F. J. Bergmann - Love You till the End

I’d never seen a more glorious sunset, even after a tornado. Half the sky was a golden yellow and the clouds above the sun were skeins of vermilion fire. Even the orange flames on the horizon dulled in comparison. Dust in the air; much of it probably radioactive.

We had come out of the root cellar, its door fortunately hidden by an overgrown raspberry patch, where we’d hidden from marauding mobs that had fled the cities, and hidden again when the pursuing troops began shelling. Our house and outbuildings were charred skeletons, the animals gone. We were still holding hands.

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