

Finding the Confrees

By: Lana H.

Katlyn Confree had been walking for two years, five months, twelve days, five minutes, and forty-five seconds. Her exhaustion drowned out her almost everlasting ambition. Her parents and brother were everything. She wanted her everything back. She needed to find her way back home. She looked around to see if anything looked familiar. She had no clue where she was. She started to jog. The more she ran, the more her legs wanted to give in.

She ran into a meadow. She took a break to catch her breath when she heard a twig snap. "Was that her?" she asked herself. The noise was off to the side, and there were no twigs around her. She looked for places to run, and hide but the only hiding spot was where the noise came from. She had nowhere to go. She picked up a big, sharp branch by her toe and started to walk toward the noise. Her whole body was trembling.

She peered above a huge log where the noise came from, to find a stunned, shaking little boy. Katlyn's muscles relaxed. Her breathing became steady, yet the boy still looked terrified. She dropped the stick. She held out her hand. He hesitated, then took it. He yanked her hand towards him.

Katlyn was confused. She crouched down beside him. She jumped a little when she heard whispering a little further up from the log. Someone else was there! They sat listening to a man and woman's brutal conversations. Her legs were sore. How long had she been there? She adjusted her leg. That was a big mistake. A look of horror was on the little boy's face. She had stepped on a twig. They heard her.

The man and woman who were talking started creeping toward the log. The color drained from her face. A tear sprung from her eye. She was going to die. She would give up the world to see her family. It started to rain. The man and woman were gone. As Katlyn looked towards the little boy she started to recognize him. "Leo?" she asked. Leo, her six year old brother, sat there in awe. What she had been seeking for years was right in front of her. Her hands clutched his body. She didn't have to give up the world to find her family. She didn't want to let go of him ever again.

Right then, a dancing yellow light came and pulled the brother and sister out of their hiding place. Katlyn and Leo were frozen and floating right beside the magical man and woman who had been talking. "What do we have here Cynthia?" exclaimed the man. "I think we have two stupid children, Striker," the woman cackled.

She carried them to a nice little apartment, not too far away from the meadow. She threw them inside, and locked the doors and windows. They were trapped. They sat there, not knowing what to do. Then Leo pointed out that he smelled smoke. In the corner of the room was a little fire. They tried putting it out. It started rising. Katlyn and Leo pounded on the doors and shouted for help. Outside they could hear a woman laughing. Cynthia. Leo gritted his teeth.

They had to think. Then Katlyn had an idea. There was a vent high up on the walls. She told Leo. He told her to go first, and he would give her a lift. She climbed up and got in the vent. She reached down for Leo. Their hands were so close. They were almost there. The fire was closing in on Leo. They had to hurry. She tried to grab Leo's

hand. Their fingers slipped. A stream of tears went down both of their cheeks. Katlyn's eyes went wide. Leo shook his head. He mouthed the words 'I love you'. She whispered back " I love you too, Leo", and started to climb through the vents. She had to let Leo go, and with that Leo was gone forever. She climbed through the rest of the vent ,not wanting to look back, tears streaming down her face. She climbed to the outside of the apartment, but didn't stop.

She ran and ran until she found a village far from the apartment. She was wet, cold, and tired. Not wanting to go in an apartment ever again, she saw a cottage near by. It looked so warm. There was a fire in the corner of the room with warm fuzzy blankets. She wanted to go inside. Instead she laid down outside picturing herself curled up by the fire inside the cottage, and went to sleep tears still running down her cheeks.

When she woke up, she found her parents above her, smiling, tears in their eyes. She had found her way to her parents. She hugged them ,and they went in the warm cozy cottage. She pictured Leo before he died. He mouthed the words 'I love you'. She would never forget the six year old that saved her life, her little brother. Leo would have wanted this. She smiled at her thought. She was finally home.