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**Through a Teen's Eyes: A
Glimpse of the Roaring De-
struction in Somalia**

In the country of
Somalia, there is a
city called Xamar.

From the streets of the city,
you could only see red eyes
from all the thick smoke, which seems to be burning up the last tree in the
city. Oddly, there is always groups of other individuals that keep building
another of these things that seem to be creating a gray deadly thing.

Let's examine, where I sat inside a house that had no windows and
was made with bricks that were 20 feet wide. I waited for the rest of my
family to come home. My mom came looking like the monster all the kids
were searching for these days with her eyes red and lips seemed like it
was going to burst open and bleed. She was carrying a package that gave
my gut a real churning feeling.

When the TV turned on, my sister tried to yell, "Hey guys, the news is
on." But there was barely a sound because her esophagus had holes in it
because of the gas. "I hope they talk about the shooting!?! They never talk
about it," I said crying and rolling on the floor, but trying not to hurt my
last crumpled lung. After the news ended, I looked like a living eggplant
because I was enraged that our country was at war.

