

The Icefront Chronicles

Born of Hope. Forged by Frost. Destined to Survive.

It is cold on the planet. Endlessly cold. An icy wind lashes across a world that was once, unimaginably long ago, visited by beings from a distant star system. They arrived in immense, bone-like starships, erected cathedrals of steel and concrete that reached into the sky, and built machines whose purpose has long since been forgotten.

Then it grew colder. And colder still. Frost crept into the foundations of their structures, shattered concrete, and twisted steel beams as though they were rotten wood. The visitors disappeared, leaving behind their cities, their frozen starships, their factories, and their supply facilities. Everything was surrendered to the eternal ice.

The women remained.

They are the last descendants of the humans who once lived here. The men died generations ago, wiped out by a plague brought by the aliens. A viral pandemic that specifically destroyed the Y chromosome. Since then, only daughters have been born.

Reproduction depends on artificial insemination using cryogenically preserved sperm stored in ancient sperm banks that have survived for centuries. But those reserves are running out. Many facilities have long been exhausted, while others lie buried beneath mountains of snow or were destroyed by earthquakes. Only storage vaults that remained continuously frozen within the permafrost still offer hope. The women's search parties scour the frozen ruins for undiscovered cryogenic repositories, hoping to recover a single viable sample containing intact male DNA. Every successful discovery could extend humanity's survival by another generation. Perhaps one day it may even make the birth of boys possible again.

The women are hunters and gatherers. Nomads wandering through a world of snow, ice, and rusting steel. They cross endless frozen wastelands and the decaying remains of the alien civilization, searching for anything of value: frozen meat preserved in ancient cold-storage facilities, canned food kept edible by the relentless frost, gasoline for generators, propane cylinders for cooking, batteries, medicine, and salvageable metal. Every discovery means life. Every empty cache brings them one step closer to extinction.

The cold barely affects them anymore. Centuries of adaptation have reshaped their bodies. Their skin is pale, almost wax-like, while their cheeks, hands, and legs bear delicate violet hues—the marks of a people evolved to survive eternal winter. Even so, they wear very little clothing. Not out of recklessness, but because their bodies lose almost no heat. Their tops are made from animal hides, while their short skirts and shorts are crafted from tanned leather. Everything is fastened together with intricately braided leather thongs. Needles and thread have become precious rarities. Their jewelry is fashioned from bone, teeth, horn, leather, and polished stone—reminders of a world where natural materials are worth more than gold.

There are very few of them left. Resources continue to dwindle, and the population shrinks with every generation. In this merciless world, few survive beyond the age of thirty. Disease, accidents, hunger, and the unforgiving environment claim their lives long before old age can. Every woman knows she may belong to the final generation of humanity. Yet each of them

carries the future of the species within her.

Sometimes the sky glows with a cold steel-blue clarity, almost peaceful. Moments later it transforms into a raging wall of snow and ice. Blizzards swallow entire landscapes, erase all sense of direction and time, and bury everything beneath a silent white hell.

Still, the women always return to the ruins. To the frozen hangars of the alien starships. To the colossal halls of steel and concrete that rise like cathedrals of a forgotten civilization. There they continue their search—for food, for energy, for tools, and above all for the last surviving sperm banks of the old world.

They fear neither darkness nor solitude.

They were born into both.

They are the last humans at the end of a dying world.

The Icefront Chronicles.

Stories of survival, loss, and the unbreakable determination to preserve a spark of hope, even in the deepest cold.

To this introductory story belong the images of the entire series “The Strange People of Blackwater”, available in the web album at www.BioMechMaidens.com.

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