

Unexpected

"Everybody stick together and stay calm!"

The Earth trembled beneath our feet causing me and my family to feel as if we were walking across a narrow balance beam. This calm afternoon has turned into a deadly game of cat and mouse with complacency being the cause.

"Big brother always bossing us around" I mumbled under my breath. But he was right, if we don't watch our steps someone could get seriously injured. My legs were quivering from exhaustion; we've been walking for miles. However, California has just experience a 9.5 earthquake, and we must keep up the pace or we might perish.

The pressure to save my family was unbearable, it felt like an elephant was stepping on my chest. I'm only 12 years old, nevertheless, I'm the responsible one in my family. My parents are feeble, fragile, and old; like dried leaves about to blow away in the wind. My brother is incapable of living in reality-he is constantly imagining himself as a Ninja Turtle. You would think we would run into others like us, but the few we saw were catatonic like lost zombies.

Every step we took it seemed as if the elephant was pressing harder and harder to where I just couldn't take it. I was then picking up the pace, going ahead of everyone than soon I was running not just in any form I was running away from my family. I was running so fast. I thought why I had I never unleashed my speed in track but that did matter what mattered is that I left my family at the worst time possible. I felt that elephant was telling me that if something were to have happened to anyone in the family it would've been, my fault. I just couldn't live with that shame, that feeling inside of me. It wasn't long until I realized that what I had done was wrong. I turned back trying to retrace my steps but night was falling quicker than it ever had. Soon it was pitch black I couldn't see anything. I lie down and rest. I was having a dream that I reunited with my family and they forgave me and all was ok, but when I opened my eyes a big muscular tattooed man was staring at me. I wanted to say words but nothing came out of my mouth. "Alright she's awake let's move her out" the man said. As they were lifting me up I noticed their shirt had the word "QEMA" in big bold letters. Who were they? Where were they taking me? Where was my family? Did they find them to? What about the others that are still out there? I had so many questions to ask but when I opened my

mouth nothing came out, not a word. They put me in the back of a van and closed the door. I had no idea what was going to happen to me.

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