Steph's Fallout.
It hit as hard as the wrath of God,
or as if Gandalf himself had planted
his mighty rod.

Buildings creaked and screamed
as they fell apart,
as if the whole world was moving from
his chosen path.

Steph frantically clung to her mother's hand,
ignoring the taste of the dirt, blood, and sand.
The lights flickered, and the walls swayed,
as electricity leapt enthusiastically from cables frayd.
Gradually, Steph felt her mother's grip slacken, and looked up to find a face about as twisted as the Kraken. Steph fell backwards, belching out a scream as she stumbled over fallen shoes in an escape to the street. She wistfully hoped and tirelessly prayed this was all a dream but reality was prevailing, in the light in her eyes and the cold beneath her feet.

The people that found her gave off a rather hefty laugh, before pushing her in a mob with the others, much like sheep through a door.

Hey! We found someone!
Just one glance and Steph quivered in fear,
the grim past of this place horribly clear.
The darkest of clouds dominantly prowled the overhead sky,
Outshadowed only by the concealed angry dragons as they rumbled by.
Silent prayers and wishes ignored,
Steph lost herself within the hideous horde.
Lost to an endless sea of red and black
Steph’s nausea and fatigue began to stack

Soon leaving her lips was a muffled cry of pain
As Steph bit down and prayed for freedom once again

She frantically searched left and right
But by now her exit was long out of sight.
It was all over, she now knew, but as the ice-cold fingers began to grasp, through the darkness something flew. Steph felt muscles tighten and a hand clasp, and as the chaos lifted around her, her consciousness once again grew.
In a situation that would've once sparked fright, Steph found herself grinning in pure delight. However, even though her mind was safe, it was clear a day her body was still at stake.

She watched as her saviour drew a syringe, and plunged it into her arm before she could even let loose a whinge.
Steph's world spun faster and faster, sounds became muffled, walls turned. pasta.
Steph cursed the angel as her eyelids rushed to meet land, but he was already long gone, having been dragged away by an agé of a man.

What were you thinking?!

C'mere a minnit!

Surrounded by darkness once again, Steph immediately surrendered to the pain. Just as her last drop of conciousness began to drain, she realised even focusing on the fresh angry shouting would be in vain.
Steph was awakened by a thin beam of light,
Only to realize the true mess from the chaos that night.
 Everywhere and anywhere bodies were strewn,
But worst of all was against the wall of the room.
Face drooping, feeling quite at loss,
Steph witnessed her angel, gently smiling, while hanging from a cross.
Waiting medicine on someone other than the official's healthy kin,
they had made very sure he paid dearly for his hefty sin.
From that day forward, little Steph pulled herself into gear though her health was never perfect, she would never again fear.

After a while, she realised what both her mother and the young doctor had done her view completely changed of everything under the sun.

And as for our smooth saviour, killed by his own society?
His corpse is long buried, but the locals turned him into a deity.

And as for the mass grave site everyone still avoids?
It is usually empty, but not always devoid.
For tombstones do not just simply appear, and neither do flowers, year after year.
Where these come from, the locals do not know, but through just a glance, one can feel the love; flow.

The End.
The Bio-weapon drops.

Steph was just a normal kid when the bombs hit; cowering and afraid. Through Steph's eyes, she is witnessing turmoil of inhumane proportion, and is slowly realizing the harsh reality. War always carries consequences, so what will the toll be on Steph's life and mind? Will she even survive the aggressive, non-infectious bioweapon tearing apart her body at all?