

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

### My Migration

The first thing I caught sight of was a distortion of blue and white. I could hear birds encircling me - or were they planes threatening to drop bombs on me? I could smell and taste the aroma of salt drifting towards my nose. I could feel the gritty shingles piercing my back and digging into my skin. Mercilessly and incessantly the hand of death was trying to drag me down to my watery grave. The crashing waves, determined to suck the life out of me, pounded against my battered and bruised skin. Where on Earth was I?

Like a baby crawling to its mother, I forced my tattered body to get up, but it would not obey. I knew I had to move soon; the water was exasperatingly cold. Depressed, distraught and downcast I wanted to cry out for help. But I could not. I had to remain inconspicuous. My legs, paralysed with coldness, refused to move so I was forced to crawl on the uneven pebbles. I could see a hill in front of me - or was it a mountain I had to climb? If I didn't move now all of my journey would have been for nothing. I was desperate...

I made my move. As I started to crawl I became even more conscience of people around me. If they spotted me behaving like this, they would immediately alert the authorities. Before I was even half way up the hill my legs started to give way. However, I had to keep going. As I moved forward a few paces the pebbles rained down on me like an avalanche. I heaved my body up the remainder of the hill and past the remains of my raft. This was it. I was on dry land!

The land... it was stunning. I could see houses, not just rubble, actual houses. I could see cars, not tanks firing shells from their turrets, actual cars. I could see cheerful people walking along the craggy pebbles, not soldiers with their guns firing, actual cheerful people. Then I saw it... The English flag flying high in the whistling wind. The pain, the hunger, the thirst, the coldness all disappeared in that one moment. I was ecstatic. I had made it... I had actually made it to paradise. Overwhelmed, I started jumping in the air and cheering with joy.

Night slowly crept up on me and before I knew it the moon was out. I took shelter underneath an abandoned fishing boat. My memories came back to

haunt me, I began to think of my old home... Little children being massacred, their mothers begging the soldiers for mercy... I thought of how tranquil my home was before the outbreak of war. However that all changed just because one person wanted power over others. Imagine a place filled with happiness then plunged into a city of darkness, imagine a place where thousands of citizens are murdered just for having the 'wrong' beliefs, imagine a place where guiltless people are killed just for standing in the way of one malevolent man, that is my old world.

I tried not to think of my old life, how horrible it was, how unfair and dark it was. Now I had to sleep knowing that my friends and family could be being slaughtered right at this moment while I'm in my promised land.

Maxwell Niblett