

Thursday 24 April 2015

Sandy Salvation

Cold spikes dig into my body, holding my garments in place; the waves are mercilessly pounding my body into a pulp on the scouring stones. I open my eyes to what I think is a mirage, or have I actually reached land? The freezing sea breeze powers the cold which saps my strength and the salt in the air is sucking the moisture from me. I stare into the sky, seagulls! I must at least be on some form of land. I try to move my limbs but they are numb from hypothermia. A small wave washes over me and freezes my bones. I have to move or I will die from the cold. Slowly I get to my feet; my body stone cold. The rocks dig into my bare feet as I stumble up the rocky cliff that might lead to paradise. I look back; at least I'm alive and away from those waves that held me captive for so long in that watery hell. Spotting a glimpse of the raft that carried me all this way slowly drifting away, and the hooks of the waves trying to drag me back somehow it was a bit sad. Looking back I continue battling the stones trying to pull me away from my destination for a hope of salvation.

I reach the top and see a mass of buildings, nothing damaged, and everything in pristine condition, paradise! The letters over there, they seem familiar ... They're English! So is that flag! Those must be the white cliffs of Dover! I made it, I actually made it! Even though I am hungry and dehydrated, I did it! However I have to hide, everyone is staring at me, I have to be inconspicuous but what next?

I cannot go to the police or they will send me back. I guess I will have to get a job and some new clothes; I cannot blend in with these, they are too ripped and torn. But for now I need to hide. So I'm starting to slowly pull myself towards a nearby fishing boat; I will at least have a shelter that can protect me from the rain tonight even if it does have a few sharp edges. I'm thinking about those who didn't even make it this far. As far as I know I was one of the lucky ones. I quickly fall asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Oscar Anslow