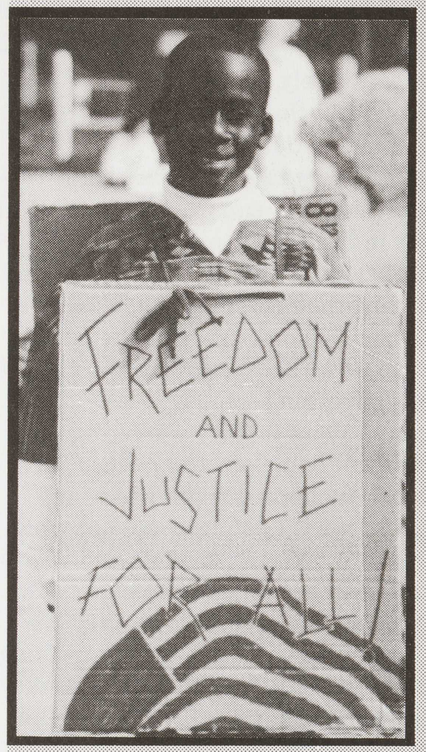
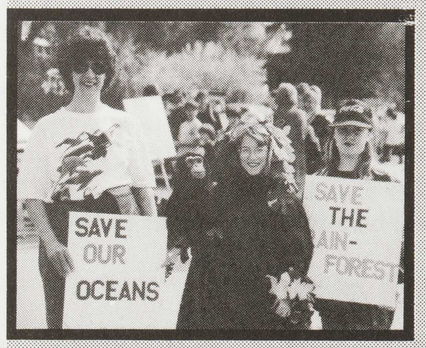
Parade of All Beings





Attracts 350 Marchers

A Stray Bullet Caught My 8-year-old Sister

Kate McCreary

By Kate McCreary

I watch my brothers carry the coffin down the silent street and around the corner.

I listen as their footsteps fade away into the gray of dusk.

And then the memories come flooding back. I wanted to scream, to bang my fists on the coffin's smooth surface, to bring my sister back — somehow, some way. I want to say that it wasn't her, that it was a mistake. That the bullet struck someone else. But I can't.

And the truth hurts.

I shut my eyes, shake my head, but I can't free the image.

The double-dutch game, the happy shouts, the rhythm of feet slapping the pavement. Kiesha, a smiling angel suspended in a blur of ropes. And then the single shot.

I remember Kiesha falling to the ground, her black braids spread out on the pavement. My mother screaming. And then the silence.

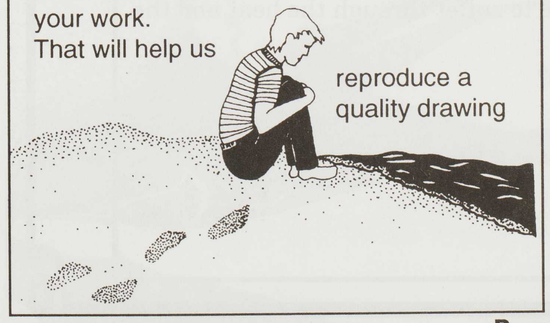
I think of the fairy tales Kiesha loved to read, about the happy endings and rich, peaceful lives full of love and good fortune.

That was the kind of life she deserved, away from this endless cycle of violence, hatred and despair. But Kiesha never got a chance to live it. My sister died on May 17, 1991, two weeks after her eighth birthday. She was killed by a stray bullet meant for someone else.

I remember Kiesha falling to the ground, her black braids spread out on the pavement. My mother screaming. And then the silence.

This is not a true story. Kate McCreary, 13, lives in Arlington, Virginia and wrote this story after reading an article in the Washington Post showing photographs of a small coffin being carried by four young men.

Want to Draw POOM a Picture?
Make a pencil drawing and then use a thin black marker to trace your work.
That will help us reproduce a quality drawing



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