

## AYLAN KURDI

It is a hard story to tell. I still have those horrible images in mind, but it is said that writing is the best therapy, so here I am with a pen and some paper sheets. We have to go back to when my family and I had to escape from home. One of my mom's friend came to our house shouting that we had to leave home as soon as we could, we obeyed. We escaped, don't knowing where thought. We later were told that the best place to escape was Europe. That became our biggest aim, getting to Europe.

We walked for hours the first day, my feet hurt so badly but we couldn't stop; we had to carry on and try to find a safe place to stay. The sun was rising when we got to a village, it was quiet. My dad knocked the door of the house we had been described, the door was open by a young boy. His eyes were the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen, his soul could be seen just by looking through them. He smiled and introduced himself "Welcome, my name is Abdila. You must be the Marrash family, nice to meet you". He shook his hand to everyone in my family and let us in.

We were introduced to everyone in the living room. I don't remember how many people there were there, but I bet there were more than fifteen people; I have blurry memories about that day, there were so many things going around. Even though I don't remember everything that happened there is something I remember cristal clear: that little kid's smile. It transmitted me calm, the calm I needed in that exact moment, to forget everything else.

I couldn't sleep that first night, I felt tired but I couldn't close my eyes. I woke up and went downstairs to get some water, I went past the living room and I heard someone talking. I couldn't see anyone so I got closer to see Abdila reading a book to the little kid who had given me so much calm. Abdila told me to get closer and to wait until his little cousin felt asleep. It was no longer when he fell asleep in the sofa. We started talking about everything, he told me about his parents and how much he missed them, he had lost them when he was just five. I told him about my hobbies and about my football team. He loved football too. It was easy talking to him about anything. We both finally ended up falling asleep too.

We spent in that house about a week and were forced to leave. We weren't safe anymore. All of us left. But the good news were when my parents decided to continue our journey to Europe with Abdila's family. "We have lost everything but at least we have each other" would say my mom. She was right, we had lost everything in this escape, our house, our friends, part of our family, our jobs and studies, but at least we were together, we had each other.

I loved Aylan, this little kid was the cutest thing ever. He would always be smiling and he always was calmed. What happened to him was unfair, I still pray for his soul. I remember how he would told me he loved me. He'd grabed my hand and never let it go. Meanwhile me and Abdila became so close, I can say I felt for him a little.

We arrived to the coast, we were told we would find there a pale man, dressed with eye-

catching colorful clothing. There he was, you can not imagine how much I hate that man. He told us he would take us to glory, when actually all he did was drawn us in misery. He told us "This boat is safe, I ain't no doubt you'll be there in just hours and you all be safe". He lied to us, the biggest lie I have ever heard, ever. I still cry with anger when I remember that man's face. We, my family and Abdila's family, and a hundred more people got into the boat. I will not forget how little Aylan's smile disappear when the big waves started to move the boat. He hugged me, he was afraid, so was I. The last thing I remember from that boat was how the boat capsized, and I stopped feeling Aylan's arms around my body.

The next thing I remember is waking up in something that seemed to be a hospital. I saw Abdila was beside me, I felt relieved. A nurse came to me and asked if I wanted some water, she turned me on the tv and I saw him, I saw Aylan, faced down to the sand, he was dead, he had been drowned. I started crying, shouting, hitting everything around me. The nurse came into my room and turned it off. She hugged me.