

Title (up to 20 words) - Trust

Strapline (up to 40 words) - How do you know if you can trust someone?

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

Alejandro

The ship is stuffy and smells like sweat. That's all I can think about as I crouch in the semi-darkness, only just about making out my twin sister, Celeste. She glares at me from across the room. Unfortunately, she blames me for getting us into this mess. Strictly speaking, it was my fault. But it's going to be an adventure! Surely that should be enough reasoning! What more does she want?

"I can't believe you convinced me to do this," Celeste grumbles. "Now we're hiding in the bottom of the *Belgrano*, waiting until we reach the Falklands. Great plan, Alejandro."

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. "It's an adventure! Honestly, Celeste. And we're on the *Belgrano*. Isn't that cool? An Argentinian navy ship!"

"Yes, but-" when she sees my triumphant grin, Celeste sighs. "Fine. But when we reach the Falklands, we are going to find Nicolas and tell him your crazy plan."

"What?" the grin disappears. "Are you mad? Nicolas will *kill* us!"

"Well it was your idea to drag us onto this ship to follow him," she retorts. I frown. She has a point. Maybe it was my idea. Okay, it *was* my idea. But Celeste agreed to go along with it!

The plan seemed simple in my head: sneak onto the *Belgrano*, headed for the Falkland islands; follow our older brother, Nicolas, then...well. I haven't quite thought that far ahead. I want to explore the islands that we apparently own. The British believe that it's theirs. I don't know all the facts; we're fighting for it, nonetheless.

It's funny when you think about it: two nations fighting for a tiny set of islands in the South Atlantic. Almost pointless, if anyone ever asked me. Which they don't. I usually talk too much.

People don't want me to get into lengthy conversations with them; I bore them within the first five minutes. It's a shame that most people have small attention spans.

A loud crash fills the air suddenly.

A gasp follows it - Celeste yelling my name.

My balance tips.

My breath catches.

Water rushes in.

Heather

"Dad! I haven't been outside in days!"

“No, Heather.” The same response Dad has been giving me for days reaches my ears. “It’s too dangerous. British and Argentine soldiers all about the place - what do you expect me to do? Let you roam about anywhere you please? *No.*”

I scowl. I can’t see Father’s face, but I know he’s giving me his disapproving glare; I can sense it through his words.

“Everyone else is going outside!”

“*No, Heather.*”

“Why? Are you worried I’ll accidentally find my way in the line of fire of British and Argentine soldiers? Dad, that’s what I have my cane for!”

Dad sighs. He always sighs when I bring that up. I’m blind. As simple as that. Have been all my life. I know how to get around. I’ve never known any different, using my cane so that I don’t bump into things. So why does my father have to keep me cooped up inside like I’m an injured bird? I want to spread my wings and fly.

“No.”

“Can I at least go and see Mum down by the hospital?”

Hospital. I wouldn’t call it that. More of a temporary clinic. Where the British soldiers go when they’re injured. Mum helps out there; I like to help her when I can.

Dad makes an exasperated sound that makes me believe he will refuse. But then he lets out an exhale of breath: “Fine. But only there. Don’t go exploring.”

I grin, leaping up as I grab my cane. “Sure! Bye!”

The door slams as I exit the house, my excitement and impatience taking over everything else. My cane scans the pavement for me, tapping every few seconds. I don’t need to use it, not really: I would know my way to the hospital even if I was walking backwards. But I use it all the same, noting my dad’s worry. There are bound to be British soldiers everywhere.

A few moments later, I arrive at the hospital. I sense panic instantly.

“Heather, what are you doing here?” Mum’s strained voice reaches my ears. I can hear people rushing around; a few even push past me.

“What’s going on?” I demand.

When Mum speaks, my heart starts to race. The words echo in my brain long after she stops speaking.

“The British sank the Belgrano ship. We have to see if there are any survivors.”

Alejandro

Water. Everywhere. A mass of blue, surging and retreating. It sneaks into my body, freezes my bones.

Then it stops.

Gentle arms lift me out of the traitorous sea, the sea that was merely holding up the ship moments before. As soon as I’m clear, I choke, throwing up water. Someone - someone British, I note - speaks comfortingly to me. Out of the corner of my vision, I see Nicolas. *He’s okay.*

But then I’m no longer listening. My thoughts only reflect one thing: Celeste. Where is she?

I start searching stranger’s faces once I get my breath back. No curly black hair cut unevenly at an attempt at home hair-dressing. No twinkling, sky-blue eyes. Just an empty void of faces speaking in unfamiliar voices.

“Hey - are you okay?”

I turn, hearing a girl's voice. I pick her out in the crowd. She holds a cane in one hand, and her smile sets me instantly at ease.

"Y...Yes. I think." I stutter in basic English. "My sister. On the Belgrano. Don't know where she is."

The girl's brow creases. "Your sister?"

"Twin sister. Celeste."

"Oh. *Oh*. Well, if you want, I can check the records of patients. Her name might be on there."

I pause. I don't know this girl. She doesn't know me. She's on the Falklands, which is full of British soldiers. Soldiers that are fighting *our* soldiers.

But there's something about her.

Her willingness to help.

Her fearlessness, despite facing the possible enemy.

Her trust.