

*The Last of Mankind's
Carbon footprint or Utopia?*



*Another 'Trident Tale' by the
Author, DAVID J MORAN*

Legal notices

This book is another by the named author Mr. David John Moran, the holder of the copyright “The Trident Tales” by the American Library Association in 2006, until the author’s demise!

As in writing, held by both parties, any infringement of this statement will be brought to the attention of the American Law, also, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form by photocopying or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage without permission in writing (not email, text, or mass information media) from both the copyright owner also the named publisher of this book!

All characters and events in this book are fictional, plus any resemblance to actual places, streets, rivers, roads, events or persons, living or dead is purely coincidentally, all being in the fictional mind of this writer, to give characters as well as places to the plot of this book, David J Moran!

ISBN

Dedications

To my wife Christine, who has still loved me all these years, in which I found the true meaning of Marriage to the most wonderful Friend, Wife, & Lover!

To Norman, always there ready to assist, Pat, another friend, who has had her worse year imaginable, yet never complained.

To Dawn and sister Sarah, who with Pat have been in full support for their father, while Sarah has even managed to find time to help me when needed!

Also to my daughter Mandy, wife to Andy, and Mother to her two children Kieran & Liam, who past away suddenly on Monday 5th of February 2018 after a short illness!

To David Richardson,

God Bless you David

Husband, Brother, Father and a very good friend, may you,

BOTH REST IN PEACE

Peace at last, but not as we think we remember it!

The war has finally ended now in the year of 2037, peace has finally arrived across the world, but at a huge price in human terms; however unfortunately not the peace we had all dreamed about during all those terrible turbulent years.

What is unbelievable, it is now the very air we breathe, it is now an actual aroma difference, at worst on occasions it stank with dust clouds that still dance in the beams of sunlight by day, as well as street lights at night. On a breezy day you could actually observe the sides of buildings change colour as the wind pushes the dust into the brickwork as to rest before it again fell to the floor.

A stark reminder of all the masses of suicide bombers, if one needed one, for finally the truth dawned in their demented minds or skulls, their dream of world domination, in an instant glory of martyrdom, and hero worship, now in the cold light of day was realization of the fact, all this had been the work of fanatical madmen, in truth it was not a dream but a nightmare,

conceived with their stupidity that something can be gained for nothing, worse still they died in their hundreds still believing it!

This Third World War has changed everything beyond recognition with the progressive demythologize thoughts, as one of the few survivors, I was allowed now to openly think and express my views. There is now still a terrible price yet to be paid for all the soldiers who have survived, yet may never recover from their traumatic experience. For it is not only us but them also who have found it hard to accept this 'peaceful' world, which is far removed from the peace they fought for, and to which they had hoped to return to, allowed at last to mention God, wives and children, music, parties, even sex in open conversation, without being threatened with PC or even death because some Cleric or other demented person or persons deemed also had the self demanded power it was so to be! Yet from this moment in time, we could now hope, gone are all the worry and the pressure of the latest outrage, the percentages of deaths, recovery rates, raise in suicides, rather

than surrender, how many living units are without occupancy throughout the world, as well as possibilities of a particular country survival rate, for they had used the old fashioned bullets and shells rather than the death ray our troops were armed with, although we did suffer the loss of lives as well as terrible injuries of some humans, yet it was the actual loss of that in this chaotic war, all our possessions, money, status in the world, as well as our homes, buildings of work, offices, our official Government buildings, Churches of all denomination, were all in the same boat, we were finally truly broke!

Acting as for a more high cred or achievements for these Demented murdering individuals, with the slaughter gained in the high rise accommodation of innocents, was in their mind a justifiable target, many of which were their own country men and women who had come to our country for their own safety? Some safety, as to be murdered by fellow countrymen and women, both speaking the same language, yet because they made a choice for their children this was now totally unacceptable!

Today was the start of the long awaited peace, now the News Channels are full of gentle amusing local news as well as events, without any mention of alarms, such as the latest news as the world at war progresses, or which country has now been destroyed with all their inhabitants, or pleas for help for the grossly injured adults, fighter or victims, parentless children, or those seriously injured with no medical facilities available to help them, as we had.

For an explosive device had been placed in our Security offices, well it was only a question of time, not if, but how soon, for we were only too aware one would be a target sooner rather than later. It was a vicious action of reprisal, resulting of the massacre of the majority of the people, many of them my friends or colleagues, the worst causality was my wife, one of whom was killed outright, those who were not killed outright were seriously maimed. I was lucky as were so few of us, we were hospitalized for many months with broken bones, fractures, severe burns.

Even in my own case I had to have a rebuild to the right side of my face, heart, back and legs, all of which took many hours of operations, then more months of convalescence of pain, exercise, more pain followed by even more exercise, yet despite all our health problems we were allowed to be in the same ward instead of side rooms.

Although as you looked around, out of twenty of the original team, we the remaining thirteen from the office, used each other as support to finally get better, it was hinted as soon as we were ambulant and able to manage without hospital support, we could be placed in special flats which housed a robotic top line doctor, to oversee us twenty four hours a day as and when, or if required!

As I looked around the ward with my one bleary eye, the other still encased in some form of a bulging dressing that felt like a foam material, when I sneaked an cursory feel with my left hand, which I can tell you was not easy, as I had been told in no uncertainty manner to touch my other eye or else, this with another list of 'do not touch', from my chest to my bottom, lay

still for hours on end, trying to sleep, or engaging in meaningless chatter, all the time watching clicking as well as buzzing machines, the only good part of it all was a clicker in my hand, for when the pain simply got worse, I could click, and feel the pain slowly disappear, then to be lulled into sleep !

However I digress, I think you will realize this as my tale unfolds for it would seem that part of my injuries was a bit of brain, was hit with a splinter, recovery was based on a 50%-40% recovery which I thought at the time was good odds, my only worry was the partial loss of my brain as my friends thought I had not got that much to lose!

So I am sorry and promise to try and do better and give you a bit of information about all our situations while I am awake?

Bed 1, Ted Morton, his appearance of wild red hair, a broken nose, seemingly a little overweight, yet I knew him to be a keen athlete, so that 'overweight look' could be muscle, so it does not seemingly give him away as to the true nature of his status, as a very highly regarded scientist behind the majority of weapons being used now, and possibly the future ones ready

to be manufactured, on the land, under the sea, or in the air, manned or automatic controlled in a secret place by specialised crews, all believed to have a Master's science degree or above, also highly suspected of 'data mining'!

Bed 2, Fred O'Driscoll, will not, or does not, wish to talk about his work, all I know about him is that he has specialized in Computer Technology, his appearance, well how do you describe a 'Geek', young, flashing blue eyes, thin as a lath, and has oversized feet, always eating health foods, able to soliloquy for hours yet say absolutely nothing, yet I know for certain he has amongst other degrees, a double Masters BSc (Hons)!

Bed 3, Jim Radley, used to run a very large business based on World Security, and when the War started he was drafted to our Office, where for some unknown reason he was always aware of the next area of conflict, his favorite address was from speeches by Sir Winston Churchill, Prime Minister in the nineteen-forties. Always smartly dressed, one might say impeccable, thin faced, yet much to his disdain he was now balding slightly, in vain trying to move his hair to cover the

offending bald patch, yet most surprising he had a joke or two before a serious meeting, much to the distain of Madam Chair. (Yes even now we have one, and like yours, they do not let you forget it!) His educational background, I'm afraid I had never been told or checked, so it remains unknown?

Bed 4, Gordon Roberts, a small wiry Scot with a ruddy face, and the body frame of a smaller statue than the rest of us, but woe-be-tide anyone told him he was wrong in an argument, one felt that your ankles might be savaged by a nasty bite from him, hails from Inverness, who with a Master's degree in science AAs, or should that be degrees, I am not sure, yet possibly the latter, but a firm friend with all of us, although I had not contacted personally, his grounds of expertise was health standards of all products of food and the standard of water delivered to our population for drinking, as well as all the used water was put too, consequently he was out of the office a lot of the time, as attacks started to be made on all our every day supplies of water, food, coal, gas, electric and atomic power stations!

Bed 5, Ian Tibbs, B Eng. degree, a most unassuming man you could ever meet, he could be your next door neighbour, who always spoke to you in a charming manner, but told you nothing of himself, yet always friendly and when offered advice was usually correct!

Bed 6, Luke Venrick, a shipping magnate, self-taught, a very hard man to fathom, (sorry that was a pun, I must try to do better next time I think I did warn you!) yet in his expertise he had no betters, despite his age he had a persona of a Greek God, certainly as our American contacts would call a 'Babe Magnet' and I believe he was now married to his fifth wife or could be sixth, and children from all of them. To his credit they all meet at his Villa in Greece every year at Christmas for a month, and I have been led to believe there has never been an angry exchange between his ex-wives or all his children, for there is never a dull moment, with hired staff as well as entertainments throughout the month as well as expensive presents for all to go home with!

Bed 7, Anita Watson, whether Mrs., Miss or any other title I am unsure for we have never been informed, she is our Madam Chair, self-elected, how we are uncertain, as she arrived, told us this was a fact and has been since! A very professional Office Consultant, again some degree with honours, certainly very knowledgeable in many matters, able to cut the 'chaff from the wheat, ensuring the meetings are carried out in a strict rotation of the proposed agenda, except in the case of dealing with Jim Radley, sparks have been known to fly between the two of them, for neither would admit to err!

Bed 8, (Me) John Jones, BSC (Hon) Biology, plus related subjects and degrees that I modestly will leave it at that, like my colleague I was a consultant in my field of expertise, until being caught in the explosion, and I believe nearly killed. How long I was in hospital, I simply cannot remember. It was only when I regained consciousness I found I was with all my friends, if one can call a colleague that, on that the most painful very long road to recovery, as they all were!

Medium height, enjoyed a bit of gardening, as well as trips with Mary my wife of many a year, as well as nearly never falling out with each other, it was months later the hospital staff informed me she had been killed in the same explosion that I was injured in, that did not aid my recovery program for some time, as I felt I had betrayed our long relationship, and for months felt guilty I had survived.

Yet as we all knew, we were needed, so eventually we were volunteered back to work, as if we had the choice as it was all very carefully phrased?

Bed 9, Phil Chickey, a Master Graphologist, always with his head in his notebooks, some of volumes in depth, all written on paper which was unusual to say the least, or correspondence on the video link with a larger than normal monitor, with abnormal properties, as magnification etc. The tallest of us all, and as bald as a badger, yet supported a magnificent mustache and flaming red beard, thin face of what you could see, annoying habits, well as wearing the same clothes for a week

or more, picking his nose then to study a 'moggie' before eating it muttering.

"It is protein you know!"

Bed 10, Jay Mesham, another of our Ladies, this one was a Miss, and was on the lookout for a new partner, men need not apply, unless a free dinner was on offer, but do not expect anything else, Several notifications of various academic honours, Baccalaureate, plus a Doctorate in Health, hygiene, various infestations, as well as nasty bugs that could kill you, it is believed to have a working interest in 'abiogenesis', whatever that is... and one wonders why she never had a fellow in tow? Yet she in herself was good looking, long black hair that fell over her shoulders, and it was commented on she had a very nice figure, yes, as well as other words!

Bed 1, Linda Warner, the one all the men in our group had fallen for, she is almost all of man's desires in one package, small, petite, a hour glass figure, and those eyes, one could drown in them when she looked directly into your face, the final touch a natural blond, at least that was the side bets as we

stared looking at her roots. Yet it was not her beauty, but her profession of which was she was a fully qualified, with a mass of honours as an Orthopedic Surgeon, not that we saw a great deal of her at our meetings, but one could feel a change in the room when Linda arrived at a meeting the atmosphere definitely changed from the direction of the Chair Person, like a mist flowing over the floor, with thoughts of one sharpening her nails for an attack, pure imagination on my part of course.

Bed 12, Sidney Venrick, a holder of PHD and many other degrees also, was our Diagnostic Neurologist, a man on a mission, he certainly did not look the extremely qualified person, as one looked at him, one suspected he was still in his teens, with the odd quip, or an explanation if he was addressing students, or those times seemingly in deep thought, or was he asleep?

Another of the team who was not usually at meetings, however when he did attend he seemed to explode in energy, point made, sit back, then seconds later eating a fruit bar, the smile on his face like a naughty boy!

Bed 13, Peter Butler, another with a confusing list of credentials, but I knew of only one which was impressive to me, that being the CBSI, as well as a job description as a leading Neuron Surgeon, with interests in the transference of human brains into robotics, possibly in the actual cyber men model, named by a lab technician after a program 'Dr. Who' of the late nineteenth century, to what point this was ever achieved or part successful had yet to be disclosed at our meetings. Peter was the youngest of our group, although his health seemed to dictate that possibly with the outcome of the explosion with the amount of injuries he received, he seemed always in pain, even later when finally discharged from the hospital to walk the short distance from the vehicle that brought him to the meetings to his seat in the office chambers was getting too much for him to bear much longer. We all tried to help him, but Peter looked in disdain about the offer of a wheelchair to aid, or being carried, or change of location, all to no avail, Peter refused point blank, and that was that, yet at each meeting he always sort me out, spending a few moments with me and always a question or

two, as if I was his favourite patient, making notes and sending them to his team.

So that is all our team, as one looked you would possibly believe we should have been put out to graze our remaining years in a retirement home, yet we were all here, consultants between our Royal Family (very much working with us, and offering help where they could), Parliament, and all our countries leading Industrialists, Chief of staff of what remained of our human forces, as well as of course our robotic tactical units,

Our mandate was simple in its wording, leaving nothing to chance...

“MAKE OUR COUNTRY GREAT AGAIN!”

All this before I was, as well as the rest of us, volunteered to be allowed back to work, a directive gave us little scope to complain, we were needed, even if we had not singly volunteered, if we could think, type, or push buttons our Country needed us for defence, then, as it was now, we worked

within an added remit that demanded a complete change of all and everything to get Great Britain working again!

Other countries did not come out of this damn war so lucky, the lack of water, electricity, gas, petrol, as well as food that they needed to survive, there simply was no one to help them, everyone it would seem was now experiencing the same plight, mercy as well as charity would seem to be in very short supply, yet all those idiots driven by some absurd dreams of world domination had fought on, with ever decreasing support, until, as one of the last mental dictators screamed, echo's from the Second World War perhaps?

“Last man, last bullet!”

And true to their dogma they did, with suicide when they knew they were beaten, unaware their leader had slipped away hours before with all the stolen hoards of priceless artifacts as well as well as money, gold or bonds, woman and children, their troops had collected for their own new world order for it to be funded, all in their name of some fatuous edit of a true religion, which accordingly gave the limited few power to direct “believers”, as

long as they were paid, to commit wholesale atrocities, not stopping to think how they were going to spend the money once they had been killed, or how to check their dependents received the agreed sums of money for their brave actions as directed by a caliph, Chief, or head honcho.

While in fact it was a scam to thief, practice destruction, wholesale murder, and to try and remove religion from all believers, in exchange of a disastrous dictatorship, which would eventually destroy our world totally, had it not been stopped, we now hoped and prayed for all eternity, that is, if God was still listening to us?

So the cultured world, with all religions came together, so rising up as one fighting force their aim to defeat this Armageddon of destructive armies, eventually, once started, it was nihilism of this cult, or one's personal wish to die in the attempt for the offer of cash, jewels, or the promise of the afterlife surrounded with virgins, for now the uncertainty future of their mankind, so again they did in their thousands.

So finally in the end of these battles, suicides, mass bombings, the mass of collective religions won, but at a price of a 'butchers bill' now leaving this actual world of ours in a state of deprivation of humans of a useful age, to start the healing process, to re-establish communities, work for the common good, families, bonds, uphold the laws of common decency, almost 'pie in the sky' thoughts, as in reality there were not sufficient humans to fill villages, let alone towns or cities, we needed to mollycoddle what human forces we now had, without them realising what we were doing, by introducing work mode drones, an early I/A robotic, that could learn simple tasks, so the human did not realise it was actually being taught by them, and also passing on the learnt skills to more and more robotics.

By popular demand now, there was no war news either orally or printed, everyone had become sick of the warring factions, so instead by a majority demand the news agencies were showing such activities to be brought back, such as sport, motor car racing, Olympics, gymnasiums, even extreme sports, however, if I was a cynic, I would think to myself some of the

activities shown were before the world as we know now it, before we again went to war, as some shots of parklands showed proud parents with their off-spring, either hand-in-hand or with prams, as always there used to be more single new mothers with their children as well, and no destroyed buildings to be seen. All right I am a bloody cynic!

Now for the first time in many years, one no longer having to apply for permission to walk amongst the trees in a forest, or along a beach, for the fear should that the radar scanners were still active, ready to destroy any alien incursion, as I had been informed that several I/A's robotics were destroyed in this matter, as their I/D signal had not been activated, marked as a defence test, yet all the same I/A robotics were quickly collected and returned from where they had come from?

It was a warning to one and all, to check your personal signal was in fact working, for if the scanners could not account for your presence, or your smart watch signature may no longer be valid, could result in you being turned into a puff of smoke, recorded on your I/D description as,

“Automatically Destroyed”

These types of threats was still prevalent in one's mind, as well in one's every day conversation, leading to a 'fighters twitch' looking back to see if you could see a camera, checking to see if a camera was following you, or your watch responded with its map being updated as you walked, causing you to check if there was a suspicious parcel left in a rest area etc. Almost turning you into a paranoid with hallucinations, or delusions of grandeur. Or you were being followed, a robotic driving a delivery vehicle, or a car with no driver or passenger, a van parked in a no parking area, these were still a very prominent in-bred conscious threats which caused everyone to still harbor a deep seeded fear, the alarm of someone close to you as you walked along the pavement in case the person behind you was some isolated person that was still preaching the same diatribe of religious hatred, as the last ones that did during those war years. These thankfully now had been either been executed, deported or jailed, so finally being removed from all human contact of the main population, in many cases forever. In some

judgments, convicted terrorists had been sentenced for natural life, finally to leave their places of confinement in a black plastic bag, and to this date of making these notes I could not remember a single complaint!

Now one was hopeful that the promotion for killing, destruction of factories, high rise population housing, or open ground meetings to spreading their particular dogma of hate, to enable once more in an effort for initiation of another war of religious fanaticism re-starting the furry of battle in the name of one God, or the lack of such, in yet another conflict as there was now a lack of people left in the world to sustain such an action, dare one hope, or was it naivety on my part, could one dare to hope?

Chapter 2

Life can go on, was there really any choice or workable alternative, we all had now to fight to survive!

Although in truth there were not many people now on the streets, or seen tending gardens, or even children playing football, cricket, or hopscotch around the empty houses, flats or business yards. There is an air of desolation, with partly destroyed buildings, as a result of attempts of suicide lorries, or car bombs, or sadly mind disturbed individuals that were condoled into thinking they would be martyrs, aimed at anywhere there was a meeting of like-minded normal people, enjoying Dinners, dancing, night clubs, or even the public houses, all seemingly were legitimate targets for these isolated groups, nearly all about most of the town's areas, the major cities such as ours in London, as in Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, as well as many others that had simply ceased to exist, the ruins now stood as a living testimony to the losses of people who had died instantly, the injured with shattered bodies now lived to survive, struggling to eke out an existence over all the awful war years they had left to live, and ever hopeful they still could be used by their Country they love so much, knowing that all of the same twisted minds of terrorists organizations will

not win, as they were sowing the very same seeds of their own eventual destruction!.

Everywhere one looked, as also a witness to these silent business estates can testify, the cut and thrust of trade production as well as commerce has ceased, the big question now... would there be time left in order to train robots to be used in the rebuilding a workforce, to re-establish our desire to trade, and bring some form of life in our factories and offices. If once we could find the expertise in this ageing population of ours to do the initial training, or was it the reminder of the ever-present death knell hanging over our heads promoting these idiotic dreams into reality?

It is little wonder we, now such a small number of men, women and children that remain were worried, all around us is desolation of people, plus still around us were those in a paranoid manner, scaring us with words of failure, the pressure is on us all, to give to our country the will once more to build up our cities, towns and villages somehow, to treat this as a 'Fresh Start' to plan and improve, slowly at first, but gently increase

the momentum, using what facilities that were available, no one now, was not to be spared in this critical time, the clock was ticking we were now facing a reality check, to live or die, there was no other third options.

Although the streets were nearly always empty of activity, with the exception of a small group of children one see's now and again, or the odd man or woman like myself wandering about, with no real purpose in mind, or an electric car now and again throwing up the dust cloud, adding to the layers of dust that now lay on everything.

Then to remember that some of this dust content was actual bodies, so to walk outside it was always advised by one's watch, to wear a mask, and to change it ever hour of wear, or as soon as the colour changed, if we had the facility that was actually monitoring our air, I am sure it would be in the order of blood red colour!!

This actual massive loss of most of our young people, as well as across the world was entirely due to the war; it was a painful reminder every day that was still being felt, and should feel a

massive depression at the loss of sights and sounds, making one aware of the eerie silence that was a major part of our life around us now, like so many ghost villages, towns and cities. For these survivors of war, self-inflicted, arguments or accidents, who were now being treated as patients that would be in consideration for a long term stay, or may be considered as convalescent patients in our hospital, these people were now more precious to us, as there was in the majority of many of these we discovered on examination, the possibility of satisfactory teaching skills to activate our new army of robots in many of the patient's old skills. The generation of these ideas was like a wild fire of ambition, so much so that we had within weeks the patient's permission to be considered active, alert, and willing to teach, rather than let their old trades die with them.

So from defence of our realm, our small band of robotic technicians, as individual as their patient, started the process by placing a robot at their bedside, starting to learn the basics of their patient's names, and what they liked to be called or

name addressed by, similarly giving a name that only each other knew, so building between them a unique bonding trust, for what the patient did not know was the actual conditions outside their wards, or in the world at large. For the sake of their shattered nerves and general health, a lot of bad news was kept from them, until judged by the Hospital Psychotic Team; they were able to make constructive judgments themselves.

When trust between the human and the robotic had been gained, most of the time conversation was started by the patient, as one by one they opened up their precious memories, many starting at their childhood, marriage, children and finally the trade or professions before becoming a Soldier, Sailor, Pilot, Police, Fire Brigade, Hospital Staff, Prison officials, with Welfare, Probation, Civil servants or any services they were engaged in, in defence of his or her Country.

With their robot partners, also the introduction of video screens attached in many cases to the patient's bed, the start of learning began, as a child would learn his ABC, so the patient

and his robot started at basics skills, slowly as the patient would allow they both proceeded forever onward with subtle checks or questions between the two of them. Valuable levels of many skills that had been the domain of the patient acquired in their previous work skills, DIY, or even tips on gardening, crab and lobster catching before being hospitalized, was beyond all expectations of us all, we knew the process would be slow, however the more intense the partnership between human and robot became, so did the speed and tips or ideas flow as they sort better ways or improvements that could now be brought to the factory floor, a process we could not interfere with; as the numbers of more and more robotics were being produced to a point that nearly all patients in Hospital had a 'buddy' as the proverb "from small acorns large oak trees do grow!" so did knowledge, skills, information, as well as practical ideas on improvements, innovations flow like a dam suddenly being opened.

It was all the additional information that these patients passed on to his 'friend', this had to be sorted as well as sifted by a

master computer to be passed to other 'friends' as possible tips now aided memory blanks of other patients via his buddy, as memories flowed, the total information gleamed was incalculable in content. As well as all further expertise, snippets, memories, working practices, all now I/A sorted, stored, filed, ready for passing on to all patients 'friends' to add to all the subject matter that was being tabulated for transferring to worker I/A robotics, even to the extent of film shows now downloaded to individual that worked in mines, factories, hospitals, dentists, nurses, police, prisons, nothing was excluded, as the shows boosted the patients to remember more, as they taught their buddies to be them, and to stand where they once stood, proud and erect, so promoting all these different skills, work practices, profession bodies, all these together now allowing the work places to do what they do best... work!

Factories, mines, steel works, farms, secondary industrial programs, as cement, road materials too, again once all working knowledge had been clarified into a daily program of

correct working procedure, one by one they were opened for business, checked and rechecked by humans, who were now fit to leave the hospitals for short periods in their ongoing treatment, and stood or sat, viewing the work staff, and still able in most cases to express doubt or give praise to the products under manufacture, as the new line managers instead as before the war as mere floor workers, for without their working knowledge none of this was a viable propositions, that we saw now, not in a dream but reality

Little did all our patients know, possibly would never know, for every complete skill, in all manner of tools, electronics, plumbing, carpentry, building, doctors, nurses, dentists, specialists in ears, nose, mouth, speech, eyes, masseurs, practitioners, the list is endless, and may I add not in any particular order of priority, just in case I may get into trouble on this account, sorry I am at it again!

At the start of this plan, and only able in carefully selected cases, we discovered the patients too could use their previous skills which were being downloaded to a robot, in conversation,

aided in the knowledge that there was someone, who wanted them to talk, should they fall asleep the robot would softly play a recording of the last conversation they had. This had unexpected results with some of the more injured or mentally damaged patients, to prove an aid to their personal recovery program which was proving that even limited mental capacity of the patient was a step forward to complete his or her program before previous expectations. Also much of the information given by these patients could be, as well as was, when checked, 'twinned' to another robot, which had a patient with previous knowledge of this subject, and could be used as 'backup' in their conversation, either as advancement or a tool to check facts!

However, over several years after months of co-operation between patient and robotics, who now in many cases were fully trained to a high standard to a carbon copy of the injured Services or civilians, men or women, unfortunately in some cases certain attitudes or mannerisms, had to be urgently re-adjusted. Yet the majority were able to leave as being

passably trained in re- resetting up many avenues of trade, Business, Hospital Staff, Security, Social Services, Farming, Banking, Stock Markets, Fence making, Police Ambulance drivers, Medics, Thatcher's, Fishermen, Plumbers, Carpenters, Electricians, etc. this amount of talent, that now was with one robotic could be swiftly transferred into one or hundreds if required within twenty four- hours, at last the wheels of industry had started to turn, as all the trade taught robotics were now on the front lines, with them all the small businesses they too had the same injection of hope, for the injured they too were allowed to be on the front line too, for as long as they wanted...

Great Britain will be soon open for business!

Our brave patients that despite their pain, injuries or loss of limbs, the majority no longer lay on hospital beds or in specialized hospitals, who had freely given a wide ranging wealth of available knowledge, for the patients 'buddy' now became the ex-patient's friend, ensuring no matter what the patient's problems were, they visited the classroom, workplace

of their former employment to show how much their country wanted them, as well as their importance to our Country.

All the ex-patients now had a wonderful fully fitted home, here we were fortunate, as many such buildings undamaged could be used, and only needed minor changes, decorating, and furnishing, once more we had warehouses full from damaged hotels, homes as well as hospitals that had been war damaged and all these items had been salvaged.

Here they wanted for nearly nothing, although I was quietly informed that their buddies were binomial, and a polite request then there was here at the home, an area where the sex change could be initiated to any of their friend's sexual preferences. All meals were taken in an open dining room, as were rest areas, gymnasium, entertainment centers, open to all, no matter what the injury their 'buddies' had selected nothing was barred from them, as their robotic training was to help their friend when selecting an area of work or pleasure, to attend. As it turned out to be a very amicable arrangement that aided the patient recovery to a higher standard than thought

originally by the hospital teams of specialists, as they were quietly amazed at their patients progress!

Now no longer feeling useless, or unloved, lacking the expertise or the skills to make one worthwhile more proficient in the work place, despite the injuries one had suffered, this as well as giving the patients a fresh incentive to live, although disabled, they now had a buddy so now enabling them to go to work, in their old profession not full time or even time measured attendance work, not they did know in their hearts where they as good as before, but at least what they could not move or achieve, their buddy was always there to help, even to the extent of being lifted or carried, nothing was too much trouble! So while the patient was looking for means to be out of their beds and although no longer as agile they were they could still directed the robot, as well as having a new impetus within themselves that again they were actually important once more as well as serving their Country.

All was not the utopia for all the patients, for some cases whose injurers' caused by their valor and heroism, loss of hands, mobility etc., in cases of surgeon's, craftsmen and women, skilled machinists, to name but a few of professional bodies that were represented, they could easily slide into depressive states, despite all the additional help available.

Yet it was these 'buddies' they and others being taught, engineered a twin connection between the surgeon, draughtsman or draught women, skilled engineers, inventors, scientists, it was their brains, guiding every action of their robot. So close that this bond became, the twinned robot human partnership became unbreakable, so pushing the boundaries in all forms of advancement, to un-imaginable heights of achievements of humanoids robotics, so perhaps Peter Butler was not crazy after all, In secret he was a magician as was his team, for it would seem nothing was impossible, for one case a man with no arms or legs, and part face was able to walk into a Public House, order a pint of beer, then without aid drink that pint and many more, besides without paying for a single drink!

There was no record how he managed to get back to his bed in the Hospice, it was rumored that he had a buddy, nor how bad was his hangover the next day?

It was these attachment in all the fields where humans, were unable to fulfill all their training, because of all manner of injuries, physical as well as mental, that robotics took on new dimensions, as more and more tasks were being organized by a 'buddies' robot, seeking their partners knowledge as well informing their partner of new advancements, small yet sufficient improvements that had been tried, tested and proved to work, in the benefit of their injured friend.

So it was only a little time into this relationship, that the amputee, or serious body injuries patient, expecting to be either a bed case or wheelchair bound cases for the rest of their lives, Christened their 'buddy with a Christian name, also allowing their 'buddy to address them by theirs, a small step, some thought, yet a giant leap was the opinion of others!

Not all these cases were a success, human nature being what it is, some of the patients died silently, for that wall of success

that was being offered, was simply an objective too high to climb, and a point that was noted in nearly all these cases of the patient's death, ones previous owned 'buddy' automatically shut down, and no matter the repair, or rebuild, reboot, or use parts of this 'buddy', caused the new 'buddy' to fail totally?

It was also noted, in many cases, not one hundred percent, the introduction of the robot 'buddies', as well as all present day innovations with the high standard of nursing skills, that when the patient supposed they were now a drain on society in their present state, it was this small step would be encouragement to reassess their personal use, so helping themselves to regain their former drive, putting within themselves the conviction of overcoming present difficulties, and entering life again as well as their Country they valiantly fought for; they now had a cause, and no doubt in their mind. "It was great to be recognised again."

There were no prisoners of War; they were simply dead, with no monuments as to where they fell, due to the use of our death ray, only the increasing dust clouds, that once were a

mass of enemy fighters, for all to die as they lived, namelessly, with no place of a recorded death, untraceable, and for the use they thought they had been, was now a very small pile of sand to be blown away, or rained on to soak into the land, as a fertilizer, a little better use than they had been as human being. However there was a large group of individuals that could and would be used in order to change their contempt of society, in which they believed they were owed a living... Convicts!

However this would take more organising, for recidivists that lay in our jails were more eager to steal to support their lifestyle, than the stupid people that went to work each day, to support their families, homes, as well as their Country

Yet another pressing situation that will persist until we can find a way to clear the atmosphere, scientists had already found a way of partially controlling the weather, which promoted light patches of wet weather in controlled areas where the farmers now were sowing seeds in well fertilized land, as yet in small plots, but it was a start, with promising yields from the test showing of all manner of growths of vegetable, corn rye, rape

seed, as with cattle, sheep goats, hens, ducks, geese in fact no impurities that could harm any humans, only a small questionable remark, “If the fields are fertilized by human waste, are we not cannibals, or will there be a religious problem, as we can no longer describe our fields as ORGANIC?”

It was marked in the notes as no further action at this stage!

As was the new atomic generators developed by Royals Royce, so small they were carried in white vans to any area, plugged into the mains lines, and powered up all that needed power, best of all it was free, unless you wasted it, then you would receive a fine or even worse, being switched off!

So as we progressed most of land was now under agriculture, for corn, rye, wheat, rape seed, then some of the cows, an odd bull, chickens, geese, ducks, horses, rabbits and sheep had been saved so an intense breeding program was instigated, each of the saved species to a single farm, with in some cases husband and wives to run their farm, where others was an experienced farmer and trained robots in the rest, a program in

recovery as it will be for years to come if all the planning could achieve the results required to feed the remaining population, with fresh produce rather than man made food, or what could be discovered edible, in deserted factories or warehouses, as hopefully fresh food would be available to all especially to children that may, could, perhaps be born, into this new world with the help of robotic armies, trained by farmers, so what was left of the human race, could be fed, drink clear water, clothed, and encouraged to breed, the future generations of Homo Sapiens in which War, hatred or the taint of murderous strains of Religions hatred has been bred out of the human brain once and for all for all man's history the one thing that has caused more hatred, jealousy or envy has been one against another of a different religion, if it was not this it would run as a close second, the love of man for another man, or woman for another women, or differences in work structure between men and women, now at the moment was there any discussion, for everyone was counted as equal.

“WHY?”

I do not know I am merely the author asking the question!

Chapter 3

To vanquish the enemy is one thing, a lasting peace another matter entirely!

I suppose in reality we are the victors, but of what, that Christianity as well as numerous theism religions with their belief in a God, deism, animism, pantheism, panentheism, polytheism, henotheism, monotheism, dualism or gnosticism in their pure unadulterated true sense, may have won the day, yet what we did not know was the survivors of religious values of the warring factions rest of the world, we all now live lives in fear of the unknown, 'or what was around the corner we did not know about'?

That was one fact of which that I am certain, but for the rest of mankind we could not be sure, for we now lacked the actual contacts with a lot of Countries, whether deliberate, or mischievous action on their part, it was extremely difficult to

discover, but then, why should we will keep trying, or asking for a period of self harm?

This gigantic loss of the cream of every countries youth, leaving the aged survivors such as all tradesmen, Doctors, Nurses Dentists, Surgeons and all their staff now severely limited as they struggle with a heavy demand, of injured young male and female personnel, plus basically oldies, such as myself, as well as my friends, that despite their ages, still reported for work, I myself to the old MI6, (which as you have probably guessed was a cover for tracking and firing missiles as well as many other nasty objectives we were involved with, (which is probably why we received that murderous bomb) yet all of us at one time in moments of dispirit, or despair, quietly acknowledging the futility of it all, yet what was the alternative, we as a Country had to survive. Although now as the old joints ached and groaned every day, we were still working, all of us, mostly still strangers to each other, we had become isolationists from one and another, trust like so many every day attachments had long since disappeared, or was it, simply we

had lost the art of bonding, perhaps one day, probable not in what is left of my life time?

Yet as now, not willing to make a compromise and introduce friendship or trust, that had been tried and then spectacularly failed, as a knife in the back does not indicate friendship, but we few in our offices, in conjunction with our Parliament and our Royals, we worked on plans, ideas, no longer the Country security as our main preliminary concern as that was now been taken over by the robotic armies, navy and air force, and possibly doing a far better job than ever we did as they do not need sleep or food and water, yet now as a joint exercise in logistics, to work with the talent we had left, wherever one could find it, this in conjunction with our own personal 'buddies' robotics strangely who we all trusted with all manner of personal secrets, one again had to ask was this a step too far, yet the answer may be a simple equation, logic cannot lie?

Anything required for health matters, as us oldies, as well as anyone else, one had to go to the street robot, those who were still in a movableness level of fitness, so without taking off any

item of clothing, you were diagnosed, issued with a prescription, or taken to ready robotic hospital for an operation or treatment'

For those unable to attend a 'Street Doctor', it simply was a call via your wristwatch, and within minutes a robotic doctor was in to examine you, followed by a human doctor's examination within fifteen minutes, if required!

Despite this level of medical attention, there were unfortunately cases of death that beat the system, a loss of faith, depression, deaths of loved ones, or even an irreplaceable pet, for these there were no cures available, so this was recorded as a loss, and you might inquire, what was another body? It was a tragic loss to the system, as this particular person could have been to have had a trade, professional accruement as a teacher, Doctor, Dentist etc. possibly he or she would have had a 'buddy' yet if the training had not been completed, they had to be a second trainee with another 'buddy', and chances of information being damaged or lost!

Then suddenly this was one body with valuable old skills, as up to now far too many important skills had already been lost.

It was like myself, the elderly with skills, patients in hospitals or care homes, were now left to pass on their knowledge, every one of us is helping the State of Great Britain, well for as long as we are able, even the retiring age is now seventy, or seventy-five, or eighty if still active, and God help me I was nearly there myself!

Each of us oldies now all had a robotic buddy, as well as a trainee; they were all of seventeen years of age or above, male or female, depending on their skills and achievements selected for employment on their individual merits gained. If the latter, she would be checked to see if she could produce off-spring, ones that could had more favorable choice of employment, with marriages or partnerships of their choice at the age of sixteen years, young I know, we had some in so depth discussions on this very point, but finally if medical active, and with the girls permission as well as compliance, we had voted for a human breeding farm, dark days that lay ahead of us, should this

experiment fail, of become known, shades of Mandala and Hitler, to create the perfect human?.

Once the trainee's had completed their selection boards, those whose skills were the same as ours became attached to us for the full working instructions for six to twelve months.

We, as a general term were now known as 'The Oldie Teams', or worse, we did not hear these; not flattering I know, still what was in a name if the concept worked, as we would then teach both our charges, human and robotics, all our crafts.

Diplomacy, Security, Employment, Deployment of monitoring surviving individuals in the required trades, from carpentry, cabinetmakers, plumbers, electricians, geeks from the computing businesses, and thousands more, all required, all needed now, as yet it was a case of 'Manana' as the Spanish say!

All of the professional workers Doctors, Dentist, Nurses, Health workers, they too all had 'buddies' who noted everything, to which I do mean everything, then so like our 'buddies' twin themselves into the robotic system to download all the

information that we have taught them, so effectively obtaining a true record of all parts of our skills which would now never be lost. For as the information passed to our working robots, so it would be to another robot, so humans even if we managed to breed to ensure our survival into the future, all known skills, trades, engineering, also all our professional bodies would be finally safe and non-expendable. Giving us in these difficult future times, fight and win, this world of ours could remain in human hands, that is with more than a little bit of help from our personalized robots, soldiers airmen, sailors, surgeons, doctors, nurses, dentists, masseurs, factory overseers, miners, woodlands, fishermen, lorry and taxi drivers, in fact as one now looks around, there is not a single human task, job, profession that did not have robotic cover or help, from birth to death, was this going to be our future ?

We were worried; if not alarmed about this in the beginning, but the War taught us differently, without robots, of which we lost thousands of them, there would have been no earth left fit for

anyone human, able to reproduce as well as rebuild our futures in this shattered world!

So do I hear you ask, how and why can people of this world want to destroy it all, as yet there was no-where to go, for the Moon, Venus now could have colonies, as yet we lacked the technical know how to build a colonizing units, that would be self-sufficient, as yet not the means, or near the spaceships to take us all, that is if we could survive the voyage to even more distant planets, if they were self-sustaining, before we arrived there?

Unfortunately the answer is, or was, religion... yet again!

How one believes in the Almighty, some call him God others have different names for him, or being naughty, her, yet why the hostility, cannot one believe what he or she wants without offending others, it would seem that an negative answer is forthcoming, yet at the moment of their death they always call to God, or his other names for the Almighty?

Which one is the true God, who says that the Christian Bible, Catholic Missal, Quakers, Judaism, Islam, Latter Day Saints,

Methodists, Hindu, Greek, Russian, Islam, Muhammedanism, The Crest, Hindu, Baha'ism or `Baha'i, Buddhist, Sikh, Ahmaddiya, Zoroastrianism, Maazdasism: or hundreds more besides, who is right or not, but in the full accounting of it all, does it matter, it is an expression of personal freedom, as humans, not under a direct threat from Dictatorship where their will is to enslave all, giving praise as well as homage to a single human individual task master?

Yet this was the start, slowly at first, then escalated to Christianity versus the rest, infighting in all the Countries, until either of the two won, then they joined with survivors of that religion of another Country, so again the spiral started, to continue with fresh battles, so more losses of human, animal, places of abode, survivors huddled in cellars, short of warmth, food, water, little or no medical supplies, only to be enlisted as human shields, should the previous victorious armies be now on the losing side?

“What was the point of it all, was there one?”

World War 1 was bad enough when I believe Woodrow Wilson stated, "That this is the war to end all wars!"

Then world War 2, was worse than World War One, as from records it would seem a so called opposition leader with a mental condition, was so powerful that he too almost led their country to annihilation, had escaped from the Mad House, one may have private thoughts on the matter, yet dare not whisper it allowed, yet there is still a majority still believed in him, believing he lived after the fall of Berlin?

World War 3, was called the "Religious War ", previously in the last Religious war we had the days of Knights in armour riding out on magnificent horses with the red cross emblazoned on their shield, banners and tunics to deal with the Infidels of the Saracens race who were attacking the pilgrims on their way to Mecca!

This new result of engagements of Armageddon strength of a conflict cost not hundreds of lives, thousands, but trillion after trillion of lives, one salient point we had learnt one lesson, our death ray unless otherwise programmed did not, project a

beam that damaged buildings or property in this war. Instead buildings stood like an accusing finger to the survivors showing it had not been damaged by us, rather than their own side, who it was seen and noted, inflicted damage and destruction as a means to stop their own people hiding away from them as they thought more of their families than some stupid ideology!

A stark testimony to the former humans that had once co-existed there, as now in the warring arenas, it was only human life that was extinguished to such an art that the bodies needed no graves, they simply turned to dust, to be blown away on a passing zephyr breeze, coating all infrastructure, roads, paths, even the land in a grey, sandy, gritty substance, when the wind blew it lifted these deposits into the air, now we had the extra danger of being caught outside, trying to breath this dust filled air, as your nose and mouth gradually filled and ingesting by swallowing, what was human, plus animal remains, before you collapsed to the floor because your lungs failed as it could no longer oxygenation of your blood, aiding the disposal of carbon dioxide, resulting sometimes in many cases in death.

The war had now reached a final stage, when the armies and air forces had been depleted of all ability to fight, as young fit men and women power waned, save the bands of survivors, who still wanted to destroy or be killed, in most cases the latter was achieved, until finally there was nothing left of the forward advancement, they stood beaten, degraded, downtrodden, their leaders so quickly to disappear, they waited for the enviable to happen, so these sick individuals were blasted into dust, there was no survivors...trust was too much of a risk to take for the sake as well as the rest of humanity!

Yet this was not the last battle we had to face, for the so called leaders had joined forces, this we knew and waiting, until finally as time passed, that only ones now left in the human race, the oldies and infirm, walking disabled, A/I hastily programmed gathered again for a heroic show of force, quickly as prearranged we were summoned as a group to the designated 'killing field' the last stand for the sake of our Royals, Country as well as our "Religions", against another brand of barbarians.

So very few of us, against a total of unknown number of the enemy, possibly three to our one, or even more, who had decided on a final attack, but we knew even then, we were still very much in the minority.

So despite all the wastage of human life in its battles against nature, accidents, in the work areas, roads, disasters, suicide's, murders, childbirth, we had now reached the very point in our lives where the death of the human race far exceeded the birth ratio, so what does man do... what he does best, in actual pure stupidity... let us have a battle with the remainder of the survivors, of course we must, let us kill the final members of planet Earth, to show nobody how good we were, before we too died having gained nothing, and lost everything we once held sacred, life itself!

And so it was, some religious group ensured we received a signal to an impending attack on us, no sooner received, we as well as our robotics were ordered to the coaches for transporting us to the 'Front' from everywhere in Britain, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, there was no excuses, no one was too

young or too old, man or woman, even children, all with their personal 'Buddies', even the majority of hospital patients, who could fire a weapon volunteered, this was a battle if we lost so did all our known values, lifestyle, families, religions, should we loose, then the planet Earth would be a scorch ruin!

As soon as we all arrived, we all knew that files and documents to be collected by our 'buddies' for safe keeping, to be filed away, for in our demise these would be important as they too would be required for the Country's defence in this aftermath, if it was in Gods will we won?

All the A/I with us had of course to received an insertion of a new app, one to kill as directed by their 'buddies' meantime the human contingents went to the select site for uniform and weapons... we so pitiful few in numbers, in fitness, strength, and with the knowledge of weapons, we alarmingly it seemed to be sufficient only as a line that refused to be straight, or stand in many cases to face the on coming enemy. I knew all too well what a challenge we would actually make, as we were seen by the enemy, a rag tag bunch of depleted manhood,

womanhood, our children, as well as our robotics, all about oneself was the nervous glances of who would be the first to run away and hide at the first shot to be fired, everyone of us, tired and weary of war, shortages, and missing friends and relations now trembled with a single thought that there was here and now, a very strong possibility to run away at the first charge of the enemy!

We were now the firewall to defend all the work and success we had all achieved up to now, getting our beloved Country back into production and starting world trade, although very small at the moment all signs it would increase, yet at this moment in time, one did not need to calculate our chances of survival.

Men, women and our own personal robotics I hasten to add, as coaches from across Great Britain arrived spilling out more volunteers, some in prison garb but very few orange boiler suits I noticed, men women, youths, and children, the latter looking in amazement, as if they were trying to come to terms of where

they were and what was expected of them, we did not tell them, like us all we expected to die!

We all stood at the designated Gates of Hell as ordered, in an area of Maidstone facing an enemy who had come over the Channel from Calais, and now were advancing through Folkstone towards us, as our Intel had told us they would be in our sight within the hour!

So we, the last survivors now ordered to wait for the enemy, in groups filled with pensioners, the sick, as well as paraplegic patients, some convicts, in fact a total of misfits, also such a miniscule number of us, many could not stand unaided, or ask directions to fire at the enemy because they were in fact partially sighted or blind. None of us in uniform, we wore in what we were wearing when called, so we looked to onlookers exactly what we were, a 'rag-tag force', spent before we fired the first shot, the arms we bore were of the first laser rifles, that were dependent on their individual battery strength, which in many cases showed that they were only half charged, so

showing the charge level going into the 'red' colour, rather than the 'green'

We looked at our neighbour on either side of us, you did not need to ask, we were comparing each other, in our single long line, to the size of the enemy in their thousands advancing towards us.

No one man or woman could recognize a friend or neighbour, as we had been selected for the places we were at, then split up to different areas in the line, as in every case where all these people either working, in units, or in an office, to be collected then driven along the line, getting off at different intervals, to join a weak spot!

So as strangers we stood looking around us, the standard English reserve attitude as well as manner now prominent, 'the stiff upper lip' we all now stood, all were individuals standing or kneeling, the blind or partially sighted dispersed with those who could see, all armed with what weapons we could fight with from pistol, rifle, or hand held mortars, also old fashioned head sets for listening to last minute orders?

All of us now facing our individual annihilation, possibly praying hard for a miracle, that seemed now so out of fashion, as this had been a War dedicated to a God, who had the absolute power to sustain life, yet this hatred fueled idolatrousness of yet another and final mass slaughter in his or her name, or heliolatry, sun, or star worship, Sabaism; pyrolatary, even necrolatry yet we stood silent with our own thoughts, or did one really pray in this situation?

Chapter 4

To be asked to fight for a cause; one first has to ask is the cause just, if so what price is one's life now?

We at last saw the might of our enemy foes, we dressed our several single line like anything but soldiers, armed with laser weapons, that may shoot or not at all, the enemy standing on the hills in front of us, shouting at us, as they viewed their idiotic opposition, who despite the scene of over whelming numbers of the enemy, we were now preparing to sell our lives dearly, to