

## The Answer

We were met by the crashing deep blue, glistening waves, and snow-white sand. We walked up the boardwalk and shallowly remembered...

Recently in Vietnam there has been a war. Despite it being after the war, we must migrate to another country. With no essential needs, money, and not even spare clothes. My family has a permanent scar because everything is either blood soaked or demolished.

If we were warned, this whole situation would be prevented. Now we look of happened before and after the war. I always reminisce of when we were running on the pristine beautiful beach.

My family sat there on the blood-stained ground with a clueless daze looking at the clouds trying to escape us. I feel as if everything despises us. Today my family are going to try and break into the hull of a boat despite it being dangerous we experienced worse. Everyday thinking that my dad is going to be killed or kidnapped. Once again read and check this makes sense... also check the tense.

It is five in the morning, two hours before the boat leaves. We jump in the hull. Below deck with no light is frightening especially when salty, freezing sea water drips into your eye and eyes catch on fire.

The boat has left the dock our plan worked until we are stood over by a cold-blooded soldier with a homemade eye patch with a deep red scar. Pointing a black pistol at my family and I. That was when we realised, we were on an enemy's boat. This soldier j going to end another incident family's lives. We all huddled together, and he picked up the baby and carefully placed him in the captain's seat. He put his head out to help us up. He whispered to my dad "You're welcome". He explained to us how he stole the army's equipment. Over the five day is we sat quietly waiting our then we come to a stop. The man who saved us put his right foot then left foot out. We thought he was trying to fix the motor which had fishing line tangled in it for the last three days. Then we saw his head over front of the boat. Everyone shouted, "We've made it!".

The sand was icy cold that there were painful sensations in my feet. It is one of the scariest moments of my life because the soldier leads us to the paved path. I had not seen a paved pathway in a year. Running up the artificial hill. There was a shadow following us. I tried not to look back, I just saw the deep fear in everyone's eyes. Soon our slow jog transitions into a full sprint. I see people falling behind including my mother holding my brother. In the distance she screamed "Keep going...". The footsteps subdued her voice out. I am running like a headless chicken. I hear a Jeep powering through the bush scrub. I see my mother and brother crying. The last I see is the bright, blinding light. Before one gets out grabs my arm and throws me in the back of the car. I am looking at the window looking at my family in the car tray. After about three I fall asleep.

I wake up in an army green, large tent. The first thing I think is at least I have a bed. Then I walk out and I am in the desert. It is basically empty except a dead, hollow grass ball slowly rolling. I look to the left and I see more tent. I look to the right and I see a concrete, double story house. I go for a walk then a guard begins to eye me down. Hand on a baton ready to hit. Then a person says "The warden wants the new refugees" in a thick Irish accent. We approach the house.

The warden stands up and loud chews his pink gum. We say hello. He sits down and points to the set of chairs. He says deviously "If you try to escape, we will find you and send you back your country. You will never get your citizenship if you mess up. If you do you have to go through me so do not fight or talk back". We walk out to a guard. He has a thick scar and an eye patch. I recognised him. I whisper to family "That's him." He smiled like he won a million dollars. He says like a villain "I played that you." I almost started to cry. He actions cut me deeper than a knife cut. I planned something for that night. An escape.

The plan is shut down because my family has now suffered from depression. This drives me even more to find an escape. I know we can get out.

I did the riskiest thing possible, a daylight escape. First, I had to wake up earlier than the guards. I which I did. Get through the security cameras unseen. Climb over the deadly sharp barbed wire. Now that I am out, I have to run for my life. Now I must when the sirens are engaged. Running into the bush land, leaves crunching and trying run with me. Luckily, the highway has its first car driving by in two days. This caused a loud commotion to echo through the canyons. The police sirens echoed through after that. When the path cleared, I ran over the road to a scorching sandy mountain. Climbing the mountain, I hear over the speaker forcefully "Come down or we'll shoot". I had to take the risk. I just kept running. People say I bloom under pressure. I do not, there was a black hole in my mind. All more thoughts were blink. Until I find a bush, I just started to sprint in a direction. Finally finding a bush, the police walk past. Holding guns until a stray dog comes and attacks them. They all drop their weapons and run away.

I begin my long journey. Looking for money for twelve hours. I found ten dollars on the ground. In my country ten dollars could food for a week and all it buys here is lunch. It looks like I must beg. All I found is a cardboard box so that is what I slept in.

The next day, I started to plead for money. On my knees crying of starvation. Grazed knees dripping of deep red blood. The dusted road around me with veins of blood. Finally, a man gave me thirty-five dollars. I am saved. I thank him he does not know how much this helps. At the end of the day, I had a hundred dollars and fifty cents. I can survive for at least three weeks until that night, a dark shadow approached me and fell over my box.

In the morning, the man forcefully pushed himself up. Him and I scavenged for money. He had his way to get money like playing his two-string guitar and sing into a glass bottle. I have now realised people have had the same experience what I have been through. That pushed me to get through this. As soon as I realised this my mentality switched.

After my month-long journey, my parents get their visa. Now my family sells high quality Vietnamese food. My mother always says, "Remember where you came from". I always will for the rest of my life.

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