Finish Sunday Night (150 words) Present: Fill his gun and shoots himself due to the disappointment of life
As he slowly crept toward the abyss of darkness (ADD SOMETIME IF FITS)

The thick grey clouds floated above the encase city, streets layered with thin black ice. The light patter of winter rain glazed the narrow gloomy street. His hands trembling on the wooden wheel as the frosty night seeps through crevices in rusty car door. Teeth chattering and body twitching as the sharp pain floods his body repeatedly. The reverberating souls of the cremated bodies echo through his void mind as he drifts down the once forgotten path of contentment, slowly driving him to despair.

Each continual breath drifting a moist fog upon the cracked glass windscreen and windows enclosing him, causing him delirium and distorting his vision. Light headed, his tired frail hands slowly turn toward the taunting sound of the raging river. As he slowly crept forward a familiar shape loomed out from the thick lingering fog, a warped rustic sign “Pripyat Riverbank”.

Loosening his soft grip, his hand leaves ligneous material and sails toward the cool metal handle, prying the creaky rusted door open. The poignant voice of the evaporated souls’ flood the car, drowning him in an air of melancholy, his body wept in sorrow, “why here, why Chernobyl”.

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The sun casted a golden glaze upon the pellucid water reflecting the white serene clouds. As they stormed toward the river, tearing up the scorching sand, a warmth draped around their bodies like a cape ceasing the nipping of the cold air.

“I’m going to beat you… I’m winning… I … I won”, his son Danylo said pantingly as he reached the edge of the picturesque river.

“You got lucky this time”, Tarka replied, feigning loss, “but i’ll beat you next time, you’ll have no chance”.

“Stop competing you two, can we just go one day where we just relax? So let’s go for a swim instead”, Yulia said sliding off her translucent beige sarong revealing the vivid greens and blues that entwined across her vibrant swimsuit. Tarka’s hands floated to either side of his waist gripping his linen shirt and lifting the soft fabric over his sundried face as he contentedly ran toward the shimmering golden river kicking up the warm sand behind him. Fearlessly and calmly diving into luminous water, submerging his entire body with the contentment and joy, adding to the special ambiance of Pripyat Riverbank to him.
The light patter of rain intensified, swamping the surrounding terrain of shrivelled spear grass and loose dirt. Flooding the narrow asphalt road in a thick layer of mud separating the deceased souls with the living. As he shuffles through the tapered road, his torn shoes scuffle softly, quiet against the faceless voices of the siren’s echoing from the destine Riverbank.

The cusps of jiggered shoes caressed the coarse charcoal sand as his gaze wandered upon the violent movement of the unnerving river. Slowly drifting toward the river’s edge, the wind’s shrieking whistle grew louder reverberating the forgotten voices of the lost. He shivered with the force of a hurricane, as if all the missing time swept over him like a gust of cool air. Head slumped against his feeble chest, reminiscing about the past, as the river reflected the forgotten silhouettes of his late loved ones. He looked up in a forlorn attempt to escape as he envision the past inhabitants, the beautiful tapestry of farmland that birthed peace and progression. But was blocked by the tenebrous radioactive sky.

As the blazing red orb began to swim above the horizon, an ecstasy of fiery chaos erupted, the azure sky evaporated into darkness like an infectious disease. Black mist hung over the streets as the noxious fog spilled through cracks of flaming metallic walls of the Reactor entrapping everyone within. Men fumbling and stumbling in the fire through toxic mist and dull green light. As under the sea of green they joined the many and dropped to the sterile pavement. Burning, choking, drowning.

The sudden rush of warmth broke Tarka from his reverie, as he worryingly turned his head toward the radiance of rampaging fire, beads of sweat dripped from his bristly black cheeks to the brass buttons below, eating their silver sparkle to pale rust. Running as fast as he could, the fire snapping at his feet. Through the ash clouded roads, and soot covered streets hands trembling more aggressively as his search journeyed on.

Keeling over, sputtering and gasping for air, he suddenly found himself blinking away the tears of terror. The crackling sound of dwindling flame, jerked him upright as the thin trickles of black smoke fled the dying flame. Slowly crouching beneath the toxic mist his body froze as his eyes fixated on the scattered corpses upon the blacken bridge. All devoid of skin and violated by their own hands which had clawed at their faces, and throats, trying to get a breath through their foaming mouths. Amongst them his loved ones laid, buried beneath the green sea swamped in ash. Tears drowned his face, as he was hugging his knees tightly to his chest listening to shrinking beat of his tender heart as it grew hollow. He opened his mouth to release the lamented feelings entrapped within his despondent body. But blood gargled from his froth corrupted lungs, like an obscene cancer. With every jotted jolt and motion, it drips from the incurable sores of an innocent tongue, trickling down his spine to its final resting place, the ground below.
The whistling echoes of the shrieking souls surrounded the riverbank as the sirens inveigle him toward the enraged river. Yearning for the gleaming sun and charming sky. To be extricated from the cancer betraying his own gladness as it deepened the void of contentment resting in his soulless heart. The luring voices suddenly turn to active torment. Red-hot needles puncture my lungs, a burning sensation hits my head and my throat seizes as if by a strangler. Blood-shot eyes sting like a cut onion. They peel away like its many layers of flesh. Gradually pulling him closer to violent waters, the panacea for his incurable illness. His timeworn shoes kissed the water's edge, shooting a cold relief up his arched spin lifting up the hairs within its path releasing the vibrancy and colours of life. His frail hands magnetised to the unemotional grey metal, gently coasting towards his back pocket, sailing past the creases in his old ragged shirt, grasping the forgiving wooden handle. He steadily drew the burning metal, brushing against his face, washing over him peace.

**ADD HIM DYING**

The cliffs had receded in places, wind-battered and rain-washed, he knew them and they welcomed him as his body now sailed peacefully along the river of eternity.