

Dear diary,

Today was like any other day... at least to begin with! I was sat in the classroom, daydreaming about the good times with my brothers when we would herd the cows, happily playing with the firm, brown clay, continuously practising with our wooden bows and arrows and excitedly cooking any animals we caught on the bright, burning fire. My mouth began to water as I imagined the succulent, sizzling meat. I could almost taste it!

Suddenly, my daydreaming was rudely interrupted by a deafening bang. My droning teacher stopped what he was doing and immediately went over to the window to check what was going on. Everything was silent. Then... BANG BANG BANG! It was gunfire! Feeling terrified, I was frozen to the spot. All around me, the other boys dived under their small wooden desks for safety but we had no idea what was going on. I didn't dare approach the window, so I followed my teachers instructions and hid, shaking from head to toe, as tears started to stream down my face.

Breathing heavily, my teacher then told us that we had to leave. He said the safest place for us to go was into the bush. In the blink of an eye, all of the boys darted towards the door and we began to desperately hurtle through the village. All I could see were men, women and children running in all directions. All I could hear was gunshot and the panicked shouts of the villagers.

Now I am hidden in the bush, all alone. I feel terrified, because I have no idea if my family are ok. I don't dare leave the bush in case I am caught...