

A million thoughts run through my head like, could I die today, or tomorrow? Am I dreaming? I just hope I am. Well it turns out I am not. I am sitting in this black raft with my family, somewhere off the coast of Cuba hoping to reach the U.S.A. My family and I escaped Cuba 5 days ago. We left with little food and water. I was upset because we left almost all of our belonging behind and most of my clothes. When we left Mama got a little jug of water for us all to share.

My mama, papa, Jorge (my brother) and I are sweating. Our raft is small we all bump elbows. I hate it. Were so hot it's like the sun is in the raft with us. Sweat is dripping down our faces like ice cream dripping down it's cone. It's sticky and messy I just want to get off this boat now.

My brother Jorge has been the most annoying person ever. He has been complaining about everything like, "it's hot", "it's cold", and the most common one was "I am hungry". Well you couldn't blame him we all were. We had been here for like 5 days and we were done with all the whining, the crying it was all just a terrible mess!

The night came and past. Then before I knew it, it was morning. I was the first one awake. Then I saw lots of people swimming. At first I thought it was just people escaping Cuba too and looking for fish, but I was wrong. It was Miami Beach! I woke up my Mama and Papa in excitement.

"Mama, Papa where here!" I said.

"Really?!" Mama said

"Yes Mama look." I replied as I pointed to Miami Beach.

"Lets hurry then" she said.

Then we all paddled really fast. It felt like Christmas as we got closer. I paddled as fast as I could to get to my new like in Amercia.

As I got off the boat I almost feel cause my legs were dead sleeping. Jorge feel and we giggled a little as we picked him up. It was a lot cooler here than on the boat. Then I noticed so many people were staring at us like we were a pile of 10 day old smelling trash. I didn't like it at all. Months later my family and found a wonderful home, and me and Jorge made lots of friends. I

also joined a cheerleading squad and Jorge made the baseball team. Mama even had a baby girl named Mia! I am glad we came to America!

by Hannah