

The Sorrow That Follows

"I am not a tryhard!" I exclaimed, stifling a chuckle as I turned my attention away from the treeline of towering pine trees and back to my brother. His indigo eyes twinkled with amusement as he stared at me through a raised eyebrow, and within seconds, we were both giggling like children.

I was going to scold him, tell him to pay attention to the road, but before I could shriek out in warning, the windshield shattered, spraying glass like rain during a violent thunderstorm. The image of my brother's wide eyes danced on the back of my eyelids before everything went black.

The time following his death, even leading up to the ceremony, was a time of blackness: a darkness so consuming I was left stripped of my emotions, a ghost of my former self. I wasn't quite sure what I was supposed to feel. Anger? Sadness? Now, standing by his graveside, I knew. Uncertainty. The uncertainty of what my future is supposed to look like without him truly terrified me. I had been thrust into a new, unfamiliar world, and such uncertainty left me feeling utterly hopeless.