face.

--They are not, they are civil contractors, they are engineers, doctors and biologists.

--But biological weapons are prohibited.

--Research for new vaccines cannot be prohibited, even if they are for viruses that you are designing. It is a problem of military economy, a virus and its vaccine cost less than a fleet of stealth bombers, and in any case you

The war of humans
must be able to react in time with a vaccine for
any natural or artificial virus. That's what
they achieved, except that to test their
technology the government had to secretly break
all the biosafety treaties it had signed, and
they had to design viruses that I wouldn't
hesitate to call the perfect monsters.

--Invisible.

--They don't need to bite you, they ARE the
poison, and they eat you from the inside out.

--I wonder how to isolate something from the
rest of the universe, how to have a guarantee of
containing something with a guarantee that it
will not escape.

---Alive, you missed the word alive, how to
prevent it from escaping alive; It's very easy,
you surround it with something that kills
everything that passes through it.

---Oh.

--The virus and the vaccine will leave your
factory when the orders are received.

The war of humans

--I don't think that the enemy stays still while he gets sick and his opponent continues to be healthy.

--You are right, you cannot vaccinate everyone, about thirty percent must be sacrificed, it depends on the effectiveness of the virus, they are working to lower that percentage.

--How do you know all this?

I am the one sitting at the other head of the table. I need someone to work on the simulations, if you're interested I can make you an offer that I'm sure you shouldn't refuse.

The student didn't like the idea of working on making invisible monsters, but as he poured himself his third shot of whiskey he said:

--Thank you very much professor, I knew you were going to help me.

The professor beckoned to the waiter, and when he arrived he explained that he was going to move back to the BHMSC celebration table and that he needed a chair for the student.

The war of humans

--Tomorrow I'll wait for you in my office at eleven o'clock, don't drink or talk much, I'm going to introduce you to my secretary so she can take care of getting you hired, socialize a bit, have two or three more drinks, but I think you'll be fine. They will pickup you at your house at eight in the morning and you must be fresh and prepared for the physical and psych technical tests.

When the waiter arrived, the professor escorted him to the table and introduced him to his secretary.

"See you tomorrow at eleven o'clock," he said when he went to sit down.

The secretary asked her for her address and phone number, she was in a hurry because she wanted to continue dancing, then she called a guy and said:

--Fresh blood.

And without saying anything he injected something into his arm without removing his jacket.

The war of humans

The waiter sat him down between two guys who looked bored. He poured himself another drink from a bottle that was on the table and it seemed like a good idea to break the ice by asking the one on his right:

--What is the animal that scares you the most?

And when the guy replied "The human" he agreed.

Table of contents

To: She 3

Introduction 4

A Sunday of a special color 8

What is the true color of the world? 19

The Monsters of the City 21

A night monster 34

Invisible Monsters 35

The plague of 2253 45

Document Code CH-D3-2253-07-30-345=>P3. 48

Public document Code CH-D3-2253-07-30-345<18 49

Public document Code CH-D3-2253-07-30-345=>18. 50

Calcareous concretions. 52

Master Zhuang. 57

Abyssal fish. 59

Under a yellow moon. 64

Now it's the beginning and it's. 66

Dr. Catalyst. 68

The corpse of a sea 80

The owners of the land make the laws. 88

Of beauty on our planet. 90

Evolve everything towards the best. 91

SHE. 93

The case of the Gal A Zari black desert ant. 99

In city Lights. 111

Of the love between machines 113

The daytime moon 121

Machine graveyard. 123

A failed cremation. 133

Level 4 trash 138

A fat angel with a red face. 146

The bridge. 152

September 6, 2253. 159

Checkmate. 163

Wich day is today? 170

The war of humans

A dead whale 186

From the mirror a bunch of photons. 195

We are deaf to it. 197