

Junior Division, Prose

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**Forsea (an excerpt)**

She was visiting a friend in the next town over the night it happened. Their storm was bad, but her home city was even worse. That is where her family was. Her parents and her little sister. She liked to think that they were peacefully sleeping when the storm hit, but she knew that wasn't true. They had been found dead the next morning in the wreckage of their 270th-floor penthouse apartment. They were supposed to live. They were not supposed to go this way. Their building was the "strongest" and "most secure" apartment complex in the entire city, but yet the acid rain completely obliterated their "100% acid-proof" building. How did that happen? No one knows.

She stepped outside. There were people everywhere. News vans lined the streets. Reporters were fighting to try to get a word with her. After all, she was the last surviving member of her family, the Daley-Cunninghams. They were the owners of the largest restaurant chain in the entire world, and now they're gone. Of course, the reporters didn't care whether or not she was okay, they all just wanted to know if her mom left her the company. They did not care about whether she was grieving. Everyone only cared about whether or not their favourite restaurant chain was going to continue operating. She had no one. "June", they cried. The reporter's voices were getting louder and louder. June was trying to hold back her tears, she started to walk faster.