

When Josie arrived at her new home in Windermere, she could think about nothing else to do other than to sleep. Which is exactly what she did. Barely acknowledging her surroundings, she dragged her exhausted legs upstairs, and flopped into bed without undressing.

Tweet! Tweet! What was that noise? Josie felt dazed and confused. She sensed the unfamiliar feel of a comfortable mattress, a thick, warm blanket and a soft pillow beneath her head. Then she remembered. She was at her new home in Windermere! And the sound she had heard was a bird chirping. It seemed so sweet and welcoming compared to the 'Caw! Caw!' of the crows in her concentration camp. But that was all over. That was in the past.

Excitedly, she rushed over to the window. The sight before her was so beautiful. Acres and acres of fields and greenery and so much free space to roam about in and oh — that beautiful lake! It looked too good to be true! Was all of this really hers? It seemed too much for one little girl. Josie felt like she was in heaven.

This was where she belonged. Here, at Lake Windermere. This was her home.

Evie

Kyle bolted upright, feeling the beads of sweat drip down his face after having a nightmare remembering the dreadful two years he spent in a concentration camp. However, not long after, he was soothed by the warm but strange feeling of thick, clean sheets.

A few moments later, Kyle found a large tray of food, which was something he hadn't seen in a long, long time, waiting for him. The food was gone within minutes. Kyle got dressed and went into the garden in which his new 'sister', Elise, was playing.

"Kyle! Kyle come over here!" she signalled. No reply was given but he did go towards her. When he was there, Elise shushed him and pointed at something blue perched on a flower. A blue butterfly. "That's not the only thing I wanted to show you," the little girl whispered. "Follow me." Again, no reply was given, the boy just silently followed the five-year-old back through and out of the house.

As they walked down the road, some smiled, some frowned, some waved and some stared in disgust but Elise took no notice and Kyle was just doing what he was told. Elise had led Kyle to a dock on Windermere Lake and they sat on the edge of it, peacefully staring at the crystal blue lake, admiring the shimmering surface. Kyle felt at peace with the world, he felt — comfort.

"Isn't it really pretty?!" Elise squealed.

"It is. This is my favourite place now," Kyle replied, smiling.

This was the first time he had spoken after three days of being here. The first time he had truly felt safe.

Marli