

Friday 24 April 2015

### My Journey

Slowly, I open my eyes. All I can see is a distortion of beige, brown, grey and white. Where am I? Is this paradise? The waves sting me like needles, piercing my skin. The hand of death is pulling me back to my treacherous past. No. This is my new life. I try to swallow the sea water to bring back some moisture to my red raw throat. It doesn't help. The salt encrusted water I swallow is attacking my (already damaged) throat. I feel like every time a wave thumps me it's sucking my breath away and slowly but steadily paralyzing my limbs. The thick salty air is choking me. Despite my yearning to rest and never wake up I try to lift my heavy head. This takes up all my energy; I hadn't had food for days and I had only salt water to drink. In the distance, I can hear cars driving past or is it planes threatening to drop bombs on me. Lush, blossoming, emerald tress lines the crooked horizon. Looming below it I can see a hill or is it a mountain I have to conquer to find a better life.

Like a baby walking for the first time, I stood up. I fell back down. Summoning up all the energy that was left in my lifeless body-which was not very much- I pondered about why I was doing this: where I came from there was a war going on, diseases spread like wild fire and famine was common. This is why I am here. Every step I take the pebbles slip away from my rough feet as if they want to avoid me. Will I ever reach the top? Eventually, I reach the top of the rock-strewn mountain. My limbs are like a rag dolls, weak and limp. Nevertheless, an excited tingle runs down my spine! Have I reached my destination? Is this England? I can see unfamiliar symbols embedded on a building. It doesn't look like French. However, the biggest clue towered before me; the English flag! Slowly, a warm comforting feeling rushed around my freezing body. This is my new life. Who knows what adventures it would hold...?

By Ameesha Jose