

The war has gone on for 30 years, but it is not as if anyone is counting... Not here, in the south, up north, or in the middle states. Life just simply goes at its own pace. For most of us, when you think of robots and Moloch, it seems like nothing more than an old wives' tale, too unreal to evoke any kind of emotion. I mean, let us be honest... For most people, the modern world is grey, sad, and depressing. You can always hear the children complain, "Mommy, I'm so sad." "Mommy, why are the mutants so bad?" "Mommy, where are my Skittles?" I say, to hell with Skittles. The world has changed. Has it changed for worse? I could not tell you because I have never known a different world.

We do not know much about Moloch's history, or at least nothing of certainty that we know of for sure. However, one thing is certain...

We know for a fact the war started in October 2020. The States were pretty much doing fine, the technology was slowly becoming what the science-fiction writers imagined it would be,

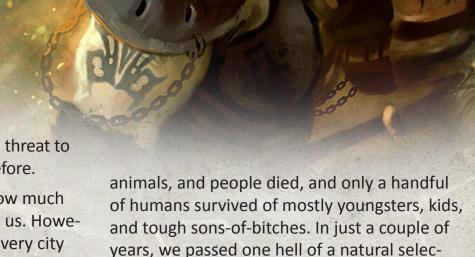
bio-cybernetics, cyber-organization, and the all-powerful Web blessing us with all the benefits multimedia could get. Aside from the constant threats of terrorism, which kept paralyzing the world for years, everything was going in the right direction, of a better future that is. That was when the computers screwed us over.

At first, suspicion existed of a possible terrorist attack regarding what we faced from the computers, and it was only after a few days that the humans realized the enemy was far more dangerous. However, by then it was too late. The computers hit us with all the chemical crap they could. Everything went haywire: the nuclear power plants, water treatment plants, chemical labs, you name it. A chemical and biological war in one melting pot was a deadly mix. The computers had no reason for restraint.

Viruses and toxic waste were not a threat to them. It was an attack like none before.

Before the war, no one realized how much chemical waste we had all around us. However, we learned in just days with every city surrounded by a shroud of toxic swill. Finally, someone at the Pentagon got overly excited, and pushed the big, red button. The people in the Middle East also joined in on the game. The Arabs finished what the chemicals and viruses started. After that, there was only chaos. Nobody knew anything. Without the computers, the web, and communication, humanity fell to its knees. We do not even know when Moloch came to be.

You could say the next few months were a David Lynch directed dream: you did not understand squat, but the overall feeling was surreal. The machines had real horror in store for us. The humans, deprived of all necessities, thrown out into a completely new world, were not coping at all. In the meantime, the machines were still advancing. Everything poisoned and sickened wherever you looked. Plants,



tion test.

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Sometime in the middle of 2026, people started talking. A change was slowly coming over the horizon. The enemy of humanity made itself visible, and we could finally see it, eventually attempting to fight back. In the meantime, the first foundations of a new order started to emerge. Power struggles began with groups or factions marking territories throughout the states and major cities like some rabid junkyard dog. Some of these groups even call themselves by name of the territory they controlled, such as in New York and Vegas. In the south, another foundation toward a new world order grew. The Appalachian Federation found some cooperation with New York, building a railway, and in a couple of years, along with the group known as the Outpost, plan to launch an offensive and regain territory from Moloch.

