

Yucca Flat



“Hi, Honey. I’m home!” called Franz cheerfully as he opened the front door to his home in Yucca Flat, Nevada. When there was no immediate reply, he closed the door and hung up his grappling hook and towel. Seeing that no one was watching TV, Franz strolled into the kitchen. He was secretly relieved to find Nina and little Fritz there, however his relief gradually turned to apprehension when his family utterly failed to acknowledge his presence. They just sat at the kitchen table, stony-faced. “Hon, are you all right?” asked Franz, a quiver in his voice. But Nina didn’t respond. Nor did little Fritz. Neither of them moved. They didn’t even seem to draw a life giving breath of air. A sudden premonition propelled Franz back outside, where he spotted a big red “X” on the ground next to his house. The sound of an approaching aircraft caused him to peer up into the sky, and that was when he recalled why he’d only paid a hundred and fifty bucks for the house: It sat in the crosshairs of the country’s major nuclear test region, the Nevada Test Site. As he intuited the purpose of the airplane, he declared prophetically, “Well, there goes the neighborhood!”