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Alone, that is the first word that comes to mind now. It has almost been a year now since civilization ended. I am here by myself in a city of ruins, until they came.

I was a Tuesday when it happened. I remember that because it was my birthday. I was going to be 14 years old. I had all my gifts on the table at home with all the decorations set up and a beautiful cake in the fridge for me and my friends when we went to the pool later to celebrate. It would have been perfect that day until I heard the siren, "whoooooo!" it yelled no, screamed at us to move. It was the last thing I wanted to hear that day, it was the bomb siren. An announcement came on the loud speaker urging us to move to the shelter as fast as we could. We all run to the door and down the hall. We are all scared, I see a few faces I recognize in the masses plastered with fear as we crowd the basement door. I am shoved and pushed out of the way as the rest of my class mates begin to get frantic. I look up when I notice a shadow on me. I look up to see a plane, a jet black plane fly overhead. I see a small dot on the wing that is red. A blood red color. Knowing what is going to happen I yell out that it is over head! No one around me seems to hear. I yell as loud as I can but my voice is just a noise in the crowd. I take a look back up thru the skylight, I see it circling, I yell one last time to try to help before I run out the side exit.

I am running, running thru the tall grass and oak trees that surround my school. In an effort to get far enough away from the explosion that is doomed to come. I hope "they" haven't posted anyone outside to shoot me as rush to a secret bunker I found months earlier. I am only a few yards away when I hear a thud, a large earth shattering thud. I know I only have a minute to spare before I perish. By now I have made it to the door as a large gust of wind whips by. Only 30 seconds left. With all my might I swing the heavy door shut and I proceed to lock it, Moments before I hear a boom.

For a month I sat in the darkness of this hole with some food I had stashed here and books. When I was bored I went exploring. On these adventures I found matches, lamps, candles, food, blankets, and a small radio. Somehow it had reception down here and I listened to the news. It was mostly reports of bombs all over. Apparently they were targeting schools, skyscrapers, and especially large cities. Also most of the population had died in the bombings, Only about 3-5% of people were left at all in most of the states.

One day I was sitting near the radio listening to the reruns of some station when I heard a knock. A simple knock. So I walk to the door and open it to find a tall sergeant standing in the door way with several people with guns trained on me. The Sargent spoke with a thunder of authority, "miss, are you Samantha? Samantha bloom?" I nod as a notice I remember I probably look terrible. "Well," he says, "miss bloom, the world has been taken over and thankfully we found you before them. Let us get you cleaned up now. Shall we?" as they escort me to a small jet in a clearing. It was nice to see the sun once more. But now with a burden of dread I am carried away to a place I have never been. Hopefully I will see my family again as I fade into a soft sleep.