

Ending Osama

Shayna Williams - Grade 9 Geography – March 2009

I cannot believe this happened.
Why me?
Why now?

My lungs were burning as I ran in circles like racecar speeding out of control.
Yet, they do not stop chasing me.
Round and round.
Then, I was caught. Stopped at last.
The teachers covered my head. I went from seeing clearly to a world in total blackness.
I could hear, taste, smell and touch. Yet, I was blind.

Led without sight to a cage.
Feeling like an animal at a zoo.
Pushed around by the Taliban.
Hurting. Pain. Sorrow. Quilt.
I could not stop thinking of my mother, left alone.
She was going to starve.
Could she save herself by marrying someone?
Would she save herself by surrendering her only remaining part of herself. Freedom.

Then, my thoughts stopped.
The cage door slams shut.
The lock clicks engaged.
Speechless.

Bumpy road and dusty winds.
Screaming women. "Please, no more."
Screeching tires on baked mud roads. Stopped.
Click of the lock.
Chains, rustling, pushing women, screams.
Pushed through a door like a small dog.
Forced to move.
Disgusted.
Shoved into a small space like a trapped rodent, hoping to die.
Stomach hurting from previous hits
Must stop thinking about my mother.
How will she live?
The sudden and solid closing of steel bars behind me.
My thoughts end with their clang.

Sitting, wishing, waiting.
I would give anything to change the past.
Why has God left me?
I do not need this.

Sitting with older women.
Not seeing them.
All I can see is their pain. Hurting someone. Hurting somewhere.
Silence.

Almost asleep.
Rattling at the bars of my cage.
A face...familiar...delighted.
He wants to save me.
Breaking the bars, pulled by my wrists, freeing myself from my cage.
An energy rush fills me.
Destroyed by the sound of hurried, approaching footsteps.
Screaming, cursing.
The Taliban chase.
Running for my mother. Running till I am safe.