

Friday 24th April 2015

The Washed Up Body

Am I in heaven? Am I dead? All I can see is blue and white and a collage of orange, black, grey and white surrounds me. Slowly and gently, white clouds pass over my worn out body. I check to see where I am. I look forward, my raft drifts of into the distance, it has no use for me and I have no use for it. The waves and the water are my death bed as my body comes to life. The cage keeps enclosing, higher and higher, colder and colder I get, finally it reaches my flesh, red throat. The wave's incessant ways will be the death of me. The salted intoxicating air stings the back of my throat. I can feel the hyperthermia getting ready to pounce on me.

Finally, my blood shot eyes fully open - I'm not home any more. Struggling to control my numb legs; I lie on the rigid mattress of stones. Finally my paralysed body comes to work with my brain. Daggers dig into my knees. A mountainous hill lay in front of me. The wind repels against me as I crawl and forge myself up, but I just can't, the pebbles are like hands pushing me down further and further. My hands cling on and I pull myself up. Fresh air fills my lungs (I haven't breathed fresh air for what seems like forever). Whispers fly in and out of my ears, they sound like the voices of people who lost their souls searching for their freedom.

Fireworks explode inside my stomach, not excited ones, but ones of fear. I know this is going to be my new adventure. I know that this is a new beginning for me. This is paradise and I will stay in my paradise forever. The bombing. The thirst. The hunger. The war. Cries of children every night. They're out of my mind. The sunset bird sings its peaceful tune as I spot an abandoned fishing boat. Forcing my legs, I stand up and then start jogging; I go faster and faster. Suddenly, I hear the sound of soldiers marching, the noise gets louder and louder, then I can feel a cold breath against my neck - It's just the unsympathetic breeze and my mind playing tricks on me. I just have enough strength to lift up the boat, paint has flaked off, but I can call it home. My body curls up into a ball; before I know it my mind takes me to places I've never been before. But from my sleep I can't wake up...

By Alice Joy Stevenson

