It is August 4, 2026, in Allendale, California, and the city has been destroyed by a nuclear holocaust. There is one house in the town still standing, a fully automated house. All of it’s inhabitants were vaporized by the blast, and the only thing that remained of them were “Nuclear shadows”, clean spots on the wall where their bodies had shielded it from charring. It then reads this poem:

*There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,*

*And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;*

*And frogs in the pools singing at night,*

*And wild plum trees in tremulous white;*

*Robins will wear their feathery fire,*

*Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;*

*And not one will know of the war, not one*

*Will care at last when it is done.*

*Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,*

*If mankind perished utterly;*

*And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn*

*Would scarcely know that we were gone."*

Eventually, the poem is poetically fulfilled when the house catches fire. In the end, the only thing that remains is a single wall that is constantly malfunctioning and repeating the date.