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## THE WORLD WAR

The fields were green, they were pretty. They were but didn't stay green for long.

I laid my head on the grass as my little brother Robert ran across chasing the wind. Ugh, I must watch him again. This was normal. Me left alone having to take care of my little brother, instead of going out with my friends. Another Sunday morning ruined. I laid down watching the birds, mesmerized as they flew across the sky. As the birds flew, I noticed something different, there weren't just birds, there was a plane. I was in awe; I had not seen one, only heard the neighbors talking about it. I mean there was a war happening out there. So, isn't this normal? Was it? Then looking back up I noticed there wasn't just one, I saw 30, no 50, 100? That's not normal. In shock, I grabbed Robert by his hand and pulled him toward the house. Something wasn't right.

"Time to go" I said as I started on the path home.

"Let go of me now" he yelled "it's not noon yet, we don't have to go inside."

I said nothing, his voice just echoed to the back of my head. The only thing I was thinking about was the planes I had just seen. My mind was focused on going inside the house where it was safe.

Getting inside I was quick to shut the door. My mom who was in the kitchen turned around looking puzzled, asked,

"Why are you home so early?"

Robert was quick to talk "She just pulled my arm mommy" he said with teary eyes. "She hurt me"

"Mother there are plenty planes-" and before I could finish my sentence there was a loud bang. The house shook. Then followed another shake.

I quivered at the thought of what was going on. What would happen to us? Would we make it out alive? Of course, we will, I convinced myself. What could they possibly want from us. We didn't do anything to them... We probably just live in this neighborhood that's famous or something. That doesn't make us a target or something, right?

"Mommy we have to rescue Billy... he's outside" says Robert his heart heavy.

As much as I do love our little goat, there are more important things. Where's dad? The questions echoed inside the walls of my mind volleying back and forth. He's still at work, in the center of the town. Isn't that place vulnerable. Maybe a target? I have to stay positive, but it keeps popping into my mind until I finally ask, "Where's father..."

"Of course he's still at work darling. Oh, but do not worry, he'll be fine" says her mom with a tone of uncertainty.

Then a big one dropped closer than the rest. Robert began to cry, mom was quivering. She pulled me and Robert underneath the dining table and hugged us. Trying to cover our ears to silence the bangs from outside. She desperately tried not to cry but as I looked up, I noticed tears falling down her cheeks, as her eyes still laid shut. I think seeing mom cry made me want to, but I didn't want to spook Robert even more. I mean he was already crying. Think positive thoughts, I kept saying to myself trying to keep myself from breaking down. I must stay strong.

Next thing I knew we heard a banging, but not the kind that had been happening for a while... Banging right outside our front door. I wondered if they were here to save us. Someone. Anyone. As my mom walked towards the door, Robert leaped onto her leg like a leopard. He held onto mom's leg firmly like a baby.

"Mommy, don't open the door!" Robert whisper shouted.

"Why, what if it's someone we know who needs help? Or what if we're the ones who are in need of help, and people are here to rescue us." Mom claimed calmly.

"It could be the bad guys," Robert manifested.

Mom considered his statement for a minute, however soon without hesitation she opened the door mumbling, "We really can't be in worse trouble than we already are. Besides those reprobates would surely not knock."

True. If anyone wanted to get us, they could just blast down our door in a glimpse of a second. Then as mom opened the door, a glow like no other shined upon us. In front of our eyes lay not a rescuer but a radiating figure, none other than our own father. The sweat dripping down his entire body was glistening in the blazing sun.

"Daddyyy!!" exclaimed Robert joyfully.

"Hi everyone, we are in no way safe here. Come with me." Dad said seriously.

As overjoyed I was to see that dad was safe, I couldn't help but wonder why he was sweating so much. What was he doing at work to make him perspire that much?

"Father, why do you look so tired?" I crafted the words out of my mouth carefully into the nicest way possible.

"I just ran from my office in the town all the way here."

I could understand, ten miles oughta make people sweat unless they're in Antarctica or something. If I were to run ten miles, I would just be seen at the hospital.

Our dad guided us to our duties. To serve our people, the people of our town who needed us more than ever. We needed them and they needed us. I guess you could say we saved about a good few hundred people. By guiding them to their path of safety, we were shown our righteous path as well. Around 2,500 people died that day... at least it wasn't 2,600. Thanks to us, our hearts.

Moral: Follow your heart to reach the places you are destined to reach.

