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This time, four months ago, it was a normal day. I was at my office getting a booklet made for each of my coworkers that would show their growth in their skills to help get them raises. 2 hours from then, I'd get a call that would shatter my world. My wife called, screaming

"There's a shooter at Uzi's school." I told my lead I had to go as I was running to my car. As I hauled ass towards the school, I got another call. "He's in the fourth grade hallway, and I can't get ahold of Uzi!" The shots rang through my phone as my wife was telling me this.

By the time I made it to town I received a third call. "They aren't letting us see or get the kids, go to the civic center." I headed there, not knowing it would be 8 hours of sitting and hoping. As bus loads of children got off, Uzi's class never made it.

I called my other 10 yo and asked him to call his friends to see if they had heard from Uzi. He said they hadn't but had heard it was Uzi's teacher that was shot. I knew. I knew then that my little boy wasn't coming home. I knew that I was going to receive the news I had always

dreaded. Then we hear Greg Abbott on FB confirming 14 deaths, and as we looked around the civic center, you start noticing 13 other families. I knew. At 7:30 to 8 we got called back to another room. I knew. To hear the words "I'm sorry but Uziyah didn't make it." is the moment

my world crumbled. They had made a liar out of me. I always tell my kids that I will protect them and nothing could stop me. I was made a liar, by the school system, by the cops, and by that piece of shit shooter. I snuck out the back to avoid media and went and grabbed my car.

I picked my wife up at the back, and drove home. A 3 minute drive I had to figure out how I was going to tell my other kids that their brother wasn't coming home. My grief is incomparable to the moment I had to tell them. Some dropped to their knees, one ran to the backyard

One helped me hold the little ones. The wail of my daughter is a sound that stays with me, just the same as hearing the shots. It's the unimaginable. The wail that informed the world that she was broken. Then a daze came. The next few days I don't remember much except for sitting

on my porch running reporters off. It's a daze that still comes over me at times, as I try to escape reality for a few moments just to come crashing back down with the reality that my little boy will never walk back in this house.

It's been 4 months. And nothing's changed. Nobody is being held accountable. Nothing has been done. Us parents should be at home grieving to the fullest, yet we are having to fight every entity imaginable. I'm exhausted. I break down. I have panic attacks that are

devastating. But I have to fight. And I will not stop until real change has been made, and even then I will continue. Our kids deserve better. We deserve better. It's been 4 months!