



The Boat Journey



I am Omar, I'm in a strange place
 On a packed boat, waves in my face
 Huddling with others on this massive boat
 Keeping myself warm in a nice soft coat
 I am scared and I might cry
 But my mother ^{said} that I shouldn't so I'll
 try

He sat on the boat, as water splashed on his face,
 The boat started going and he was feeling no grace.

He began to remember, the words he was told,
 He was feeling so brave, so strong and so bold,

He started to realise, something wasn't quite right,
 He peered over the boat and saw the waves wanting a fight.

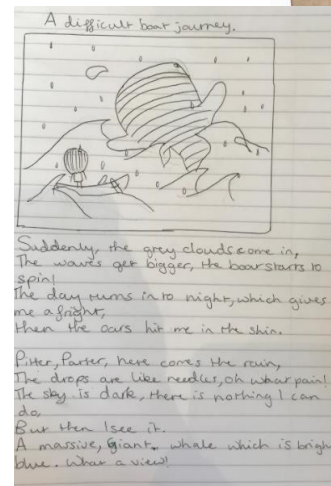
The water crashed down at them, all on the boat,
 And he was still cold even with his puffy coat.

The boy started to pray, he prayed to his mother,
 He prayed and prayed, harder than any other.

The boy prayed that it would all be okay,
 He prayed that he would see his mother today.

CRASHING WAVES:

The wind roared above us
 Like a wolf howling in the night
 The waves were overpowering
 They filled our minds with fright
 Each wave was stronger
 Throwing us around like a ball
 We were all screaming
 Hoping for an answering call

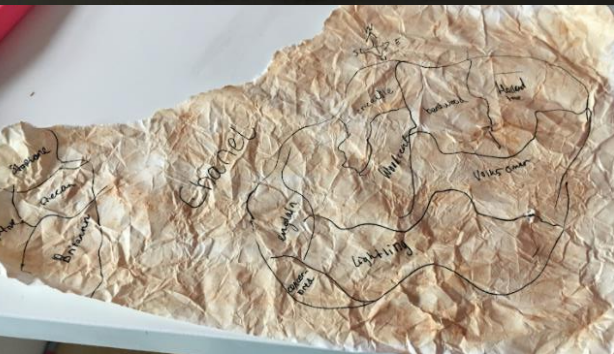


Dear Diary,

Today has been an absurd day. It all started when I left mother to go to England. I felt heartbroken that I had to leave her, but she said it was the right thing to do and that I would see her again. I boarded the small boat, fighting back the salty tears that were emerging in my eyes. However, the boat ride didn't go so well! The boat started filling up. It was a calamity! Everyone started rushing around panicking, we all expected to drown. From then, it was like I lost all my senses! I couldn't feel anything. When I woke up, I knew I was on land, just I didn't know where! I endeavoured to look around, but I couldn't move a muscle! I was on a beach somewhere. That's when I heard a chattering noise, but they were so quiet I could barely hear them over the sound of the undulating sea. When my head could finally move, I saw them. Thousands of tiny little people, swarming around me, chatting amongst themselves. They were speaking English, and it was just the perfect time to practice my English as I was learning on the boat! Sadly however, they didn't seem to understand it but eventually they began to talk to each other and laugh, encouraging me to carry on! Then a little - really, really little - old lady started talking to me, as if recognising me from somewhere: "Gulliver?!", "Gulliver?!!"



This week we have continued to listen to the book Boy Giant. Inspired by this, we have created maps, written poetry telling of the treacherous journey Omar travelled on, and written a diary entry from Omar's perspective



Dear Diary,

Something rather strange happened yesterday. The last thing I could remember was me on a sinking boat and then, "Bam!" I'm here. I was feeling exceedingly shocked. I wondered how I had survived and how I came to be here. As the sand tickled my feet, I knew I was on a beach.

As you already know, I used to be very small but now I am huge! I'm the size of a whale! I can't move my head or stand up.

I felt something crawl up my leg. Thinking it was a Scorpion, I froze. Little did I know it was actually a small human! My whole body was covered with humans sitting on me as if I was a bench. What am I meant to do? I started to repeat some of the words that the helpers at the refugee camp had taught me, "hello, doctor, football, Chelsea, Joe Root, Manchester United, England, 'how's at', Afghanistan."

They all looked amused except the old lady. She looked totally bewildered. Then I decided to say something else that the mini creatures might know, "4th Street Mevagissy. 4th Street Mevagissy." I was in a maelstrom of emotions. Why did they not understand me? The people seemed like they wouldn't hurt me but maybe they would help me

Then the old lady came over and shouted, "Gulliver, Gulliver." Did I know that name?

Dear Diary,

I had the weirdest day today, last night there was a massive boat crash. I didn't really know what happened as I think I passed out but then in the morning I could see tiny, old and young people surrounding me. It was so cold as the wind was blowing on me, I couldn't even feel my fingers - they were ice cold. 1000's of thoughts were running through my head that I couldn't understand. Where were my friends; have they disappeared; why am I so tall or why are they so small. I tried talking to them, seeing if they could understand me and I started saying "hello", "bye", "How's That!!", "Chelsea", "England" and "football". All of them just started laughing at me - I felt so embarrassed. What did I say wrong. I had so many sad thoughts in my head as I was thinking about Mum.

The frail old lady started looking at me like she knew me from somewhere. The lady started walking down my arm and went to sit by the nearest rock. All of the kids started surrounding me - I felt trapped and claustrophobic, I think they were examining me. Oh, I wish mother could see what was going on..... oh mother, oh mother. They started to take of all the of all the blankets that were on me they had started tickling me, I was laughing so loud. I started to hum a lullaby and after a bit they started to hum with me. I loved it so much I had a massive smile on my face; I think I am friends with them now.

I tried to look up to see what the old lady was doing but my head wouldn't move, it felt like I was in quicksand. After a while, the lady finally got back up on her feet and came up to me and started talking to me. I thought something amazing was going to happen to me. She started crying and said "Gulliver", repeating herself constantly. Every time it got louder and louder, I think she thought I was somebody called "Gulliver".

