

The Home of The Brave

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As I'm outside, the sun's warmth soothes my skin. Birds are singing, and flowers are dancing. Children roam the land, bringing happiness to all. This is a perfect time, I thought. I looked over to my beautiful Mom, and saw her relaxing on our bench. Her long black hair dances through the breeze.

"Hey Mom! Check out what I can do!" I hollered, as I attempted to do a backflip. Instead, I went half-way through then plopped the ground.

"Sweetheart!" Mom shouted, as she ran towards me. "You're only seven! Don't try to hurt yourself!"

"Ok, but I'm going to do it someday! And I'll show you!" I hollered as she helped me up.

"Ok, but just be careful," Mom suggested.

Suddenly, a memory of Dad came into my mind. The painful memory urges me to sob.

"Mom?" I called out.

"What is it sweetie?" Mom replied.

"You're the only thing I have left. Promise me you won't leave me," I pleaded, as I wrapped my arms around her.

"Of course sweetie, I would never leave you," Mom promised, as she hugged me.

Suddenly, a large shadow as forming, engulfing every innocent soul. I looked up, and above us was a bomb coming towards us. I am frozen. I can't move, but my heart wants to hop out of my chest. Everyone starts to run, and Mom picks me up and joins them. I'm trembling all over now, as the stinging memory comes back.

The bomb was getting even closer now, so Mom had to run faster and I hear Mom's panting become heavier. The bomb started to plummet even faster. As everyone continued to flee, there was no telling of our safety.

"This is it," Mom stated as she continued to run. "I love you, my daughter. Live on for me." She kissed my forehead, and then threw me across the neighborhood. I tumbled on the way, sending scratches all over my body. I stood up and looked at Mom from a distance.

The bomb had reached the ground. That's when my ears suddenly decided to shut off. A giant explosion of fire, dust, and chemicals filled the air. Mom was nowhere in sight. Anger, fear, sorrow, and tears were starting to overwhelm me. This was the same way that Dad went missing.

I looked around me and watched men murder innocent children in front of their parents. Everything was burning to ashes as smoke rose to the air, making it hard to breathe. It was like I was witnessing genocide. Terrorists were attempting to conquer my homeland, again. And there was nothing I could do about it.

To my left, three men with weapons came running towards me. I had no choice but to flee. I ran as fast as I could, but it wasn't fast enough. The men were catching up. Ahead of me was a tiny boat floating on water. Thank goodness I live near the ocean. Finally I reached it and hopped in. SPLASH! It seems the men thought I would drown, because they left me. I started to paddle with my hands through the cold water, searching for a safer home.

I've been on sea for a few weeks now, and every bone and muscle is sore from constant paddling. My source of water is the salty ocean water, and food is whatever I catch on the ocean surface. Deadly waves and sea monsters always message me to stop, but I tell them that I'll never stop until I find a new home. My journey has continued for about three years now, and the sight ahead of me warms my heart with joy and satisfaction. I have reached land. I quickly paddle with all my might to reach the prize I've longed for.

When I reach the shore, I collapse from exhaustion. Then, a woman in a wheelchair notices me, and zooms towards me.

I open my eyes, and find myself lying on a comfortable bed. Suddenly, the woman in a wheelchair comes in the room. Both of her legs were burnt off, while large burnt spots were all over her body too. Her short black hair looks messy and burnt also, but her face remained beautiful, and pure. I felt like I know this person, but nothing seemed to come in mind. Suddenly, a bell rang off in my head.

“MOM!” I screamed, as I hopped out of bed and wrapped my arms around her. “How’d you get over here!?”

“After the explosion, a plane came in a few hours, and pick up some survivors,” Mom explained as she hugged me.

“I love you mom,” I whispered, as I cried tears of joy and squeezed her.

“I love you too sweetheart,” Mom replied.

A few days later, the sun’s warmth soothes my skin from the outside. Birds are singing, and flowers are dancing. Children roam the land, bringing happiness to all. This is a perfect time, I thought. I looked over to my beautiful Mom, and saw her relaxing on our front porch. Her short hair dances through the breeze.

“Hey Mom! Check out what I can do!” I hollered, as I attempted to do a backflip. I gracefully spun as the world started spinning with me. Then, I beautifully landed on two feet as waves of satisfaction rushed through me. I looked over to Mom, and her beautiful smile warms my heart.

I started to glance around. There were no large shadow, no bomb, or no terrorists, just children running around.

This is my home. The land of the free, and the home of the brave.

****The End****

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