

# **Will you still be here when the smoke clears??**

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*Just a story I wrote for Language Arts, its not great but I kinda like it.*

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# 1. From Start to End

I can feel the wind stinging my face, it hurts so bad I can feel my face turning a deep shade of red. The direction of the wind is uncertain to me but it seems to be blowing whatever direction I turn. Trying to discover where I am I take a step forward and trip. This great sense of falling surrounds me and the feelings are correct because now, I am falling off a tremendous cliff. At the bottom of that cliff is a ocean with jagged edge rocks, and what appears to be my doom. My heart beat seem to quicken and I swear its almost humming, its so loud. The rocks are within a second of piercing my body, I shield my self in a attempt to be saved. Everything becomes quite until the sounds of sirens faded the nightmare of my doom away.

Looking to see where I am now, the peeling wallpaper, the faint smell of vodka, and Shawna lying in a raggedy bed across from me. My atmosphere is warm but I am traumatized from the nightmare so much that coldness runs throughout my body and down my spine.

"What is wrong brother?" Shawna said emerging for her slumber

"It was....." I pause for a moment to choose my words carefully so I didn't worry her.

"Nothing" I said "I'm fine"

The smile on her face when she responded with an "ok" made the terror seem to drift away.

"Well Shawna, what is happening outside?"

"More bombings, they draw closer ever day" She said this while shaking almost uncontrollably

"I fear for our lives brother, what should we do? We can't go on living like this.

Seeing her be this way, living in fear, terrified of what each day might bring, it made me feel awful. I opened my mouth in a attempt to comfort her and make the problems disappear, but I was interrupted by a very loud banging at our door. I climbed out of bed almost tripping over my sheets because Shawna has to tuck in our sheets so tight when we go to bed. Finally making it to the door, I opened it to find a old Russian soldier. He appeared to be stiff and without emotion like a rock. He had a gruffly look to him probably due to the fact that he looked as though he hadn't shaved for weeks.

"Can I help you??" I said stupidly like I had no idea of what's going on.

"You need to leave this house, we are evacuating all people around this area, shipping them out to America" He said without any real emotion in his voice

"What?" I said slightly raising my voice "But why??"

"The area is becoming dangerous, we aren't doing this out of choice, its something that needs to be done" He said, again with no real emotion in his voice "Pack you things and I'll escort you two to the bus"

I walked towards the bed as if I was in a trance, and plopped down on my bed

"What's going on, what did he say to you??" Shawna said almost on the verge of crying.

I was in too much shock of what was happening and what the soldier had to said to me that all I could say was "Well you got the answer to your question; we have to leave our home"

Shawna just look at me as tears ran down her eyes and sobbed into her little teddy bear.

The news about our departure hit me and Shawna hard, but we had to pack so quickly that there was no time for us to show our emotions to one another. I noticed that in Shawna mad dash to pack, she had left behind her favorite little stuffed bear that our mother had made for her when she was just a baby. Picking up the bear brought back memories about this house, and they seemed to be taking place all around me; Shawna's 6th birthday part, I chuckled because it was adorable to see her attempting the candles. Hard as she tried, she just couldn't seem to blow them out which was my doing I was quite the little trickster when I was young. Then there was the last Christmas we spent with mother and father. They both seemed to have a smile stuck to their faces, no matter what we did that day, mother and father seem to always be smiling, like they didn't have a care in the world, It was probably this lifestyle that led to their accident leaving both me and Shawna to fend for ourselves.

And then there was the fateful New Years dinner that tried so hard, I tried not to laugh when it exploded all over her but I couldn't keep it in for too long. The look on her face when the potatoes exploded from all the heat was priceless. The smell of old potatoes still lines these walls to this very day.

All these memories seem to fade away as Shawna said

"Are you ready to go brother?" She sounded very shy about asking me the question because she didn't want to seem pushy by telling me to leave with her.

"Physically I am, but mentally I'll never be ready to leave my home" I responded sounding deprived of emotion. The look on her face when I said that was like her heart was shattered, as if my leaving was her fault. Just to look at her at the moment now would have probably made me break down on the ground and cry.

As I walked to the door a great sadness clutched my heart, and as the memories seemed to disappear like dust in the wind and I wondered in my mind, would this house still be standing when the bombings were over? Would the memories still be here when I got back? Would the town ever be the same afterwards? I turn around and took a look back at the house.

"No" I thought : "Nothing would be the same after the bombings, but I'll hope we will make these kind of memories again in our new home in America.

The ride to the station wasn't really what we expected, the bus we rode on was too great. Plus it was the bus was so crowded that some people had to sit on the ground where the bus didn't have seats. All around us the smell of smoke from the exhaust gripped our throats making it hard to breathe. As I looked around thinking how hard we had it, I noticed easily how much harder it was for others. Their problems were like pages on a book, and every time you thought about it, your heart strings would pull. As I looked around there was the was a family, who was made up of a mother and a daughter, appeared to be in the worst shape of all of us. Their clothes were ripped and tattered, they were wet from the rain outside and they were shivering so bad it almost seemed they were going to break and fall apart. I couldn't stand by and just let them freeze to death , so I gave them some of the extra blankets that me and Shawna had packed in our bags. The little girl's eyes seemed to twinkle like stars when I gave them the blankets.

"Thank you mister" She said with the cutest little voice and a little lisp, almost like a little angel she was.

I smiled and said "Your very welcome" From then on in for the entire ride I couldn't stop smiling with my goofy smile stuck on my face, just like Christmas when my parents couldn't stop either. Then it hit me the reason they were smiling, it was because of the good feeling in their hearts that they felt. Seeing us together on Christmas opening presents must have given them something to feel so good about. I knew from then on in things were going to get better if I just held my head up high and kept smiling. Or so I had hoped to believe.

Hours passed and still there was no sign that we had gone any farther. I would look out the

window and I swore I kept seeing the same tree pass me by with every smile. Maybe I was going delirious or something from lack of sleep, so I decided maybe I should try to nap. This proved to be a little difficult with Shawna already napping on my shoulder. She must not have slept either because I remember her saying that she was going to try and read her book to pass time one second, and then next I look and she had passed out on my shoulder.

"No Fjorg, I don't want to go to school, if I go the bunnies are going to chase me again in Biology"

She mumbled quietly but just enough so I could hear her

"She is such a dork sometimes, I swear" I thought to myself as I laid my head on her and drifted off into a light slumber. As I was in my slumber I was awoken to a pain in my head from the driver screeching to a halt

"All right everyone up and out" she shouted awaking Shawna. I looked at Shawna as she was awakened and she was stiff from being startled so badly. I couldn't help but chuckle at the way she looked, she gave me a stare and got up and we loaded our stuff off the bus. The station was even worse than the bus had been, it was so crowded that even trying to step forward was impossible.

"Make sure to keep these with you when you get on the train or they won't let you on" The soldier had handed me and Shawna tickets and passports

"Also sign those passports before you get on" he said with still as little emotion in his voice as before

"Thanks" I said as I took the passports and tickets from his hand and walked on with Shawna towards the train. All the walking and fear had left me very parched so I reached into my satchel for some water only to find the canteen bone dry. I looked over to Shawna and I could tell immediately from the guilty look on her face that she was hiding something.

"Shawn, what happened to all my water?" I said with a hint of annoyance to my voice.

She scratched the back of her head and smirked saying "I'm sorry, I drank it on the way here, I didn't want to wake you by getting up and retrieving my water so I just took the water from your bag" Her modest smile faded to a frown "I'm sorry here I'll go get some more" She said as she took the canteen from me and ran off yelling "Wait there"

I waited there where we had stopped in the middle of the station waiting for her. Seconds turned to minutes, minutes into half hours, half hours into hours and still now sign of Shawna. I worried about her so I decided to venture off where the water store was located. It was quite far away so I decided to take all our belongings with us but just as I took a step forward, I heard an explosion off in the distance. From the sound of the explosion it sounded like it was where the water shop was. Panic ridden I dropped our belongings and ran as fast I could to the shop, my heart pounding as hard as my feet did to the concrete. Ideas ran in my head "What had happened?", "Was she ok?", "Why did she run off without me?" I finally reached the water shop only to find it.....in ruins. The entire shop along with everything around it was reduced to rubble, bodies lie everywhere, belongings scattered as far as the eye could see, but I couldn't pick out Shawna. So I shouted at the top of my lungs as if I was shouting to the heavens;

"SHAWNA! WHERE ARE YOU SHAWNA!?"

I heard a small coughing coming from behind me saying ;

"Brother, I'm sorry I couldn't get the water for you"

"That doesn't matter now Shawna, we have to get you to a hospital or something" I said trying to fight back the tears

"Are you ok though?" She tried to answer me but instead she coughed very hard and ended up spitting up blood. That was all I need to know she wasn't all right, I picked her up and carried her in my arms "Are any bones broken?" I asked to make sure that carrying her wouldn't hurt her worse.

"Only a couple ribs and my arm" She said softly "Brother"

"Yes Shawna"

"I'm sorry if I ever was a better sister to you"

"You always were a perfect sister, you were just always too modest about it" I said tears running down my eyes. "Come we have to go Shawna"

"No, brother my time has come, I can't go on any longer, and if I have to die I was happy to know I served you well as a little sister. And also know....." She pauses slightly because she was using most of her strength to even utter out a sentence "..... Know that I love you and I couldn't have asked for a better brother" I smiled at her and she smiled, almost like an angel smiling upon me with the last of her strength. That smile only lasted a few seconds until it faded into a frown and I could feel her soul wander out of her body in my arms. The tears ran from my eyes uncontrollably as I layed her down

"WHY!!!!!" I shouted "WHY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ME????!!!!!!!" I crouched on the ground and cried over Shawna's body and cried hysterically. My answer came to me in the sound of a huge whistle as I looked up to see my fate stared me in the face. The thing I saw was cold, black and huge and came at me like the rocks had in my dreams. And I knew that this is what would happen, what would become of me, just like it had to my sister "At least Shawna will not have died alone" I thought, this was my fear, this was my destiny, and my nightmare. The moment it hit the sense of falling came back to me and the only I could think is "This is my end"