

The Warzone's Refugee

Finally, Australia, the place that took five days to travel to, the place that I promised myself was safe, the place that will be turned into my home.....

“The French are invading Algeria! I repeat the French are invading Algeria! If you are in that area you must leave immediately!” After that message screamed from the radio, I knew I had to leave Algeria. I grab a bag from inside my home and pack it with gear I may need for my journey. Some food, water, wire cutters, a map, rope, my flute and a flashlight. I race outside my home, mount onto my lovely companion Ghost and set off to the Algeria-Morocco border. All I wanted to do was relax under my giant Cypress tree, and watch the herd of goats play around. Is that so much to ask? The journey on horseback is much faster than it would have been on foot. It only took about the rest of the day to arrive there.

The giant metal fence ran across the barren wasteland for ages. Good thing I packed those wire cutters to cut through the border. I take them out of my bag and cut the wires. I cut for a long time, long enough for my hand to get sore. When I finally finish it is dark, but the hole is just big enough for my horse to fit through. I guide her through to the other side of the border and then we continue our journey to get to Australia. My dress rips on the edges of the cut fence. We don't sleep at all, instead I keep going towards the ocean.

It's freezing cold when we reach the small town, Essaouira. The streets are so bare, it looks more like a ghost town than a beachside town. My horse and I make our way down the dimly lit streets, until we reach the docks.

When we reach the docks, the sun was rising, and I had no way to get Australia. But then it comes to me, just steal a boat. The boat in front of me is beautiful. The silver paint on the boat glimmered in the morning light. The keys to the boat were left in the boat. Sadly, A dreaded moment arose, I had to leave my beloved horse behind. I jump off Ghost and grab my bag, completely devastated. I hated saying goodbye to her, she served me too well.

The boat was covered in fishing nets, but if I got to Australia, I would be fine. While I turn the key, my stomach fills with butterflies, eating away my courage. My eyes fill with tears at the sight of my wonderful horse being left behind. I wave goodbye to my dear friend, tears streaking down my face, creating small rivers cooling me. “Goodbye Ghost.” I whisper.

Day one on the boat was fine, I was sad, but fine. Although day four was bad. I had run out of food, and the boat was low on fuel. Luckily, I found three prickly pears underneath a pile of fishing nets and ate them. Day five I was fine because that morning I saw land. I mean I had seen land before. But that land was South America. I had packed a map, so I knew where I was going. This land I knew was Australia.

Finally, Australia, the place that took five days to travel to, the place that I promised myself was safe, the place that will be turned into my home. The barnacle covered docks stretch out welcoming me to Australia. It's such a pity my horse Ghost was unable to see it. I dock my boat and grab my bag and exit the boat. The docks were sturdier than in Algeria. I walk to the land, so I can finally see Australia.

Australia is different to my imagination. I thought it was a peaceful place, where I could get a comfy home. I was wrong. Despite how hard I tried to find a home I couldn't find one. It turns out you need proper Australian money, who'd have thought? It is night time, and the place is still lit up like a lantern. The lights shine down on my face blinding me. I have no home or money, and I can barely speak English. How will I ever live here?

I make my way down a busy street despite my bag finally making my back sore. More lights shine on my face, forcing me to a dark alleyway. The alleyway is filthy, with roaches on the sides of building walls, a lonely trash can overflowing with trash, a dirty blanket strung across the ground. Well, this looks like my home for the night. I lay down on the dirty blanket and place my bag next to me. My sore stomach wants food so badly, but I have none to feed it. The streets at night are so well lit up, it's extremely hard to sleep with the light screaming in my face, but when I finally fall asleep I am happy.

Crash! I awake to the sound of the rubbish bin falling on its side spilling out the contents all over the already dirty alley. I am starving but as I look to my bag, I remember that I have no food. I lift my bag onto my back and stumble towards the daylight street. Cars zoom past me, and people walk away. I can't communicate properly with them because I only know two words. 'I', 'Refugee' and "Home"

I walk up to a person with a banjo playing some music. The music is upbeat and happy, and the man has quite a crowd. People are clapping and throwing money in a hat. Maybe I could do that, I know how to play the flute really well. The village I lived in loved it when I played. My flute was in my bag so I dash back to the alley and take it and a hat out. I really don't want to take the guys' spotlight. I take a seat on the ground in front of the alley, place my hat and play. I play a famous song from Argentina, El Día Que Me Quieras.

El Día Que Me Quieras is a song about love, sung by the wonderful singer Carlos Gardel. The song has a wonderful tune, and sounds beautiful on the flute. El Día Que Me Quieras tells a tale of pure love that would almost be impossible to find, it seemed as if the love only would exist in the bible. When I play it on the flute, it brings a sense of calmness to me, and I get lost in the melody. It's almost as if the music lifts all the bad feelings in my body and dumps them in a dirty trash can. When he wrote this song, it swept across the country and everyone was talking about it. Some even called it the best song in the world.

When I start to play a crowd gathers to see me play. They dance and clap and others walk past. But most of them throw money in my hat. I keep playing songs I know on the flute until the hat is full of money. I played Caminito, Cumparsita and La Cumparsita before I finished playing. I look down at the hat full of coins and lift it up. I pick up my bag and walk down the street. The sun blares on my skin just like in Algeria. I walk up to a shop with a big red sign, and enter. As I walk up to the counter people stare at me, and clearly are whispering stuff to one another. They are bad whisperers and I can hear everything they say.

"Look at her darker skin."

"Where'd she get that ripped up dress? It looks like a rag."

"Why isn't she at home doing housework?"

I walk up to the counter with my hat full of coins and point to a picture of chicken. The lady takes my hat full of money, and a few minutes later she hands me some chicken and my hat. I walk out of the store and devour the chicken. I was really hungry.

After ages of walking around the city I find a place that I can sleep. I place down my heavy bag and sit down. I curl up into a ball away from the pathways. It is very cold tonight. Just as I start to fall asleep an old man walks up to me and asks me a question. I don't know what he said but I make out the word refugee. I say to the man with a nervous voice, "I Refugee." He nods his head clearly understanding me and takes my hand. I grab my bag and stand up hesitantly. He guides me down a few streets until he stops in front of a building. He looks down on me his smile as bright as the streetlights all over the city.

He leads me through the doors and says "Refugee Home". My eyes must have been tricked! My head spins with joy, I felt over the moon! Beds lined up across the walls, books in piles on the floor, people smiling. I can't believe it, my journey is finally over. I had found my home.