

Pegasus Saves the Day

A story of freedom by Chloe Sirolli

Hi, my name is Yasmin. I am nine years old. My beloved mum, adored sister little ziba and I travelled on a long, frightening boat trip to this horrible detention centre for nothing!

We sit between walls and are constantly being watched by guards. I sit outside wishing I was somewhere else than here. I watch my sister's brown curls bob up and down as she runs to the sandpit. It is ~~is~~ the only piece of play equipment we have.

I go inside and see my mum sitting on her bed trying not to look sad. I look into my mum's sad, brown eyes and she says, "I know one day we will be free."

"You are right." I whisper into her ear.

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Suddenly I hear my little sister calling me. "Come Yasmin!" I run into the backyard and see why Ziba is so happy.

"Horsey? With wings?" says Ziba.

"No!" I laugh. "A pegasus!" I go to get my mum but she does not believe me. My mum comes outside and yells, "It's really a pegasus! Hop on!"

So we all get on its back. Its body is as white as snow and its horn is as clear as crystal. The pegasus took off.

My mum says, "Where are we going pony?"

"It's not a pony! It's a ^{pegasus} ~~pony~~ with wings! And it's taking us to a magical land," mumbles Ziba angrily.

In just a second we are in a place with happy kids playing, mums talking

and heaps of other pegasuses flying around and gnawing on grass.

We get off our pegasus and go to talk to the kids and parents. The other kids ask me my name and they say their names are Abdul, Nalie, Sam and Eba.

"Would you like to go to school with us?" they all ask. I ~~was~~^{am} astonished. I ~~was~~^{am} too excited to speak, because I have never been to school before. ∴

I look ~~around~~^{over} at Ziba and she is playing on the monkey bars and mum ~~was~~^{'s} making plenty of friends. I am happy too. I make a wish that I can live here forever. I feel so free.