

Youseff's Memories.

On a cold night, with a bitter wind blowing and only Fami's music to warm us, I tried to sleep but with the salt spray and the rough waves preventing me from doing anything, I just sit, gripping onto the boat, listening. The clouds ~~sto~~ slowly drift toward the south, revealing a slither of silver moonlight that illuminated the boat and its contents; Hassan was weeping, silently. I looked at the stars and it took me back, back home.

The sun was beating down on me and Hassan, whilst we were playing football on the dusty streets. Our friends had come to play too, and we had shared our lemonade Mama had made. I remember Ahamed trying to steal our new ball. Mama really showed him not to mess with us! Hassan laughed. Home was the safest place in the world, in that kitchen with the lemon tree outside and the smell of honey and spice. It's not safe now; he joined the soldiers; he drove around in a big car, with a big gun and not even Ma could stop him ~~then~~. He raised his gun every so often and fired into the air.

The gunfire turned into the crash of a wave and the screaming turned into the wind. It started to rain. Big, heavy drops of water, hitting the delicate dinghy, sounding like running footsteps.

They came late at night, I was woken by my mother's screams. I was told to run, to take care of Hassan. Then father whispered something in my ear: he said to run, to get in a boat, sail away and don't come back until ~~you~~ I'm sure it's safe. Then he ran, led the soldiers away. It worked, but I'll never see him again. I did what he said, I

found a boat and escaped, now I am here.

A wave engulfed the boat soaking us all and bringing me back to reality. I have been thinking about what father said the whole time, but if we were to return home after the war, our home would be no more; just a worthless pile of rubble like everything else in this new life.

Youssef's Memories

I feel the waves rocking the boat as if a warning. I try to ignore and my attention draws towards the clouds, mainly the one shaped like a tank. Hassan sees it too. He remembers like I do. The tears in his eyes prove it. I grip his hand as if to tell him as if to tell him it will be ok. He smiled and the music played on, Home.

I remember the time when I could run free in the village, a time that I could kick a ball. Those times are no more now. I speak out loud to my fellow travellers. I used to play football in the hot dusty streets, and pick lemons off the tree, I laughed then, laughed for the first time in a year, it felt good. Hassan reminded me about Houssein, the School bully. Remember the time he chased us, because he wanted to take your new football? Hassan laughed. Thunder rumbled in the background and reality crumbled back.

There are tears in my eyes and as I peer at Hassan, his head is heavy low remembering the end to our story. Everyone is quiet feeling our pain and remembering their own. All of the travellers fell for us. Mohammed rested his head on my lap and told me it will all be ok. I try to believe him but I just can't. My head started spinning and the clouds above ocean became the clouds above the hills.

The happiness from then was short lived and soon enough the soldiers came for my dad; they had already got Ahmed. Ahmed now drives around in a big car with a big gun, He is unstoppable. Dad and me refused to become soldiers so they chased us up the hill, dad distracted them whilst me and Hassan escaped. I was holding the lemonade in my hand as we ran. The only thing left from my family.

As I was brought back to reality and the lemonade was placed in my hand. I look around at the encouraging faces, This is better than nothing... I think.

It Ahsan's Memories

Whilst I am sitting in the boat, the ocean becomes more and more rougher per minute. The weather is cold and stormy but the moonlight is shining on us. The tears falling from Yourself's face, are reminding me of when I was playing football in the dusty streets.

Most days, me and Yourself went ^{outside} to play football in the dusty streets. Yourself said that I was incompetent at football but I think I'm good at football. Some of my friends came and joined in, sometimes my mother came and played, but she wasn't very good. A loud crash from the ocean brought me back to reality.

The gloomy sky filled with ominous clouds as each minute, it was getting colder. As we were not getting anywhere, it feels like time has stopped and we will be here forever forever. All of a sudden, the sea became incredibly quiet. My stomach is gurgling as I'm standing with hunger. Mohammed asked me if I would like some lemonade and bread, so I took some. The coldness of the lemonade and bread the taste of the bread sent me back to when I baked with my mum.

me and my mum were making dinner. The spicy scent of the food, went through my nostrils. It made me want to eat it now, but my mum said no. me and Yourself were going outside in the warm weather. we drank lemonade after we played football. Mum calls us inside for tea. The spicy ^{scent} was delicious. It started thundering so it brought me back to ^{the} present.

I drink the rest of the lemonade and say to Yourself that I know we both miss our family but they will always be in our hearts. Everyone huddles around us and gives each other a massive hug, so we can feel better. All we have left of them is a picture and memory. The picture is everyone playing football together. I will not let anything happen to this photo until the day I die.

Youssef's Memories

The clouds break above me, revealing rays of moonlight which illuminates the raft, us and the tears flowing down my cheeks. Rami's happy melody drifts into the night and Hassan gives me a look. I sip on the cold, sweetened lemonade as I begin to realise why Hassan was looking at me funny, the music was about our story.

I distinctly remember those summer-lit evenings, where we played football in the dusty streets of our neighbourhood. Mama would always fuss about how filthy we were, scolding us but in a light-hearted way. We'd do our schoolwork on her counter-tops, whilst sipping on ice-cold lemonade for energy, the scent of Baklava pleasing our noses. I breathed in, expecting the sweet smell but I smelt salt.

My mind travels back, back to the boat which explains why I can smell salt, it is bitter. I feel the wind on my back - sending constant chills down my spine. Turning to look at my brother, I'm shook. Hassan is smiling and turns to look at me, he chuckles, then he remarks on a memory. He starts and he can't seem to stop, I smile in realisation.

We were running, sprinting in fact for Ahmed, the school bully, was pursuing us, desperate to gain our new football. Scampering home, we ended up on our doorstep, out of breath. Mama came rushing out at the sight of us, just in time to see Ahmed say quite a rude word. She was livid. Yes she was smaller but she marched that boy home putting him in his place, we were in hysterics. It was not long after the soldiers came, Ahmed joined them. Happiness was sucked out of our town, our neighbourhood, our hearts. We were evacuated we ran and ran and ran, never looking back.

A deep thunder growls in the distance as a dark shadow of manhood appears on my face. Who knows where mama and papa are now, it's scary to think they might be gone. The atmosphere is full of melancholy. Reality is cruel, reality shows no mercy, there is no happy ending to this story.

Hassan's Memories

Floating across a loud sea, looking up at the crowding, ominous clouds, all alone with my thoughts. I feel like it's just me on this boat-worrying on our reverending journey to find safety. But no, I see my fellow unknown friends faces that they too are worrying. We bundle up to keep warm because theres no way to get warmer on the rubber boat. At home we have a heater and a comfy bed. The music from Rami's vidin helps my thoughts remember home, the memories from my past come to my head.

Home, a place I could feel my own. The only place I could get treated by loved ones. And our bakery, a beautiful place full of brilliant smells and delicious tastes. My mother used to let me and my brother let us lick the Syrup off the spoons and let us eat the left over chocolate from the cakes. We ran through our childhood streets playing football, and raced around the horse track.

The sound of the horse track is not the horse track, it's the sounds of a wave crashing into my side of the boat. As the night passed on, we became colder and colder, my brother mouths to me "I miss home," then starts crying. Then someone nuges me and the lemonade comes to me and the flavour reminds me of summer, a hot summer day.

The summer day was warm and sunny. Drinking cool lemonade at the park. We played football and also hide and seek. Our trees blooming with blossom we had picnics full of delicious food like: ham, chicken, sweetcorn sandwiches and lemons. Back then it was fun, a pleasure to live there. But it all...

The last lightning strikes against the ocean illuminating the sky and deep below the ocean. Waves used their last breath and thunder dies down. It was fully quiet nothing was heard- except us breathing- just breathing.

Yousef's Memories

Stuck in the clings, in the vast, open ocean, I cuddled my younger brother. Shining brightly the moon was the only source of light which illuminates the path ahead, as we have no destination, nowhere to go. Tightly huddling my brother, a small bitter tear dripped slowly down my face, reminding me of the time my mother gave me sour lemons.

I played Sootball on the dirty, dusty streets. Then I ran to my mum and brother as they were making baklava. All I could smell was honey and salt. Smiling happily, mum told me to go collect some lemons (for some fresh lemonade). The smell of salt...

Sea salt stinging me, I am so cold but I have to smile for Hassan. I see the despair in his eyes as he looked up at the looming, ominous clouds. The harsh, cold snow quickly surrounded us as we tried to look for land, in desperation to find humanity. The cold, deep dark blue sea was covered by the by the looming fog waiting for its next victim to fall in to the deep dark depths of the ocean. Looking at Muhammad, I saw lemonade, lemonade sizzling with love.

I was coming in to the house cluster seeing Ahmed driving around with a fully loaded car rifle. There were strong armed men with armour plated trucks, from where I were they looked like soldiers but they could be the military. Marching loudly and strongly, they were edging ever so closely, with each step they were making progress.

No! Not concrete. Thunder rumbles all around us as the memory fades. I cuddle Hassan as we both remember the good times we have had with our parents. A moment of silent begins as we take a sip of our lemonade (the last bottle).

Youssef's Memories

Although almost freezing to death, I am lonely, all alone, the only person I know is my younger brother Hassan. Darkness is absorbing all the light, ~~except~~ except for the stars and the moonlight. There are a few more survivors on the tiny dinghy. I think it is around midnight; Hassan is crying but I want to comfort him with happy memories of when we were at our house, our safe house.

Hassan wanted to play football next to the lemon tree. Spices and honey scent filled the air and we were drawn to the smell. There was one thing that floated in the air that stayed forever, love. This changed severely, Soliders came to see if dad wanted to join them in the war; he told us to run and he will lead them a different way. A few moments later, we heard gun shots.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a bang of thunder vibrates the air. The reckless, loud wind inclines the side of the frail, vessel, causing us to turn diagonally. A drop of water, freezing, cold water finds away into the boat. A few moments later, Mohamed reaches into his bag and pulls out a few glasses of lemonade.

A couple years before the war, I remembered my mother's fantastic baklava, the best in the village. Hassan and I used to love licking the syrup off the bowls and spoons (until there was no more). The lemon tree was my personal favourite, partly because we used it as a football as well. Ahmed, a nuisance of a neighbour and also the school bully attempted many times to steal lemons but our mother never let him get away. She was the guardian of the house.

Out of nowhere, a massive wave splashes me and Hassan. Then we huddled up for comfort, comfort and warmth, we held each other.

Hassan's memories...

The angry sea sprays us fearful passengers with ice cold water. The dark, ominous clouds tower ~~thick~~ with miles of endless, eerie, moonlit water. The rain drops are like hopeless tears in the night sky. A young boy named Rami plays his violin, his most prized possession, his story and music reminds me of a different time, a happier time.

I used to play football in the dusty streets with Youseff and my friends. As well as that we also used to pick off the sour lemons off the lemon tree, and make lemonade with mum and she used to make tasty baklava in our childhood kitchen and always lick the syrup off the wooden spoons, it was a better time back then.

Youseff watches a monstrous wave huddle towards us, and we were all drenched in the bitter Antarctic Ocean. I shiver. The terror of the vast Ocean awaits us, its pretty blue shine fades away as the same faith ~~was~~ our hope.

Whilst we were at home, me and my brother, Youseff, did our homework whilst mum cooked us baklava, after that we get to lick the memorable syrup of the spoons. The smell of spices in the air was so familiar, so safe.

The hazardous ocean swirls the boat, lunging it side to side. Every person on this boat is filled with fear and dread, as well as clutching their belongings like they are long lost family or friends, just like mine and Youseff's parents,