

Monday, 23rd November 2020:

WALT: Edit and publish our work.

(A)

Paper 1

Dear Diary:

As I record this, I am drifting on this pigsty of a boat whilst civilians in the village are still screaming themselves hoarse. As I looked over at all the congealed faces, I could see their eyes all pleading to escape with me. Wishing I had some sort of friend to cry with, I wiped the sudden tears on my face. Are you wondering how I even got here? Let me explain. It turns out that the boat I found, was going to need some serious fixing. It was trapped in a building on the verge of collapsing. This just made me more determined to re-use it. Forcing myself to ~~make~~ make the decision, I dragged the torn and mouldy boat to a tiny shed not far from the coastline. This would mean that when it was finally time to flee, I wouldn't have to carry it any further. About over a year ago, (I've lost track) my parents and I were planning to escape from the village on the last boat. There wasn't anymore room for me so I said I would get on the other boat. The captain wouldn't allow it and that got me here. I know, the story's pretty tragic right? It was the day of the escape. I thought Lyca (the boat) was safe and sound and she was. The bad news was that a gang of three boys had found out about the boat. I ran up to the boat desperately hoping that it was still there. I heard the sound of footsteps coming up from



Paper 2

behind me. I turned around and was shocked to see the three boys shouting at me. "Hey you, what do you think you're doing?!" bellowed the leader. I could see the tint of grey on his face. At once I realised why I had legs. For this moment, I ran and ran and ran as fast as my legs could carry me. Hoping I was quick enough, I reached the shed. This was the moment I'd been waiting for. Trying not to give myself away, I put the boat into the water. I threw myself onto the boat. I felt my heart thumping vigorously inside my chest. As I started rowing, a rush of feelings hit me. Feelings that I'd never experienced before. I wasn't the big tough girl anymore. I missed my parents. In the blink of an eye, I had a flashback of my family. Our family.

Kiera

