

My name is Zoey Heiling and I am 11 years old. I lost my brother Brady and his girlfriend Hallie in a car crash. My heart is broken by the illegal immigrant that killed them. The night she decided she was going to drink and drive. My brother and Hallie were in Wisconsin for a concert and they were there for their anniversary. My brother was strong, loving, hard working, sweet, kind, nice, helpful and was wanting to be different than people. We gamed together a lot and I haven't gamed since the day he left for Wisconsin. He was silly and I miss him so much. Hallie was silly, sweet, kind, loving, hard working and supportive. Hallie called me Zondado because wherever I go I usually make a mess. I miss her so much. Hallie wanted to be around me and my sister Korri a lot. Hallie and Brady were alike in many ways. My brother Brady loved gaming, going to the lake, jet skiing, surfing and tubing. One time I went on the jet ski with Brady and he did a donut and he tipped us over and I was terrified. The water was cold and I tried to climb up on the jet ski and couldn't do it. He told me to wait and he would pull me up when he got on. I never rode with him because I was scared after that but in 2025 just before the crash I rode with him again. I wish I had rode more with him and I regret it a lot. When Hallie rode with Brady on the jet ski she wanted to go so slow and it was funny to watch. Brady played football and threw shot put and ran in track. He also loved to weight lift. Hallie played basketball, tennis and softball and when she was younger played volleyball. Hallie would make tik toks with me and sometimes her friends would join in too. We had lots of fun and funny tik toks. I play basketball and that is my favorite sport and when I was practicing Brady would give me lots of tips and Hallie would like to do that too. I miss them helping me with my sports so much. Hallie would play tennis with me, my sister and Brady and give us good tips. I loved playing sports with them so much. I miss our times that we would spend together. I have a lot more stories to tell but there is too many to write here. We now have to go out to the cemetery to see them instead of in person which makes me sad. I like to make things to leave at their graves and write them notes. We decorate their spots with lots of lights because Hallie didn't like the dark. My mom makes pretty flower baskets to put out there and I like to sit in the swing next to there grave when we go to visit them. My life will never be the same and I am so sad that Brady and Hallie aren't here with me anymore. If there is a person that has breaks a law and is living here illegally they should be put in jail and sent back to their country before they do more crime or kill someone. If the woman who killed my brother and Hallie had been sent out of this country the first time she broke the law then Brady and Hallie would still be here and I wouldn't be so sad.