

1945

Every breath was knife sharp, every step a heavy penance. One thought penetrated the whipping wind, flooding him with desperate remorse. It was his fault. His project.

He sprinted for the pilot, a futile race with fate. Gasping at the night, he drew his pistol, slick with sweat in shaking hands. Hopeless. He took the shot anyway.

Wham! Someone slammed him downwards, handcuffing him, tearing his lab coat. The pilot boarded the plane. Defeated, he shouted into the gravel, tasting blood. He deserved it. The B-29 ascended.

Hot tears leaked into the dirt. It was over. So many people. Nagasaki.

