

**Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> April 2015**

### **My Travel to Destiny**

My stone cold body wakes abruptly as a wave laps over me like a tiger landing on its prey. I blink; I see a blurred, strange blue and white line above me, gradually my eyes focus and I see that the line is the sky. A colourful landscape surrounds me; it feels like I have pins and needles in my back from the sharp, stabbing pebbles that I have washed up on. Suddenly, I hear the sound of squawking seagulls - not the sound of screaming people running for their lives which I am used to. At a snail's pace, I force myself to stand up and I see a huge mountain of pebbles. Can I manage it? As I fall to the ground, I have to crawl - I can't walk. I feel paralysed and I don't have the will to live, but I know I have to see this land that seems to be paradise. I inch forward and the mountain of pebbles seems to go on incessantly.

Finally I get to the top and I see a peculiar shape that I have never seen before it was white with a red cross on it, was it the English flag or not? Then I see an eerie building it looks abandoned, I am not sure what it is, it looks like a tiny little shelter, but I don't want to know what is inside. All I want to do is eat and have a proper drink of water, I look round and see a building and there are people going inside, people are outside too with drinks and food! Is this my lucky day? I remember when I was able to eat in my home, before it was destroyed and we all had to flee and go somewhere else. This is why I travelled to England – at least I think I am in England.

Approaching the buildings door my heart starts to thump like a man hitting a drum, but faster. I don't know what to do; if i go in they would all stare because my clothes are different, and if they talk to me I won't understand, I am foreign to them, I have a different language. Unfamiliar letters are above the door, is this English? I reach for the door to open it, but I can't it feels like the tides are dragging me in again and I can't turn the door knob so I run, run away from the strangeness of England. I hide underneath a nearby boat. Can I survive the night? I hope so...

By Emily Miller