

# **Bomb Strike**

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*A destroyed world, a girl will tell her expericance, her pain, her love.*

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# 1 - Chapter 1

Crash! Another bomb went off and it shook the house all of the doors and windows shook. I hid under my bed shiver nonstop it practically shaking the entire bed. I heard footsteps coming toward the bed then I saw my mother lean on the floor looking at me "It's okay, they've stopped" she said in the sweet voice that made any situation seem better I crawled out from under the bed jumping into my mother's arms, "Star, Star it's alright it's over, well for now" her voice was so reassuring I actually believed her. Like everything was really going to get better

I was shaken awake from the vibration from a bomb. "Just another dream"

This bombing has been going on for six years. People say it's the end of the world, probably we don't know until it happens. All countries for themselves no allies, just enemies. I've been living through this for six years, too long if you ask me. Bombs constantly going off, constant blood shed, and no one does anything about it. All trying to win, no on stopping, all going it's the end of the world as we know it.

I live alone now my mother and father died. My father was walking down the street, my mother and I warned him, but I guess he didn't listen, I'll never know because as he was walking a plane flew overhead and dropped a bomb. It came down and down my father tried to get away, but he wasn't quick enough the mo hit, it taking the life of my father. That happened five years ago, when I was nine. When I heard about it I was devastated, I kind's talk for months and barely ate.

My mother died two months ago, by solders from another country. I had gotten away but barely. I had gotten away with a giant sword swipe across my back. I sat up on the couch and looked around, some cigarettes were missing from a box, like that mattered, looters, people who have lost their hoomes and lives, collect by day and party all night, drinking alcohol, eating whatever they can. I on the other hand knew about herbs for tea, berries to eat, I knew how to survive in the world, for now.

I walked to the pantry getting some dried fruit to eat. I had enough food to last me at least three months, maybe even four if I was careful. The looters didn't just take cigarettes they were in my parent's room, and took some extra blankets, oh well, I had more. I crawled into my parents bed under the converters and sheets. It still smelt like them, I could still smell my parent's, so close yet so far away. I remember when I was younger, scared from nightmares or the bombings. I would sleep with my parents, my father's arms wrapped around me, so warm, so safe; the voice of my mother calming me down. Both of my parents there. What use to be here was gone and never to return. I felt my eyes sting from up coming tears, at the remembrance, I wiped my eyes and curled up under the sheets.

I woke up to looters, they were outside, digging up whatever they could get, or eat. By the time I got to the front yard they were gone the garden my mother and I worked on was destroyed. I took a basket and my black hoodie and went outside into the cold air. It aws night so for most people it was hard to see, but for me I could see just as if it was day. I went to my neighbors' house for my weekly raid, I would take herbs and berries from her harden I can remember whne me and my mother would help my neighbor, I liked it, we got to spend lots of time together. But i knew hers would eventually be gone just like mine. I was never caught by patrolling guards, or anyone else, about a month ago everyone deserted the area, except for me, my mother and an old woman who couldn't afford or be able to make the move to a safer place. My mother and I couldn't make the move and I refused no matter what my mother said, I didn't want to leave the place of my childhood. It would hurt way to much, like I was leaving my father, and if I left now, I would be leaving my mother too. I was like a shadow, a shadow that belonged to no one, as I slinked through the night. After my raid I walked through the cold chilling night air, silently, back to my house in the dark.

When i got home I cleaned up my hosue. Picking up pillows, blankets, food wwrappers and swept out dirt. When I was done I walked the corridors of my once full house, read and went to sleep, only to dream, only to dream.

I woke up to light streaming in through the windows. Maybe you would have heard birds, but now you heard none, they were all silent or got, you were really lucky to see one. I made my parents' bed, and went into the kitchen and took out the berries I had collected the night bfore adn ate, i had to eat most of them because they already were beginning to spoil, but that didn't ruin my appetite.

Since I had no electricity in my house anymore I had candles for light, I blew out all remaining candles from the night. I didn't have very much water either, so I had to bathe and wash my things in a near-by river.

I gathered my things in my basket and went out the door. As I went outside the red sun mad covered up by the smoky coulds burnt my eyes, just adjusting. I walked through a small forest to get to the river. I walked coutiously, weary of any followers. I could finally feel a small breeze, there was always a small breeze near the river, so I was close.

I was there at the river, the water didn't shine, it mourned, the sun was not shining that day, it never is. I stripped off my clothes adn walked into the water. The ool water felt good on my dry skin, refreshing me. I held my breath adn dunked underwater, I came up gasping for air. I heard a noise not too far away what was it?

I put that thought out of my mind and continued with my bath. I finished and dried myself off with a towel and laid on it looked up at the sky, wondering when the sun was actually going to shine again. Then, I quickly dressed and gathered my things.