

A TERRORIFIC CHRISTMAS

I took the deepest breath a human can take, with an extraordinary effort I managed to open my eyes but everything was so dark that I doubted if I had really done it. I was cold and my muscles were so numb that I had to make several attempts to get them to move. I left the capsule and the first memory that came to my mind was myself telling my son on 14th December, 1966:

— My body tells me I'm not going to stay alive until Christmas, and you know how much I love you. If only my corpse could be frozen and brought back to life on Christmas Day, in the future.

I can't imagine how, but that dream became reality. Written in the capsule were the words: "programmed opening: 25th December, 3,050."

I started walking in the dark looking for an exit. Finally I found it and when I walked through it, I could only see a desert. I ambulated for a long time until I arrived at a city. It was not similar to anything I knew or would have imagined. Everything seemed so stiflingly perfect, everything clean, no noise, no wind and every flat the same height. But the most shocking thing were the people, if I could even call them that. They all had very similar serious faces. They were all so good-looking that it scared me, no imperfections. I noticed I was really hungry, so I decided to look for a restaurant, it was not as easy as I thought. It was very strange not seeing any place to eat in an area with so many apartments. I could perceive, after a long walk, that I was entering the rich zone of the city, some things had not changed.

I went inside a restaurant when the guard at the entrance was distracted and sat on the only desk in the room. Some of them seemed to know each other from before but the majority did not so I fit in at the "conversation table" as it was named on the sign. They agreed to order to the waiter a "celebrity" and I was impatient to see what plate it was.

— But, 1,055, maybe not everyone can afford paying for a "celebrity".

— Well, if they couldn't, they could have ordered a child for them.

I heard the two men at my left side say:

— Can you believe it? My workers are reproaching me I don't pay them enough money to eat.

— Nowadays everyone thinks they deserve privileges. They can function anyway. I don't know why they ask so much.

Definitely each conversation I heard was stranger than the last. But it was all the more disconcerting when they brought the dish. It was a human. An entire human! With his head, his muscles, skin, eyes... I was horrified. With the normality of a psychopath, they started splitting the body to give a ration to each. I received an arm and a hand.

Everyone was eating so happily, so I had to pretend normality. I cut one finger into pieces as if it was a sausage and I tried to masticate it. When I did, the most terrifying crunch sound was produced and the metallic flavour of the blood made me almost throw up. I couldn't get used to that and I was feeling so dizzy! I couldn't see clearly. I felt the cold iron of the knife in the finger. My finger!

And at the moment a single drop came out. Everyone's eyes rotated to me. They did it without moving their head. They were not humans. But I was and they noticed it. They stood up and I started running as fast as I could. My breath was accelerated, my heart pumping more blood than it could, my brain figuring every possible torture they would inflict upon me if they caught me. My legs saying they could not hold on much more, my mouth with that terrible cannibal flavour.

I saw water and decided to start swimming, thinking they would not know how to, but they did. I moved my body faster than ever but I started sinking. I told myself: "Breath! Breath! Come on, you know how to!"

But at that moment I did not. My mind shouted lots of things but the clearest and maybe last was: "What would Mickey, Donald and Goofy, your favourite creations, do?"