

Absolute Mist

By : marcus knights

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Lightning strikes out from the troubled sky, it follows by the strong wind and killer waves, and then struck our vessel, separating into two.

I shout "Mama! Baba!"

My Mother cried "Mohammed!"

She called my father, my Father takes the two big empty water bottle, take the rope and tie Hussain in his waist,

"Baba!" cried my brother Hussain.

My Father is very fast, he grabs me and attached my body into that plastic bottle, then we jump out from the wreck. It's completely pitched black.

I can't recall everything, except the sound of thunder, my vision becomes blurry, and I am tired, same with my family. Another big wave struck us and we are lost.

When I open my eyes I am lying on the seashore, I am in the Island, too much trees and beautiful white sand and a perfect mist in the morning. I turn my head around, my father and my mother lying near the thickets.

I loosen myself and rush to my parents "Mama! Baba!" I uttered,.

My father is wounded in his right arm, I assisted my mother to get up, and she was terrified she hugs me, she said "Ali" her body is shaken. I can see the tears in her eyes; she looked at my father and rush beside him.

My father is languish in pain, but he is happy to see me and my mother.

Suddenly we looked at each other, wondering, and together we uttered, where Hussain is? My little brother.

My mother cried "where is our child Mohammed?"

My father can't control his tears and hug my mother. "We will find our son Lamia" said my father to calm down my worried mother.

He started walking near the beach searching my little brother even he is in pain.

I cried and I whisper "Hussain where are you?"

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I roam the entire place but I can't find my little brother. It is already middle of the day, we are all exhausted and hungry it seems that we are weaken.

We need food, last time I eat that was yesterday afternoon.

We are walking toward the coconut tree and my mother asks my father if we can find food, we are all hunger.

My Father instructed me to stay with my mother while he will look for food, but I insist that he will stay because his wound is bleeding.

â I can manage myself Babaâ I uttered.

"Ali donâ t go too far" my mother reminded me as she wipes the blood on my father right arm using her white hijab. I left them in the seashore.

I climb the hills, walking toward the greenery place; it looks like a lustrous domain as the sun shines above.

Upon reaching the peak, I was astounded for what I have seen, lush trees bearing a golden fruits.

â A mango? yes! it is!"A mango tree and plenty of bananas.

I uttered â Thanks Oh God.â

I took off my shirt and make it like a basket, I put inside bunch of fruits that I collected.

As I walk going back to the seashore, I noticed a lots of garlic grown on the lower part of the hills.

I remember my teacher back in Iraq about therapeutic effect of Garlic to hail and stop the bleeding wounds.

I took some garlic, thinking this will help my fathers wound and continue walking back to the seashore.

I am thinking my parents will be glad to have this bunch of fruits. When I reached our temporary haven near the coconut tree.

My mother is filing woods and dried grass. She gathered dried tree branches.

I ask my mother "whatâ s going on"

She replied " I will make a fire" while continuing rubbing the dried tree branches stick.

â This is an ancient way how to make fire," she said while adding more dried grass with dried coconut leaves and continue rubbing these dried tree branches.

"It is a willow tree, I found it right there, look! Now the smoke comes" so the grass started to smoke and eventually the fire comes.

" Oh great mother! we can cook a fish, onions and tomatoes.

I am looking to my mother face, she smile while looking at me, but her eyes still sad; I know the reason why, it is because of my little brother Hussain.

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I said "mother look what I have collected" I open my shirt and her reaction delighted my heart.

She cried "Thank you Ali, it is a blessing! Mohammed looks! What our son had brought us" smiling to my father.

My father is amazed for the bunch of fruits inside my shirt. He said "You are my son". My father is very proud of me.

â Father Look! This garlic will heal your wound.

"Yes! This will help" replied my father, I chew the garlic though its unlikely taste lingers in my tongue but i do it for my father. Then I put the garlic in my fatherâ s wound cover it with clothe.

Days, weeks and months past we are living in the island. The island has plenty of fruits to support us, coconut juice to serve as our drinking water and we are able to find vegetables and cook fish.

My fatherâ s wound was healed with the help of garlic, which I chew every day and put on his wound.

Every night I heard my mother cries, she sometimes calling my lost little brothers name.

I can't do anything, I am just keep praying that; I can still see my brother someday and we will grow up together. I donâ t know if he is still alive, but I can still feel it in my heart that he is there, waiting for me. We are hoping he is still alive.

One morning I heard a sound of a motorboat, a fishing boat coming near the island.

I shouted to my father "Baba look! â

He rushes into the water, running and shouting â Over here! Help!â

While my father is waving, those person in the fishing boat responded, they are waving back to us and the boat direction change heading to our place.

They are fisherman from nearby Islands; they brought us to the small village.

"Are you one of the passengers of the sunken wooden boat few months ago? Said the man.

â Yes we are" my father reply to the inquiry of the man.

"A lot of dead body washed away nearby in our village including children and most of them are asylum seeker bound to Australia.

My mother tearfully holds me, she is shaking, and she can't control her tears upon hearing the news.

She cries and tells my father "what if Hussain did not survive?"

My father also cry, even me I can't control my feelings the possibility of losing my little brother. I am not ready to face the truth.

I cried and I said "Mama, Hussain still alive! I can feel it."

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My mother hold me and said "yes I can feel it also Ali" and she hugs me with my father.

The other men inform us that there are some survivors they rescue.

â There are some survivor also, were able to rescue some of them and they are living in the temporary shelter provided by the government the social services center,"

My father is quick to ask "can you bring us there? I lost my son the night of the tragedy, I would like to check the survivors maybe my son still alive."

They all agree to bring us to the center and my mother has a mixed emotion, she is somehow happy but also sad.

"To be continued..."

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