

The Day the Lights Went Dark

They say water is necessary for the body to live. Consequently, you can only go about 3 days without drinking it. You need it to shower, to brush your teeth, to use the bathroom, and it's even used to make your everyday clothes. They say water is necessary to live, so why did my brother have to die?

My brother, Lucas, was just your average 14 year old. Sandy blonde curls, tall, sunkissed skin, kind eyes, and a scrawny build. He loved baseball and basketball, rarely spending his time inside. Along with baseball and basketball, he was a phenomenal swimmer. When he wasn't on a court or field, he was in the water. No matter how amazing everyone told him he was, Lucas pushed himself far past his limits and assumed he should just keep practicing. Afterall, practice makes perfect.

One day, Lucas and I went to the beach. "It's been a while, hasn't it?" I asked Lucas. He just nodded. Usually, I don't tend to question him but I couldn't help but think there was something up. We walked to a nice, sandy, warm spot on the shore and set down our beach towels and lunch boxes. After that, I look up to ask Lucas if he wants a bottle of water and he's gone. "Lucas?" I yelled, questioning what he could be up to. I'm sure he just had to use the bathroom.

At first, I was calm and collected. Two minutes had passed, nothing too long for a trip to the bathroom. But then it was five minutes. 10 minutes. 15 minutes. My heart drops to what feels like my toes. I immediately get up and start shouting his name. I sprint to the bathrooms and burst into the men's room. I proceed to shout his name. My body starts to shake. My limbs go weak and wobbly. Taking a deep breath, my eyes went blurry from tears forming. I walk out of the bathroom and glance up to see a large group of people huddled around at the shore. While I struggle to see correctly, I go down to the shore. "What's going on?" I ask a young woman. She doesn't say anything, she just points to the water. Disoriented, I take a step closer and try to get a better look. I have never missed any of Lucas' swim meets no matter how I felt. I know exactly how he looks in the water. That's when it hit me. While everyone just stands there and stares, I scamper into the water. I lift my brother's body out of the water. "I know CPR!" someone shouts. They scuttle over and I just panic. I'm breathing like an overworked dog and I just freeze. Everyone's words just echo throughout my head. Two minutes passed. "There's no pulse," My ears start to ring when finally, my legs just give out. They say water is necessary for the body to live, so why did Lucas have to die?

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