

5-1-2013

## There's Nothing to Say

Kaiylyn Cox

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Cox, Kaiylyn (2013) "There's Nothing to Say," *Forces*: Vol. 2013 , Article 51.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2013/iss1/51>

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).

## There's Nothing to Say

KAIYLYN COX



**WHAT A HARD TIME IT IS** to be a fifth grader, I thought as I walked to the gold van that always held my mom in the driver's seat, waiting for us to climb in and tell her about our day. Natalie always sat in the seat behind my mom, and me in the opposite seat. I was finally big enough to avoid the always dreaded little kid car seat.

My mom was late that day, like most days. Only, this time, there was a reason.

One week ago we were there. How could so much change in one week? I wasn't going to show any emotion. What was my little sister going to think? My mom would think I was a baby. Only babies cry. I resorted to my bright green jacket that I wore every day. I buried my face into my trusty jacket until the five minute ride was over.

The next day we started the drive to Oklahoma. As a kid it always seemed like we were driving to some far off place. I repeatedly asked my parents, "Are we there yet?" The day was grey, cloudy, and cold.

As I walked into the cold morning of September 17, I had no idea what would happen. I didn't know most people in attendance. Everything seemed to drag on. Emotions were high as the day continued. Soon we would walk through some green grass, careful not to step on the rocks. My mom said it was disrespectful to step on them. As we stood there, I watched as little pink flower petals were tossed down gently.

"Why isn't she coming out of that box?" My seven year old sister asked. I had no idea what to say. There is nothing to say to a seven year old who can't grasp the idea of death. Instead I stood there and cried, allowing myself not to cover my face with my green jacket.

Boxes are made to hold almost everything. They can hold mementos of the past. They can hold pictures. They can hold important things. They aren't supposed to hold you.