

# The Blast | Short Story By Luca Stringer

It's been four years since the blast. Four years since we could go outside and play. Four years since we weren't imprisoned by the toxic plutonium in the air. We can never go outside anymore. There is too much nuclear waste. The blast was a Nuclear Bomb. The war has been going on for 27 years. This war is crazy. The residents of Massachusetts were unlucky, they were a direct hit. They died instantly. New Hampshire was kind of lucky. The Nuclear radiation dose is right below the lethal mark. We are safe inside. But if we go outside we will die. You can see it outside, the trees are all dead and rotting. I watched the squirrels fall out of the tree twitching their arms when the blast hit. There was a little shockwave, not more than a category 4 earthquake. The noise. The sound of the shockwave was like God throwing one thousand elephants down to earth. I heard it and then my Mama turned on the news. A news reporter was telling everybody to not go outside because we were just bombed. I was afraid. I could see all of the paint peeling off of our walls near the doors and windows. I pulled out my trusty Geiger Counter and measured the radiation dose, 2 Sieverts. The Geiger Counter was beeping as loud as the horns of impatient cars in New York City. That was just below the fatal dose of radiation 4 Sieverts. I could see the trees' green leaves falling into the orange haze covering the ground. I asked Mama how we would grow food and how we would get water. Luckily, my Papa was an engineer. He passed away last year when the Government found out that we were finding new ways to filter the water and grow crops out of old matches and shoe boxes. The men in black suits came and offered my Papa \$5 million to give them our machines so that they would be able to mass produce the inventions that my Papa had rightly invented. Papa said no and then they shot him. Luckily my Papa died with a shotgun in his hand with the finger on the trigger. When he fell the gun went off and the souls of the government men slipped past the floorboards and went right to Hell. I still grieve for the death of my Papa every day. Mama has never gotten over him, but Papa's machines that he made are still around and keeping us alive. He taught me how to fix the machines so when they break we don't all die. He also invented a way to keep the radiation out of the house. We had to spend all of our life savings on sheets of lead. He then took 5 days nailing the lead sheets to the outside of the house. He worked at a nuclear power plant so he had the correct equipment to go outside safely. Now my family is comfortable and safe in our humble abode. My youngest brother is named George. George thinks all of this is normal. He was just born when the bomb was launched. He has never been outside. I feel so bad for him. He was born with one eye blind. I still love him no matter what. Mama does too, she just doesn't say it. She's too busy protecting and feeding her 5 kids that she rarely talks. I always see her mending clothes or making dinner or patching up a hole in the wall from my siblings. I try to help out best I can. It's hard though, I don't know how she does it. One night a man from next door snuck into our house to try to get some food and water. My Mama got him with her favorite cast iron skillet. He did break the sheet of lead Papa nailed around the door. I had to fix it. I then washed my hands with the dirty water since we need the clean water for drinking. I found that I started to forget stuff. I couldn't remember what Mama made for dinner last night. I told her and then she said that I had Lead Poisoning. We had to go to the doctor right away. Thankfully Mama knew a doctor. She was one of her friends before the bomb. I went to her and she gave me some medicine. It took me about a week before I felt as good as I did before the Lead Poisoning. The thing that I think is ironic is that the lead protects us but it can kill us. I just think that's no coincidence. The moon looks so weird. I can't see it most nights. But when I do it's the

most beautiful sight I've ever seen. Sights like those really make you appreciate life. I have a confession. Just last night I felt weird. I coughed up blood. I didn't tell Mama that I felt like this. I thought it was just growing pains or radiation. I hope it's growing pains. I just got dizzy this morning and fell over. Mama asked me what happened because she was downstairs when it happened. I explained that I was just waking up and I was reaching for the light switch when I knocked over my baseball trophy. She believed me. Wow, what was that? I just got really dizzy there. I cough hard. I look into my tissue and shudder. There is so much blood. I rush to the bathroom and see that my teeth are blood red. I cough again. This time into the sink. I could hear the blood draining like the water right after the great flood. I'm right about to call for Mama. "Ma-" I cough again. On the wall. I cough again. The floor. The bathroom looks like it was just painted red. I feel so sleepy. I start seeing dots. I am in intense pain. My stomach hurts like crazy. Like a blender in my midsection. I feel my hand slipping from reality. I see the blood on the floor. I feel my ears starting to lose capability. It feels like someone is slowly putting noise canceling headphones on me. I fall back on the old dusty, what used to be white but is now red bathmat. I see the ceiling beginning to fade. I feel the best I have in my entire life. The pain is fading and I see a great big face. I think it's God. He's lifting me up to Heaven. I tear through the ceiling. Is that wood ripping or another bomb?