

Rashid watched the star-studded desert sky with wonder, awe, and...apprehension. That was a word he did not say. But he was right. He never heard the thunder as lightning struck. The shooting star was a robot driven jet with semi human pilot and a rocket containing one element only—fire!

Rashid's body lay in the sand torn asunder.

He did not die right away.

The way his head lay sideways he could see his house, what was his house...

He did not see his family or anything moving. Near him he saw a strange beast or bug he'd never seen. It was his cast off arm, or leg, but he'd never recognize it. Luckily he could not feel the bugs begin.

What light? he thought. No moon.

It was the fire.

He wanted to turn his head back to the stars but did not have the musculature or skeleton left necessary to do it.

He knew one thing to do. He closed his eyes.

And sank into the grave.

As flames and gore (and shouts mercifully he could not hear) raged around.

He went in, down, felt the pain of body parts not there, felt the efforts, useless, of his sucking heart.

Knew he was in hell.

He could not turn to see the heavens.

All the stars went dark then.