

Family Torn Apart

Boom, Crash those were the only two things I have been hearing for the last three months. Pop, gunshots, my dad is among those gunshots somewhere in this Syrian Civil war. He is fighting for our freedom from our government. I am scared about what might happen to my dad. My family is talking about going to another country to escape this nightmare. My parents have been talking about going to Israel so that we may stay close to our dad, and family. Every second there are hundreds of people that are dying.

My mom just came and told us our dad had been killed by a bomb that just went off. The general came over and told my mom the news, then she told us. My sister started bawling her eyes out. I felt a lump well up in m throat. My dad was my best friend. "Guys we need to have a family meeting", my mom whispered." I have decided that we are going to go to Israel to get away from the fighting. "When are we sneaking out", my little sister questioned. "We go tonight so start packing", my mom exclaimed.

My sister Laurel, and I raced to our rooms, got down our suitcases and started throwing everything we could find into them. Our mom told us we would be leaving after dinner and we would start loading up the van as soon as we packed our bags. When dinner came we were all anxious and nervous. We piled in the van after dinner and headed a secret route out of Syria that took us to Israel. We have used this route before because our grandparents live in Israel. We drove u the alley and turned on a road that lead to a highway out of Syria. Pop, pop, we heard gunshots in the distance the gunshots we heard seemed to be coming from the secret exit. My mom turned the van around and went another direction where the fighting was at a minimum.

"Duck" my mom yelled at us. She didn't tell us why she said duck, but we did what she said. We drove for an hour and saw the sign that said you are now in Israel. We drove for another hour with Laurel asking are we there yet. We finally drove up to a nice brick house with Roses and petunias lining the front. We heard my grandma yelling "Muhammed and Laurel so glad you were able to make it. We had a love fest of hugs and we recapped our terrifying adventure to our Grandparents.