NOVEMBER 2016

KURT

PART TWO

CHRISTINA LEIGH PRITCHARD

FREE! SHORT STORY

Be sure you've read KYLE, part one…

KURT

a FREE! short by Christina Leigh Pritchard

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NOTE TO READER:

FREE! Shorts KYLE, KURT, and ANTHONY were originally going to be much different than what you're about to read. Unfortunately for Kurt, I needed to vent out my emotions due to a tragedy that happened Friday night March 29, 2013 to someone I cared very much for. I'm sorry Kurt, for changing your story, but it's just the way it goes. (I guess, even though I hate Frank—I should apologize to him too.) Ryan's family: I'm so sorry for your loss. All I can do is share in it with you. My heart goes out to you.

Part Two

KURT

There exists…Yes, existence. How many times I wish to understand mine. Time moves slow for me. I watch the ones I love disappear, the places I frequented find new uses and yet, I can't forget what Frank did to me; what they *all* did to me.

Struggle

I forced myself to stand, jumping over a line of fire racing my way. “Kyle!” I dropped beside the opening of the tunnel. His fingers trembled, trying his hardest to untie Dee.

"Go with your brother,” Dee said. Tears streamed down her face. She glanced at the roof. It bent from the heat above them.

I coughed, covering my mouth. “I’ll take Dee. You get out of there, Kyle.” I grabbed her by the arm and tugged as hard as I could. She fell on top of me. Soot covered her face and the inside of her nostrils.

A shadow loomed above us. Kyle crawled from inside the tunnel. Frank glanced up. “Oh no you

don’t.” He stepped over us, grabbing Dee by the hair. He kicked my brother in the stomach.

Kyle rolled back, flames engulfing him.

“Kyle!”

My stupid brother.

“Kurt! Help me!”

“Kyle!”

I sobbed struggling to reach him. It was not use. His skin darkened before my eyes. I covered my ears to muffle his screams as he was burned alive.

“Kurt!” he screamed. “Kurt!”

I shook, weeping into my hands. “Oh, Kyle. I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Now, it’s your turn to fry!” Frank tugged on Dee’s leg. “You can burn just like your fallen hero.”

“Let go of me!” She struggled, kicking furiously. “Frank!”

I grabbed his ankle. He tripped, landing on Dee. She smacked him, biting his arm.

He punched her and as they fought, I tugged on his leg, dragging him towards me.

"I'm gonna kill you, Frank!"

Tears flooded my eyes. My brother. He was gone.

Frank killed my brother.

Lights flickered. I glanced up. Little Anthony stood in a puddle of urine next to the payphone. The receiver dangled beside him and tears poured down his cheeks.

I sobbed.

Everybody loved my brother. Yeah, that's right; *loved*.

…Continued with FREE! Short ANTHONY (December's FREE Story)

What happened to my friend: click here.

http://articles.sun-sentinel.com/2013-03-30/news/fl-boynton-fatal-stabbing-20130330_1_police-spokeswoman-stephanie-slater-police-officer-patron

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