

# The Wall

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They have been walking for days. The dryness of the desert has surrounded the wayfarers for the past weeks. There was no sign of life; the fallout obliterated every organism over the last thirty years.

“Can you pass me the jerry can?” The voice of a man, audible for miles, breaks the silence lying over the wasteland. Voraciously he tips the can back, trying to get every single drop of water. “Empty! This was the last one, we’ll either find shelter and supplies or we’ll eventually kick the bucket.”

“Was it really necessary to leave our village? We had everything, running water, a functioning agrarian system. We gave everything up to rot in the desert?”

“You know that this isn’t true. The fallout is expanding. We would sit in our oasis, waiting for the water to be poisoned and the crop to die back. Our only chance is to cross the border, escape the condemned land.”

Silence.

The group resumes their journey, one step after the other, slowly towards the north. Darkness falls and the despondent members of the group raise their eyes. A light cone meets their glance.

“What is this? It seems to be some kind of beacon!”

What was before a hesitant dragging forwards turned into a euphoric sprint towards the unknown object.

“There it is! The Wall! The cause of all misfortunes we had to endure.”

A monumental building rises 200m into the sky, covering the entire horizon and forming an impenetrable protection against anything that wants to enter what lies behind.

“Here it all started. When the former president separated his country from the rest of the world. The nuclear war and the catastrophic consequences for the ecological balance. And behind those walls, earth’s last Elysium is located.”

The group approaches the wall, awestruck but intimidated. But the closer they come the less impressive the structure appears. The windows are broken, the veneer is decaying and the gate is half opened.

“I’ve got a queasy feeling. It isn’t supposed to look like that.”

They pass the gate, following a tunnel undermining the wall. On the other side they come back up to the surface.

“Where is it? It should be green. People, animals, grasslands. There is not even a tree. No water. No paradise. No nothing.”