

24th April 2015

In Hiding.

I open my eyes to see a distortion of white and blue. My make-shift raft has given up on me and thrown me into the icy, bottomless water. A sudden crash of bubbly salt water plunges down my red, raw throat. The waves are needles, piercing my threadbare body. My stomach doesn't agree, I am forced to use up the last of my energy and mercilessly cough and splutter the salt water back out. Above me I hear the squawk of seagulls; not the screams and cries of unfortunate humans. I hear the roar of the waves - not an aircraft's engine. Helplessly turning my head I see a collage of orange, grey and black. I know if I stay here I will die from the icy grip of the waves... So I don't. I've come all this way - there's no time to give up now. I try to get up, my body disobeys my order; the lapping waves are taking my energy, bit by bit. I attempt to strain myself out of the icy, grabbing claws which are quickly sending me to my watery grave. Eventually I manage to do so, however I lose my breath, and I am left to lie on harsh, painful pebbles.

I've become more aware of my surroundings; I know I must stay inconspicuous because if I fail to do so, I will most probably be sent to the authorities. Which means this daunting trip would have been for nothing. I hear a muffled alien like language in the distance - which means I'm in danger of being spotted. I force myself to move my paralysed legs up the unsteady mountain. A shower of harsh rocks crumbles on top of me, but I'm forced to carry on. Once I reach the top I can see more of this land: trees, buildings and towering cliffs. I scan along the horizon and see a tall flag, standing proudly- a red cross is stretched on a white background. England!

I have made it to paradise! For a moment my pain, hunger and ill-health have vanished completely, because right there in front of me is the English flag, flapping in the breeze. My excitement doesn't last long as I realise I must hide; I'm drawing too much attention to myself. I use the rest of my energy to crawl under a turned over fishing boat- at least this will keep me out of the rain. I rest my head on a jagged, uneven rock, and close my eyes. I lie there thinking about my past week.

By Nicole Thompson.

