

Hameds Story – By Isabel A.

I am Hamed

I have a large family and my father is the chief of our village. I have a younger sister named Nadia who has an enormous temper. Only I can calm her. I will pull her hair and laugh until she does too. Nadia and I are *very* close.

I go on many journeys through the desert looking for other towns, trading, and gathering nearby information. One day my father let me use his beautiful white stallion to go on a short journey.

Nadia begged me not to go, but I did

I regret it.

I climbed onto the stallion and waved goodbye. Nadia just stared. I rode off. I then glanced over my shoulder. Nadia had not moved. I felt bad, but kept going.

I could not see my village anymore. I had passed one or two familiar villages. Then, I saw them. Bandits. There were three of them on large, brown horses. They were chasing after me. I was scared. My horse was scared too, he would not move. They caught up. One held me to the ground while the others searched my horse. “Where’s your gold?!” One yelled.

I told them I had none. The second pulled out a weapon. There was no escape. My father’s stallion had run away. They asked again, I answered again. He wacked me. It hurt, it really hurt. He hit me again in the stomach. My leg was bleeding.

“One more time.” He said. I answered painfully. He hit me. He would not stop. My eyes would not stay up. I heard yelling, and horses running away. I was lifted onto something and carried away. I heard running and more yelling.

My eyes closed completely.

I knew what was happening.

I accepted it. If the world wanted to claim me, I would accept it. Everything tuned out. It was black.

I know Nadia will find a way to accept it too.

Thank You Sue Alexander For Writing Nadia The Willful. {Story Engine}