

Youseff's Memories

As I grip onto the late night boat, me and my brother are huddled, cold tired and worried. The boat is hovering on the waves, drifting away on the swelling sea. The clouds glide the stormy, windy weather stings up a cold spray. I look up at the clouds in the moonlight. The music is soothing the tears slow down my cheeks.!

The sun was there, watching us. We were playing football in the dusty alleyway, just me and Hassan. We got back home and the house smelled of spices and baklava. We would sit and do our homework, then mum let us lick the edge of the bowl and the spoons. But then, the soldiers came; no football; no homework; no nothing. It was the end.

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 grip tighter 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 slowly 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 after him. Shouting until he was truly 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 respect and decided self discipline was better than her discipline). Me and my brother sat down - once we'd hugged and thanked mum - and licked the syrup off a spoon mother had been baking with.

A loud pop shatters the day dream, and I watch in desperation as our inflatable boat slowly decompresses as air sucks out of it. I hold my ill brother tightly and exchange glances with all the other passengers. Waves break over us as we sink.

Gelid water seeps into me as water gushes over the boat, I join the fish in the sea. I take a last breath. I will be with my father once more.



Youssef's Memories

Suddenly, a bang of thunder vibrates the air. The reckless, loud wind inclines the frail vessel, causing them to turn diagonally. A few drops of water, freezing cold water, found their way into the boat. A few moments later, Mohammed reached into his bag and pulled out some glasses of lemonade, triggering memories of the lemon tree. Before disastrous acts were committed.

A couple of years after the war, I remembered my mother making her fantastic baclava, the best in the village. Hassan and I used to love licking the syrup off the bowls and spoons (until there was no more ingredients.)

The lemon tree was my personal favourite, partly because we used it as a football goal as well. Ahmed, a nuisance of a neighbour - also the school bully - always attempted to steal the lemons but our mother never let him get away with it. She was the guardian of the house.

Out of nowhere, a massive wave splashes me and Hassan. Then we both huddle for comfort. Although we are scared, we still have each other.

Hassan's Memories

I am sitting on a unsteady boat, just sitting in the middle of no where, on a stormy ocean, underneath a dark fierce night. I listen to Rami's interesting story and the sound of the clouds breaking. The story is the only thing that is going to get me through this, ever lasting night. The subtle moonlight is the only source of light I can get but it teases us and leaves us with nothing but the fear of going under.

The music takes me back to when me and my brother used to play football on the dusty streets, with our football that never breaks. I will never forget that day that mamma scared off that mean bully, that was trying to get our football. It was a funny sight. My house always smelled full of spices and honey, the smell will never leave me, I can still smell it now.

Suddenly, the waves came smashing on the side of the boat, splashing me with intense cold spray. The water shocks me, making me come out of my daydream. To my dismay, I am still sat on the rocking boat, in the middle of the big blue, that flows for eternity.

I looked up at the gloomy clouds and remembered sitting under the old but as good as new - Lemon tree and just looking up at the clouds and making shapes out of them. I felt safe there.

The roar of the thunder strikes the sea making it bubble, making me feel unsteady. Water droplets come down one by one until it soaked me. We are neglected with no hope, the only thing to do is sit and wait. I just stare out with a urge to stretch my muscles.

Hassan's Memories

I perch in the rubber under the peculiar Moonlight. I watch the clouds burn in thick lust. I try to sleep this horrifyingly dream, but the boat is being battered by the crashing waves all we have left is Rami Violin we tell our past.

Are our home was filled with love and spies and honey was the best. On Thursday we would do our home work. We would drink lemonade that Mary P. freshly made that one time when mama scared the bully.

It immediately began to turn into a rainy Atmosphere. The rain increases every few minutes. We hope the boat doesn't fill up because if it did we would sink. Yousef sees a buoy and it looks like the sea was playing football.

Picking lemons from the lemon tree was really fun. We would watch Mama make baktawa and sell them. We would get the left overs if nobody else would buy them but there was always a queue.

Youssef's Memories

As I grip the boat for dear, old, life the night only gets later. My feet are wet and my heart is crying out for love. The silver moonlight shines through the gap in the devious clouds. It reminds me of when I used to play football on the dusty streets, with the sun watching over me.

Every day, me and Hassan walked down to the park, no later than four pm. When we arrived home around two hours later, Mother would have made baklava (our favourite meal). Mother's hair was like lightning, that, I could never forget. Despite what a strong individual she was, she could not keep the soldiers away.

The familiar scent of baklava soon fades into sea salt, forcing its way into my nose. I see mother's face everywhere I look, but I know she's not coming back. Raindrops as big as golf balls suddenly begin to fall from the sky, just like fresh lemonade.

Our lemonade was the best in town. We used to sell it just outside home to help Mother and Father pay the rent. But they didn't take the money so we used to sneak it into Father's wallet when he wasn't looking. Father became very ill at the young age of thirty and struggled to walk for what remained of his life.

A paranormally large wave swallows the boat. Everybody remains on the dinghy, but left gasping for air. What have I done to deserve this torture? My heart holds no love and my eyes hold no colour, all there is left to hold now is my horrified little brother.

Yusef's Memories

Waves smashing at the back and sides of the boat, ominous clouds break releasing cold air onto the top of the dark, gloomy ocean surface. I shiver as cold a wind pushes past my face. I clutch my brother to keep warm... it reminds me of home.

We were playing in the streets, Hassan and I. Football was the best game round then, until Ahmed, the school bully, chased us from the street to our house where mama showed him how whose boss, she took him home and left him with shouts ringing in his ears. It was great but then it all changed. The soldiers came and changed it.

I woke up as salt spray hit my chest. I jolt as thunder cracks all around me. I look at everyone as the waves rock the fragile, little dingy side to side. Hassan says the lightning reminds him of gunshots, it takes me back to the past.

They tried to make Hassan, dad and I join the army. We ran to the hills. Dad went one way and told us to go the other. We sat behind behind a tree and waited for a miracle but it never came. We heard shouts and screams... and then it came the gunshot.

Rami's music keeps the darkness out of our small vessel, the the thunder and lightning seem to stop even the wind holds its breath. We're just eight people and one dog, in a small boat on the ocean.

Youssef's Memories

I wake up in the middle of nowhere, realising I'm still alive. I huddle close with Hossan, trying to keep warm. There's other people on the boat, but nothing is said. It stays like this for a while until these two people offer us some food. I take some and eat it but give some to Hossan. They also offer lemonade.

The taste of the sweet lemonade brought me back to when we were at home, picking lemons from our lemon tree in the back yard. The sweet taste of the lemonade was immense. We'd also play football in the dusty streets for hours. I remember the scent of our house with all the honey on how the spices filled our house with nice smells.

I find myself smiling in the salt of the sea perceiving that I am dreaming again. I wish I still was, because it helps me stop thinking that I am bitter cold. Finally, the people give me a blanket, I huddle like a penguin with Hossan dreading it, hoping it would be morning soon.

I was too tired to feel cold anymore, it sent me back into a deep dream. The day we had our new football Ahmed, the school bully got jealous, he demanded to have it and chased me and Hossan all the way back home. But that was a bad idea for Ahmed because Mama chased him all the way back home, telling him what a disgrace he was. It was a calm and peaceful for a few months until the army took over our village. Even Ahmed joined up and now no-one but the army could tell him what to do.

It isn't safe any more, happiness was once a thing. The clouds break reflecting tears streaming down my cheeks. A big slam of a wave wakes me up. It now hit me, I couldn't go back, I couldn't have that bit of happiness again. I'd have to start a new life, a new better life, but just me and Hossan this time.

Youssef's Memories

In a stormy, wet, freezing night sky, a boat sat in a vast ocean. Spinning, spinning, spinning and spinning. I, Youssef, sleepy, worried, am begging to be happy again. I look at the tears dripping down my brother's face, which reminds me of happier times at home.

It was a warm summer's day and I was playing football on the dusty streets with my friends, smelling the spicy smells of my Mum's tasty meals. Suddenly the football crashed in a puddle and splashed up in our faces.

The crash of the waves brings me back to reality. The ominous clouds looming around the empty, dark night sky. A bolt of lightning plummeted down inches from the boat. I jolted in astonishment. As the heavy rain drops came crashing down, it reminds me of something, something along time ago.

When I was in the kitchen, I was watching my Mum pour the freshly-made lemonade from our own lemon tree. They were the happiest times of my life once where I felt safe...

But safety is a thing of the past. I remember my beloved family and all the happy times we all had together. Until the soldiers came, but we don't talk about that anymore. Hassan says that old life is no more...