

Ten Days, No Time

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I sat in my room, playing with my little brother, Jacob, and my little sister, Tessa Jane. My mom was making lamb kebabs and dolma, foods for a typical Turkish dinner. My dad was working on the latest designs for his glass engraving business. When I finished playing with them, I walked out of my room, my siblings trailing behind me.

As I walked, I heard a loud rapping sound from the general direction of the front door. "Tessa Jane," I called back, "Who do you think it is?"

"Audrey! It's obviously Zeynep," she cried, exasperatedly. I don't know how she could assume that the knock came from her best friend, a 7 year old girl.

As my dad zoomed out of his study, the sound came again. He opened the door with a smile, only to find the Turkish Police standing there. Suddenly, his face wasn't as cheerful.

I ushered my siblings back into my room and shut the door. This couldn't be good. As I sat down on my bed, a terrible thought came to mind. "What if they are kicking us out of the country?!" I jumped up, and ran as fast as I could to my older brother, Grayson's room. We were Christian missionaries from America; it was against the law to talk freely about our religion, which we did a lot.

"Grayson," I cried, as I sat next to him on the bed, "The police are at the door!"

"What are you talking about Audrey?" he asked, a confused look on his face. I sighed. It took FOREVER to get thoughts to register in his mind.

"The police, from the police department! They're here!" I whisper-screamed. Grayson's face froze in shock. I was pretty sure he was thinking what I was thinking.

"Audrey," he said carefully, "What if they're kicking us out of the country?"

I nodded my head. We both knew it was probably true, though we didn't want to acknowledge it. My parents hadn't done anything wrong.

As Grayson and I stood facing each other, we heard loud voices speaking to each other. It sounded like my parents and the police arguing. After a few minutes of the loud voices, the house quieted to an eerie silence.

"Grayson," I said nervously, "Why did it get so quiet?"

Grayson frowned, "I don't know, it's like they just disappeared." I had a feeling that couldn't be right. I stepped nervously out of the room, and walked down the hall. I glanced out of the windows as I made my way to the front door. The police cruisers were still there.

When I got to the front door, I cautiously peered out the big window on the door. I wave of relief swept through me. Thankfully, my parents had just moved the argument outside, and hadn't been arrested.

I ran back to Grayson's room, and repeated what I had just discovered. Then, I rushed to my room, where Tessa Jane and Jacob still played. I scooped my three year old brother into my arms. I grabbed Tessa Jane's arm and led them both into Grayson's room.

"Tessa Jane," I said, "The police are --"

"Da powice aw he-ah?" Jacob asked in a worried tone.

“Don’t worry Jacob,” I said, smiling, “Nothing is wrong.” He frowned, but dropped the subject. We sat in silence for a few moments. Then, our parents rushed in and broke the silence.

“Guys, we have news,” my dad said, frowning.

“Audwey? I thought tat evwyting was ok?” Jacob whined.

I shook my head, “Everything is alright Jacob.” My parents shot me a look.

“Hey Jacob,” my mom said, “let’s go take a nap.” Jacob frowned, but walked to his room, with Mom trailing behind him.

When Mom came back, we had a talk.

“Ok,” she said, “Like Dad said we have news.”

“Yes,” Dad replied, “The police, have somehow found out that we are missionaries. We have 10 days to leave Turkey.”

My jaw dropped.

“They kicked us out,” I said solemnly.

“What!” Tessa Jane said, her volume increasing.

“Hush Tessa Jane! Jacob is trying to sleep!” Mom scolded. Tessa Jane silenced quickly.

“Should we start packing our stuff?” Grayson asked.

“Yes”, Dad replied, as he went to make preparations for leaving the country.

I knew I couldn’t pack everything, so when I got to my room, I grabbed my favorite and nicest clothes. I also packed my most prized possessions and put them in a backpack. When I was done, I went to find Mom. Thankfully, it wasn’t that hard.. She was in her room packing.

“Mom, I finished packing. Can you tell me more about what will happen? I want to write a letter to Allie.”

“That would be great Audrey. I don’t know if you can send it yet. I don’t really know what’s going to happen. Also, it is almost her birthday. If you want, you can give her this pin.”

Mom handed me two Silver Star pins. I figured one was for me, and one was for her. I went up to my room and sat down to write, I had so much to tell her.