

Friday 24th April 2015

My New Life

Land. I had felt land. At long last. Slowly, with all my effort, I opened my fatigued eyes. Before me I beheld a light like no other: an angel. Had my story ended already? Was this heaven? White blurs slowly overlapped the light on a blue background. Planes of white, with a yellow nozzle, flew gracefully by. As my eyes started to adjust to my surroundings, I figured that nothing was as I had seen it before. No. Now I saw the intense brightness of the sun and the frothy clouds passing over me. As good as this new place might seem, salty water kept peeling off my skin, making me lose grip of my life gradually. Wind whistled in my frost-bitten ears, or was it the whispers of the dead that had a dream like mine? Either way, I felt uncomfortable. Hands of death pulled me closer to my grave. Scanning the horizon, I spotted a flag – the England flag. Forgetting all about my frail body and how close I was to death, with all my might I raised to my feet. With salty air suffocating me and sand burning my eyes, I crawled up the collage of brown and grey (pebbles). To leave my home it was a struggle - the enemy was trying to stop anyone from escaping – but now I can't believe I ever wanted to live in that monstrosity of a country!

Even though the infuriated sea threw waves at me, the journey was definitely worth the hassle. Instead of people screaming, I heard squawking, the squawking of birds. Instead of planes mercilessly bombing from the smoky air above, seagulls soared across the pale blue sky. To reach a safer place, I needed to inconspicuously move up further. The horizon seemed as if it was an illusion; it seemed to get further away as I walked towards my destination. I reached the very top of the pile of jagged stones and sighed with relief, finally. Eventually, I spotted an upturned boat; I scuttled towards it then hid underneath. As I hid, I remembered back to my time in Afghanistan. Compared to this, my home town was torture! I can't wait to start my life here....

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