

## The Last Letter

By: Naomi Lukas

Dear Lina,

Your father and I are going away for two weeks. Take care of your brother while we're gone. You're free to call whenever you'd like. We love you so much. We'll explain everything when we get back. Take care sweetheart,

Mom

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That was the last I heard from her. My mother and I would write letters to each other often. We left them in a little mailbox and collected them when we noticed the flag was up. They were so meaningful, I kept every one. And now I'm glad I did.

She left on a Friday after school with no other explanation than this letter. I didn't call, because I didn't want to seem desperate. I had gone the weekend without seeing my mom, and a week at camp once. Two weeks though? What could this possibly be for? I didn't have the nerve to ask. That's my biggest regret. I'll never know why my mother died.

My father and I weren't close, but he too left a hole in my heart. I missed them both dearly. I wished I could have said goodbye, but it was too late now.

I never go a day without thinking about them. I still had my eleven year old brother who was taking it well. He made me feel like I had to too. I was seventeen at the time, turning eighteen in just three weeks. No one knew, I was underage living at home, taking care of my brother. It was only for a week though, and now that I was eighteen no one could really do anything.

I didn't know who I could talk to. That was my biggest problem. I had so much ahead of me; I needed to get through it. I was lost in life. I had little hope, but one thing I truly wanted was that whatever they did was helpful to someone else in some way, because it sure was greatly affecting me.

I still had hope that they would one day return, but little of it. I decided that was probably for the best. I needed to move on with my life.

Ever since, I've been on the lookout for my parents. I realized it was more than just losing someone, they were everything to me. I pushed through it though, taking it day by day. Watching my brother like my mother wanted kept me busy.

Monday May 3rd came along, about a year after. Two policemen were at the door. The doorbell ring caught me off guard.

"Are you Lina Fertict?" they asked.

"That's me," I replied.

"We have news. We think we found your parents."

I gasped. "*What?! Were they dead?*"

"Come with us," they said.

I followed them, not knowing where I was even going. I was surprised as any would be; anxiety flew through my veins.

"*It's okay,*" I told myself. I held my breath, and off I went. "*This would determine my destiny.*"