

Escape From Cambodia

When my family and I escaped from Cambodia to Thailand we had to walk a long way for many days and nights through the jungle. We had to cross a river by bridge to get into Thailand. When we got to the bridge the bridge had been bombed by the enemy some communist Vietnamese.

The bridge was very high and had no sides and was very shakey.

My father told me not to look down. We all have to crawl on our stomachs to get across. My father held my hand and my mother crawled with my baby sister on her back. My father had to go back and get my grandfather who was a doctor. I remember looking down into the water (even though my father said not to) and it was very scary looking at the fast moving water and I saw an alligator down there.

When we crossed over we were in Thailand with no food - just a small bag of raw rice to feed five people.

We found an abandoned house to stay in and then another family came to stay.