

### Freshly Baked

Eventually, even the lights had gone out, the back-up generators dying out just a few days ago. The darkness was both a blessing and a curse. They could not see him and he could not see them. He could hear the man-beasts whispering, cursing, and debating among themselves on how to find him. One of them had a flashlight and was waving it angrily around. He sighed with relief when their footsteps faded away down a corridor. He stood up slowly, for he had been crouching for some time now, and tiptoed his way to his favorite hiding place; the inside of a largish oven. He closed the lid softly, leaned back, closed his eyes and tried to remember how it had all begun.

Up on the surface, before the war, they had been presidents, prime ministers, senators and gods among men. But here, down in the darkness where all men are equal, they were no less than beasts. True, for some time they had maintained some semblance of order, convinced that the Enemy would all too soon be snuffed out by their great arsenal of atomics. So they had pranced and strutted about like plumed peacocks as they did in the days of old, giving orders, making speeches and generally keeping up the facade. It all started falling apart when they discovered that the entrance to the bunker had caved in. The great steel doors simply refused to budge. They had all stood in a silent semi-circle around the engineers who were twiddling with the locking mechanism.

“The machine must be busted up.”, said the anxious men and women to the hassled head of security, “Can’t you get anyone more competent to fix this?”

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I’m trying my best here, I really am.....”, began the flustered man, but a chorus of angry voices drowned him out.

“Bullocks!”