

Friday 24th April 2015

Washed Up

Abruptly, I opened my eyes to see endless miles of stones pushing uncomfortably into my face. Where was I? Was this an illusion? Was I really on land? All I could see was blue, white, brown and grey. The stone cold water lapped over me, paralysing me. I looked over my right shoulder weakly to unexpectedly see my raft. It had thrown me off and drifted away. Suddenly, I realised where I was, in-between life and death. I felt like the salt water was being thrown down my sore, red throat in large buckets. I knew I had to leave this place and hide somewhere; I couldn't be seen or caught. I tried to move, but then I felt like the waves were stealing my energy, bit by bit. It was like all the waves were my enemies. As I tried to stand up, they would just pull me back down.

I slowly lifted my lifeless body up, but I fell straight back down, I took a huge lungful of salty air and crawled closer to a mountain of colourful stones. As weak as I was, I knew I had to reach somewhere safe. The sun beamed down on me as I slowly trekked nearer to the mountain. As I walked up the steep mountain, I could see people. The stones were drawing attention to me by being so loud.

Eventually, I reached dry land. I could see things that I couldn't see from the water. Houses. Lots of beautiful houses. Then trees – as I focused more on the trees I saw a huge breath-taking palace just behind them; what could be in there? Who could be lucky enough to ever live there? For a moment I forgot all about my hunger, my thirst and my ill-health altogether, because right there, right in front of me, standing high and proud, flapping in the wind... was the English flag!

I could hear stones crunching, however I wasn't moving, I rapidly moved my head around; to see if anyone was closing in on me. There was – I ran into a large bush, the pebbles, crumbling behind me- drawing peoples' attention to me. finally I reached the bush; I was safe now. Yawning, I decided I needed somewhere to sleep for the night; but I couldn't leave and risk people seeing me! I laid down on the floor and thought back to what happened this time last year. Fighting – guns and lots of wicked people. I didn't want to think about

that, I was in England now. I rested my head on a rough, uneven stone; I fell asleep, knowing that I might not wake up...

By Abigail Sarah Harrison