

Molly Savage

The swarm of bodies is suffocating. The sounds are deafening. My heart is aching; there's a little girl next to me. She screams and sobs. Her face is bruised and bloody from the limbs of people surrounding her and the cold, metal wall she's pressed against. Finally, she collapses, just as the train grinds to a stop.

The little girl doesn't make it off the train alive, but I do. Around me, people shove to get out. Craving fresh air. I shove myself into the group, pushing my way out of the train.

Outside, men are standing. Their guns stare straight at me. The panic that surrounds me is overwhelming. Everyone is attempting to hide themselves within the herd. I'm stood on the outside – and the others, they're all so much bigger than me. I can't possibly get myself out of sight of the guns. I just can't.

Suddenly the soldiers begin to shout. They yell at us to move. Bruising my lower back as they begin to prod us along like farm animals.

I want my mother. I want her to hug me and tell me I'm safe – that it's all going to be okay. I'll be okay.

She can't do any of that. I'm not safe. I'm surrounded by armed men who want me dead. I won't be okay; this isn't okay. These people don't know me. I didn't do anything wrong.

"I didn't do anything wrong" I scream, turning to the soldier, trying to push against him, and all of a sudden my story's over just like the girl on the train and millions of others.