

'Then nowhere safe, so we get on boat on big sea.'

This time, Ms Hemsi held up a drawing of a boat. But the boat wasn't like a normal boat with sails and pointy ends and wooden sides. This one was flat and round and was orange on the sides – just like the ones I had seen on the news that didn't have any toilets on them. And inside the boat were lots of people, all wearing vests that made them look like puffin birds. But there were people in the water too, and they had bubbles coming out of their mouths saying, 'HELP ME'.

Everyone leaned forward in their chairs and tried to read the labels Ahmet had put over some of the people's heads. I saw 'Me' and 'Mum' and 'Dad', but there wasn't one for 'Sister' or 'Cat'. I know cats don't like water because Josie has a cat and she says it screams whenever it rains and always wants to stay inside. So maybe Ahmet's cat didn't want to get into the boat. And maybe his sister didn't want to leave it behind, so she stayed behind to look after it.

This was the boat picture:



'Then we are in another country, called Greece,' said Ahmet. 'We live in tent with lots of people who run away like me. They come from lots of country like Afghanistan and Pakistan and Eritrea.'

The next picture showed a flag with blue and white stripes and a white cross in a blue corner, and next to it were lots of tents and people everywhere sitting next to fires and sleeping on the floor. In this picture, only the words 'Me' and 'Dad' could be seen. Ahmet's mum must be sleeping inside one of the tents.

This was the picture:



'Then we walk long time . . . In lots of country. It was cold, and we sleep on floor. And then we stay in France.'

This time, Ahmet pointed to the next picture with his finger and showed us the railway tracks he had

drawn. On it were people carrying suitcases and children, and all of them were walking to a wall with barbed wire on the top. Everyone looked sad. And in the corner, there were army tanks and soldiers holding guns, and all the guns were pointing at the people with the suitcases and children.

Ms Hemsi held this drawing up for longer than any of the others, because Ahmet was looking at it and didn't seem to want to stop staring at it.

This was the drawing:



'Then I come here . . . and come to school. I like here . . . no bombs. It safe and I like new friends and teacher and play football.'