

### Kaylee Miller Tragic Loss

The wind howls as I slowly move down the hill. The beginning of the end was the day everyone I knew dropped dead. I stop at the bottom and look into the distance. It's been two years since my parents died and this is the first day I came from underground. My brother talked me into it, but I wanted to stay. I cried my eyes out every night for two years. I close my eyes to remember.

*Tis the night before the day my earth stood still. I kept hearing a voice telling me to hug them. I didn't understand what was going on. "Mother," I yelled.*

*"I'm right here young lady," she said coming around the corner.*

*"I love you," I said.*

*"I love you too but you're squeezing too tight," she said. "Not tighter." She pulls back and looks at my face. "Why are you white as a ghost?"*

*"I just wanted you to know I love you," I said. She kisses my forehead.*

*"Now go. I have to finish dinner," my mother said.*

*"Daddy?" I said as I moved through the house.*

*"Yes my little sugar plump," my father said.*

*"I need a hug daddy," I said. He stands and gives me a hug. I hold on for dear life.*

*"Are you alright? You seem a little off today. Let me look at you," he said. "Why are you white as a ghost? What did you do?"*

*"Nothing I just didn't want to go to bed without letting you know I love you," I said. He hugged me closely. I kissed him on his cheek and went upstairs to take a shower. We ate dinner with our usual banter. After dinner I got ready for bed, climbing in bed and quickly fell asleep.*

*I open my eyes to nothing but silence. I got up like every other day and started getting ready for school. My sixteen-year-old brother usually spends most of our mornings in the bathroom but not this morning. The usual aroma that waifs up to me isn't there. Going into my brothers room, I begin shaking him. His eyes slowly open to shock.*

*"What's wrong?" he asked.*

*"Something's not right," I answered.*

*"What do you mean?" he asked.*

*"Smell anything?" I asked.*

*“Strangely no,” he answered.*

*“Do you hear that?” I asked.*

*“What?” my brother asked.*

*“Exactly,” I said. He gets up and follows me down the stairs. “Mom, Dad.” I’m surprised when no one answers. My hands are shaking, and my heart is beating fast. I know something isn’t right. We walk into our parents’ bedroom, and they are laying there. I go to our mothers side, and he goes to our fathers. They don’t wake up when we shake them.*

*I drop to my knees in the middle of the floor and scream. I don’t know what the rest of the world looks like, but I know my heart just broke. I have questions and I need the answers. My face drops in my hands and I can feel the moisture coming from my eyes.*

*“Sis, I need you to help me,” my brother said.*

*“No, No, No. Johnny this can’t be right. We have to wake them up,” I said.*

*“I’m checking dad, see if you can feel any warmth, a pulse or anything from mom,” he orders. He’s only a year older than me how is he going to keep both of us safe. Putting two of my fingers on her neck I feel for a pulse. When I don’t feel any pulse I move to her arms. They are freezing. I lay my head on her chest to listen for a heartbeat.*

*“She’s gone. Seems she has been for a while,” I answered.*

*“We have to see if anyone survived besides us,” my brother says. He takes a bat and one of our dad’s guns. “We have to go.”*

*“I’m not leaving them,” I yelled. “They wouldn’t leave us.”*

*“You know what dad would say right?” he asked.*

*“Listen to your brother,” I said in dad’s voice.*

*“Right. Let’s search everything and see what we can take with us. Grab the luggage from the closets. Only grab the ones with wheels because we don’t know how long we will have to pull them. Don’t take too many clothes because we will have to wash them. Pack anything important to you and we leave after we bury our parents,” he ordered. The whole time we were burying our parents my tears made mud out of the dirt. When we were finished I dropped to my knees again as my brother when back into the house.*

*I don’t know how long I sat there until my brother came and got me. We pack everything we needed and set off to find a place where we can be safe. It took us two days to find an underground bunker. It was set up where we could close ourselves in and not have to leave until we were ready.*

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I open my eyes to see my brother tapping his foot. I wasn't ready to leave that place until recently. My brother was tired of being in the same place. While we were there he taught me everything I needed to survive. He even found movies of Kong Fu and taught me everything he could by watching them and learning. I pull my flask out and drank some water.

"We don't have time to stop. It took me two years to get you out of that bunker. Let's move," my brother orders.

"Why do you think our parents didn't make it?" I ask.

"I don't know," he answers. We started moving. You couldn't see anything but trees and dirt in the distance.