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## End of a story

It was supposed to be the best day of my life. Everything went in flames and turned into dust in just one hour . It was 6:37, when I was woken up by alarm sirens. Confused I got up , shook off the dizziness from my eyes and went to my mum's bedroom to ask her what the commotion was all about. I went down the hallway, seeing as my brothers and sisters were peeking out of their rooms, just as dumbfounded as I was.

"Lily? what's happening?"- my younger sister, asked with fear in her voice.

I quickly glanced at her, saying "I don't know sweetie. Stay calm. I'm gonna get mum and everything will be fine".

I could hear my twin sisters crying, one comforting the other. They were scared. I was scared. Before I could get to my mother's room I saw her running out with my youngest brother, Richie, tears in her eyes, screaming " HIDE!". Before my brain could process what was happening, a loud explosion hit my ears and my vision went black.

When I woke up, I was lying on a stone cold, hard floor, covered in bits of glass and wood, with my siblings around me. I sat up, looking around. Everything was gloomy but I could feel the heat of the fire tickle against my skin. My older brother Michael, who was standing with Richie in his arm, took hold of me and said "Get up, our house has been struck by a bomb, it will collapse soon".

I asked him quickly, noticing the lack of one very important person, "Mike? where is mom?".

He looked me dead in the eyes, saying these three words "Mom is dead".

I was shocked, I couldn't believe it. My mum was only 37 years old. She had more than half of her life behind her, and she died like this. But there wasn't any time to wait. We had to get the hell out of here ASAP, because everything was on fire.

When we finally got out of our house, the Russian mafia was in front of it, and they knocked us out with chloroform gas.

I woke up in a really small, claustrophobic room. I had only a little hole in the floor to defecate. It was really dirty here. I was so scared, and alone there and my brothers and sisters were probably in some other rooms. I don't know how much time passed by, there was only one thing that I knew - I was really hungry. I shouted for help, but there was nobody there. After about 3 hours someone finally came, but it wasn't my family, it was a big, muscular guy with a fedora on his head. I said 'What the hell, where is my family?', but he didn't answer, he just grabbed me like trash and started to walk, with me on his shoulder, down the hallway. Eventually he threw me on the floor in front of their boss.

"Okay, now I'm gonna ask you some questions about your family" he said.

I didn't have much choice, because I saw many tools in front of me that could lead to my death, so I chose to say everything I had known, but I did it in such a way as to gain some time for help to arrive.

'So basically I have two sisters, one is Suzanne, she is 8 and the other is Rosa, she is about 4 years old.'

I said. Boss responded 'Okay, wait, I don't give a shit about your stupid sisters, you better tell me why your brother Michael stopped working for us'.

I was stunned as to why my brother would collaborate with such an ugly bastards.

"Wait what???"-I asked confused.

I never knew he worked for them. How could he not tell us? Was mom involved in this? I needed to know what the hell was going on.

"I don't know anything about your business with him, he never told me anything!"  
Why wont you ask him instead of me? „I cried.

“Well we would if that stupid son of a bitch didn't run off. We sent three patrols into the woods after him and for now we are holding you and your siblings hostage, although we could get rid of them since they won't give us any useful information”.

I was scared, really scared that something was gonna happen to them, I had to find a way to get out and save them for I couldn't let my family die so easily.

“So, are you gonna tell us where he could have run off to? Or are we gonna have to play with you?” the big guy asked.

I stood my ground saying I had no idea, but that was a bad, bad idea. The fedora dude threw me onto a wooden chair and stabbed me in my shoulder. I screamed in pain, feeling the blood trickling down my chest. With tears in my eyes I begged “Please don’t, Please stop, I- I have no idea where he is...”

Fortunately the GPS on my phone was turned on. I had an app on it to automatically call 911 when it detects gunshots or screams, so special units were already deployed to attack the mansion of the mafia.

I heard slamming on the door. After this I suddenly got stunned by a flashbang coming from underneath the door. When I finally started to realize what was going on, I saw five people in SWAT uniforms. There were many SWAT vans at the entrance of the villa. They shot the mafia boss in the chest and the muscular guy in the head. After this they grabbed and carried me to the rescue helicopter. Afterwards they started searching for other members of my family.

I was so shocked that I began to pass out. Then I woke up in a hospital. I was lying next to my sisters and brother. My older brother was still missing, but they eventually found him in the forest. I had many problems with my mental health, so that I had to go to a psychiatrist every week. After some time I started to work at a local restaurant with my brother to somehow earn money for food. I thanked God that I survived that nightmare. And from that time everything started to stabilize.