

Our future?

# CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

ARGUS DORIAN

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*Welcome to my dark art visions, where we awaken the profound power of art to confront the shadows of our world. **Let us inspire, provoke, and challenge the status quo through the haunting beauty of dark art.***

*Art is not merely a visual experience; it is a revolutionary force that connects souls, speaks truth to power, and evokes empathy in the face of despair.*

*In a society plagued by pollution, the destruction of our planet, and the heartbreaking realities of children suffering from starvation, my work captures the urgency of our collective plight.*

*Each piece is a chilling reflection on the extinction of species, the inhumane experiments on both animals and people, and the silent screams of a world in crisis. Now is the time to dream big and push the boundaries of creativity, channeling our anger and sadness into art that demands attention and action.*

*Together, we can spark an art revolution, harnessing the darker shades of our existence to create awareness, inspire change, and ultimately reshape our world for the better.*

*Join me on this journey, where every brushstroke serves as a rallying cry for a kinder, more compassionate future. Save our world through the powerful lens of dark art, and let us shine a light on the issues that plague us all.*

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# WRAPPED IN GUILT

## WE DON'T CARE ABOUT HUMANS ANYMORE



*“This is the first design of my story, I will try to explain what it means and the idea behind it with a short story.  
-Argus Dorian”*



The sky was no longer blue. It had turned a sickly shade of gray, dense with clouds of poison that clung to the world like a bruise. Once, this city had been alive, a place of joy, laughter, and light. But that time was gone, swallowed by the dark haze. The streets lay silent and empty, coated in a thick layer of dust and grime, haunted by echoes of a world now beyond reach.

Amid this decay wandered a child - a young boy, barely old enough to remember life before the collapse. His small frame was hidden beneath layers of ragged clothes, his face obscured by a worn, oversized gas mask. Every step he took was heavy, every breath a struggle, as the mask labored to filter out the poison in the air. It was the same air that had slowly, quietly killed and changed his parents, his friends,

everyone he had once known. Now he was alone, searching for food, for water, for any sign that something still lived in this world of ash.

Today, he sat on the remains of a crumbling wall, gazing at the dim horizon where the sun barely pierced through the choking smog. It cast a faint, sickly light over the ruined landscape, barely illuminating the world. He felt a tear slip down his cheek, cool against his skin, a single testament to the sadness he carried. He didn't know why he cried. Maybe it was the weight of the stories he'd been told - the tales of a world that once flourished with green fields, forests, rivers, and blue skies that stretched as far as the eye could see. It was a world that, to him, seemed like little more than a fantasy.

His parents had told him about it, back when they were alive. They'd shown him faded pictures, taught him the names of plants, trees, animals, and places he would never see. They had even tried to prepare him, teaching him how to survive, how to find shelter and scavenge what little food could still be found. But their stories always carried an edge of sorrow, the weight of knowing that he would never live in the world they once knew. He remembered them warning him about the air, telling him never to remove his mask outside, even for a moment. The air itself was death.

The world had been brought to this edge slowly, he knew that much. His parents had spoken of it in whispers, late at night, when they thought he was asleep. Factories, they'd said,

spewed smoke into the sky, drowning it in smog. Plastic had choked the oceans, and forests, entire habitats, had been burned and felled to make way for sprawling cities. Waste from mines and factories had poisoned rivers, and the once-rich soil had been rendered sterile by chemicals, unable to yield crops. And still, humanity pushed forward, ignoring the warnings that had come again and again, as if blind to their own slow descent. He knew his parents had tried to tell people, to fight against the destruction. But no one had listened. They'd been drowned out by the promises of wealth, the lure of progress.

Now, the world was barren, a wasteland where life clung by the barest of threads. Only the **Elite** had survived, hidden away in underground shelters, protected by the wealth they had amassed at the expense of the Earth. The boy was too young to fully understand, but he felt the anger in his heart - a small, fierce ember that burned with the memory of the stories his parents had shared. If only they had acted. If only they had listened. He looked up at the ashen sky, wondering if the people who had created this world had ever imagined their children, or their children's children, walking these lifeless streets, struggling for every breath.

But he was not alone. Far in the distance, hidden within the shadows of the ruins, a figure watched him, unseen and silent. A **Hunter** moved without sound, blending seamlessly into the darkened cityscape. Tall, thin, it was like a ghost, slipping through the world unnoticed. The boy didn't know it was there, didn't sense the figure that crept along the edge of the broken

buildings, tracking his every move. The Hunter had been watching him, waiting, observing. Hunters, remnants of humanity twisted by desperation, anger, constant mutations, who roamed the wasteland, surviving by whatever means necessary. But the Hunter was different, patient, precise, waiting for the moment to strike.

The boy sighed, looking out over the broken city. He didn't know how much longer he could survive alone. The water he found was scarce, barely enough to keep him alive, and food was nearly impossible to come by. He dreamed of finding others, of meeting another child, or even an adult who would show him kindness. Sometimes he thought he saw figures in the distance, shadows flickering in and out of view, but they always vanished before he could approach. He didn't understand why, but he could feel his strength waning, the fatigue that weighed down his small body becoming harder and harder to ignore. But he kept going, driven by a spark of hope as fragile as the last leaf clinging to a dying tree. Perhaps, he thought, if he kept searching, he might find something worth living for.

He stood up, adjusting the mask and tightening its worn straps as he prepared to continue his search. It was then that he felt something - a faint tremor in the air, the prickling sensation of being watched. He turned, looking out over the cityscape, but there was nothing. Only shadows, empty windows, broken glass glinting in the faint light. He felt a shiver, a strange sense of unease settling over him. For a moment, he

wondered if his parents' spirits still watched him, lingering in this broken world.

But there was no one there. Not that he could see.

He began to walk, his steps slow and uncertain, casting one last glance at the darkened horizon before moving deeper into the city. The **Hunter** followed, his movements silent, calculating, playing with it's pray, it was a game that Hunters loved to play. He could see the boy's weariness, the way he struggled with every step. He could hear the faint, labored breathing through the mask, the small, vulnerable sound of a child lost in a world that had become a graveyard. To the Hunter, the boy was nothing more than another victim, another life swallowed by the wasteland. The boy's innocence, his memories, his faint hope - none of it mattered. In this new world, survival was the only law, and the boy was just another means to that end.

The boy paused, sensing something, a chill that crept down his spine, but it was too late. A shadow fell across him, and the last thing he saw was sharp teeth and the faint outline of a figure shrouded in darkness.

The city lay silent once more, the faint rustle of wind the only sound in the air. Somewhere, the boy's small body lay still, another victim of a world turned against itself, a child who had carried a faint hope - a hope that the world might someday return to what it once was. But he was gone, leaving nothing



behind but the heavy silence of the ruins, a silence that swallowed even the faintest whisper of life.

This story, bleak as it seems, is based on real facts:

- **Air Pollution and Child Mortality:** Over **2 billion children** globally breathe toxic air every day. According to the World Health Organization (WHO), air pollution causes **1 in 10 deaths** globally, and about **600,000 children die each year** due to air pollution-related illnesses.

- **Plastic Pollution:** Today, our oceans contain over **150 million tons of plastic**, and it is estimated that, by weight, plastic will outweigh fish in our oceans soon. This pollution harms marine ecosystems and infiltrates the food chain, threatening both wildlife and human health.

- **Deforestation:** We lose around **10 million hectares of forest every year** due to agriculture, logging, and development. This loss not only destroys habitats but reduces the Earth's capacity to absorb carbon dioxide, accelerating climate change.

- **Water Pollution and Shortages:** Industrial runoff, chemical spills, and improper waste disposal have contaminated freshwater sources, leaving communities with toxic or unsafe drinking water.

- **Climate Impact on Human Health:** *The impacts of climate change are felt through more frequent and severe natural disasters, crop failures, and air pollution, all of which threaten children's health and safety.*

This story serves as a **warning**, a reminder of the potential consequences of **humanity's choices**. If we do not act, if we continue down this path, the world we leave to our children will be one where survival is a struggle, where innocence is lost, and where hope is as fragile as a dying breath. The choice remains ours. Will we make a change before it's too late?

*Will we wake up? Will we start the R-Evolution?*

Continue reading the NEXT Chapter "**Wrapped in Guilt**"

**PHASE 01 - The Beginning here**

<https://www.decaydead.com/phase-01-the-beginning/>

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**Welcome to my dark visions**



## Continue reading



*In a future world ravaged by an unknown virus, the streets are ruled by the Scavengers, brutal enforcers tasked with “protecting” the remnants of humanity by collecting the infected. Promised safety and a brighter future by the Elite, the Scavengers’ true mission remains shrouded in secrecy. Survivors taken by these merciless men vanish into underground facilities, fueling rumors of dark experiments and the search for a cure. The public is asked to trust blindly, but fear and doubt grow as families are torn apart and no one returns from the depths. Behind the veil of protection, a far more sinister agenda unfolds, as humanity teeters on the brink of losing its last shred of hope.*

Find it here: <https://www.decaydead.com/shop/>



*In a bleak, dystopian future where the virus-ravaged world is controlled by the Elite, survivors are taken to secret underground facilities run by the cold and calculating Director. The Scavengers, brutal enforcers of this new order, collect the infected and uninfected alike, separating families and stripping away hope. A woman and a small girl, brought together by fear, find themselves torn apart in this sterile, heartless facility where the fate of the infected is unknown but feared. As cries echo down the cold corridors, the true horror of humanity’s descent becomes painfully clear—survival has replaced compassion, and control is the only goal.*

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## eBooks at my Store



*In a chilling exploration of humanity's dark side, the narrative follows a woman trapped in a nightmarish medical experiment, her body dissected yet alive due to a mysterious virus that preserves her organs while erasing her consciousness. As surgeons operate under the watchful eye of a cold, calculating Director, the woman endures the agony of being reduced to a mere specimen, reflecting on the historical atrocities of human experimentation and questioning the morality of scientific progress at the cost of human life. The story ultimately serves as a haunting reminder of the ethical dilemmas surrounding modern medical practices and the potential for history to repeat itself in the pursuit of knowledge.*

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*In the dystopian world of Project: Cyriss X, the Elite conduct grotesque experiments in underground labs, striving to create biomechanical hybrids capable of surviving a virus-ridden surface. However, their brutal trials have resulted in horrific failures, where countless victims are subjected to excruciating surgeries that leave them as either mindless abominations or tortured remnants of their former selves. The narrative delves into the gruesome reality of these experiments, highlighting the detachment of the Elite who treat human lives as expendable in their quest for power and perfection. As the story unfolds, it draws unsettling parallels to our own society, reflecting on how the powerful exploit the vulnerable, echoing the stark inequalities revealed during crises like the COVID-19 pandemic. Ultimately, it questions the morality of a system that sacrifices the many for the ambitions of the few, urging readers to recognize the disturbing similarities between fiction and reality, and to reflect on their own roles in this grand experiment.*

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*In the cold, sterile corridors of an underground facility, the Director oversees the grotesque experiments of Project: Cyriss X, where human subjects are subjected to brutal surgeries in an attempt to create biomechanical soldiers using a mysterious virus. Despite her relentless pursuit of perfection, each experiment results in horrific failures – twisted bodies writhing in agony, caught between human and machine, while the virus ravages their DNA and mechanical parts malfunction. As the Director coldly notes the results of these trials, she reveals a chilling indifference to the suffering around her, mirroring the apathy of a world where millions suffer from hunger, war, and disease. The narrative draws unsettling parallels between the detached cruelty of the Director and the broader societal neglect of those who are marginalized, suggesting that both exist within systems that view human lives as mere statistics, their silent screams lost in the din of indifference.*

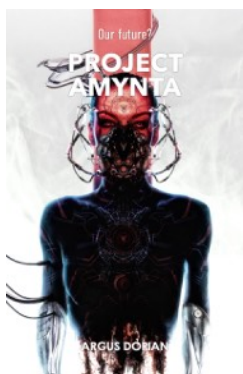
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*In the underground facility, the Director orchestrates a grotesque experiment to create the perfect soldier by manipulating a mysterious virus and integrating it with newborns. Believing they are being rescued, pregnant women are sedated and separated from their infants, who are subjected to horrific procedures involving viral injections and mechanical implants. As the babies scream in pain, their mothers' bodies are gruesomely transformed into a nutrient-rich slurry that sustains them, completing a cycle of horror and cruelty. This nightmarish vision mirrors real-world atrocities, reflecting humanity's chilling indifference to suffering, particularly that of children, who continue to endure horrors in conflict and neglect. The narrative serves as a stark reminder of the silent screams echoing through our world, where millions suffer and die unnoticed, hinting at a future where suffering becomes a pervasive norm.*

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## eBooks at my Store



*In the depths of a hidden facility, the Director stands proudly before AMYNTE, her first successful biomechanical Assassin, crafted from the remnants of countless failed experiments. Born from a horrific blend of human suffering and cutting-edge technology, AMYNTE represents the pinnacle of the Director's dark ambitions. Tasked with capturing the dangerous Hunters – humans transformed into savage beasts by a relentless virus – AMYNTE must navigate a wasteland overrun with these predators while extracting their genetic secrets for further enhancement. As she embarks on her mission, a faint flicker of humanity lingers within her programmed mind, hinting at the struggle between her constructed purpose and the remnants of a lost identity. This harrowing tale delves into the moral complexities of survival, evolution, and the cost of humanity's ambition, setting the stage for a future where AMYNTE is just the beginning of a terrifying new era.*

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*Amelia is a sweet, innocent little girl who loves to draw and sing, her world filled with laughter and vibrant colors. But when she calls out for her mother one evening and receives no response, her joyful world begins to unravel. Disturbing scratching sounds emerge from the other room, and when her mother finally appears, she is no longer the loving figure Amelia knew. Instead, she has become a terrifying hybrid hunter, transformed by a mysterious and deadly virus sweeping the Earth. As Amelia's confusion turns to terror, her once-safe home becomes a nightmare. The mother-turned-monster descends on her, leading to a brutal and tragic end for the little girl. Amelia's story is a haunting reflection of real-life horrors, paralleling the tragic reality that many children suffer at the hands of parents who become "monsters" through abuse and neglect. The narrative weaves together a tale of monstrous evolution, both fictional and real, driving home the stark and sobering truth that some parents are the true predators in their children's lives.*

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## eBooks at my Store



*In a post-apocalyptic world ravaged by a mysterious virus, humanity teeters on the brink of extinction as deadly Hunters and their more evolved counterparts, Hybrid Hunters, terrorize the planet. These hybrids, monstrous yet intelligent, are the twisted response to humanity's greed and destruction of the natural world. At the heart of the chaos lies AMYN TA, a biomechanical assassin created by the Director, a cold and ruthless figure who seeks not to save humanity, but to exploit the virus for her own gain. As her scientists conduct brutal experiments on captured hybrids – whose mouths are stitched shut to suppress their horrifying ability to spread the virus – the Director plans to weaponise the infection and dominate the decaying world. But the hybrids, though mutilated and controlled, hold an undeniable truth: nature cannot be subdued. The virus, a force of nature's vengeance, evolves faster than anyone can comprehend. While AMYN TA continues her relentless mission to capture hybrids, the Director's hubris blinds her to the inevitable – the stitches will break, and nature's fury will be unleashed once again. The true monsters are not the creatures born of the virus, but the people like the Director, who believe they can profit from the world's destruction. In the end, nature will always find a way to reclaim its power, no matter the cost.*

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*In a world ravaged by viral outbreak and chaos, the Director sought to create the ultimate weapon – mind-controlled assassins devoid of free will, emotion, or memory. Her dark experiments merged flesh with machine, turning unwilling subjects into biomechanical killers. But her greatest obstacle was the resilience of the human mind. Despite brutal brainwashing techniques, subjects began to recall fragments of their past, spiraling into madness, self-destruction, and suicide. AMYN TA, the Director's most promising creation, broke under the weight of her resurfaced memories, leading to a tragic end that further fueled the Director's obsession. With each failure, the Director refined her methods, ruthlessly erasing individuality and controlling every thought. Yet, as history's darkest mind control experiments – like MKUltra and Unit 731 – had shown, even the most meticulously controlled minds would sometimes rebel. As the Director pressed on in her relentless pursuit of perfection, her own humanity withered, leaving behind only a monstrous desire for total domination.*

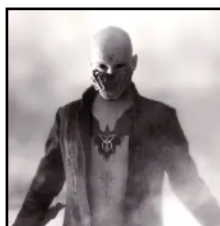
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### Next: **THE BEGINNING - ELINA**

*Elina was a girl full of hopes and dreams.. but life chose something else for her.*



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR - DESIGNER



*Argus Dorian was born under the communist regime of Poland, in a picturesque town named Opole.*

*People say that experience is a virtue and if that's the case, Argus has plenty. He has been working since 2017 with well-known photographers, professional models and metal bands from all around the world, within the very first year of his spiritual and creative rebirth. After over 20 years of experience in Graphic design, Photoshop and Illustrator, the Dark Cyberpunk Artist has achieved to create a Post-Apocalyptic story based on his own vision about the world's continuous and unstoppable distraction.*

*The cornerstone of his story is the fact that we are heading towards an endless pit of catastrophe simply by overload our planet with garbage and toxic waste, creating new viruses just to observe them till we finally release them to the world with no regret or remorse. Unfortunately, this has been happening for many many years. The repeated history of the fallacies of science, gave him the inspiration to do something about it, besides his personal effort to make a drastic change as much as he can.*

*He made his life mission to awake people by presenting his creations in a unique way, in order to create the Decaydead Nation movement. There is a whole ideology behind these two words combined, that most people tend*

*to misunderstand as they only hear the dark side of its meaning. The Decaydead Nation is parted of people who are trying to make a change not by using nice and easy words but by using their raw creativity in order to disturb and make an impression. Standing out was never easy, as Argus has stated many times before. Pretty art, even tho is much more accepted, has never brought any results. The Decaydead nation is sacrificing time, energy and their 'good name' on the altar of drastic change. If that is not bravery, I don't know what is...*

more here: <https://www.decaydead.com/about/>

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