

ARGUS DORIAN
DARK CYBERPUNK ARTIST | DECAYDEAD.COM

THE DECAYDEAD *Journal*

CHAPTER 01 • IT STARTED

PT01

Chapter 01 - It Started

It started slowly. No specific date, a date with some kind of significance. Nobody really cared about how or when it all started but now we must take the responsibility of our own actions. First thing we noticed was the air. Literally the most valuable gift life has given us. "Take a deep breath and free your mind, fill your soul" they say. But now, this thing, this menace, this invisible infection that was carrying our demise was here. It had reached our planet through the molecules of air. Some even say that the planet took charge of the situation and decided to teach us a lesson. Let's never play gods again, shall we? It was an airborne destruction that carried death. A virus that was looking for hosts and had the ability to infect the cells of all living things. It was moving rapidly and finally became an epidemic of global proportions.

Wherever you tend to look smells like death. We, willingly, gave away our beautiful lands just to be sure we make enough money by building factories of all sorts. How did we miss the destruction we caused? How did we not miss the blue skies.. The sun. When we needed to be aware of the situation, we chose to keep on lying to ourselves. What's the meaning of lying, anyway? Let me enlighten you. The lie is our



CRAZINESS OR DISEASE?



*How it started?
Was it manufactured?*

perspective of the truth we feel comfortable in. Where you get uncomfortable is where the truth stands for the truth always stands alone. It doesn't need approval from the crowd, or facts to exist, but lies do. Lies need support to apply, constant reassurance from you.

Everything the eye can see or the hand can touch got contaminated. The virus spreads



Kids suffering worldwide

widely through the nation and nobody can escape it. An open wound, a kiss, a single breath can be a doorway for this invisible threat to get inside your system and slowly but steadily destroy you bit by bit. The symptoms were common enough to not even give them the rightful credits. At first it was only a sneeze, a headache, a fever even and sometimes nothing more than just a cough that wouldn't go away. All of a sudden, not a known treatment can take away the symptoms. No pill can make things better, no doctor can find a cure. Nothing serious, they said and look where we are now.

Little did we know that the target was our nervous system. Anxiety, paranoia, hallucinations, aggression, rage and body deterioration was just the virus exploring the human body, learning from it's every weakness. That was just the training before the final game which of course leads to an extremely painful death. The number of people who, out of nowhere, got stricken with cancer, stillborn, heart attacks, leukaemia, were increasing in a dramatic scale due to this infection and as if this wasn't enough, the known diseases were now even more durable and aggressive. Some of them, even incurable. Hospitals and doctors in despair, in a shortage of medicines and knowledge on this point of time. Increasing amount of patients that were flooding in on a daily basis. So far there wasn't any cure because none knew the cause of this happening

and all different alternative treatments and experimental drugs that doctors tried, had no effect. There were so many speculations of what was happening, creating a global storm of paranoia and chaos.

The animals got the virus too. They were carriers, transmitting the infection to those who were uninfected. Animals that were for human consumption were tainted, the plants were poisoned, altering the food chain altogether. The basic resources of our feeding needs were eliminated. The lakes and seas were washing up dead fish. The crops were dying and the lands started drying. It seemed as if the world had stopped. What we once took for granted, food, water, air, safety, had now become a rarity. People were trying to satisfy their basic needs with food cans, bottled waters, whatever they thought would be safe for them to consume.

To continue somehow surviving unharmed from this invisible enemy. We were back to the dark ages and no matter who was living next to us or who was our friend, was now a possible carrier of death. Our world had become a battlefield, a Roman arena with once ordinary humans now fighting for their survival like wild animals, brother against brother. The bodies on the streets were piling up as if they



were simple garbage bags. The graffiti signs on buildings now make sense, don't they?! "Wake up, they feed us poison", "Death is coming", "Darkness is upon us", "R-Evolution", simple warnings were now prophecies fulfilled. The end wasn't near, it was here.



*Wrapped in Guilt
we don't care about humans anymore*



*masks now are a part of fashion?
we accept that?
people are literally dying!*

Adam Quill

**To be continued on Chapter 02
-The Committee-**

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CHAPTER 02 • THE COMMITTEE

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