Telling our stories – writings of the Basque child refugees: (7c) "A well known story" by Manuel aged 16 years, in the *Periodico de los chicos espanoles en Inglaterra* (Magazine of the Spanish boys in England) No 1, 23 May 1940

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	S DAUGEL BROWN STORM
	by Manuel - 1 Manuel
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κ	and a second
	It is shout 5 o'clock in the morning of a silent dawn of Key. In part, one can only hear from time to time chains rathling or the which ling of a finiting boot which is going out or coning into port. On the dook of the "Mahane" one can hear the volces of many dulaters who are running abut or playing on dook, or writching how the deskers are leading the shipe for the voyage - and who have forgotten for a few meaning the shipe for the voyage - and who have forgotten the to be hour after, we have the whistle of the "Hebane" that is going to larve purt on her may to England. So here the voyage starts. Little by little the ship was gotting every from the Bauque fourt, leaving in the see a white wheels the objines of the ship are rearing and from the furnels clouds of macke cane out.
	But every yard it goes farther avory young and innocent beent is benting more violently for what is happening at this moment in Silbao to those who it heftleft in that lend that we are meeing so far any.
	Is gotting farther and farther and every time it goes farther, from the land of the Quincies and braves, the land in which the people are fighting for linear and braves.
	who have never known it. So at least we have least sight of that lead that everybody so much admires for her sources and for her faithfullness, and where all of us are leaving our most beloved people. We don't know wather or when we will see then again.
	To-day was a bad and a sai day for everyone; the see was very rough and everybody was see-sick. Nearwhere one could hear arying and lamenintions. Some sailed for water and others called to return them to thair parents.
2	the the second day the sea was much colmer. W Per
	BILGAD DE COLORADO
	The sky is blue and the sun is as wram as on a summer day and it means it, reviving the broken hearts of the children, who are walking about breathing the fresh air on dackSo it was the whole day On sum softing at about 7 o'clock we sighted the coast of Enge land and at 8 o'clock we reached the part of Sauthempton.
	On the next morning, the ESrd of May, we landed for the first time on English seil.
	"Harmous petrie mis" Deede feits neet"
	(altan)
) and the second for the second secon
	(By-Ingdor X (39 (yours)
•	Vomus, the trave of the ownaring, her related not long rgo, the num has sot behind a blift that can be seen in a dark solour by the twilight in the breakround the birds do not sink any longer, and in the fields all is quist, mult frem this be time den be heared the heating of the off. Even in the valuey a see the bright lights of a eity that enjoyalized during the night whild, so the owl would four the clear rays of the got. I remain seated on the green greas, thinking of times that
	the eleur rays of the gon. I remain southd on the groun great, thinking of times that

"It is about 5 o'clock in the morning of a silent dawn of May. In port, one can only hear from time to time chains rattling or the whistling of a fishing boat which is going out or coming into port. On the deck of the 'Habana' one can hear the voices of many children who are running about or playing on deck, or watching how the dockers are loading the ships for the voyage – and who have forgotten for a few moments their lost homes.

About one hour after, we hear the whistle of the 'Habana' that is going to leave port on her way to England.

So here the voyage starts.

Little by little the shop was getting away from the Basque coast, leaving in the sea a white wake; the engines of the ship are roaring and from the funnels clouds of smoke come out.

But every yard it goes further, every young and innocent heart is beating more violently for what is happening at this moment in Bilbao to those how it has left in that land that we are seeing so far away.

Is getting farther ... and farther ... and every time it goes farther, from the land of the Quixotes and braves, the land in which the people are fighting for liberty and for the well-being of those who have never known it.

So at last we have lost sight of that land that everybody so much admires for her courage and for her faithfulness, and where all of us are leaving our most beloved people. We don't know w[h]ether or when we will see them again.

To-day was a bad and a sad day for everyone; the sea was very rough and everybody was sea-sick. Everywhere one could hear crying and lamentations. Some asked for water and others asked to return them to their parents.

On the second day the sea was much calmer.

The sky is blue and sun is as warm as on a summer day and it seems is reviving the broken hearts of the children, who are walking about breathing the fresh air on deck. So it was the whole day... On sun setting about 7 o'clock we sighted the coast of England and at 8 o'clock we reached the port of Southampton.

On the next morning, the 23rd of May, we landed for the first time on English soil."