

To this day I still heard favorite quote in my head.

He said to me: "It is done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. To him who is thirsty I will give to drink without cost from the spring of the water of life.

- Revelations 21:6

Chapter 1

"Finally we're here!" You could hear all of the kids rejoicing, finally having arrived at our destination. New Haven, the city of wonder... But how could this utopia have survived? After all the bombs dropped, how was it possible that an entire city survive? I wasn't the only one but hell it was rough. I still couldn't believe the fact that a whole city stood, in a Utopian state in all its glory, unscathed and untouched by the Great War. It seemed almost surreal. I thought back to the times when I had to kill just to make it through a day. Not just animals...but the raiders...even some of the wastelanders. But things were going to be different here, I thought. But I could not have been more wrong.

After being shown to our living quarters, we were all given standard issue clothing. I couldn't say that they were stylish, but hell, it was better than my ragged, war-torn battle gear. The one rule that I despised was no weapons. But hell, in a utopia, shit ain't always pretty and prim is it? I kept my gun close and my family closer and nothing was going to stop that.

Chapter 2

Damn it. I knew this was going to happen. As he awoke to the sound of a door closing ever so softly, he turned to confront his son. Silently, almost effortlessly, he got up from his bed and approached his son. "Where have you been?" I could see it in Blake's eyes... Searching for some wise ass excuse to his mischief. "Uh... nothing. I just came back from a short walk." he retorted. He just didn't get it, I guess. "Bullshit and you know it. I don't want you sneaking out like that. At least tell me next time. Now go to your damn room." A sigh of relief filled the air as I eased up. "Blake," he said, almost expecting a response.

"Yeah Dad?"

"I love you son. Don't ever forget that. But don't pull this crap again o.k.?"

"Yeah Dad. Sorry, I just wanted to go out and have some fun you know?" he responded groggily.

"Yeah I understand. Now get some sleep."

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It was 6 o'clock. God the time flew. As I got up, I felt a sharp pain in my hand. "Uh." I let out a short groan before getting up to check if Blake was still sleeping. Sure enough, he was out like a light. I decided to leave him a note and let him get some more rest. "Hunting time." I said to myself quietly, as I grabbed the keys and my hunting rifle. I frantically scrawled a note on a crumpled piece of paper lying on the table.

Blake,

I left out to do some hunting. Hopefully I can catch something half decent. Don't go anywhere until I come back. Food's in the fridge and there's still some cola on the counter if you want it.

Dad

That would suffice, I thought. As I grabbed my duster, I had a feeling it was going to be a long day.

Walking through the apartment, the tranquility of it all almost made me wish I had stayed just a bit longer to clear my head. Before leaving I grabbed my gas mask, locked the door and headed out into the bright sunlight. "Damn," I said. "Near goddamn blinding out here." Quickly throwing on my duster shades, and hood, I began the walk to the gates. After picking a breakfast in the market, which consisted of eggs, a small steak, and a slightly irradiated water; I stopped into a few stores. None of them had what I needed. But every one of them had what I was looking for. Ammunition. The easiest and cheapest commodity to buy and sell. Hell, come across a dead man out in The Wastes and you could have one hell of a dinner that night. I guess this time I would be rolling out with just 30 .308 Armor Piercing rounds and just 4 standard .308s. Capable enough to stop a few coyotes, or raiders for that matter. Out here, there was no good or evil. There was only survival. What I once thought was evil became my good. Living in The Wastes really could blur a man's sense of morality. Even when a raider begs for their life, you take it. Because if not, they would've taken yours, even if they say otherwise a million times over. Not gas, nor resources could trade for a life.

Those guards always seemed to have an affinity for my rifle. Always stopping me to see the gun, even when I didn't have it they wanted to talk about it. Hell, maybe one day I'll find a near useless one that I can fix up for them.

As I finally exited the gates, just after talking with the guards, I looked out and saw emptiness. A vast emptiness left only by a post-apocalyptic desert. Not even a trace of life...But somehow, somewhere there was the waters of life... just like Revelation 21:6..."To him who is thirsty I will give to drink freely from the waters of life."

Chapter 3

Finally I arrived at my planned spot. It felt so good to be back in a familiar place. Home sweet home. I started to unpack my gear and lay out the days plan. Water, check. Armor piercing rounds, check. Variable optics scope, check. Now all I had to do was make sure the rifle was ready. All the time I had at home, I still couldn't resist cleaning and checking it in The Wastes.

As I began to check my rifle and next thing I know, I got 2 raiders staring down at me. I could hear their footsteps before they even found me but damn, this was going to be a rough one. As one began to reach for my shoulder, I flipped him over my back and onto the ground. In one swift motion, I picked up my rifle and fired a shot right into the knee of the 2nd raider. Instead of reloading, I knew it would be quicker to use my combat knife. In a whirlwind of precision, I swept down, avoiding a lunge from the wounded raider and slit the dazed raider's throat. Then, swiftly removing my blade, I slowly walked towards the injured raider.

Spinning the knife around my hand, I was his God now. Judge, jury, and executioner. I determined whether he lived or died. I could be his savior or the harbinger of death. I could have spared him, but I couldn't show mercy upon the merciless. So I took his knife, tossing it aside carelessly and hugged

him, driving my knife deep into his heart. I knew my face was the last image to be burned into the recesses of his mind. A splatter of blood dripped from the edge of the blade and fell slowly onto the sand.

Dusk had befallen us. The stars were out, an almost surreal sight. Back in New Haven, we could hardly see the stars.