

NIA'S NEVERLAND

It was a new day in our town. Tom, James and I decided to go for a walk to the city's outskirts. We ran across the buildings, destroyed by USA bombs. The war lasted three years and my friends and I every day went there to play in a safe place. We usually saw the "refugees", people who didn't have home. One of them was Nia, a ten year old girl with a mental disability. She lived in a pipeline near the river. Our favourite hobby was throwing things to her. It was very funny, because some minutes later she began to run like a scared animal. We were cruel children, but one day...

While we were throwing pebbles to her, an earthquake happened: the USA army was attacking our city while we were out. James and Tom began to run, but I lost in the little forest between the outskirts and the city. Two hours later I was crying in the forest: I hurt my leg and I didn't run, but a shadow appeared among the trees. It was Nina, she was watching me in silence while I was trying to run, but she used her ribbon to seal my wound. I put my arm in her shoulder and we started to move: we crossed her pipeline and arrived in a little garden made by rubble, she obviously worked on it everyday. Since then, everyday during the day I was playing with my friends, and at night I was working in Nia's garden. She called it "Neverland". This routine lasted two months, but one day, while I was with Nia, James discovered the garden (surely he was following me). He began to laugh and called me "the fool's boyfriend". I got angry and I pushed Nina and she fell down-"I hate you"-(I told her) -"I was never your friend"- . Nia began to cry, and James smiled at me. We ran out to the city, far from her.

The next day I went to Nia's garden. I was very sorry. I brought her a rose (her favourite flower), but when I arrived at the pipeline, I saw two men carrying some death bodies (victims of war). One of them was Nia. I didn't remember what I did, probably cry or start to run. Two days later, I went to Nina's garden: in the middle of the floor there was Nia's ribbon, that ribbon that saved me in the forest, two months ago. I tied it to my wrist and remembered our happy moments. I could never apologize, but I can still do something for her. Since that day I have been watering her flowers what she loved. Someday this war will end and these flowers will shine like her.