

# CHAINED

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The trees reached out as if to grab me while I trudged through the gloomy and lifeless forest. I could still hear the sound of gunfire in the distance. Suddenly fire snaked across the ground burning everything in its path. It was beautiful, streaks of red and yellow dancing in front of my eyes until it burnt me. I shrieked in pain as my hand went bright red.

I ran as fast as my bruised and battered legs would take me, after a few minutes of running I collapsed in a scarred, battered and miserable heap. A pale hand came down on me in a flash, the breath was sucked out of me and as everything faded. I saw the faint image of chains. I had a dream about what life was like before the white men came and tried to take me away. My Mum and I sat eating kangaroo while the sun sank peacefully into the horizon. I went to sleep in the comfort of my snug bed with the warmth of my mother by my side and in the morning Dad taught me the basics of how to hunt and then he took me on a hunting trip with all the adults and a few other kids. Then it was sucked away and I woke to the sound of crying children and stern voices yelling words that I didn't understand. I tried to stand but metal shackles dug into my ankles and wrists and forced me to fall back down into the dusty, dry and uncomfortable dirt.

"Hey you," a voice rang out across from the other side of this hellhole. "Get off your bum and help us!" Then some white person came and unlocked my shackles and they shoved me into a crowd of other indigenous people. As I looked around I saw many scarred, dirty and exhausted faces. 'Here!' one of them muttered handing me a rusty and worn shovel.

As the sun began to set, I felt like my arms were going to fall off. "Ok all you blacks, time for dinner." For dinner we had stale bread and nothing else. "Alright time for bed." We

limped slowly to a dusty room with ripped and stinky mattresses on the hard wooden floor. I decided not to fight and just to sleep because I will break out later tonight...

The hard ground crunched under my soft and tender feet as I ran at the wire again I noticed it was starting to bend. My hands were bleeding and raw but I did not give up. I charged again and again until the wall between freedom and captivity finally fell apart.

Freedom at last.