Oscar – Post-Apocalyptic

Amidst the desolation that reigned as a tyrant over everything everywhere, the indistinct shape of an island was silhouetted against the dark horizon. The stinging gale seeped through the seemingly endless field of stiff and erect cornstalks, bending them to the weather’s mercy. And the foaming sea raged against the defenceless land. And the clouds- woven from the fabric of darkness- swirled and churned at the point where all life suffocated. And crumbling edifices- reminders of humanity- shook and trembled under the strong gusts of wind. He was condemned to be surrounded by both nothing and everything, condemned to employ his precious remaining energy aimlessly walking, condemned to a terrible fate: eternal solitude.