Diary entry for a young refugee child

 I was not alone but I felt alone. A thousand shuffling people were walking beside me but I didn’t know any of them by name. The silence defeaned me as my ears rang with the sound of fear and blood rushing inside my head. My world had fallen apart around me and I was afraid for my life and my future.

 This week had started like any other week for me. I got up and went to school as I did on every Monday morning but that is where the similarity ended. By mid-morning I heard the bombs falling around the flimsy shelter of the classroom. I heard the bombs landing relentlessly around the southern side of my village. I could feel the earthquake tremble through the soles of my feet. Bricks rained from above and shards of glass pierced the smoky air.

Later on as the bombardment started to ease I heard my teacher tell us to stay in the safety of the school grounds. But how did she know where safety was? I had thought the village was safe, our neighbourhood was safe, our country was safe!

 The unsettling calm of afterwards did nothing to ressure me. I questioned what had happened to my father working in the field, my mother shopping in the market and my brothers and sisters in different classes in the school. I had to know what happened to my family so I stepped into the unknown landscape of destruction around me. I wondered what I would find…..