

Friday 24th April 2015

My destination

I was drenched. My hands were stone cold. The pebbles were piercing my icy, frozen face and emaciated body. Like a blanket on a bed, the waves were covering me- however this blanket was freezing, not warm and comforting. It was just me. My raft had given up on me and wanted me to go ahead alone. My skin was irritatingly itchy. My eyes slowly opened, a blurred vision of white and blue emerged above me. Hungry and thirsty, worried and nervous I lay there thinking about the mirage that was appearing in my mind. Where was I? Paradise or hell? England or in my home land? An unusual smell drifted up my nose, it was different to burning rubble that I was used to, and I couldn't recognise the unfamiliar smell. There were no ear-splitting squeaks of girls only the squawking of birds. A liquid of salt and water was forced down my throat, scraping it until it was red sore, and making it hard for me to breathe. The roaring sound of waves overlapped the noise of the howling wind, which tricked my brain. I felt my heart reduce speed; was I going to live to explore the country I had arrived in?

My legs felt paralysed, I wished someone's hand would reach down to help me up. Dragging my lifeless legs I stood up, managing to hold myself, standing unsteadily. I managed to climb up the mountain of stones. The sea washed my strength away; I hoped it would soon wash back ashore. A golden figure beamed from above, it blinded me; I couldn't see anything in front of me. But at least it felt like it sucked the hyperthermia out of me! Scanning the horizon I spotted a peculiar object flowing in the breeze. England, I was in England! It was a flag with a blood, red cross printed on it. I carried on looking across the view in front of me, I spotted lots of items, places I have never been to or come across before. There was: a building with foreign language painted on the side, a crystal blue boat, rich people's houses and other unusual objects. I could hear helicopters and planes above me it felt like they were circling around me in the sky. Thinking they were targeting me I thought how to cover my face up so no one could guess where I was from or what I had achieved. I concealed my identity by hiding under my scruffy torn jumper. My heart was pounding quicker and quicker. Until... ouch! I fell, the stones scratched my elbow. Oozing blood was all over me. Was my life going to end soon? "Are you alright, madam?" questioned a unique voice.

By Poppy Hardwick