

Finding My Family

It was a cold morning during the war and I was woken up by the sound of gunshots. I got up and went towards my mother's torn up bed. As I approached the bed I noticed that there was nobody in there.

I searched and searched but I couldn't find them anywhere. I looked underneath the bed and I found my little brother's ripped up teddy. I went outside to see if anybody was around but all I could see were soldiers running up and down the street.

A soldier grabbed me and said, "You shouldn't be here".

He took me to a massive tent and tossed me inside. I glanced around and I saw them sitting down. I was overwhelmed with tears. I was so happy to find my family.