

A Home for K&K

It all began on a warm, sunny, summer afternoon. Kayla and her twin brother Kyle were headed to the beach with their parents. It was the type of day that was the perfect temperature, and sunny with few clouds in the sky.

Kayla and Kyle were good friends, but hated being named similarly. Their parents had thought that it was 'cute' to name them almost the same.

That might have been true for toddlers, but not for eleven-year-olds. They constantly got teased for it. Luckily, that was their birth parents, not their *real* parents, the parents who had rescued them from the orphanage.

Both twins remembered those terrible years in the orphanage, wondering if they would ever get adopted. Whenever they were put in foster homes, they were kicked out because they were 'impertinent'.

So there they were, bouncing in between foster home and orphanage, until finally, the 'perfect family' came. They loved each other immediately, and were still together to that day. Little did Kyle and Kayla know, a tragedy would make their perfect family lost to them forever.

Kayla and her dad were in the cool water, playing the type of game that involves splashing, dunking and grabbing. Kyle was with his mom, drawing pictures of the shellfish in the tidepools. It was a perfect day on the beach, or so they thought.

Kyle saw it first, looking out at a seagull floating on the water. He saw thin, translucent tentacles seep out of the water and wrap around the seagull. Death's hug. The seagull was dead instantly. The tentacles moved closer. Kyle screamed, the lifeguard blew her whistle and people fled the water. Kyle could hear whistles all the way down the beach.

Kayla was pulling at their dad, telling him to come out of the water. He nodded, shrugging her off, and she continued, assuming he was following her. He wasn't. By now, he was the only one left in the water and didn't seem to notice the jellyfish. Kyle could see the tentacles moving closer and closer. He shouted, and Kayla heard him and sensed something wrong. She turned around, and the expression of horror on her face was too much for Kyle. Both twins started running down the beach, but it was too late. The tentacles of Death wrapped around their dad, catching him by surprise. "Good b-" he called- And then he was gone.

