

Leaving Our Home

One day, my father said we had to leave our home because there was trouble. I couldn't see any differences but he said it was still a long way off. We packed up in two days and had to disguise ourselves in different clothes. I had to say goodbye to our horses.

Then, we set off, looking like a camel train; our possessions wrapped and stacked on the camels like a real trading caravan would look. We travelled for several days. It was very hard; very hot in the day and freezing cold at night. The dunes were our friends, my father said, because they hid us from people who might want to hurt us. We went on and on for days, until, one day, we saw the desert ending and a small town appearing in the distance.

We went to a large house on the corner of the first street of the town. It was big but plain looking. There, we were welcomed by people I had never seen before, and my father turned his camel around and raced back to the coming war. I didn't see him for months and never heard a word from him either. He came back after a long time and said we could never go back.