

The year is 2021. The planet is in the grip of an infamous virus, on the brink of destruction.

It all began when the virus mutations reached Omega. After that, they started using the names of astrological signs. When the mutations reached Virgo, no, correction, it was around Gemini when the omen became visible.

The Gemini mutation of the virus gained the ability to infect rats, cats, and dogs.

The symptoms were quite evident. Within three days of infection, the animals became lethargic, turning into animated lumps of meat. As a result of the virus multiplying exponentially inside their bodies, they began to change. So stated an expert who appeared on television, although the true situation was unknown.

Many virus particles were present in the droplets aspirated by the flesh lumps. Through airborne pathogens, the virus reached humans. Luckily, they presented with only asymptomatic infection.

It was the Virgo mutation that changed all of that.

Right, the Virgo mutation infected the human gray matter, turning the brain into a flesh lump, and then controlling the host, leading the host to

repeat certain actions that would lead to infecting other humans.

By the time the world learned of the Virgo mutation, it was already too late.

In all the major cities of the world, the humans infected by Virgo began to run amok. Soon, the world itself was on the brink of destruction.

The remaining humans all donned gas masks and evacuated underground.

The world above fell under the complete dominion of the virus.

After a long period of suffering, we discovered a single spaceship.

I don't really know the details, but apparently it was something they were working on around the time the viral infections started up. Its true use remained unknown.

At any rate, all 112 of us remaining survivors boarded the spaceship together and departed Earth.

After a long period of cryogenic sleep, we arrived at Dolos, a planet in the Misaki star system of the Hilbert galaxy, and decided to live there.

The galaxy, the star system, and the planet were all named after passengers on our ship.

My job on the planet of Dolos was to write novels for entertainment purposes. I had only written fantasy to this point, but what the people wanted was historical and contemporary novels. No doubt they all longed to dwell in their memories of Earth.

However, the mystery novels didn't go over very well. No doubt it reminded them of the strife we had lived through aboard the ship. The aforementioned virus had become the enemy of humankind by now, and no doubt the humans did not want to imagine further enemies among one another. When we arrived at Dolos, there were only around fifteen of us left. Most of us had died due to infighting.

Life on Dolos was harsh, but we were filled with hope.

We built houses, built fields for growing crops. We captured animals and domesticated them, and bit by bit, we built our colony.

There were no natural enemies on Dolos, and we were just beginning to think of plans to propagate the human race anew when it happened.

From the sky, a single flesh lump came falling down.

We knew the sight well. It was a human, infected by Virgo.

At the time, we did not know what kind of mutation it was. No doubt the

original virus had continued to mutate. We were shocked by how infectious it was.

The flesh lumps vomited something unspeakable from their swellings as they came to attack the humans.

The rest played out as you can imagine.

The humans were ousted from the colony they had built and scattered.

I ran away with a group, but before I knew it, I was all alone.

I don't know how many days passed after that. I'm alone now, living inside a shelter in the colony we built.

One good thing did come of all this misfortune, though.

I no longer have to write novels for everyone else's amusement. I didn't really dislike writing historical and contemporary stuff, but it was a relief to be free of the obligation.

So I decided to go back and finish writing the next installment of the novel I'd just started when the virus began spreading: *Orc Eroica*.

Then I sent this finished third volume to Earth, by means of super-dimensional Internet correspondence.

I have no idea if anyone is still left alive on Earth, but if anyone happens to read this transmission, I hope they enjoy the novel.

Now that I've successfully finished the third entry, I'm thinking of leaving the shelter and going in search of food.

I only have a few ration packs left now, so I need to act while I still have the strength to move.

I plan to continue writing the series upon my return.