

All That Remains

The EMP struck like a brain aneurysm. One second and everything was erased. All those hours spent working overtime, the dance recitals you missed, the bedtime stories you never told... now, the two of you are all that remain.

Still, you can't help but smile. And even at twelve years old, that strikes her as strange.

"What is it, Daddy?"

A tear falls and you take her hand. As you walk across the refuse of scorched earth, you pass the remnants of that cubicle you once called home.

"Nothing," you say. "I've only just noticed how beautiful your eyes are."