

Petteri Hannila, Science Fiction, Avant-garde, English

The Last Man on Mars

Psychedelic drama of the last colonist of Mars.

Earth is dead, or at least I think it is. My oxygen reserves are depleting. Last food supply delivery from Earth was a hundred years ago. Nothing since 2084 when Earth suddenly went silent.

I am the last colonist, being tortured out of existence slowly and alone on the red planet. My wish of salvation is long gone. Only a primitive instinct, a strong desire to live has prevented me from ending it all. I look at the holotapes, follow the children playing under the trees or listen the song of the whales. The red sand swallows my tears and dreams alike.

The Machine hasn't been used in two generations and it lies dust-covered in the far-reaches of our habitat. My grandparents sealed it, yet they didn't left any information why. As a child I tortured my father with endless questions of the matter, and he once blurted that the people that used it became obsessed with it and couldn't stop.

Two desires fight in me; whether I should blow up the Machine or explore its secrets. My curiosity is all that is left. I decide to do both.

After a thorough investigation it seems that the Machine uses all the knowledge that is stored in our large databanks, all of both recorded history and that which is speculated through fiction in all of its forms. The Machine is not just a computer though; it is built of countless artificial neurons, probably more than a dozen humans would have combined. The surface it littered with antennae and unknown devices of transfer. I dictate that it is or at least it could be connected to ... something.

I think it is designed to connect with humans, to scramble everything that has been into its inner workings. No information of the reasons to why it was built in the first place exist, no matter how much I search. I think it is possible that it can't function without a presence of a human mind, but perhaps I am only dreaming.

I will open the seal and step inside to find out. Unlike my parents I am not to be buried in the cold, red sands. I have enough explosives with me to end it all if it comes to that.

I lie down as dream and reality intertwine. The Machine has slept for a long time, but I can feel it slowly awaking. It is not only one, visions and sounds mix, they all wish to show me something. They want to pull me in various directions. Maybe they originate from somewhere, perhaps someone, somewhere is still alive.

I wished only to end my suffering and be destroyed, but they won't let me. They tear my consciousness from my limp body and now it is not only what I want, but what they want what matters.

Grains

- Mankind is no more
- Hope is no more

- Only in the presence of death can you feel truly alive

Wilbur Sonador

Wilbur is the last colonist. His parents raised him in the best of their ability, but the utter desolation of Mars has left its mark on his character. He was brooding of nature even when there were still others that shared his fate. Now the years of loneliness have driven him even further down the rabbit-hole.

His inner workings are that of a man who draws with delicate and thin strokes, full of vivid yet fragile images and imaginations. This world of make-believe is the only thing that has prevented him from killing himself during the dark years of solitude. He is a dreamer and inventor of sorts, vastly informative even though only in theories. A man without a destiny or goal.

His ingenuity still lives there somewhere, heavily molested by his brooding nature, but still alive.

Traits	
3	Colonist He has survived on his own.
2	Learned He has all the time in the world and vast body of knowledge.
2	Morbid Curiosity Suicide lurks near, suicide mixed in with the mind of a curious man.
1	Thinker With no social contacts his reason and mind are his only weapons.
Burdens	
1	Hermit Years of solitude have left their marks on him.
1	Brooding Inhuman conditions have bent him towards the darkness.

- This scenario is based on an idea presented in album “Universal Migrator” by Ayreon.

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