

We are tired, exhausted, our heads are spinning. It feels like it has been days, months, years, but it probably has been a day and a half. I miss not being able to play games on my school playground in Cuba. I only wish my momma and papa would have come along.

I don't know why we had to leave Cuba, they never explained that to me. Momma just packed us all up, and sent us away. It is like they wanted us to leave.

We didn't even have enough money to buy a boat, so we had to use the junk from the dumpster outside our apartment in Cuba. We had seen boats full of refugees like us pass, nicer ones with motors.

We were all silent till my older brother Poble pointed out three sharks coming right at us. "Every one scooch to the middle", Poble says! We all scooped to the middle of the boat and paddled faster and faster. We weren't fast enough though. One shark on the left and the other on the right nudging us side to side. The third one quickly joined in by nudging us in the back and giving us whiplash.

My little 4 year old brother Buta looks over the edge of the boat. He starts looking over more and more. "Weeeeeeeee", he says! Then all of the sudden he falls in. My older sister Siberina screams at the top of her lungs. "Oh no", Siberina says! The sharks that were once nudging our raft swooped him up and takes him away. We all froze from what we just saw. Terrified of what might happen next.

Later that night I huddled with my older sister Idis in a nice warm blanket, but we were all still shocked of what happened hours before. We're all wondering if the rest of us will make it to America.

by:Kathryn