

# My life as a convict

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I have finally reached Botany Bay. I have been sent here because I stole some clothes to keep me cosy and warm. I feel so tired after working and cleaning. First the young children disembarked. I'm 8 but I didn't go because I really needed to rest. Just then I heard someone calling my name Zara! Zara! So I rapidly got out of the ship. What I saw was unpleasant. I saw dry, bare empty land plus it was stinking. Then I saw people who looked different to me. I don't know who they are. I don't like this place. It's frightening! What are they going to do to me?



When I arrived the officials gave me a tent. The tent was very big but I had to share it with 9 other children. For food I ate mouldy bread and rotten cheese. I was ravenous so I ate it. But it was not enough for me. The weather was cloudy and I had to sleep on a rug, the rug was not comfy so I couldn't sleep properly.

The next day they woke us up with a loud bell I did not want to but I reluctantly did. The officials took me to a factory so I had to weave. The work was painful but I had to do it or I would be hit. At 1:00 pm I had soup. It was disgusting.



Few years later...

I have been in this punishment for a long time but it's stopped here. I got the ticket of freedom! I got the ticket of freedom because I have been weaving obediently for 5 years but now I have 2 years off. I chose to stay here because I like it here. I'm going to make a living with my weaving skills. I can make bedsheets, denim, blankets and saris. The rug I sleep on is comfy now. My tent mates are my friends. I said bye to them. I'll miss them.

