Someday/ 999 words

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March 18, 2317, Antartica

I dash down the tattered road with my little brother James, I hold tightly onto his hand scared I might lose him in such a miserable place like this. Wright, now I am hoping that a building won't come crashing down on us or a bomb won’t blow us up like almost all the houses around us.

“May…we…please stop to catch… our breath?” James asked between heaves of breath.

“We have to keep going,” I said trying to sound confident.

The whole world was at war with each other and the people everyone trusted were a tight bunch of people. And I couldn’t even remember the last time I had a bit of anything other than stale bread. We ducked behind an old flying car that was upside down to take cover from the barrel bomb.

“What are we doing?” James asks me.

“Plug your ears and stay down,” I say.

Moments later, the bomb goes off and the loudest noise ever goes off shattering glass from a nearby store window. I unplug my ears to check on my brother. He is right where he was before the bomb went off.

“Are you hurt?” I ask.

“No I don’t think so,” he responds.

“Good, let's go,”

We hurried around the flying car to the part facing the bomb it is torn to shreds! We follow the remints of the bomb to find a dead body its skin was gone and there was blood everywhere. James embarrassed me in a tight nervous hug. He was crying at the awful sight of the limp body laying on the ground. I can’t look at it anymore so I hurry around it pulling my brother along with me.

Later we are finally at what we call home. It is a partly blown-up building that has fallen from the pole that it once stud on. James and I walk inside to a non-smoking campfire, two mattresses lying down on the dusty ground and a small wooden chair with my beloved mother reading the only Digi-book we have.

“Mom, we are home,” I said.

“Oh goodness me you gave me a fright,” My mom said in her Australian accent

My mom got up and hurried over to us. My dad died about a month ago in an air rade and our mom was the only thing my brother and I had, well the only thing besides my aunt and uncle that lived underground in Australia. They live like nothing was going on in the world above and the last time they even connected with us was on my fifth birthday which was eight years ago.

“Why does everyone have two keep on distorting are fatal earth?”

“Well, humans are like a disease,”

“Where is cuppy?” Asked James which was ultimately off topic.

“He is right here love,” replied mom.

Mom reached into a little box and pulled out a stuffed bunny.

James ran to mom and took his little cuppy.

Later that night we were all getting ready for bed when we heard a loud ‘bang’ we all were familiar with this sound it was a bomb.

“We need to get out of here!” My mom yelled.

We ran out of that building so quickly and right as we cleared the whole building collapsed. We were left without a home.

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The next thing I knew we were in our hovercar and on our way to Australia. Mom said that it was no longer safe here, but leaving is just as dangerous. The only thing that survived from the house was cuppy.

Two days later we were already on the east coast of the US it would take at least two more days nonstop to get to Australia. We drove in our flying car all the way to where the Atlantic Ocean would have been but it was mostly dried up. *‘Bang bang bang’* warning shots blared past us we would have to land otherways there was no escape from eternal rest.

As mom dove the car down she yelled, “Grab anything you absolutely need!”

I scrambled around grabbing my bag at my feet when a plunk sound accrued we had landed.

“Get out of the car and hide in the sand no matter what you hear,” mom instructed.

I took my brother's hand and rush out of the door and sat down and started to do as mom said. James buried like me head deep with only a peephole to see and breathe through. We watched as another car landed and two men with guns walked out of their car to moms. I couldn’t hear much but I heard a car door open and then shut. Then a bang went off and we were now left without a mother. I started to cry, it was a soft cry because I was trying to be strong for my brother.

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Maybe an hour later we dug ourselves out of the sand I saw my brother covered in sand with a confused look on his face.

“Where’s mama?” He asked.

And all I could say was, “gone.”

We walked for a eternity and avoided many creators that we almost slipped into until we finally reached a mile-high sandhill, even though it was at an angle it would still take forever to climb. We began our climb already hungry but when we were about halfway up we were starving. I took out the last piece of food in a frozen form I look at it and then at my brother.

“Here you have it,” I said handing it to James.

“Thanks, you know I’ve been thinking, maybe mom dyeing was happy for her it is sad to live in a world like this,” he replied.

“Yeah if only people didn’t treat our world like a piece of rubble,”

“All that matters to me is that I have you,”

We sat there on that pile of grainy sand and I was truly happy. Times are changing.