

Into the Woods

The rustling of branches and leaves made me think of breaking bones. The mist seemed like an army of ghosts heading towards me. My legs were trembling and my heart was pounding as I looked back every few seconds. As my bare feet took the pain, I thought of what my family would be going through. I felt cold, spiky branches pinning into my feet. I heard animals screaming.

When I paddled through a stream, my body turned as cold as a landowner's heart. The water was rough and I ached all over, but I had no option.

By Laaibah Shahid, 5G