

The Children of the Apocalypse

Before the war - before the accident – the warehouse would have been buzzing with the conversations of busy workers and the humming of their machines at work. Every employee had the same goal each day: earn enough money to support their struggling families with a cheap meal and at least some spare change. But now it didn't matter. They were all gone. Everything had become nothing. Life turned to death and love, the one thing that seemed never to disappear, was wiped clean from the Earth and replaced with hate: horrible, evil hate.

All except a precious few had perished. These survivors all believed that they were the last person alive. These human miracles were spread across all seven continents and had never once heard, seen or thought that anyone else had survived. But as in most stories, that all changed one day...

It all started 70 years before, in 2083. The war of all wars was at its peak and showed no sign of stopping. Eventually Mother Nature grew tired of humanity's stupidity and ended it all with the infamous Yellow Stone Caldera volcano. It had been overdue for eruption for more than 400,000 years when eventually it burst and wiped out all of human kind. Everything was gone. And yet, the seven wonders emerged through the flames without a scratch.

Tobias had survived the war and was living in Europe. He was the oldest of the seven, but had found it challenging to forage for food. He passed his time searching the now barren wasteland through security cameras powered by the autonomous robots that had been running the factories before the end. Day after day he searched for any tiny glimpse of life. That evening was no different. It was no different until the moment that Tobias spotted a small message written in stones hidden in some small corner of the continent of Asia. It read: 101.