

Ohhh... about a day now, so far into our journey, we're all exhausted from bailing water all night. As we slept the waves got bigger and bigger till they were crashing on top of the boat, we woke up frightened, and drenched in water. I found and passed out the old milk cartons. Down on hands and knees, our shoulders burning, and backs aching we bailed water all night. As the hours went by, we bailed more and tried to navigate to safer waters. The storm finally let up and we tried to sleep but I don't think anyone did.

We were so hungry you could hear our stomachs yelling in agony from the other end of the raft. We had run out of water our heads pulsed from dehydration. I leaned over to Mama and Papa and asked, " Will we ever get to America? "

Mama looked at me with dread in her eyes, so deep it hurt me too look, so I had to turn away. It still hurt even when I was not looking, just the thought burned deep into my heart.

Papa turned to me and said, " We will get there soon Pablo, just stay strong and have hope and faith. "

After waiting and waiting around for hours, there was a problem. The wind was way too strong, and only getting stronger. Soon it would could snap the mast! Then we may never make it. Our long adventure would come to an end.

I yelled over the screeching wind to Papa and all the other men on board, " Quickly take the sail down before the wind gets any stronger and cripples the raft! "

By now the boat was quivering with fear, like it knew what was going on and it didn't like it at all.

One of the other men said, " We can't take the risk, if we touch the sail it could rip us off the boat with it! "

" Then take a stick and beat the sail till it comes off. Later we can replace it with a blanket, "I said.

The men all looked at the sail, then each other ,then the sail again as if it was so simple

they didn't know why they didn't come up with it. I guess they finally thought it could work, picked up sticks, and beat at the string holding the sail. Until finally the string snapped all the way up the mast. The sail ripped off, and was blown so far we couldn't see it any more.

The storm was slowly starting to ease down. We had made it through with minor injuries. There was a gash above my eye and it was oozing out blood. There were scrapes and bumps all over everybody's arms. But we still made it through!

Our sail was somewhere floating in the ocean, a ripped up mess, but our hopes were high and we were on our way to freedom. I could tell that we were going to make it, I just knew we would. We had to we come way too far to go back.

By: Lowe