

Youssef's Memories!

In the middle of the night, the middle of the ocean, ominous clouds tower over us on the tiny boat. The air is bitter and windy, dark and late, only lit by the moon. I sit, cold, sad tears glint on my face. The story of Rami's music, reminds me of home, where there once was no sadness, no tears.

I closed my eyes, and there I was playing football on the dusty streets, with my friends. In summer, where the sky was calm and the lemons on the lemon tree were juicy ripe, mum would make lemonade. Our house was filled with the scent of honey and spices. Mum would make Baklava in the mornings for the bakery. That was home - a safe, happy place. Just at that moment, a wave crashed into the boat. The memory fades, bringing me back to reality.

It started to rain, stinging me with a cold spray. Bashar tugged on my drenched sleeve asking more questions. The cloud covered the moon giving everyone a fright. I searched for my coat in my bag, but all I could find was the lemonade bottle; I cried. Shed tears as I opened the lid, the scent tickled my nose, triggering me back, back to that place, that time...

I remembered, remembered when me and Hassan, did homework in the kitchen, on the table, liking spoons and bowls as mum cooked her special recipes. We felt safe there, even from the school bully: Ahmed. I chuckled by the memory of mum marching him home, leaving Ahmed speechless. I was very happy, I was in the best place, with the best family.... before I could finish, I heard a loud bang, a gun, The memory shattered, disappearing. I wanted mum and dad again but there was no hope.

I couldn't bear the thought. A crack of thunder and a beam of lightning hit the ocean, making me jump with fright. I squeeze my brother's hand and gave him a hopeful smile. I prayed, prayed that our life before would come back, with no guns, no soldiers.

Youssef's Memories

As I sit on the blistering boat the wailing winds swirl around the vessel, I grip on tightly, praying we get out of this hopeless mess. I'm in a depressing state; I feel so lonely - only my brother for company. I look up in the sky, hoping to see something that could save our sorrow souls but all I can see is a dark, moonless sky and a cloud that looks like a tree. A lemon tree. It sends me back.

Me and Hassan had just finished a game of football, the score was seventeen to sixteen to me. Obviously, mum made us clean up, we were covered head to toe in dirt. We expected to be men by the time we were clean. After, we had finally cleaned up, we raced each other to the kitchen (I won). Sitting on the table was baklava and lemonade, my personal favourite. I devoured the baklava in seconds and stole as much of Hassan's as possible. After I gulped the lemonade it splashed all over my face. It was cold. Cold as the bitter sea.

A wave crashed on to the boat and lunged directly at my face. I have been snapped back to reality. In this horror of a life I have been trapped in an endless cycle of torture. I have no reasons to live. Well, apart from my brother. Suddenly, the waves came in numbers. The noise pierced my ears. It sounds like the gunshots that took my father.

It was the happiest time of my life until the soldiers came. They were too powerful and were driven by greed; whatever they wanted they got. They were unstoppable, that's why we tried to flee. Well me, Hassan and father left mother at home and it may have saved her life.

Unexpectedly I was thrown forward into the empty space on the boat, I crash into the wooden plank and a single tear rolls down my cheek. Then I feel someone's arms wrap around me. Hassan? No the hands are too big. I peer behind me. It's Mohammed. That's when I realize I have a new family. Not related by blood because that's not the meaning of family.

Youssef's Memories

Wave after wave cascades against our ship's flimsy, rubber hull. We are refugees, nowhere to call home, nowhere to run. I look at my last possession, my younger brother, he is mine to protect, but his breaths are becoming shallower every minute of this brutally long and perilous night. A young boy starts to play a song on his violin, and the sombre sounds remind me of a different time, a happier time.

It was a Saturday, and we came home from a day of football in the dusty streets and found the smell of freshly baked baklawas greeting us. As we ate, mother taught me the vitality of looking after my fragile little brother, Hassan. The safest place on Earth. A content place. But now just a forgotten pile of unimportant rubble, like everywhere else.

Cold salt-spray sheets down on me, reality brutally dragging my memory out of existence. I watch as a tsunami of a wave hurdles past our delicate dinghy and griptighter to my brother. Lightning forks down, striking the nearby water, making it sparkle momentarily. A few fish float limply to the surface of the swirling sea. Beautiful but deadly, like most things. In contemplation, I stare at the water ponderously trickling down the boat, like syrup. Exasperation becomes excitement as I spin back in time.

We watched the school bully run cowardly away, our tiny mum chasing after him, shouting insults at him until he was fully and truly gone. She marched back and we winced when her steaming form came into the garden, but her grimace became a grin as wide as the sea. (After that day we treated our mum with a certain respect, as we decided self-discipline was better than her discipline). Me and my brother sat down - once we'd hugged and thanked mum - and did our homework. A nice normal thing.

A loud pop shatters the day-dream, and I watch in desperation as our inflatable boat slowly decompresses, air squeals out of it. I hold my ill brother tightly as I exchange glances with the other passengers. Waves break over us as we sink. Greedy water seeps into me as water gushes over the boat. I join the fish in the sea. I will be with my father once more.

Youssef's Memories

As I huddle in the boat with my brother, shivering, listening to Rami's music, we sob. The glow of our the moon illuminates our dinghy, the helpless passengers are left, spinning, spinning, spinning on a big ocean on a small boat. The smell and taste mama made for us before we left home, was irresistible for both of us. A cold, bitter, lonely tear slowly slipped down my face making a glittery trail, reminding me of the time she gave me a sour lemon, so, so sour it made me cry!

We picked the lemons from the tree - our special home lemons, nobody else grew lemons like we did, they were very special indeed - I tried one, the most sour lemon I ever had and, I've had a lot of lemons in the past! The hot mid-day sun blared down on us, making us excruciatingly hot. The aroma from the kitchen was so tempting to go inside and just eat the air - impossible but delicious!

All of a sudden clouds begin to gather blocking out the sun, first it starts drizzling then, big fat blobs of it fall on us, and a big splash of sea water woke me up. It started to rain, even more than it was, stinging me with a cold spray. Bashar tugged on my drenched sleeve asking more questions. The cloud covered the gap in the sky, plunging us into darkness giving everyone a fright. I searched in my bag for my coat, but all I could find was the lemonade bottle - empty as can be - the sent tickled my nose triggering me back, back to that place, that time...

I remembered, I remembered when me and Hassan did homework in the kitchen, on the table, licking

spoons and bowls as mama cooked her special recipes. We felt safe there, even from the school bully, Ahmed. I chuckled by the memory of mama marching him home, leaving Ahmed speechless. I was very happy I was in the best place - home - but that was before - it happened....

The thunder banged - shocking us all it reminded me of the guns - those dreadful guns - and the war.....

Yousef's Memories

The clouds break above me revealing rays of moonlight which illuminates the raft and passengers. Tears flowing down my cheek. Rami's happy melody drifts into the night and Hassan gives me a look. I slip Sip on the cold, bitter lemonade as I begin to realise why Hassan was looking at me furiously - the music was about our story.

I remembered the day that I licked the syrup off my spoon while I was sitting on the chair at the table. It was impeccable. I also remember that the school bully chased us home from school wanting to take my new football. The lemon tree growing in our back yard, with bitter, sour lemons on but the lemonade that mama made was delightful. I Jolt. A cold salt spray hit me in the arm.

My mind travels back, back to the boat as the waves harass the boat in salt water, as it sends a chill down my skin. I shiver. The temperature descends as the boat calms down. As the waves splash us with freezing cold water. The wind howls as the passengers listen to the melody of Rami's Song.

We were running, sprinting in fact from Ahmad, the school bully, who was tormenting us as we ran home. As we played football in the dusty streets. We got called in to do our homework, scattering the papers as we did our homework for hours and hours. All of the sudden the clouds ~~the~~ went dark, darker than the night sky. We all huddled. As the night went by, people evacuated their homes. Soldiers taking over our town.

I was back in the boat, the sea reminds me of the day we had our very first lemonade. The clouds dropping over us

tears flowing down my face. I hear a gun shot in the distance, as the boat hits a rock, it makes the boat weaker and weaker. The Passagers telling stories of events in the Past. Stories of hope, Storys of tears.

Hassans. Memories.

I sit huddling my brother to keep warm, and gripping the boat to keep safe. The ~~is~~ sea is kicking the side of the boat, spraying me with salty water. Missing home, I look into my brothers desperate dark eyes. Rami's notes send me back, back in time.

I found my mum cooking for the bakery, and the sweet scent from the spices, honey and freshly-baked baklava filled my nose and made my mouth water. I begged my mum to let me lick the spoons and bowls to make my smile as wide as the sea.

The honey around my mouth becomes water around my mouth. A solitary tear drops down my cheek. Head in hands, my brother assuring me with his words. The unforgiving weather, slaps me across the face, reminding me of my brother kicking the ball in my face.

The dusty streets of my old home where I used to beat my brother at football. Teasing him when I won, but never told Mamar. The dust ~~in~~ from the streets become the gloom of the night in which the clouds lingered.

Suddenly, a drop of ~~rain~~ hopefully rain lands on my forehead. Wet, cold and a droopy heart, the rain falls and falls with my memories. The tears of my personality mix with the memories rain. In the distance a silhouette....

Harry's Memories

I am sitting in the boat the ocean became more and rougher each minute. The weather was cold and stormy but the moonlight was shining on us. The tears on yasser's face was like sand on a hot surface, and the tears were forming like puddles in the boat. Water was spraying at us.

We remember playing football in the dusty street, but the ball went in my head and then the ball flying in the people house so they told me off. So I ran to my house so I told my mum and she said "It was a one of go and have some fun." So I did what she asked and she was still there then the lining's struck.

The gloomy sky filled the ominous clouds as each minute, it is getting colder and colder as we are not going it is like time has stopped whilst we are in the boat sharing the lemonade. As I tasted the lemon goes it tastes like the bread once at home.

The bread was in the oven for 10-15 minutes so I was picking lemons to make juice but then it was really soiled my mum so she took it out and I said can we eat it so I had some the last bread.

The family will always be in their hearts; one more step one more breath, one more hope until it will be over so we tried to make it happy but it failed.

Yoursself's memories

With haling winds swirling around me, blistering boats spinning in a big ocean with no hope of pulling through. I'm frozen and petrified to the spot the moon glowing on my face. It was hope less. It would take a miracle to survive. I gazed up at the moon when a cloud that looked like a tree covered the glow of the moon.

The tree looked exactly like the one we had in our garden, we always played football under it and, mother made fresh lemonade from the lemons on the tree. Oh and the kitchen. It was the safest place in the world. It always smelt of spices. And remember the time the school bully was proper told off by mother / they were the good times. "splash" a gust of water woke me with a startle.

The tears of not making the most of the past mixed with the cold spray of salt water. We huddled together to try to keep warm. We were all ice cold and almost got stuck together like a flaked ice block human glared. The only thing keeping our morals up was Ramis music. The thunder in the distance mixed up with the gun shots...

our dad, the best man to ever live. But that night, that night when the soldiers came, he gave his life for us. And all we did was sit on a hill as the gun shots hurt our father further and further away from us. That night I will never forget.

"Thud" / the boat through me to side to side warping my up. a single tear fell down my cheek. Head throbbing from pain, heart filling up with darkness, too hope less to carry on feeling like a screw over, hopeless. Half dead. my brother trynt to come me down the other people on the boat feeling sorry for me.