

Love, one shovelful at a time.

Terrance pushed the spade into the ground. Tired muscles screaming, he flung the dirt over his shoulder. "Almost there, Love".

Terrance continued digging.

Finally, the shovel hit wood.

Prying the lid loose, an awful stench assaulted him.

Terrance looked up, "Done, Love."

"Put him with the others", she replied, dropping in a child-sized body bag.

