

Honorable Mention Prose – Middle School

The END

By: Kate Farley

Grade: 7

School: Petoskey Middle School

April 3, 2001, the day that will go down in American history as a day that devastated our city, the day that will never be forgotten. It started off as a normal Tuesday. I woke up to the bright morning sun peeking through the blinds and the sweet sound of my mother's voice saying

“Time to get up honey, time to start a new day.” I slowly crawled out of my warm bed as my mom went downstairs to start breakfast. The morning slowly passed on as I found myself sitting in our school’s small humid classroom in Auburn, Alabama. The classroom was humid, the walls painted a bright blue. Our teacher stood at the front of the classroom, writing out a math equation on the big blackboard, when the loudspeaker came on. No one talked, but I could hear the faint voices murmuring in the background, until finally, the principal's voice flooded our small classrooms with the words that no one will forget,

“At this moment our school will be going into a...,” The voice paused as everyone in the room looked around waiting for his next words. I looked up at my teacher, she had a worried look on her face, as if something bad might happen. The room was silent, nobody knew what was going to happen, but everybody had a feeling deep down in their gut that it wasn't something good.

“A lockdown...” We all sat there and waited for the word “drill’ to come out of his mouth, but instead his words were exactly,

“This is not a drill, I repeat this is not a drill, teachers please quickly get your kids into their appropriate spots,” Then, the voice over stopped, and it seemed, as if. So did the world. Everyone was still and silent because who knew what would happen next. It stayed like this for the last couple of seconds until my teacher quickly sprang up from her chair and said,

“Ok do not worry I’m sure that this is something minor, but for now we need to head to the back of the classroom.” and she guided the class to a small area behind her bookshelf. It was sweaty behind the bookshelf, and unlike the drills, everything was silent no feet shuffled, no whispering, no nothing. The only sound that came from the squeezed space behind the bookshelf was the long, worried breaths of the many jittering students. I was scared, and worried too. Thoughts flew through my mind like a bird through the wind. Will I be ok? What will happen next? Am I ever going to see my parents again? Will there be a tomorrow? That was the last thought that went through my head before there was a loud banging noise on the nearby door. It sounded like a punch or a kick then a deep dark violent voice screamed

“Come out I know someone is in there,” the kids around me sat there, tears filled their eyes as the now tense situation became even more tense. No one said a word, we just sat there and waited. We heard whispers from the hall, there seemed to be two people out there, two people trying to harm us. BOOM, there was another bang and this time we jumped and seconds after the tall book shelf wobbled above us, and fell to the ground with once again another boom, followed by worried looks and complete silence. That was until we heard a gunshot, just one at first then another. They were shooting the lock mechanism on the door. More shots fired. We all sat in silence we didn't move, we couldn't think, our hearts were pounding in our chests so loud that it seemed all noise from outside vanished and just that thump of our worried hearts filled our ears. Soon, as we all knew, but hoped wouldn't happen, the lock mechanism broke and two men, big tall men wearing all black held up their guns and fired. Screams filled the warm summer air that filled our classroom, and the last thing that I remembered before I fainted was my best friend, Ally falling into my arms...dead.

The next morning I woke in a small hospital bed, teddy bears and flowers sat on the table beside me. I looked around. I saw my mother crying, my grandma sitting there in silence, my dad trying to calm my mom down. Everyone was worried, scared and hopeless. And at that moment I remembered what had happened, the boom from the kick of the door, the crash of the book shelf, and the two men dressed in black. And from that moment on, I knew, sitting in that small hospital room, in Auburn, Alabama that nothing would go back to normal and I too sat there worried, scared and hopeless.