

# Rebel's Luck

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I am Samantha Smith, I live in the year 2027, and I am 13 years old. I have a 8 year old brother who is super adorable. We are one of those get-along kind of sibling pairs. My mom tells me stories about the past, what people thought about the future. To bring you up to date:

- We do have rocket cars
- We don't have weird powers
- The language is not Mandarin Chinese
- Obviously the world did not end!
- All other continents went to war and destroyed each other

So, the technology is pretty cool though. I just got the iPhone 16! I just got out of school and my birthday was 3 days ago. I am sitting in my living room, my eyes glued to the ViewingBox ( T.V.). "Your, your, father...is...um....gone!" mom bursts into tears. " How...When...What?!" I am crying now too of course. "He was patrolling the border from RS3000( robot soldier) when he was shot! I told him to stay, but he just had to go and protect us!" I can tell she's torn between calling him brave and hating him.

It's at least two weeks after dad's Remembrall( funeral), I cried all night afterwards. David is still recovering. We are down to 30 Protectioners( officers). More attacks happen every day. Illinois is among the only states that hasn't become a wasteland. Or so I thought.

"NO! NO! NO! I CAN'T LOOSE YOU TO MOM! I NEED YOU! DAVID NEEDS YOU! STAY!

Please,...stay!" I cry. Our house is under attack, the armies are here. Mom left a packed case of FleeSupplies , for fleeing. David and I cry but we run more. Lasers shoot at us every which way, I don't know if we will make it.

It's been three days and we have hope to find our uncle. He was a Protectioner with my dad, I hope he is still around. We visited the border once, to give donation. It's not too far, we are held up by our hope and cans of beans. There is burrito paste, dehydrated meat, fruit, veggies, and of course more beans. We've only stopped to pee twice. David has blisters all over him, so do I. We trudge on and on, we honestly have nothing to hope for anymore. A local PhoningBox ( pay phone) let us call the Protection Unit. My uncle is dead, it seems like everyone I care about is slipping away, like sand.

"Sammy, wake up! Samantha look, what is that?!" shouts David in his failed attempt to wake me. "Shh... Go to sleep!" I mumble sleepily until he finally wakes me. I see a cloud of dust, people running, they wear tattered clothing. What was this? Then I remembered something

mom talked about, the rebellion! Of course the rebels! The soldiers were wanting to take control, if you don't cooperate they kill you. But the rebellion, they were awesome. I stood up and waved and screamed, "OVER HERE!". Suddenly I was swept away.

When I awake I find myself in a gray, fluorescent lit room. It is cold and my head is throbbing, I can't see David. "David? Where are you, hello?" I look around and realize this is a cell. I see a shadow flitter, I run to the barred door and scream "Where is he, my brother? I saw you! Who are you and where am I!" I see a shape form, a man, I see a familiar face. "DADDY!" I squeal. "Whoa! Hold it, how are you here, your dead! Right?" I ask totally confused. "The Protection Unit was being attacked and almost every operator was dead, me and your uncle were among the few who got away, we joined the rebellion and now I am a troop leader." he looks excited, 'Where's your mom? I didn't see her with you...' his smile is swept away. Tears slip down our faces, he knows she is gone.

David is blown away by dad magically coming back to life. The rebels are cool, we have shelter, water, and food. I thought life was great, until I found out we were about to go into war.

I watch and stand still in horror as I watch the rebels one by one drop to their knees. The end of the world, or at least my world. My dad told me and my brother to hide, he is out fighting the RS3000's. The rebellion keeps others safe and rebels against robot rule. Uncle Stewart comes running, dad has been taken captive and the soldiers have taken the lives of 90% percent of the rebels. We have no hope, PEW! A red beam shoots through the air and Uncle Stewart's heart. I remember what Cecelia, a rebel told me, 'Everything happens for a reason, when you lose something you can only gain something else.' The soldiers have found us and they separate me and my brother. I fight them I swerve and twist and dodge, I break free and so does David.

*Pant,pant,pant*, "DAVID RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN, DON'T LOOK BACK OK? GO!" I glance at my beloved brother as we are torn apart forever. I can hear the thundering stomps of the robotic soldiers. The devastated wasteland that used to be home. I freeze, I watch David run away, I recall the death of my uncle, my mother, and countless others. This stupid war has gone on long enough, I will lead the rebellion and I will beat the robot rulers. I will do it or I will die trying, but I will not let them overpower me. I will take risks and chances, I will take dares and challenges. If I die, so be it, that's just a rebel's luck.