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It was a bright, sunny day. Everything seemed to be just like the same. However, the sunlight was so bright that the monster under the earth decided to stretch up his legs — then it was never the same. The crust was roaring frantically. Then the whole land was silenced. A farmer living in a remote area went to work without the slightest awareness that the place he dwelled in should turn into a wreckage. It was the only property <sup>he possessed, and</sup> he planned on passing it down to his offspring. His heart and the house were both torn up. What's worse was that he had no access to the phone to make sure whether his wife and kids were safe. He didn't know where his next step should be: into the wreckage or away from it. In fact, there were more that he wasn't aware of.

He wasn't aware that the rescue team would inform him of his loss of both kids and his soulmate later when the gigantic rocks were removed from the road. He wouldn't know that the whole world was praying for him and his fellow people. Someday after the grief was alleviated, the wound was treated, he might picture himself standing in front of a whole new house built by countless volunteers. There would be no joy but agony. One day, he would move on, and with the wound that wouldn't possibly be healed by the flowing of time, he would stand up and carry on his life. Another marriage, another child would probably meet him in the future. Still, deep inside of his heart, the only thing he wanted to do at the moment was to use his bare hands and his whole energy, to reverse what had happened.