

The Stars of Hope – Miesha 7D2

This is a story of Evelyn Ashford. She was five years old. She lived with her family, but her father was in the army. So usually, it was her oldest brother Adam and her mother. Her mother was busy with work and worked very hard to keep food on the table. Her brother was also busy with studying and also managing his job.

Evelyn wasn't like other kids. So when the war bell rang, she didn't panic or scream. She packed her most important things like clothes and a picture of her family. She remembered looking back at her house before running away.

The bunker which had once been empty was now filled like a shopping mall. Families who had been able to escape now lived there. In the distance, she could hear planes, bombs and guns firing. Inside, kids were crying for their parents or siblings – no family was complete, some men had gone (or were forced to go) to war. Kids who had parents were now orphans.

Evelyn stood in the middle of the chaos. Her mother was helping parents find their kids. Her brother (he was too young to be in war) was helping around to make sure there was enough food in the bunker. The bunker was old and very dusty. Adults and kids were holding their belongings in one place. The quiet silence had filled the bunker as the sun set in the west. Evelyn let the silence sink in. She closed her eyes. Her brother sat beside her and whispered, "You are thinking about father, aren't you?" his voice like sugar. He wasn't wrong because he was right, she was thinking about her father. Her silence gave him the answer.

As the night settled in the bunker, some people snored and the rest slept unaware of the war that went on outside. In the dead of night she woke up, sleep didn't come to her easily. She left her tent and looked around herself. Tents, sleeping bags and mattresses lay on the ground. She looked to her left and saw the smallest but a visible window. She looked outside and saw the stars and thought to herself.

She remembered her mother telling her stars are people who have died. Are these the stars who looked down at you while you hold yourself together? These were stars who shined their way through the darkest nights. The stars who gave us hope in the night. The stars that were the guiding light.

Evelyn had learned something that night. Sometimes it is the small things that give us hope against the big problems.