

Going Back

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I've been here for hours. Cold, sick and hungry. Watching the rain from the cave I'm staying in. All I have left is stale bread and 2 days worth of water, the rest stolen by animals. I wouldn't blame them, I would do the same thing. I was left behind by my group. They said they would come back, but they never did. Sometimes I think they forgot about me, or maybe they tricked me, or maybe they're all dead. I don't care what happened to them, all I know is that they left me behind. I was silent for a few seconds, thinking of what I had said. Have I gone mad? How could I say these things? The only reason I'm alive is because they told me to stay here because I am injured. They cared about me, fighting, crying, and dying while I'm safe, secure and warm. I might be hungry but at least I'm alive, unlike all those other soldiers who are either dead or dying. Have I become a monster? I'm so tired I can't even think. I limp to the rock I call my bed and I look at the rocky roof of the cave, dreaming of peace, freedom, and home. I dream of my friends, and family, of warmth and love. For once, I have a good dream, not one of death, blood and darkness. I smiled for the first time in a long time.

I wake up, thinking I am home. Nope, still in the cold, dark, damp cave. I slowly get up. Everything hurts, but my leg is feeling better. Not limping as bad as yesterday. I wash my face with the rain, it's cold but refreshing at the same time. I feel better today. I feel calm and for once, I feel like everything will be ok. I do a little stretching and have a piece of bread. I sit down on my rock and think; there is nothing better to do. I think about yesterday, I think about my dreams and I think about home. I think so much my head starts to hurt and I realize that the rain has stopped. I step outside, my boots splashing the puddle around me. It feels so good to get out of the dark cave. I look around, the birds are singing, the grass is shining. It is a beautiful day. I pack up my stuff and I head out. I will go back to find the war. I know, I know, war is terrible and there's too much blood, hate and death. But the only reason I decided to go to war was for my family, friends. If everyone was scared to go to war, our country, my home, would not stand. My family would not be with me anymore, no one would. That's why I'm going back to war, that's why I'm fighting, that's why I'm risking my life, for my family.