

Friday 24<sup>th</sup> April 2015

### The Escape!

It appeared that an angel stood before me - or was it just a seagull, laughing at me? As my eyes adjusted it seemed that it was just a seagull perched on my chest. I was too tired to shoo it away. It stood on my bitter, raw chest until yet another layer of gritty saltwater coated my frosty body. Then it flew away. My shattered boat lay beside (and on top of) me. Thick, heavy, salt-filled air strangled me as I coughed up more and more sea water. In front of me, I saw an enormous mountain of stones and pebbles that could probably touch the sky. All I had to do was climb up and over it but how could I do that if I could barely keep my eyes open? I had to try to hoist myself up and over. How could I do it? I at least had to try.

It was no use. My strength had been washed away. With every step I took the pebbles ran away from me, maybe it was because I was different to everyone around me, the pebbles were avoiding me: I felt like the odd one out! Finally, I gained enough strength to walk/ crawl up the mountainous hill. The sand clung to me like a baby, red blood trailed upon my bare footprints from the cuts on the bottom of my feet. Eventually, I had made it up the hill of slipping and sliding pebbles. A rush of happiness and relief ran down my spine; I was up and away from the dangerous ocean!

Was I in England? Had I reached my destination? Suddenly, in the corner of my eye I could see strange foreign writing on the signs around me. Was it English or French? Next I overheard a conversation some people were having: their language sounded peculiar and unfamiliar. The most obvious clue of all stood right before my eyes... the English flag! I couldn't believe it; I was in England! Now, instead of feeling bitter-cold I felt warm and snug as though I was under a fluffy blanket... Until (yet again) I could hear helicopters, whistles and boats. I turned around and saw the police, with guns targeted right at me. I began to sweat - a lot. My heart was pounding so hard I thought it was going to burst out of my chest! As the figures faded I realised, it became clear to me... it was just a hallucination... Memories of my past shone upon me, this was the world I used to live in.

By Milly Louise Robson

