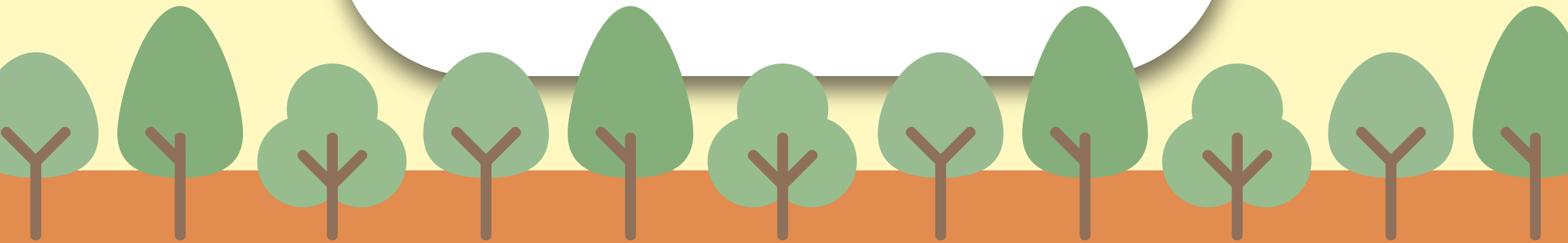


# Nuha's Journey

Written by Ava C



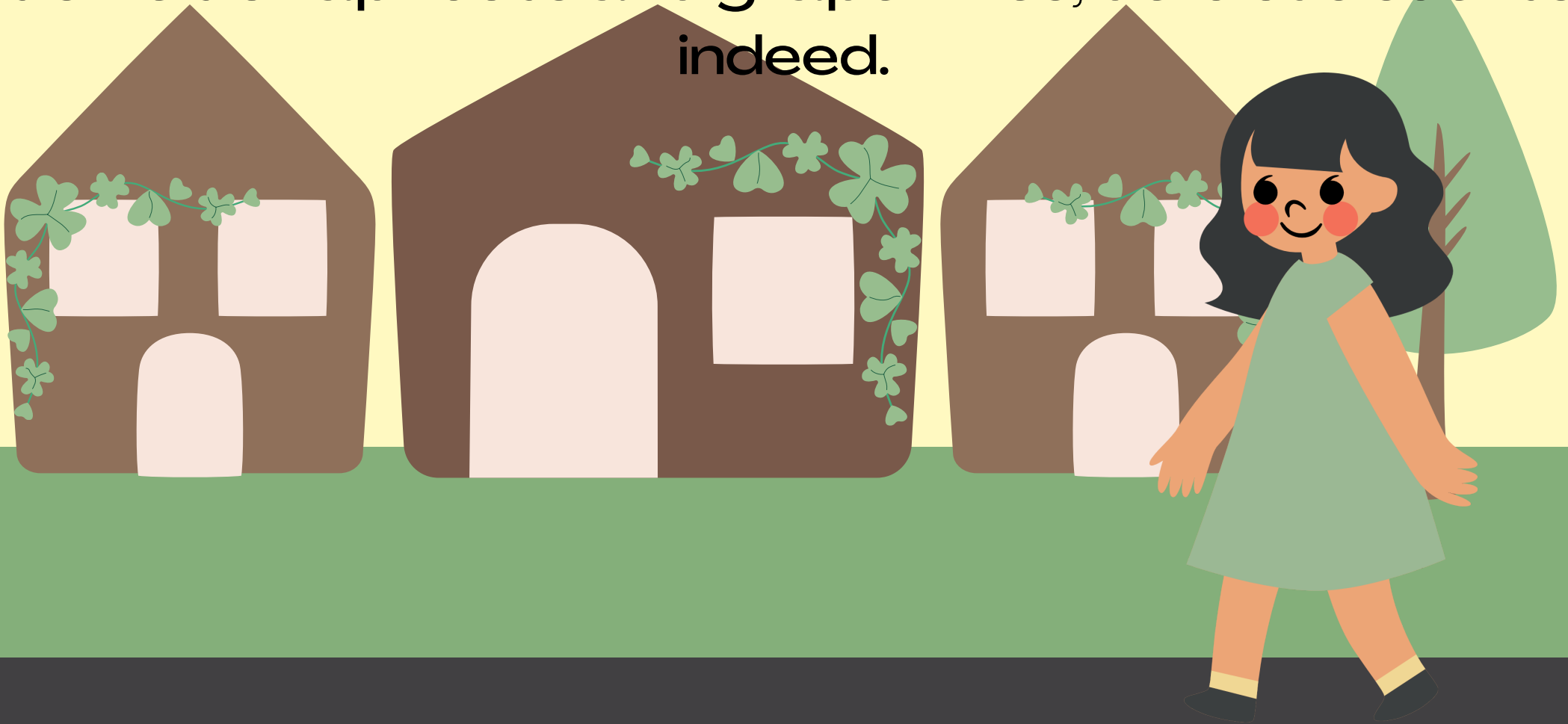
Dedicated to my Teta Nuha



Amman in Jordan was clean, ordinary but clean.

Nothing but a good, standard life.

It smelt of apricots and grape vines, delicious scents  
indeed.



Saying goodbye was miserable and dejected, the words '*I'll miss you*' were tossed around a great deal of times.

But a new journey awaits, full of exploring and touring of a new country.



The plane was simple, a simple plane. Nothing unusual but the announcements. What did they say?

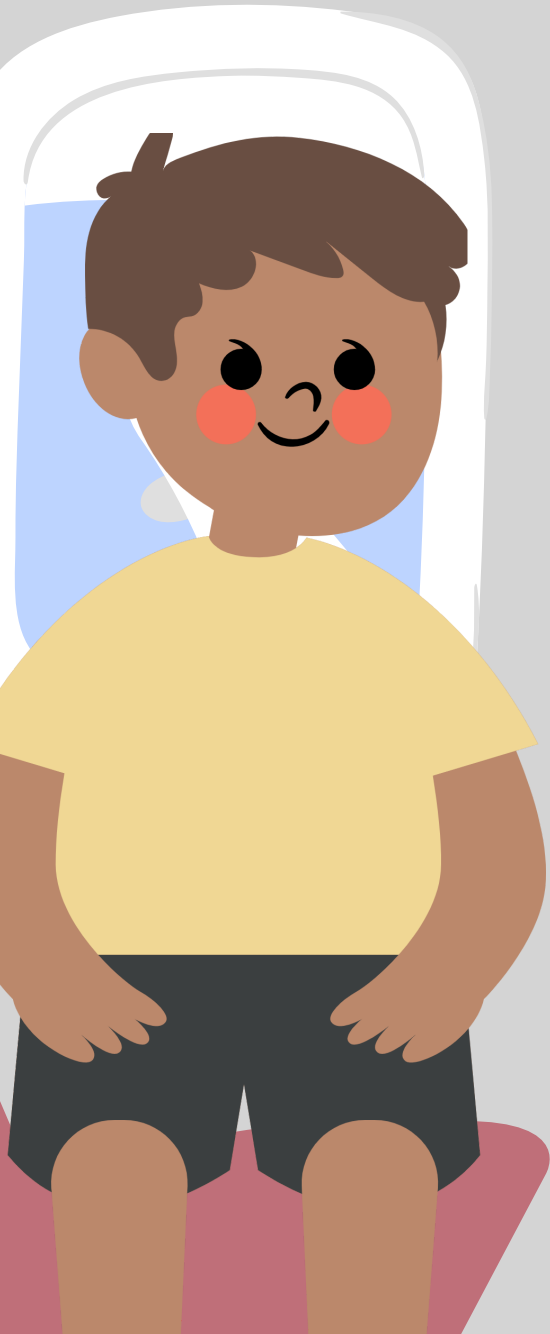
Nuha could not understand the gibberish that they spoke.



The mini stop at Bangkok was a relief for Nuha's legs. Everybody's muscles were aching from sitting on the plane. They weren't the most comfortable of seats, but they worked.



Back on the plane again, only half way left!  
They will land by dark.  
How exciting it is!





Reality had finally hit Nuha, the questions that she couldn't bare to be answered rattled in her head.

What if she never sees her family again?

What if she doesn't like Australia?

What if this was a bad decision?



Land, land is now visible out the window.

Again, the announcement speaks gibberish.

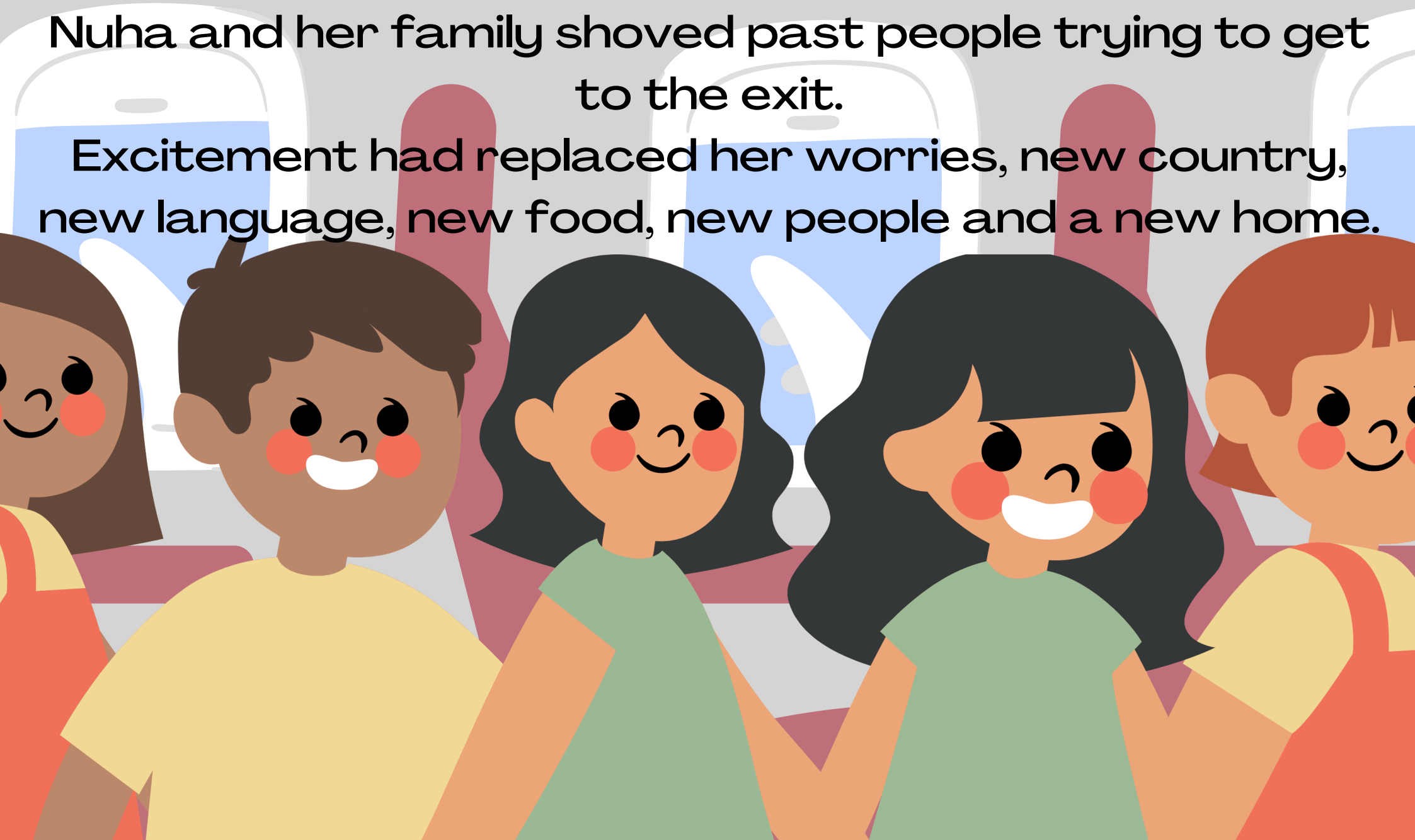
Everyone on the plane sounds excited, Nuha however was still agonized by the thoughts of those questions.



The sound of unbuckling seat belts circulated throughout the plane.

Nuha and her family shoved past people trying to get to the exit.

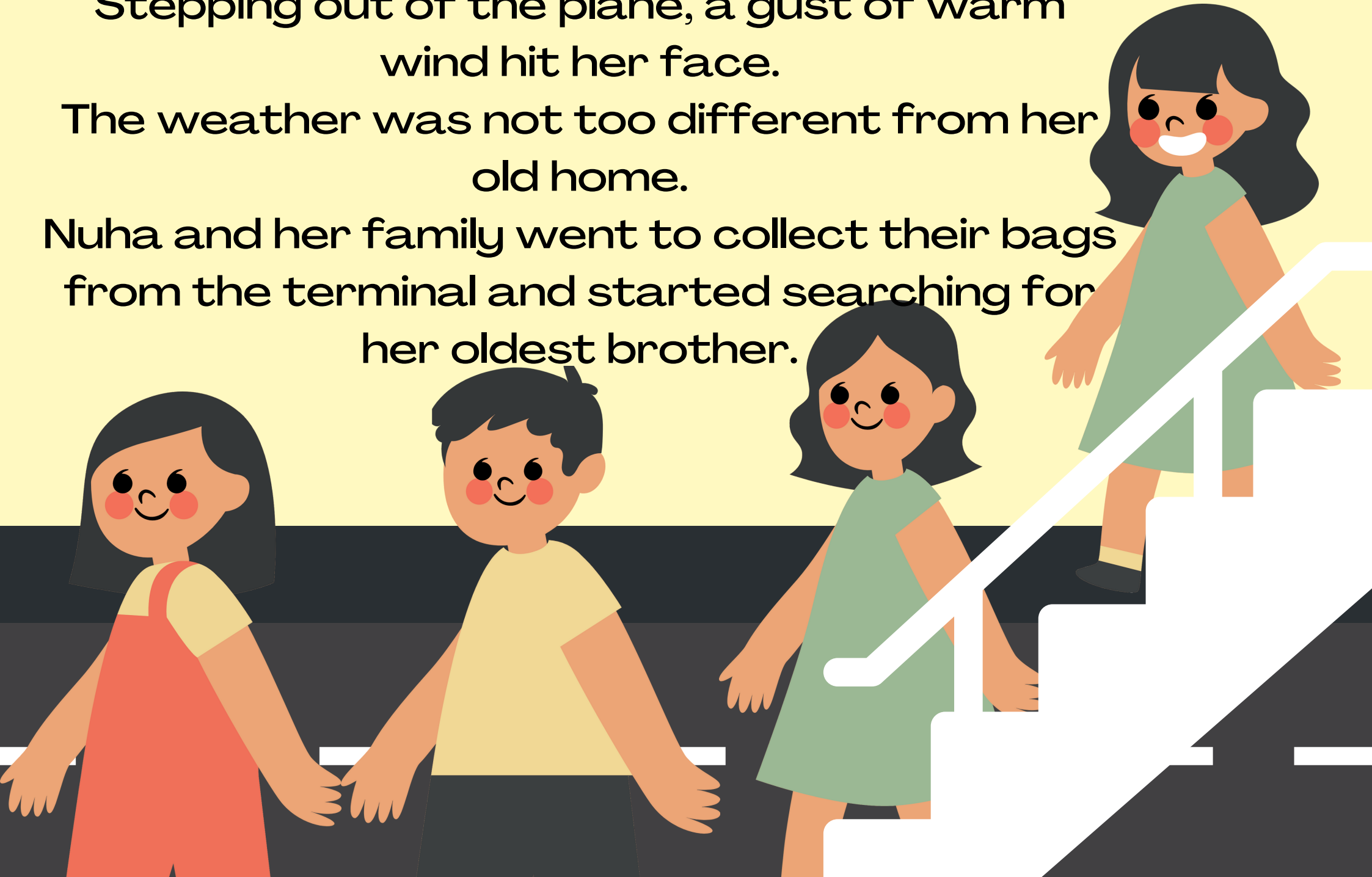
Excitement had replaced her worries, new country, new language, new food, new people and a new home.



Stepping out of the plane, a gust of warm  
wind hit her face.

The weather was not too different from her  
old home.

Nuha and her family went to collect their bags  
from the terminal and started searching for  
her oldest brother.



Once they spotted him in the massive crowd of reunited families they all started rushing towards him. Everyone sprung their arms around him making it hard for him to breathe, but he didn't care, nobody cared, they were just so overjoyed to see him. After the greetings he drove them to go have lunch. After that, the exploring began!



He took them to the the Sydney Harbour Bridge.  
The way it lit up at night just gave it a special feel,  
never had Nuha seen such a lovely structure.  
She was already obsessed with her new home.



The Sydney Opera house was Nuha's favourite. The clean look of the white waves was just so pleasing to the eye and the amazing architecture made Nuha wish they came to Australia sooner.

Oh how she loved Sydney, it was so much more appealing than her old home.



What was she so worried about?

Missing home didn't even cross Nuha's mind.

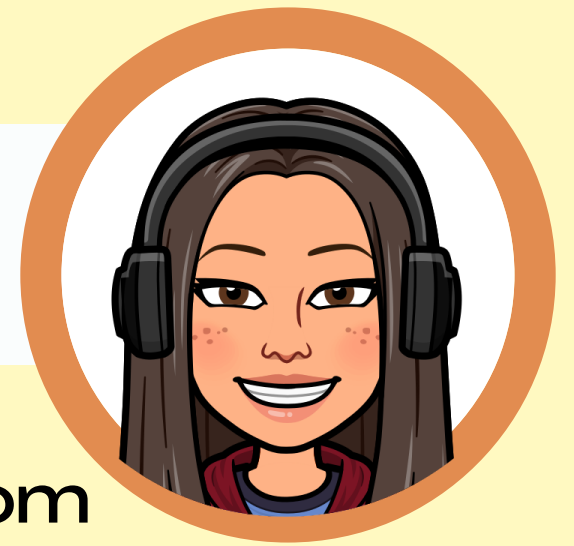
It was the best decision she had ever made.







# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

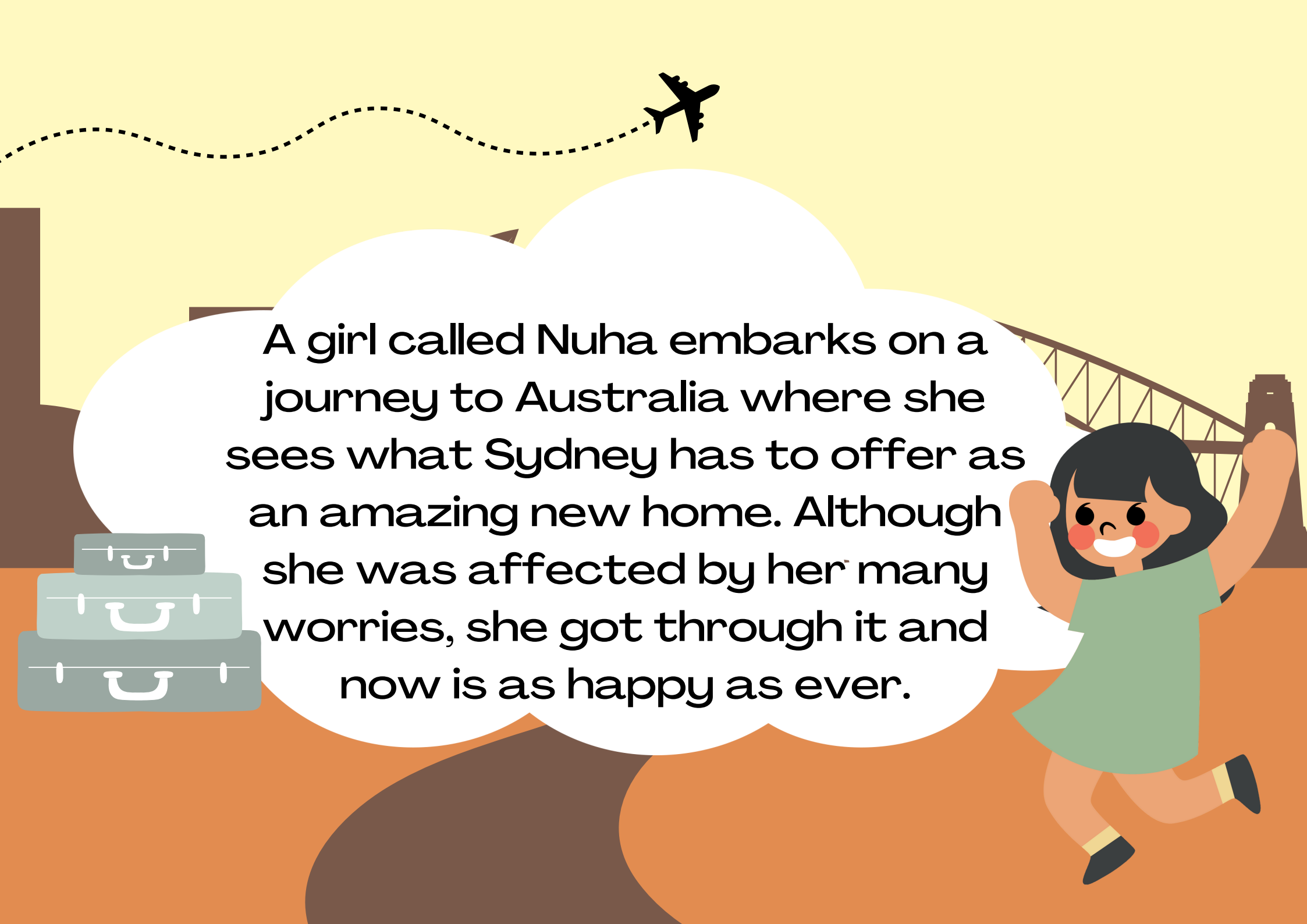


My name is Ava and I am from Australia. In my spare time I like to draw, call my friends, listen to music, play with my dog, read and watch Netflix.

My Teta inspired me to write this story about her immigration to Australia. I dream of becoming a journalist, lawyer, school teacher or architect.





The background features a stylized city skyline with a bridge on the right. A girl with dark hair, wearing a green dress and black shoes with yellow socks, is running happily towards the right. To her left is a stack of three grey suitcases. Above the text, a black airplane is flying, leaving a dashed line trail. The text is contained within a large white cloud shape.

A girl called Nuha embarks on a journey to Australia where she sees what Sydney has to offer as an amazing new home. Although she was affected by her many worries, she got through it and now is as happy as ever.