Version 1

They pushed on through the rain for a long time. Mahmoud didn't know how long. All he knew was that he wanted it to end. This was worse than Aleppo. In Aleppo, at least, he could run. Here, he had no control against nature. He was just a person floating on a rubber dinghy in the middle of the ocean. He might fall into the sea, and no one would know he was gone.

Gratz, A. (2017) *Refugee*. New York: Scholastic Press.

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Version 2

They pushed on through the driving rain and roiling seas for what felt like an eternity. It might have been ten hours or ten minutes, Mahmoud didn't know. All he knew was that he wanted it to end. This was worse than Aleppo. Worse than bombs falling. In Aleppo, at least, he could run. Here he was at the mercy of nature, a speck in a rubber dinghy in the middle of a sea. If it wanted to, the ocean could swallow him, and no one would know he was gone.

Gratz, A. (2017) *Refugee*. New York: Scholastic Press.

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Original

"They pushed on through driving rain and roiling seas for what felt like an eternity. It might have been ten hours or ten minutes, Mahmoud didn't know. All he knew was that he wanted it to end, and end now. This was worse than Aleppo. Worse than bombs falling and soldiers shooting and drones buzzing overhead. In Aleppo, at least, he could run. Hide. Here he was at the mercy of nature, an invisible brown speck in an invisible black rubber dinghy in the middle of a great black sea. If it wanted to, the ocean could open its mouth and swallow him and no one in the whole wide world would ever know he was gone."

Gratz, A. (2017) *Refugee*. New York: Scholastic Press.

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