

## 'Them' - Story Reflection

The bitter wind was biting my skin, not that I had that much of it anyway. I entered the dim tent and without warning, consent or permission I was practically bombed with powder. (Not a great pun to make after the war but I haven't had the chance to make one in years). Instinctively I shielded my eyes but I let my bones relax, I decided I was not going to be afraid of this foreign country as I am of my home one. Furthermore, the powder was soft and was far superior than those horrid rags of home, I wish to never have to wear those again.

As I part-waddled out of the tent (the powder stuck firmly to my body making it impossible to walk) I let my eyes adjust to the sun once more. Then peculiarly I heard a strong British accent in the form of a faint whisper, from what I was aware of everyone here was either Jewish or German, speaking either Hebrew or German. Some children here could speak small snippets of English but their accents thrive in their words, so who were these people? I circled my head to see they were children, but British ones some slightly older than me, and as I listened to their whispers they transformed into sniggers, jeers and devilish giggles. I cannot deny we looked odd and I refused to cause accidental mayhem on my first day in this prosperous, strict country so I simply ignored their impolite welcome and declined the lingering knowledge that they despised us. We were told we would be welcomed with open arms but now I am having my doubts.

My next destination was the food hall, it was indifferent from the powder tent and the only exceptions were the size, its contents and its light. But after the powder the carefully kneaded bread baked lightly in an oven tasted delicious and I couldn't help smuggling a few, anyhow most children were doing similar acts. Looking out the window (it was around dark hour now) I saw the same faces as I saw only this time they had expressions of disgust on their faces, I smiled. If they did not like us then perhaps we could try and befriend them? But of course, my hopes were too high and as they're eyes met mine they scrambled away.

*Lian*