

NO, death it is the worst thing that could happen to anybody and not just its victims. It causes pain, hurt, suffering. But it always has to happen, eventually. It was too soon though, all he left me was a book, a book with no pictures, or words for that matter. I stroked its pages longingly wanting to know more, clinging on to my memories of him-my brother-my only brother.

Then he was there. I leaped towards him, jumping with joy I put my arms around him. It was too good to be true, almost too good. It was like he wasn't there but I wasn't there, either. My parents were there too, but it was all wrong!

Then more memories appeared but darker, sadder ones. The ones that I didn't want to remember, the ones I had nightmares about cutting at my heart like shards of glass. A distant voice was shouting my name "Alfie, Alfie!". I ran and ran, shouting for help screaming my head off. I had to get away, away from it all.

My head was spinning, my heart racing and my clothes torn. Sweat dripping down my forehead I had to rest but I also had to run. I was torn. What would my parents do? What would my brother do? What would I do?

In the end I decided to run, that's all I ever did, run, not a single moment of safety was ever granted to me. Drowning in my own fear. I was a mess.

Alone, running away. Away from hatred, spite and war. It didn't start like that. Syria was once a beautiful, peaceful place, I was happy there, until the war. I left it all behind for a better life of less pain, less tears and less sadness.

The minute we left the house it all changed. Our aim became safety, everyone's aim became safety. It was like a game, a big game of hide and seek. We were all well hidden but my parents and brother were just, unlucky. I lost them to the game, many people were lost to the game.

In a way the survivors lost as well, lost in a world where their loved ones were still alive, trapped unable to admit the game's consequences. War hurts, it really, really hurts but nobody's life is perfect, nobody's. You have to remember that you are not alone, do not lose hope, keep going, eventually you will be safe but you have to work for safety, nothing is free. You have to believe in safety that you will get there. When war gets to the worst of you fight back, remember what it did to you. The pain it caused. War knows you're weak, so you have to fight back show war your strengths.

That is why I look up to the sky every night, it reminds me that my loved ones' spirits are still alive, living on in the night sky, up there with the stars shining brighter than ever.