

Letter about lit

Business



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Nothing but land that is a fraction of what it once was remains.

Splattered over its surface are dead trees and thick smoke billowing over a pile of forgotten memories and flesh. This is a familiar place not only in your book *The Road* but also in my mind. During a very confusing part of my life *The Road* guided me to what is really important to me. My brother. When I moved to Wisconsin it was nice, but stores and houses were a lot further away than they were in Illinois.

I just told myself it would be easy adjustment and it was. School started and everyone instantly liked me and my older brother found new friends too. The house we moved into was a just built before we moved in so it was futuristic and well made. School was easy and everything was going well just like the man before the apocalypse in your book *the road*. It was a school night.

I had finished all of my homework and my brother and I were watching funny videos on the Internet. The house felt empty. Someone was missing. I leaned over to my brother and said “ Hey, have you seen mom?” He just shook his head and clicked the next video. He seemed calm and collected, so I didn’t pay any attention that mom wasn’t home.

She was probably shopping. Three hours pass. Mom still has not come home. The door opens. I walk over to the door ask my mom where she was.

As I open my mouth my dad walks through the door. That is bizarre; dad never comes home before mom. She would come home eventually, so I talk to my dad about his day. After a pleasant conversation I walk back to the computer room to join my brother. My dad goes up the stairs to change and

little did I know that dissent down the stairs would be the nuke that would blow up everything I knew. My dad comes into the computer room and sits down.

The words that make me cringe and grind my teeth are uttered “ We need to talk.” My dad sits down with a deep sigh and says “ You guys notice that mom didn’t come home today?” Oh god! Is she dead. My mind is running fast than my fat dog when he sees food. What could that mean! After a pause that seemed like decades he said “ Your mom and I are getting a divorce.” The bomb drops. The blast blows everything away.

There is nothing left but wasteland. Dazed by the news my dad said your mother and I still love you. Those words just bounce off my hollow shell of a body. He continued to talk but nothing was comprehended. I could not grasp the fact my parents were getting a divorce.

The wasteland the man walks through is the road is where I feel I am. My dad talks for the next hour about how why he was getting a divorce. I did not see any signs of this bomb coming down on my life. Then a flood gates of memories flood in. My parents were not happy together.

They argued all the time and my mom drank too much. I felt like a dunce. It was so obvious. How could I not see this coming? My dad leaves the room and my brother says “ We have to stick together no matter what.” Speechless I nod.

My brother said exactly what I needed to hear. My brother was the Man guiding the boy through the broken world in the book. I was the boy. Together we would get through the hardest moment of my life.