

Friday 24th April 2015

The Escape of A Lifetime

Heavily, I opened my eyes, they started to focus to this unfamiliar place. The sea covered me like a blanket. It was colder than words could explain, colder than stone cold, colder than freezing cold, colder than cold could ever be! My clothes stuck to me like superglue, never letting go. I could see an opaque, unobstructed land of a mixture of greys, whites, pinks, reds, browns and black which turned out to be...stones? They were almost everywhere around me as well as digging into my ribs, it hurt like hell! Slowly, sand found its way down my mouth and into my sore, salt filled throat. How much longer would it go on for? I wanted to sleep, but worried that I may never wake. Tiresomely, I raised my sleepy head as my neck clicked in discomfort. Ahead of me was a mountain of stones. Stones, upon stones, upon stones. Behind me was the sea (the big blue blob as I liked to call it), it's aroma drifting up my nose. Floating on it was a dingy. My dingy. I looked up; there was a collage of blue and white (the sky). Very unfamiliar as back home the sky was a giant, grey, colourless cloud. There were things in the sky making a strange squawking noise, yet I couldn't put my finger on what they were. The waves roared, or was it the engines of planes? The things in the sky circled me, or were they planes that threatened to drop bombs on me? I was so confused that I could not tell. The pebbles slipped under my weak, frail body, or was it the ruins of houses crumbling beneath me? My body started to imprint in the stones. I knew I had to move, and fast. Weak I was, but I had to get up that horrid mountain. Death was upon me with its best friend; hyperthermia.

I slowly army crawled up the hill, further and further I got until I came to a halt. Someone was walking by with this strange animal. I hoped and I prayed that they wouldn't notice me or speak to me (I didn't know one word of English). As I reached the top, a chilly breeze hit me. My hairs stood on end and goose-bumps covered me like chickenpox. What should I do? My life was in danger. I wanted the ground to swallow me up. As this strange human and its owner (a mysterious animal) walked past, the owner made an ear-deafening noise. This alerted its pet, the human, that something or someone was around, but they carried on walking. A sigh of relief escaped my mouth. I was safe for now. I peeked behind me; the dingy was now out of sight. There was no going back.

Suddenly, sirens filled the floppy things on the sides of my head (known as my ears). Suddenly, a horrid memory hit me:

“Come on, we can’t hide forever!” my mother called to me as I scurried after her, my body trembling with fear and anxiety. As father followed, the cry of sirens overtook the sounds around us. We were trapped. A policeman spoke, and then a gun shot. Poor, dear father fell to the floor, blood dripping out of him. I screamed to the top of my lungs. He was gone forever. As mother started to weep, I comforted her, knowing she would never forget this horrid moment. I told her we were to run away and never come back. The policemen cleared, finally leaving. We found an abandoned dingy, lying on the floor. After a week or so, we were fit to sail. We waved a final good-bye to our home land. We sailed through the sea. By the time we had got to an unfamiliar country, mother was unwell. We couldn’t go to a doctor as we didn’t know their strange language. We had to carry on sailing. We were halfway through our journey when the worst thing happened; she fell asleep and never woke again. I shook her and called her name, but she never woke or replied. She had died aswell. I was on my own...

Now all I could do was run. So I picked up the courage to run along the rest of the pebbles. There was a church that didn’t seem too far away, but I couldn’t risk it. Everything was going all wrong. I couldn’t take it anymore! I wanted to scream as loud as I could, but I could get heard, and then sent back to my hell. I was in such a situation. Then in an instant, policemen started walking down. I was in danger. I had to hide...

By Tegan Buchanan