

Eric C.

The Nigerian Military Escape

When I was born, I wasn't privilege enough to see my family. I was up, out, into a military car and taken to the military camp where the nursery was very low quality and the food was horrible. It was like that every day for as long as we can remember. One day, when I turned 6 years old, they moved me out of the military style children camp and into a brand new prison cell. We never really knew what was going to happen next. We were at the mercy of the corrupt government. By the time I was 18 years old, I was a soldier who knew how to operate machine guns and attack plans. One day, I decided I had enough of this! I went up to the officer in charge and said "I want out", in a very mean way. The officer, startled, sentenced me to a year of solitary confinement. Today I am 22 years old. I stand in this prison cell, hatching an escape plan with 2 other inmates. I am no longer in solitary confinement but I am a prisoner because I don't often follow the military rules. My 2 best inmates are "Brandon" and "Mat". We come up with a plan. A plan to escape this awful place and reunite with my family that I never really met. Our plan is for Brandon to ask for a shower and when the guard checks on him, he'll knock him out to the ground and then let us out with the guards keys. We don't know the rest of the plan yet but we are so desperate so we will take a chance. Well, Brandon did get a shower but he was in there for 30 minutes. We wondered what was taking so long. The next day we figured out why. When he went into the shower, a metal detector (which was installed earlier in the month after someone had escaped through the shower window) detected his metallic button on his pants and now Brandon is in serious trouble. Brandon never got the chance to sneak up on the guard and we never saw Brandon again. When I saw Matt at lunch,

he said he had a new plan. He said “we need to pretend to be friends with the guards. I will set off the metal detector with a fork from lunch but pretend like it wasn’t me then tell the guards we can help them find out who did it”. The plan seemed like a long shot but again, we were so desperate to get out. Being friends with the guards would give us a chance to use their tools to escape. The plan worked! 2 days later when we tied up the guards, stole their keys and let all the prisoners out of their cells.

Me and Mat ran outside, got into one of the officers jeeps and drove away from the horrible place. Even though we didn’t know how to drive, we figured it out anyway. Mat was driving and he eventually got better. We drove for hours but it seemed like days. We stopped at a little town to get gas but we didn’t have any money so, we had to continue by foot. When we reached another little town, we came across a small old library that had many files with birth certificates. I looked up my moms official name and started looking for her. Town to town. I eventually found her weeks later. She couldn’t believe the news. Her baby boy came back to her. She couldn’t speak for hours. She just cried. Tears of joy. Mat had to continue his journey. We said our goodbyes and I realized that even though Mat was not my brother, he felt like my family. I never had my parents in my life but I had 2 great friends. Mat and Brandon were my family. It was really hard to say goodbye but we promised to meet once a month. I finally realized I had a family with me this whole time.

The End