

STORIES

*Refugee stories
at the gates of hope*



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JANA WATAN Organization**

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At the gates of hope for freedom for the Syrian people

Since its founding, Jana Watan Organization has been working to advocate for the rights of refugees. One of its activities in 2014, was documenting violations against Syrian refugees in Lebanon and refugee women detained in Lebanon, as well as advocating for their rights advocating for their rights to residency, protection, coordinating and networking with international bodies, And effective legal organizations

This is in advocacy for the rights of refugees, it continued as such in Turkey, and because it was founded primarily by refugee activists, who consider the issue of refugee rights to be one of their most important concerns in terms of human rights, and because of the intertwining of the issue between inside and outside Syria the issue has recently turned to the issue of safe, voluntary and dignified return as a demand of a people who have been displaced. The transformation of the issue into forced deportation from countries of asylum to northern Syria without taking into consideration the right of every person to return to his home. Likewise, the issue of refugees is similar to the issue of displaced persons in terms of demand and solution.

With the aim of advocating for the issue of refugees and their rights, we worked on this book to be one of the books about forced displacement forced return, The stories carry the pain and hopes towards a safer and more stable.

This book collected some of the refugees' stories about the real characters of flesh and blood. These stories constitute only a very small part of the stories of millions of refugees and displaced people in all corners of the earth who may have passed through here.

The book has been translated into Arabic, Turkish, and English for easy access to its content

All our thanks to everyone who cooperated in completing this book, and we hope that it will be an idea for similar books that address the suffering of Syrians across borders and continents.

All respect and appreciation for the contribution of the Euro-Mediterranean Human Rights Foundation (EMHRF) to the completion of this book, without interfering with its content or bearing responsibility for it.

JANA WATAN

Dedication

For Syrians dreaming of a better tomorrow
and seeking change.

For the detainees in the shackles of pride and
darkness of honor.

For injured people who lost some of their body
and did not lose determination.

For the martyrs under the soil who are absent
with their bodies,
and present with their souls among us.

For a family in the tent is waiting to return to
their home, even if it is a pile of stones.

And with them, for my sister (Bara'a), who
dedicated her life to her revolution and left as
an exiled stranger, and to those whom they
look like her.

For all of them and for everyone who receives
these stories, which are only a page of Syrian
pain, we hope that it will end soon, and then
we will try to heal our wounds, and there are
many.

Introduction

Because the stories of the Syrians are many, painful, and dispersed in all parts of the world, it was necessary for us, while trying to collect them, by wandering in the folds of the souls of their owners and diving into the depths of the scattered stories.

Every letter in every story is a mirror of the pain that was destined to reach you, and the mouthpiece of a person who was exhausted by asylum and whose destinies went to a place he had not planned.

In your hands is a narrative that puts the Syrian story in the context of human asylum within its proper place. Humans searched for a decent life after being crushed by the brutal machine of destruction and hardship in the vast land of God. Some of them are still in a state of wandering, and some of them have ended their exile and their eyes are on their family, wishing for them the salvation.

So, read these stories with your hearts, because I deposited enough care and love in them to unite our hearts as human beings before anything else.

And I borrow from my father (Mustafa Al-Ghadeer), who wrote a sentence in the introduction to his collection of poetry:

O people, of all races, my love, my concern, and my affection for you...

How much I loved this sentence and wished with all my heart that I would deliver it to people, all people.

Salam AL Ghadeer

Baraa and The Lost Dream



It is a sunny winter day, but it is a dull sun, like the sun of many days that have passed for the Syrians, most of whom shared the pain of loss until it became a part of their lives. The mother was with her children on the way to the hospital. Yes, the hospital. Since midnight, they received a phone call to simply tell them: (Survival is for God). The three children hid the news from their mother until the morning. After she finished the dawn prayer, she read what she could from the Qur'an then told her supplication prayers and drank the tea she used to start her day with.

She found her daughter sitting cross-legged near the fireplace to tell her, "Your face is not okay." She was skilled at reading faces. Her intuition was true, as every time, she found the three of them crowding around her with their tears, she quickly understood and turned to her Lord to supplicate in a voice choked with tears, and she hurried with them to go to the hospital.

There, the family receives the body and a question faces them: (Where do you bury your daughter?) Their decision comes: (Here, yes, here in their exile, where they can at least visit her whenever they feel longing for her.

Perhaps they are fortunate to have many friends and acquaintances Here to share them the details of that difficult day, as many men and women prayed for her soul, including her sister, who was leading the funeral prayer for the first time in her life, the family was not accustomed to sharing women at funerals. That sister, unfortunately, seems to be the first time in her life, she is associated with painful events.

At the funeral hall, people are noticeably crowded. The family believes that the reason is that their young deceased was hospitable and loved people very much. As usual on the third day, at the end of the funeral, they hold a ceremony called (Al-Fatihah) to mention some of the details of her life and her attachment to her homeland, and before it, at the end of the completion of the Qur'an, her sister prayed - and it was Friday night - to the martyrs and the detainees and the displaced, because she was convinced that her lost sister's heart was with them and she only spoke with the language of her condition under the Soil.

Then, the heartbroken family returns home to start trying to adapt to life without her as in the case of many Syrians in an imitation of the situation of many Syrian people, the bereaved. There are multiple ways of adaption: (Following some of her household behaviors, so that they do not feel that anything has changed including communicating with everyone she had loved

Inside Syria or in the diaspora. Perhaps this includes a friend who called them to offer her condolences and tell them that ever since she learned the news, she has been telling her family about her memories with her and some mutual friends, some of whom were martyred and preceded that young woman to his death).

The family is confused about what to do to recover from the tragedy of loss. The son tries many times to be patient and hide his sadness, until his body becomes burdened by the weight of sadness and the disease attacks him, so he is forced to undergo surgery after short time later.

It may seem normal to many, as death is an inevitable end for all people, and nothing draws the attention of the one who reads unless he knows something about the life of that young woman. Baraa was born in the city of Deir Ez-Zor and lived her life there. She inherited it from her father, who was a poet and was extremely related to his city, and he wrote a poem about it. Over time, it became an identity for the city, and she inherited his love for the city.

Her life was full of energy. She studied drawing, and although she was not a skilled painter, she was creative in everything she produced, inventing something out of nothing. You see her making gifts for family and friends by herself.

She had an uncanny ability to give. If she heard someone praising the food she made or the dress she wore, she would give it to him quickly and without thinking.

When the revolution broke out in March 2011, she participated in it enthusiastically. In fact, her participation was not limited to demonstrations, for example, she used to buy hats to give to the demonstrators to protect them from the hot sun. She spent the whole week freezing water in the refrigerator with her family for the demonstrators to drink on Friday. The reason

for this is that their house was located in the square, then it was bombed after that, which is poured into rivers of demonstrators from all neighborhoods of the city. She and her mother would go to condole every martyr in the city, whether they knew him or not, and with these condolences, they witnessed many situations, the first of which was not that their way home was blocked due to military operations, nor the last of which was the day they sought refuge from the bombing of the home of a family they did not know and then discovered that the master of the big house is an old friend of her grandfather.

With the military movements that the city experienced like other Syrian cities, artillery shells began to rain over people's heads, and people began to flee towards neighboring villages or cities, their neighborhood being emptied on its heels, so they were forced to leave for another city until they could arrange their affairs. There she volunteered with a charitable organization and was active in it. She had to leave the house for more than twelve hours.

When the family decided to return after they had managed their affairs a little, and their son was waiting for them at the entrance to the city, it was a hot summer day that coincided with the beginning of Ramadan, and that was the first Ramadan in which the revolution announced the sighting of the moon in isolation from the regime, so the family fasted because when they asked about the matter, someone they trusted gave them a fatwa to fast with the one to whom they owed with loyalty.

They arrived at a bridge from which they could enter the city, but the regime forces prevented them from entering, they began communicating with their son through the weak communications network, and they did not succeed in entering the city even though it was within their sight.

In fact, the scene was indescribable, the mother and her daughters at the side of the bridge and the son at the end of it, and

neither of them could reach the other.

Whenever she remembered this incident, she said that it was similar to the situation of Palestinians who communicate via loudspeakers. So they returned to where they came from, but they did not give up and tried again, and with great difficulty they succeeded in entering the city, and Baraa quickly began to do what she could to help, and she was one of the most active women in the city at that period to the point that she and her sisters were the only ones who participated in a demonstration against violations against civilians by one of the military factions.

With the entry of ISIS into the city, civil activity declined, and the city experienced a setback in all fields. The map of public action changed, people returned to their starting point in many details, and many restrictions were imposed, especially on women. Here, this active young woman thought about what and how to do in order to preserve what she believed were the gains of society. Between the difficult and the more difficult, the people lived under their harsh rule until the conditions became more difficult for the people and the bombing of aircraft over their heads intensified.

Those neighborhoods witnessed a new displacement, which the family resisted greatly security headquarters for ISIS became next to them, which made them decide to leave. Here, ISIS had closed the road, and after a long search, they found a way out in a bus, sitting inside it and covering it with straw so that the barriers could not see them, and they actually rode with other people.

When the car stops at a checkpoint, the little air in the closed space stagnates, and they feel shortness of breath, sometimes reaching fatigue, which caused one of the passengers to knock on the door forcefully, wanting to leave with her mother, who could no longer tolerate the poor ventilation in the place, no

matter what the cost. Fortunately for her, it was far from the checkpoint and the bus took them north. Baraa and her family do not forget how the door opened and they saw the green light again welcoming them, she felt as if she was reclaiming her soul again.

In Idlib, one of the stops on her journey, she made new friends, and she did not want to go out to Turkey, a decision that required a lot of discussion among them. When they agreed on this difficult decision and entered through the gate, it was as if that was her last era of life and energy, and as soon as she entered the house. that they rented, she decided not to move out. Yes, she decided, and she committed to her decision, and the reason for this decision was that she was completely convinced that the revolution was there, in Syria.

But she did not stop doing what she could to support the revolution. She participated in a hunger strike for the sake of Syrian refugees in Lebanon and to remove the injustice imposed on them. A young Lebanese woman participated with them, and after that, a deep friendship was formed between them that transcended sectarianism and racism. That friend asked her sister after her burial to join them in visiting her grave. And reading Al-Fatiha via the camera.

Alone, she carried out a hunger strike in order to open a safe passage for the people of Albukamal to leave after the struggle for power between the regime and ISIS, trapping civilians there between a hammer and anvil.

She subsequently suffered from thinness and malnutrition. She was also studying sign language and tried to publish short videos about the revolution, the dreams of Syrians, and their suffering.

Baraa, despite her insistence on not going out, caring about all her Syrian friends and acquaintances, and even the Turks with

whom she communicated, even though she did not speak Turkish. Everyone was surprised at how she was able to make friends with them. They attended the funeral and cried bitterly for her.

She, the young woman preserved all the tangible memories she could of her city, the revolution, and the beautiful situations. While Baraa was trying to continue reviving her revolution in herself and in the souls of those around her, and even in the souls of all Syrians because of her conviction that the day of victory is the day of return that she lives in hope of.

One evening, she felt a little unwell and her blood pressure dropped, so her family took her to the hospital, and she lay there for days with their great astonishment because she was completely healthy. On their last visit, the doctor told them that the pressure had stabilized and that she would wake up as soon as possible. On the same night, they received that call that I told you about at the beginning of the story.

Baraa'a had a different face to her suffering with asylum, not like other cases of poor financial condition, problems with official papers, and difficulty moving, the matter then an exceptional case of rejection and sometimes silent protest and noisy sometimes and loud protest at other times, it was important to know her story, to know with her that the Syrians did not leave the country of their own choice, but rather with a sword of injustice over their necks.

Many, like Baraa, were unable to live and continue their lives, and they left their hearts where they were born and lived, and because their hearts remained there, seeing them dying sadly, while they were at the age of strength and work and without an obvious illness.

They are martyrs of exile, a new convoy joining the convoys of martyrs of bombing and martyrs of cells under torture.

Mustafa, the Dream, the Name



She looks at him on his way to school on her first day. She breathes a sigh of relief and smiles to herself because she feels that she has achieved victory over difficult circumstances.

In fact, her feelings are in place and she never exaggerates, as getting the child to school in Rahma's state is like an impossible dream even though in normal circumstances it is one of the simplest right possible for any child.

Rahma holds Mustafa's hand until the school door and leaves

him running in front of her among many children. Then she returns home, and on her way, she goes back through memories to years ago, until the day she met her husband, the martyr, Mustafa's father, who was her colleague at work. After months of working in one office, he proposed to her, and everything went well, and they lived in a modest house similar to their modest financial condition.

Rahma worked to buy everything there with a convenient and sometimes heavy installment system, and in some situations, she would quarrel with her husband, who saw her going to extremes in stacking pots and cups and assembling sheets and decorations. She responded to him at the time that this was much better than wasting his money, from her point of view, on green crops that had turned the house went with him to a small forest, and the quarrel between them ended with laughter and promises that each of them would moderate his passion, knowing that the other would not fulfill his promise, but it seemed that they were enjoying these beautiful exchanges.

Their joy was crowned with the news of the upcoming baby after a few months, and sweet conversations returned between them over the child's name. His father insisted on the name Mustafa if he was male, and Maryam if she was female, while Rahma wanted other names and from time to time she suggested names to him that she thought these names were more distinctive than the names he wanted. But one evening he told her that he wished with all his heart to bear the title (Abu Mustafa), which he had chosen since he was young, and had gotten used to it until it became a part of his personality.

They made an agreement that they would choose the name Mustafa for the first child, and that she would later have the freedom to choose the names of the other children, even if they were Ten. Rahma laughed at the time, and wondered if they would have all these children? He replied then that he had

a desire to fill the world with noise from his children, even if this universe became more crowded.

As the months of pregnancy passed, they knew that the coming baby was a boy, and the surname was confirmed for them, and he began to enjoy calling Rahma (Om Mustafa).

With the outbreak of demonstrations and the expansion of security operations that were striving to suppress the peaceful movement, many parts of the city turned into what resembled barracks, roads were cut off, and access from one neighborhood to another became more like a commando operation.

As Rahma in these difficult circumstances, she began to feel the futility of everything she had prepared for childbirth since the first days of her pregnancy, for the newborn, for receiving well-wishers, and for the cooperation of a special cake engraved with Mustafa's name to remain a memory for family and friends, at that time, Mustafa started kicking his mother's guts to tell her, That he wants to come out into the light of life.

The whole family was confused as to how they could reach her to the hospital, of course, except for her husband (Abu Mustafa), who disappeared and left the house and fled to a village far away by Sub-routes, after receiving information that he was wanted by one of the security branches.

Without thinking, because time did not allow, and Rahma was very tired, her brother and her husband's brother got into the car of the neighbor who responded to the request for help.

The car took them through the checkpoints, and the area was in a state of instability, because in some neighborhoods the people had placed tires and other things because they believed that they would hinder the security forces advanced in their repeated raids, and Rahma remembers well how the two young men used to get off in some lanes to remove the obstacles that prevented the car from continuing on its way to the hospital.

She remembers how her brother jokingly asked her to name the child (Barrier) and everyone laughed, including Rahma.

The car arrived at the hospital, and she entered it. They waited outside in anticipation of any call for help (blood-medicine); the hospital was poor in everything because it was crowded with injured people, and it was in what looked like an emergency situation. Under these circumstances, Rahma gave birth to her baby, but immediately after that, she asked her accompanying brother to return her to her mother's house so that she could take care of her because the situation in the hospital was difficult in terms of health and security.

Indeed, that was the case, and they returned with her in the same car and along the same road. she wished that her persecuting husband would be able to come secretly to see Mustafa, whom he had dreamed of for many years.

As the days passed, her hope for that diminished, and news of him disappeared completely. One of his brothers traveled to ask about him, only to find out that he sensed an approaching danger and left the village from which he had fled. He informed his family of the matter. The family was disturbed, and Rahma felt great sorrow, she began to look at her newborn with some mixed feelings between anticipation, waiting, and fear until...

Rahma remembers how they received the news of her husband being killed at a checkpoint after security forces overtook him and tried to escape. The family receives the body and Rahma insists on showing the child his father. She was convinced that his father's eyes would see him, perhaps in a different way than the living saw him, and she even felt that his eyes were opened when she put Mustafa on his lap, and she swore this to everyone around her.

Rahma then lived in her family's house, which after a few months was exposed to severe bombardment, so they left under the

barrage of aircraft without any official papers. They spent a long journey with difficult stations and harsh conditions, ending with them in southern Turkey.

Here begins a new stage in the life of Rahma and her child, a station that includes many challenges, the most prominent of which is the decisive and difficult decision to give Her son his name and information, Because she did not succeed in obtaining replacement papers for the ones she lost before fleeing from Syria, no marriage contract nor death certificate was obtained for Mustafa's father. The child's papers were referred to the police, and after strenuous efforts, they agreed to grant her custody under periodic supervision, until she could prove his name and parentage.

A period passed before Rahma succeeded in obtaining what she wanted from the papers, certainly not all of them, because each paper costs tremendous effort and large sums of money. She was forced to work long hours for little pay, and under the pressure of sanctions that could lead to deportation.

She did all of these to secure the money that would help her obtain official papers for her child. Rahma was suffering in every situation when she took him to get the vaccine when he got sick, and she needed to treat him when she traveled from one state to another.

Thus, she lives with her child in a constant cycle of suffering that almost never ends from one problem to another. One time, it came to the point that they wrote her a ticket for cradling her child, and she had to undergo medical tests with her child in order to confirm that she was his mother and had not kidnapped him, for example.

After that, they returned the child to her custody, but without her administrative matters progressing despite the results of the tests proving blood ties.

In fact, she thought that things could improve by sending a grievance to the concerned authorities because she could no longer bear the financial burden of a new lawsuit, as her father had fallen ill prevented him from working, so she bore the entire financial burden of the household without anyone else, since her brothers were separated between who remained in Syria and could barely support his family, and that who has been stuck in Greek camps for quite some time, so he could not return to Turkey, and did not follow the road to where he wanted. Rather, Rahma lived with her parents and her child in a house that could best be described as very modest and did not receive any kind of assistance.

She was trying to comfort her brothers, even though she needed someone to comfort her, and so did her parents and siblings. It was a large circle of consolation, without anyone undergoing social support workshops or theoretical lessons in communication and life skills. Only suffering, and only suffering, taught them to comfort each other.

Grievance after grievance to no avail. Neither the tests to prove the lineage that she attached to the file, nor the papers that she obtained from Syria, which cost her a lot of money and nerve-wracking, were of any benefit.

Thus, Rahma spends her days with the problem that has become the focus of her life, and as soon as she knows or hears about the tip of a thread that might lead her to a solution to her problem, she clings to it, and even runs after it, and unfortunately, it is in many cases sometimes it's a mirage.

As the days passed and Mustafa approached school age, Rahma, through a neighbor of one of her relatives, was able to reach a Turkish family association concerned with the affairs of women, including refugee women. This association helped her obtain a paper with which she could enroll her son in school.

Here, Rahma arrived home with her memories of arriving at this station. She woke up from her distraction with her mother's voice calling her to help feed her father his breakfast, and he prayed for their good health and success.

In the evening, one of their relatives who works in the Gulf called to propose to her, and her parents tried to persuade her to accept, but she refused because she had decided to live for her son, and for her son only. Her parents, siblings, and everyone around her blame her. While she is completely convinced of her choice.

Rahma feels an enormous amount of satisfaction and believes that Mustafa is in a safe embrace, and that just as divine providence intervened in his entering school, it will accompany him in creating a beautiful future that will make her proud. And his father, whom he dreamed of and whom fate did not want to raise, is at ease in his distant slumber there in Syria.

Despite all these feelings, Rahma has tremendous determination to complete her legal battle so that her child will bear his full name. From her point of view, this is one of his most important rights in life, and this hope is what provides her with the will to live.

With Hope...We Live

Amal puts her hand in her husband Ahmed's hand as they each try to relieve the pressure on the other, as they watch from behind the glass their child, Omar, under the machines on his bed in intensive care, because his body can no longer tolerate the chemotherapy sessions, so he entered a coma.

Amazing ironies of fate, those sessions for which they strived with all their might, and even more than was possible, because they believed that it was the only way for the four-year-old child to recover from cancer.

The silence of the situation is broken by the nurse's voice asking them to leave because the visitation time has ended. They turn their backs and go out of the room without discussion, they don't intend to do anything. It seems that they have reached a state of despair. The dialogue that took place between them on the way is almost the same every day: "What next?" They discuss and present all options, without arriving at a result.

Let's go back to their story from the beginning. Omar became ill and was diagnosed in the field hospital, which was far from their village in the first place. Here the parents entered into a whirlpool of obtaining approvals in order to enter the hospital in Turkey for treatment.

Dozens of financial and administrative obstacles stood in their way, but they did not stop striving. The parents forgot all their other problems and almost even the rest of the children. This may seem logical, because the sick son, especially if he is a child, occupies the thoughts and attention of his parents.

The disease was gradually spreading throughout the young body, and Amal was then conjuring up all the prayers and vows she knew in order to obtain ivory for Omar. She has tried some herbal mixtures, some of whose ingredients were difficult to

obtain due to the long distances, interrupted roads, and the diversity of local authorities. It happened once that they mentioned to her the infusion of the west, which only grows on the bed of the Euphrates River, and here she began to think about how to obtain it, as the region is far away on the one hand and governed by a different authority on the other hand, which makes the process of obtaining it difficult.

So, she asked for help from one of her neighbors, who is from Deir ez-Zor and was displaced to northern Syria with the regime's entry into the area where she lives. In turn, the sympathetic neighbor asked for help from her brother, who lives in an area close to the riverbed, and they all began studying the options available for the magical plant -from Amal's point of view - to arrive via smugglers and truck drivers. She also still remembers how these people sympathized with her and refused to receive any wages for delivering the branches of the West to her, and how they tricked themselves to preserve them throughout the long road so that she would remain alive. And many similar situations, etc.

What Ahmed and Amal will not forget is the state of cooperation, sympathy, and desire to help that they felt among everyone.

After many attempts, the parents succeeded in obtaining an entry permit to Turkey, but the surprise was that it was for the child alone, which made them return to the starting point of obtaining a permit to enter a companion. It took a while a new wait, during which Omar was taking simple medications, but they were patient until the approval arrived, and here a new phase began for them.

Amal entered with Omar, and they immediately headed to the hospital to begin the journey of pictures and tests. Things were going very slowly due to routine, and the child did not start receiving ivory until a short time ago, and things began to improve

with the medicinal ivory, and Omar was able to walk and even play a little, which led to an increase in his immunity.

During her stay in the hospital, Amal saw many patients and their companions and listened to their stories of illness and many worries and pains. The most difficult thing was what was accompanied by a lack of resourcefulness, a lack of accuracy, and an almost lack of chances for recovery. But the most difficult thing - and again we say from Amal's point of view - was the stories of Syrian patients who have additional suffering related to administrative matters that increase their anxiety and pain, this is the one whose admission was delayed until the disease spread throughout her body, and this is the one whose wife left him after the cancer turned him into an almost helpless human being, and this and this.

In the midst of this pain, stories of solidarity and sympathy among patients emerge. One of them may need a sum of money, which another will provide to him as a gift or debt. This is the one who lives without a companion, this is the one who lives without a companion, so those accompanying the patients around him take care of his service.

Surrounded him with his service. Amal does not forget Tuba, the Turkish nurse who cared greatly for Omar. You would see her every now and then, being around him and making sure to personally provide him with all the required medical services, and although Amal does not speak Turkish and the nurse does not speak Arabic, they were able to communicate - perhaps it is the language of hearts - and Amal learned that Toba had lost her daughter two years ago with the same disease as Omar, so she sees her imagination in him and is happy when she gives him the medicine because she believes that this is a mercy for the child who was deprived of life early.

The days pass with hope, as she begins to miss her two daughters, Nour and Iman, who are with their grandmother in the

village, but she is patient with herself that Omar is beginning to improve and that perhaps his return is near. After another package of pictures and tests, the doctors decided that the time had come for the chemotherapy doses.

Here, although Amal was waiting for that decision, she felt a fear that she could not determine the reason for it. As soon as she called her eagerly waiting for her husband for any news about his son, her tears fell and she spoke passionately and told him, then..The father was happy and felt that they had taken a step forward, and he started joking with Amal, perhaps alleviating this fear from her, and reminding them of their shared dreams on the day of Omar's birth, related to his future, and how they disagreed jokingly: would he marry his cousin, according to the father's desire, or his aunt's daughter, according to the mother's desire?

All of this, in fact, failed in alleviating the tension that began to grip Amal, and the entire family began communicating with her to console her, as well as those around her in the hospital, including Tuba the nurse. Two days later, suddenly, Ahmed entered Omar's room in the hospital. Then Omar got up from his bed and tried to embrace his father, who knelt down to throw the child into his.

While Amal was astonished by the surprise, after a while, Amal calmed down while Ahmed played with Omar and fed him from the sweets, he had brought with him from Syria, which his grandmother had made for him because she knew he loved them, and from the fresh fruit that some friends and neighbors had sent from their orchards, especially for Omar.

The child enjoyed and received a lot of positive energy and activity and asked his parents to take him to the park because he wished to play with them there. He missed Nour and Iman and blamed his father for not attending to them. They responded to his request, and all went to the garden. After Ahmed told

Amal that he would tell her how he got in after they played with Omar in the garden. It seemed that they needed this outing as much as Omar, and even more, and as soon as they arrived, they forgot the words and were busy playing with Omar, who laughed heartily as he had never laughed before.

After they returned from the hospital, Ahmed told her how he was able to enter after obtaining a merchant card, the fees for which he paid after his relative residing in the Gulf helped him and sent the full amount of money.

Ahmed went to spend the night with a friend of his because the hospital only allows one companion to accompany the patient. In the morning, he came early, because the dose was scheduled for the beginning of the day in the afternoon. The parents were trying to understand the complications that followed the dose, but they failed, because the lack of translators in the hospital did not allow them to find one of them to help them with this. As soon as the time came, the nurse came to take Omar to the designated department. She refused to let one of his parents accompany him.

Omar was late, and anxiety began to seep into the hearts of not only his parents, but also of everyone around them. Then the same nurse came to tell them that the child could not tolerate the dose, which was surprising because his immunity was good, but as the drug entered his body, his vital processes began to slow down until he fell into a coma, which forced them to place him in intensive care until he underwent medical observation.

She asked them to sign some approvals and told them that the patient in care does not need a companion, and that the mother must vacate the residence room. Amal went out with her husband after they thanked God for everything, and she did not forget to take Omar's toys and belongings, hoping that he would wake up as soon as possible and ask about her. Among them was a wool ball that his grandmother had made for him

shortly before he traveled, and because he could not play with it, he insisted on taking it with him, after his immunity improved slightly, he was able to play in it.

Again, we are back with Ahmed and Amal in the beginning scene as they are on their way out, wondering: "What's next?" and thinking about their options. The mother's residency period has run out, and she needs a renewal that she may not get because the patient. In this case, he does not need an escort. She cannot imagine returning to Syria while Omar is in a coma.

She shakes her head to expel this idea from her mind, while Ahmed waits for what might happen with Amal in her papers, because he also cannot reside as long as he wants to reside, and the permit he obtained is one of its most important conditions to come in and out a certain number of times each month so he can maintain it.

Days passed, and little Omar condition remained as it was, without Amal obtaining an extension of the escort's permission, and without Ahmed deciding the date of his forced return to Syria to record this in the crossing's books.

But, despite this difficult circumstance, they still trusted that divine kindness would not abandon them, so each held back his tears in front of the other so that despair would not seep into his heart.

They kept dreaming that Omar would wake up from the coma and continue treatment, and that they would return him to the village and play with the eagerly waiting Nour and Iman.

They express it in every communication that suits their young childhood. Ahmed and Amal were accompanied in all of this by the prayers and wishes of family and loved ones, including Tuba, the Turkish nurse who became a friend of Amal.

Do not Break my Pen



Rashid enters the Red Crescent building on three feet, with one foot and two crutches under his shoulder, and steps quickly towards the waiting hall, after he receives a phone call that he has an interview today with the admission Committee for differentiation of people with disabilities which exempts the student from the annual tuition fee and provides him with a monthly salary sufficient for his basic needs.

While waiting for his turn to be interviewed by the committee,

a tape of harsh memories of the events that brought him here passed before him.

Rashid descended from Jabal al-Akrad in the countryside of Latakia, where people live in peace and security, safe because of the societal system that is based on people knowing each other, which makes theft, looting, and incidents of assault and fraud few, and this applies to many areas in Syria, only the security branches terrorize the safe. And from time to time, they create a problem through which they obtain huge sums of money from all parties, because people were willing to sell even their clothes in order to stay away from security with all its bad interference, and the injustice that a person is exposed to with just any simple interaction with them, and despite all that, hardly anyone survives because of their evil, they interfere in everything.

When we say everything, what is meant here is the literalness of the words. As soon as someone thinks about a simple job or a large project from which he can make a living, a series of security approvals begins, officially or unofficially, costing people additional costs, which they later begin to take into account before they plan any work, and even whoever seeks a government job is forced to pay money for it, regardless of his certificates or experience.

Rashid remembers well how his relative worked hard and how much money he paid to get a job. After he signed and went to the institution, he discovered that the contract was fake and that he had been subjected to a major fraud. He tried to recover the money he paid but to no avail, and because he was exposed to a direct threat, his parents prevented him from seeking to recover the money out of fear for him.

All these reasons together made the people join the revolution from its beginning, and the region was subjected to brutal security raids that not only resulted in arrests but also worked to harm people's livelihoods so that they would not think by con-

tinuing and abandoning their dreams of change. Rashid does not forget the day they burned a group of shops in the main market, and they did not burn the other part with the aim of sowing division and sowing doubts about the security connections of some of the unaffected shop owners.

Many incidents and difficult situations passed through the memory of his heart, the young heart that suffered a lot while he was still young. He suffered to the point that he started avoiding memories and evading them because he did not want to remain a prisoner of the past, but he began trying to draw for himself a future in which he would help people to obtain their rights, not out of revenge or hostility toward others, but out of real participation in building a nation whose parts were torn apart and had become every neighborhood in it is under a flag, and this hurts Rashid more than his personal pain, and how many there are!

Imaginatively the young man sees himself finishing his studies in law - his old, new dream - and conquering international and local courts, defending the victims of the brutal machine of oppression, of which he was among the victims. Yes, Rashid considers himself a double victim of arrest and bombing, and despite his will, his personal memories attacked him.

One day during the first days of the revolution, the security forces arrested him after participating in a peaceful demonstration that called on members of the army and security to join the people, all the people, transcending regionalism, sectarianism, tribalism, and all reasons for division.

In the security car that took him to the investigation, they severely beat him until he lost consciousness. He only woke up in the investigation room, his leg bleeding severely. After a formal investigation, they took him to the judge who signed the order for his release.

All these procedures took place while his leg was bleeding. A family acquaintance saw him when he could barely walk, so he helped him get to the nearest taxi, and took him home, so his family saw him in this condition, and they asked for help from their nurse neighbor.

In order to stop the bleeding. When he saw his leg, he advised them to take him to the hospital, because first aid at home would not work due to the depth of the wound. The father hesitates to take him to the hospital, fearing re-arresting him again, but it seemed that there was no room for hesitation, as the bleeding does not stop. actually, he took him, and there the father was subjected to many questions, forcing him to lie so as not to raise suspicions about his son. They quickly stitched up the wound, and then Rashid returned home with his father after they had brought the medicines with them. The wound has improved and is starting to heal, but it appears that Rashid's gait is no longer what it was before the injury.

Unfortunately, Rashid began to sway in his gait, and when they took X-rays, they learned that part of his leg bone had been damaged due to the delay in his treatment. He accepted the matter and lived with it quickly, which caught everyone's attention, and he returned to what looked like his normal life.

As the days passed, Rashid became tired of moving, and walked noticeably slowly. On the other hand, things in the area developed rapidly, and artillery began to strike residential neighborhoods, and people began leaving their homes during the day to the nearby bushes and returning in the dark. It was difficult for Rashid because of his slow movement.

And here, just here, Rashid's psychological state began to deteriorate, and he began to notice that he was the reason for disrupting the family's movement, so he decided to stay in the bush, even at night, with a group of young men, as civilians only come during the daylight hours, and they may be forced to

leave quickly and at different times, depending on the artillery strikes. Despite the refusal of his parents, he insisted.

One winter morning, his sister felt a little cold, although the mother had done everything, she could to provide heating, it seemed that it was not enough. All Rashid had to do was return home quickly to bring more covers, and on his way back, the artillery began dropping random bombs because he was not moving normally, he did not succeed in escaping the bombardment, so he sustained a new injury in the same leg, and again because the bombing continued for hours, his first aid was delayed, and when the people succeeded in treating him and other injured people, his leg was in bad condition, which forced the doctors to make a quick decision to amputate it.

Another station in Rashid's life began that day. The two crutches became his constant companion, and Rashid began sharing his worries and pains with them, along with his dreams of continuing his studies.

With the intensification of the bombing, which became more dangerous than artillery shelling, and difficult to avoid, the family decided to leave for Turkey, like many, and this was done after overcoming many obstacles. After arriving, the family sat down to agree on how to manage their lives.

Here, Rashid feels pain that he did not feel even with his two injuries and the severe bleeding, because this situation is much more difficult for him. Rashid can learn the Turkish language through Internet courses, and this helped him get a virtual job, which succeeded in improving the family's financial conditions a little bit.

Rashid suffers from many difficulties, for example, that he lived with his family in a ground-floor house upon their arrival, taking into account his health condition, which prevents him from climbing stairs safely. When the owner wanted the house, and

the family searched for another ground-floor house, they were unsuccessful, because many house owners began to refuse to rent to Syrians. When they found a suitable house, its address was closed to Syrians, and after that, they were forced to live in a house on the fourth floor, which made it more difficult for Rashid to leave the house.

At the youth center, he obtained a membership in the club for people with disabilities, which he was happy about because he basically loved sports, he even practiced some simple athletics, and he hoped that the club would allow him to develop his skills in it, but he did not get along with the club members who did not welcome him among them, and they behaved with him inappropriately. He tolerated it a little, but he left the club later. Rashid benefits from the free health services guaranteed by the temporary protection card he holds, but the curve of these services began to decline under various pretexts, so he was forced to buy crutches that needed to be replaced every few months after he failed to obtain them for free from the Disabled Club at the Youth Center.

He was able to overcome all of this and live with it, but what hurt him most was the beginning of losing his dream of studying, because his father could no longer work and could no longer bear the financial burden of studying.

Here he began the task of searching for scholarships and began corresponding with all student bodies, associations, and institutions concerned with helping students and war-injured people.

This research took a lot of time, effort, and nerve-wracking, because he always received promises that were not fulfilled, and he was exposed to exploitation in the sense that he was a war casualty. This was what hurt him the most.

His parents were watching him in a state of helplessness that they had never felt before. His father wished that they were in

their country and that they could sell a piece of land or part of his inheritance, which he would present to his son, who wished to continue his studies.

As for the mother, her wish was different. She wished to see him walking without crutches, and then her oppression of him would lessen. She would see his peers, family, and relatives, living while dreaming dreams completely different from Rashid's dream, which was controlled by his desire to study. She would constantly blame him and tell him that studying is not the end of the world, but to no avail.

Here he sits waiting for his turn in an interview with the aim of obtaining a scholarship, and deep down of his own decision, he had resolved that even if he does not succeed in obtaining this scholarship, he will continue striving until he reaches his goal. Rashid woke up from his long distraction to a voice calling to him because his turn had arrived.

In turn, we leave him to meet the committee, and we wish him and all those injured in the war to obtain what they dream of.

Money and Children

Nisreen leaves the transfer office, feeling great relief because she was able to send a sum of money to her mother in Syria, her mother who suffers from kidney failure and needs dialysis more than once a week. Nisreen returns to the camp where she is still staying because she arrived in Europe recently, and at the door, she meets her neighbor, who quickly greets her.

As soon as she entered her room, her phone rang. It was her mother's number, who told her that the transfer had arrived, and all the talk was prayers that did not end even when the call ended. These prayers, which Nisreen believes, after God's grace, are the main reason for facilitating her affairs, she looks at her children whom she left sleeping, and as she looks at Their eyes remembers the whole story, yes, the whole story.

Nisreen was living in her house, which was spacious and clearly luxurious. Her husband was a merchant the son of a merchant, wealth is hereditary to them. but she was not happy in reality. She dreamed of completing her studies, but her remarkable beauty prevented that because she caught the eye of Umm Khaled, who proposed to her son while she was in high school. Her family enthusiastically agreed because it is difficult for a family of average status, or perhaps less so, to refuse such a marriage, especially in a simple society where the girl has neither the right to education nor the right to choose her life partner.

The marriage took place with lavish appearances, a large dowry and a huge party that remained the talk of the town for days. After that, she moved to live in a house that all her relatives envied her. Days passed and Nisreen forgot her passion for studying and became busy with marriage and motherhood. Despite the preoccupation and the attempt to forget her dream, from

time to time she continued to imagine herself as an engineer, coming and going. In her work, she is like an active bee, or a teacher who wanders between the students' desks and corrects their notebooks.

Nisreen was determined to make up for this with her children and raise them to love knowledge, and she often argued with her husband about this matter. Her husband had the same idea as his family, that money is the standard by which a person is evaluated and is the only reason for happiness. As the days passed, the children grew up a little and entered school, and - influenced by their mother - they loved school. Nisreen was following all the details of their studies, and the matter became so difficult for her one time that she cried with hot tears because her son got second grade in the midterm exams.

With the military movements that included most of the Syrian geography, the family's financial conditions began to deteriorate, and with it, her husband's psychological state began to deteriorate. This is normal, because he believes that money is the only reason for happiness, as Nisreen knows, so she was trying to console him with all her life skills, those skills that began to be implemented with successive difficulties, difficulties from all sides, an almost permanent interruption of basic services from water, electricity, and lack of security. Her husband's factory was robbed more than once, and this worsened the financial situation of the family, which began selling machines at the lowest price so that they could manage their livelihood.

One of the things that Nisreen noticed the most was that her husband hates the dark, withdraws into himself, and becomes like a lost child with wandering glances. She was keen to turn on all the lights in the house for him, and the truth is not easy at all, because Nisreen was deceiving to do so. Sometimes it relied on an electric generator, and sometimes on a battery whose lighting was dim, but it was better than darkness in any case.

The large family dispersed, each under a star, leaving Nisreen solely responsible for her husband and children, including managing her husband's property, or more correctly, what remained of her husband's property.

She was trying to remain calm in front of her two children, but her husband began to gradually lose awareness of his surroundings. She was able to find a sum of money to take him to the doctor, who assured her that he had no organic problems. She continued praying Istikharah for many nights. She consulted those she thought were qualified to consult, and based on the proverb that says: (Consult the elders and the younger ones and return to your opinion), she sought help from God and proceeded to implement what she decided. She sold everything that her husband owned, who neither agreed nor opposed because he no longer cared about anything, and silence was his only answer to everything she asked about. The selling process continued for a long time, because people were no longer willing to buy real estate and properties, on the one hand, and on the other hand, people did not have sufficient liquidity, and Nisreen's condition for the sale was that it be in cash.

After the mission was completed and the money was collected, she stayed with her husband and children in her family's house until the date agreed upon with the smuggler who would take them to Turkey came. Her family was not convinced of what she was doing, but her insistence made everyone silent (her family and her husband's separate family). When the time came, Nisreen went out with her husband and children to the border. Her agreement with the smuggler was for them to get into a car, but he broke the agreement and told them that the circumstances had changed and that they had to walk a long distance. In these moments, Nisreen cried for the first time. Since the beginning of its endurance because of the responsibility of the family, how can she walk with young children and their father who is dis-

tracted from everything around him?

She carried the little girl on her shoulder and held the eldest child in one hand and her husband in the other, and she does not forget how everyone helped her, especially when ascending from the valley. While she was on the way, she felt that she had lost the belt that she had wrapped around her stomach, and in it was the money that she had collected and converted into hard currency, so she froze in the air. She was there for a moment and did not know how to react? Thoughts began to mix in her head. She could not find a solution. It is difficult to search for her in this darkness. In addition, being late puts her in danger, and it is also difficult to continue. So how can she manage the affairs of the trip without money?

(Here she remembers her discussions with her husband, who was trying to convince her that money was the key.) She laughs secretly, and decides to continue, not because she is convinced of that, but because she has no other options. She had put part of the money in that belt, not all of it, and this made the matter easier for her. Nisreen and her family arrive in Turkey, wishing for a stable life. As soon as she arrives, she begins creating a small project with what is left of money.

She faces many financial and administrative difficulties related to the lack of clarity about her status in Turkey (is she a refugee protected by specific legal regulations or is she an investor who also has clear rights?). She then entered into a spiral that exhausted all. At that time, this made her neglect taking care of her husband and the studying for her children, whom she was barely able to enroll in school, because she did not succeed in obtaining temporary protection cards, even though she tried to do so, and she moved between more than one state, and this matter left her in confusion, studying her children in one state and pursuing their livelihood in another state.

Nisreen was forced to go back and forth between the two states

in one day, because she did not succeed in transferring her children's schools, nor in transferring the project from which they lived. On one occasion, the police stopped her because she was not summoned a travel permit, even though she told them that she had tried a lot without success, and they did not release her until after days of nerve-racking, because she knew full well that her husband and children can't even feed themselves without her.

The tired woman returned home anxiously, only to find her husband cowering in the corner of the room, staring with wandering eyes. The children told her that he did not eat anything, but did not move from his place, and as soon as he saw her, he began to cry muffledly.

She succeeded, after quite a while, in getting him back to bed and feeding him, and as soon as her husband slept, she turned to the children, after she fed them and they felt calm and peaceful, they in turn fell asleep next to their father.

Here, Nisreen returned to herself and began reviewing her options and the solutions available to her, multiplying fifths by sixths. Life had become narrow for her, and she could no longer bear all these burdens alone, so it became necessary for her to find a way out for everything she was suffering from, especially after the school told her that she needed to renew her papers of her children, while the Immigration Department refused to give her these papers, because they had given them to her before, and there is no permission in their law to repeat them, and this is the second week that they did not go to school, even though she sought help from a lawyer who promised to help her, but she did not succeed, and with a civil society association, and it also did not succeed in sending children back to school.

After thinking, she decided to travel with her family to Europe, and started asking about the route and costs. When she made up her mind and started selling the project, she returned to the

cycle of traveling between the two states to complete the sale, and she would go.

And she gets on her nerves. As soon as she completed the sale, she took her family to the border. She suffered a lot until she was able to reach Europe with her heavy burden, a husband who was barely aware of what was around him, and children who dropped out of school for many periods in Syria, because of the security situation, or rather, the insecurity situation, and in Turkey because of the lack of official papers. which put them in a state of decline, and raising their educational level was one of its most important goals when she arrived. With longs to achieve her dreams, even dreams as big as her responsibilities.

She began to inquire about how she could help her husband get out of his psychological crisis, and how she could get her children back to school, see herself in them, and fulfill her promise to herself to compensate for her deprivation of education with them. And little by little, she began to stand with two firm feet on solid ground. She has built relationships with her immigrant neighbors from Syria and elsewhere, accompanies her husband twice a week to ivory sessions, and continues to learn the language so that she can help her children with their studies.

Yes, her children are now studying in an educational center so that they can catch up on what they missed and enroll in classes appropriate for their ages. Between this and that, she communicates with her family and her husband's family constantly, asking about their conditions, her heart breaks with sadness when she learns of her mother's illness, so she tries to help with small and intermittent amounts of money, but it is better than nothing. After all that, she realized that money and children are adornments, and that adornment is not appropriate unless you put it in the right place and invest it in the right way. This is what Nisreen is trying to do, the woman who left her home that was close to her and into the big world with its sweet and bitter.

Khaled with Khaled

This is the Mediterranean coast in a Turkish city on the borders of Greece, and it is one of the immigration gateways to Europe. Many people go to it in search of a sea trip that takes them to the shores of the Old Continent, the dream of the people either the poor or those who have been subjected to a machine of violence that they can no longer bear. People leave one or the other in search of a better option for life, if not for themselves, then for their children.

A small, modest hotel on one of the outskirts of the city, where Syrian families and families of other nationalities stay, for days that may last. It may fall short, depending on many things, sometimes related to the conditions of the inmates, and other times to the situation of the road and border police patrols, and many fraudulent operations by smugglers and human traffickers have occurred there.

On the upper floor, in two rooms opposite each other, two families from Syria who arrived on the same day are staying. This is little Khaled with his parents and brothers coming from the far north-east, and this little Khaled is with his parents and brothers coming from the far south-west, with a beautiful paradox drawn by fate.

On the first day, and without the adults realizing it, Khaled and Khaled got along, and their luminaries thought that they had known each other since early childhood, or even very early childhood. Children are always the most capable of breaking barriers, because they don't care with our fears - as adults - that hinder our communication.

Because of the two children, the parents became friends, and day after day they reached a state of comfort and trust, which

made them agree to continue the journey together. It was first things the adults agreed upon was that Khaled and Khaled were the real creditors of creating this group of migratory birds.

During an evening at the seaside, Hendrine tells her new friend Wafaa the story of how she arrived at this station. She comes from the city of Qamishli. She lost her brother Khaled in 2004 in the massacre, which was committed by an army squad after a football match and riots. It later became clear to them that it had been planned at night, and they were sure of it.

Do not forget the mass funerals and mourning that surrounded the city, and during the condolences that many people from the country came to, and even from outside it, I met his friend Ahmed, who was keen to offer condolences to her mother, and when he approached to pray for her, he saw her and she saw him.

After waiting a while - and out of respect for the family's mourning - he proposed to her and they got married, and they agreed to name their first child Khaled so that he would bear the name of his martyr uncle. During an evening at the seaside, Hendrine tells her new friend Wafaa the story of how she arrived at this station. She comes from the city of Qamishli. She lost her brother Khaled in 2004 in the massacre.

Her tears fell, and she told her friend that whenever she called her son, she remembered her brother and had mercy on him, and she thanked God for that because she would not forget her martyr. Yes, that is what she considered her martyr, and with the outbreak of the revolution, the security and service conditions deteriorated, and her husband was arrested because of his participation in peaceful demonstrations.

She remembers well how he used to travel to Amuda to participate in the crowds, and then return charged with tremendous energy, and stay for a long time repeating the slogans of the

demonstration. He took Khaled with him to one of the gatherings and they took a picture together, and the picture was saved in her phone, she tells Wafaa how she cheated to hide it in the phone because she is waiting for the day when Khaled grows up and shows it to him. After her husband was arrested for months and was released in a psychologically exhausted state and an injury to his right eye made him no longer see in them nothing but vague fantasies, they decided to leave Syria for Turkey. Also, because the security branch that released him gave him a paper obligating him to check in periodically, they began, with the help of his family, to search for ways to reach them without passing through security checkpoints.

After several attempts, the small family succeeded in doing so and arrived in Turkey to begin a new phase with many difficulties. Among them is that a baby girl was born on the way, and they arrived with her at the age of three days, because she was not registered in the papers they brought with them from Syria, they did not succeed in obtaining a family number for her to collect with them. Despite many attempts and a lawsuit that cost them a sum of money that they could not afford until helping Ahmed's brothers who reside in Germany.

This was the reason that prevented them from obtaining the opportunity for resettlement, which the United Nations provides for humanitarian cases, including survivors of detention who were subjected to violence. The conditions were applicable to the family, but because they were unable to include the newborn in the file, they ignored the whole matter. They resorted to the idea of migrating by sea because they were unable to obtain work permits, and conditions no longer permitted working without them, under the risk of deportation.

Here the family was confused about how to manage their affairs, as it is not normal for them to live on the assistance of their families in Europe, who are basically not in a comfortable

financial situation due to their many obligations to their families, and once they secured the money after Hendrine succeeded in securing the amount from her inheritance, which she had taken, after she had wanted to leave it to her brothers, in accordance with the customs of the region, which have not given daughters their share of the inheritance for generations.

Unfortunately, circumstances forced her to take it, and her brothers did not mind. She feels grateful to them, even though this is her right, and here she is waiting by the sea to immigrate to Europe. Perhaps she can have a better life after being stranded in Turkey.

Then Hendrine becomes silent and looks at Wafaa as if asking her opinion of her story, and Wafaa takes the initiative to comment that her new friend is strong. She felt happy despite the piles of pain, and they agreed to go to sleep. The next day, Wafa told her story, unless it was possible to take them by sea, as they would postpone it. In the morning, the two families returned to meet again, and they were doing nothing but waiting because their trip and similar trips often took place at night.

As evening approached, it became clear to them that they would have to wait another day, and with the full moon standing in the middle of the sky and reflecting on the surface of the water, they gathered again, and based on yesterday's agreement, Wafa was to tell her story.

She and her husband are the sons of Zabadani, a beautiful town famous for its apples, which all Syrians are known for their distinctive flavor. She remembers well how long the road to Damascus was and how she was forced to go two days a week to practical lectures only and continue studying at home through her friends because the family's financial condition did not allow her to reside in Damascus or go every day, and despite that, she did not delay in her studies, she graduated and worked in a village a little far away.

The work was tiring, but she was satisfied because she loved education, and because she could provide half of the salary to her family, perhaps it would help with the expenses of the large family. Days pass until she gets to know Hassan, her colleague who works in the same school, and he proposes to her.

They are confused about arranging their marriage because Hassan also helps his family with a large portion of his salary, so they decide to live in a rented house in the village where they live, thus saving the fatigue of the road as well as part of their income to help their families. With the outbreak of the revolution, security conditions deteriorated in Zabadani.

Hassan became afraid of moving between Zabadani and the village where he lived because random arrests increased. The reserve withdrawal for conscription has begun to frighten people, even those who do not have security problems.

All of this was enough to radically change the lives of Wafa and Hassan, and many others like them. The cycle of revolution took place with them: demonstrations, martyrs, funerals, new martyrs, carrying weapons for self-defense, artillery shelling, air bombing and displacement from villages and towns.

After that, they either settle in the areas to which they were displaced or seek refuge outside the country. This is what Wafa and Hassan decided upon, because he was wanted for reserve duty in the regime's army, and he was not prepared to throw himself into a cycle of violence or kill innocent people. Taking refuge in Lebanon was the most likely idea of the people of the region, but Wafaa refused because she was not reassured by the security situation in Lebanon, and she advised her brothers and relatives not to go there.

She and Hassan decided to travel to Turkey, and after a long journey and attempts that extended for a period of time, they succeeded in entering Turkey with their children, and they

wanted to live there because they were afraid of the idea of traveling to Europe. Because they believe that they will not be able to control the children and raise them the way they want.

While living in Turkey, other aspects of suffering began to arise, including financial hardship, which forced them to work in a shoe manufacturing workshop with long hours and low wages.

Wafaa tells her friend Hendrine that she will never forget the day the house caught fire, and the children could not behave as they should because they were afraid. Had it not been for divine providence and the intervention of the neighbors, Wafaa would have lost her children. The idea of the matter is that they were forced to work in order to manage their livelihood, so they started working on a rotating system, Hassan would work at night, and she would work during the day, Or vice versa.

Circumstances have reached such a point that they rarely see each other on vacation, and sometimes that doesn't happen if one of them does Extra working hours in order to increase income. It happened that their child became ill, so Wafaa was forced to leave work in order to take care of her, which compounded the problem because the child needed ivory expenses that could not be covered by the temporary protection card except part of it, and the income decreased by half after she left work, and she tried a lot to work at home, but time did not allow, because the child needed follow-up during the first period of her illness.

The family began to economize on the number and type of meals, to the point that they feared that the children would suffer from anemia and weak immunity due to the lack of food. Wafaa - who took over managing the family affairs after she left work, and because Hassan did not have enough time to do anything, he began working more hours at the expense of his health and hours of sleep.

She tried obtaining coverage for the child's ivory from more than one party but to no avail. She choked with tears as she told her friend how the child died because she did not receive the ivory. How did she receive a letter with a sum of money from a charity association covering some of the costs of the ivory on the day the child died.

She later knew that the amount should have reached her more than a month before that, but what delayed it was the routine, which doubled her grief for the child. She returned to work in the workshop with her husband, hoping to escape the cycle of sadness for a little.

One day, she was injured in her right hand by one of the workshop's machines, and her employer refused to help her and disavowed her work for him. Not only that, but he fired her husband along with two other people who protested his unjust decision and his abandonment of his responsibilities towards Wafa.

What made her unable to stay in a place where she lost her health unjustly, and her child, who was deprived of ivory due to the unjustified slowness of the procedures, she succeeds in convincing Hassan to immigrate and that they will be able to manage how to deal with their children there because this was what frightened them most.

Wafa is silent and Hendrine tries to comment, but the tears choke her and they embrace in an embrace of shared pain that brings together Umm Khaled and Umm Khaled, and they go to sleep waiting for a new day that may be the last day for the two families in this country.

Feelings Don't know Forgetting



Hanan has been living in Turkey for years and is trying to be balanced and normal, despite the pile of painful memories that she has carried on her shoulders since childhood, although it is human nature to forget Hanan has tried a lot to forget or perhaps forgetness, without realizing it, she connects the endless difficulties of asylum with her old memories, to the point that she went to a psychiatrist to recover from this problem that may never last. To the point of mental illness, but it is certainly not easy. During the ivory sessions, Hanan revealed everything

inside her to the doctor. Coincidentally, the doctor - Syrian, of course, because Hanan does not speak Turkish - was from the same city as her.

She does not fully understand what Hanan knows, but she heard scattered stories from her family, scattered because people were not telling because of fear, or even extreme fear, and they have an excuse - every excuse - for that, from the point of view of that young doctor. She does not hide her attachment to Hanan's case because she wants to know the details. That period, especially since the family lost three young men in that massacre.

Hanan agreed with the doctor on the dates of the sessions, which would be discharge sessions only, and then they would adopt the treatment plan together, and they both felt a strange feeling. Hanan felt that she wanted to shake off the dust from the painful past, while the doctor wanted to explore the truth which is her primary motivation, this is the first time she feels this feeling in her work because she was keen to deal with those with problems professionally and control her emotions as much as she could.

On the morning of the first session, Hanan thought at the last moment of apologizing, but she abandoned the idea and decided to go in the hope that she would benefit. She arrived at the center on time and entered the doctor's room, who asked her about the best position in which she could rest, but she said that there was no difference to her, and she just wanted to drink a cup of coffee because she did not drink her own coffee at home due to stress. She welcomed the doctor and ordered Syrian coffee for them both, which she had specially prepared for herself.

Over a cup of coffee, Hanan began talking about the fact that at the time of the massacre, that is, about forty years ago, she was seven years old, and she saw with her own eyes her father

and grandfather being killed, and she saw her grandmother suppressing her screams out of fear for the rest. How did they meet the two bodies, and they were not able to bury them until after the security forces left the area and the men of the neighborhood gathered to bury the dead? How did they bury them in the gardens of the houses because the roads to the cemetery were cut off, rather, the roads of the entire city, which plunged the neighborhood into what looked like famine, and people were confused about managing their affairs? Do not forget how one of the neighbors brought them a bag of dates, which they later knew was a ransom for her husband who had survived the massacre.

The family noticed that their daughter (and we mean Hanan's aunt) was in a constant state of stupor, unable to eat or speak. She became afraid of light and sounds, and little by little she no longer realized that she was hungry or tired. Her family became the ones who fed her and took care of her affairs, but they did not succeed in helping her recover. She remained in this state until she met her Lord years later.

Her grandmother remained strong and managed the family affairs, whether small or large, and she did not weaken despite everything she saw. She married her mother to her single uncle to remain in the care of her and her three children, and she gave birth to a son for him. They gave him the name of his uncle - the martyr, as the grandmother wished to describe him - Hanan's father. Days pass and people avoid talking about the massacre, even though there was not a house in the city that did not taste grief in some way. This one lost some or all of his children, and that one had her son taken away and did not know his fate after that, and this and that and these.

As the years passed and with the outbreak of the revolution, Hanan had previously married and given birth to two children. During the Ramadan massacre, she lost them along with oth-

ers from her husband's family. The previously grieving family gathered around her, and everyone felt that history was repeating itself. Hanan was not as strong as her grandmother. She felt That she had been afflicted twice, and this in itself was enough to weaken her from within.

Because Hanan became weak after what happened to her, and everything around her reminded her of her tragedy, and also because the killing machine did not stop, and she began hearing about a neighbor who was liquidated in detention, and a friend who was killed by a sniper on the outskirts of the city.

Because she had an amount of money with which she could move a little, she traveled to Lebanon and there she saw another face of suffering: families living in tents, others renting shops because they could not rent a house, and children selling tissues at traffic signals. She met a young woman who was burned by a gas heater and was unable to receive treatment. Due to the high costs and her lack of support from any party, her husband left her, and Hanan tried to help her, but the matter was more than individual efforts.

With all this pain, and because Hanan also did not succeed in obtaining official residency in Lebanon, she thought about traveling to Turkey, and while she asked her friends and relatives there, the government imposed an entry visa on Syrians coming from other countries. What made Hanan abandon the idea, as she did not succeed in obtaining the visa, and returned to arranging her life in Lebanon, when a friend called her to tell her that she could secure an entry visa for her to Turkey, she encouraged her to do so because the conditions of the Syrians in Lebanon went from difficult to more difficult, and she succeeded in Convincing her, and as soon as she obtained the visa, she booked the first plane to Turkey.

She arrived and was received by her friend, who helped her arrange housing and so on. Hanan stops talking here and tells the

doctor that she is tired and wants to continue in the next session. The doctor then discovers that she is so immersed in the story that she is surprised that Hanan stopped speaking, and this is the first time it has happened to her. With the second session.

Hanan continues her life in Turkey, She did not suffer from financial problems like other Syrians, and because she arrived at a period when Turkey did not give out identification papers easily, she entered a new spiral. It deprived her of the feeling of stability, which was the most important thing she was looking for when she came here. With every obstacle that came her way, she felt a strange setback and showed an exaggerated reaction. You would see her entering into a state of depression if she did not succeed in confirming the home address, and crying if the guard prevented her from entering the immigration department to ask about something, and during the period when she was not busy with anything. A matter that returns to its own shell in Hama with two stops: suffering from murder and brutality, then Lebanon and suffering from displacement and asylum, then Turkey and complex suffering that it cannot pinpoint its source.

In fact, Hanan does not know why she subconsciously links every difficult situation in her identity papers or the racism she experiences from her neighbors to the events of her previous life. She believes that the chain of injustice she experienced intersects in a strange way that has always astonished her: her father, who was killed before her eyes, a Syrian refugee killed at the border, her aunt, who lost her awareness of the horror of what happened before her eyes, and a Syrian woman who suffered the same state of loss of awareness when she went to buy bread and returned, she finds that the house has fallen on top of her children after the air strikes, and an old woman appears strong in mourning her martyred son, reminding her of

her grandmother, who was the most cohesive member of the family.

The strange thing is that she ignores the incident of her husband and children being killed in the terrible massacre, and does not know the reason for that, so she cries when she hears about their suffering. A Syrian woman in Bilad al-Waq-Waq, her tears freeze when she remembers her family being killed before her eyes.

The strange thing is that Hanan and the doctor started waiting for the appointments of the sessions because they were absorbed in them and did not feel the time. After the hearing sessions were over, the doctor had to provide assistance with practical recommendations or other measures that may include medicinal treatment - this is what Hanan knows at least - and indeed the doctor provided her with a list of recommendations that would help her overcome her problem.

But after that, she told her that her dealings with her had a painful flavor to the point of saturation, and she was listening to them with her heart, perhaps because she had a desire to know what happened in her city from a witness who witnessed the events and reported his feelings about them before witnessing them. And because she told her about their city, which she had never seen before, she recognized another face of the city other than the face of blood that she had heard about from its displaced people since the ancient massacre (and this is what people began to call it to differentiate between the two massacres.

Over the days, after Hanan tried to adhere to the doctor's advice, she began to change for the better, and lived in a state close to balance. She began to return from the immigration department in a better mood, even if she did not succeed in completing her papers, and she could deal with her neighbors calmly, even if they treated her with racism after she had been crying or keeping to herself for days.

The greatest benefit that Hanan obtained from the psychological treatment was that she dealt with her grief over Her husband and children were normal or close to normal, so she started crying and burning sometimes, and this in itself made her feel comfortable after a while.

Hanan wants to be a normal person, normal with her sadness and joy, yes, with her joy, because she began to seek to be happy, so she remained in a relationship with the doctor, that young doctor who, in turn, became outside the scope of work, she communicates with her, and asks her for help and advice in some matters, and this was one of the reasons that improved Hanan's psychological state, and they both began to feel grateful for the circumstances that put them in each other's path and for their city that brought their hearts together from the first minute of their acquaintance.

And because the life that brings people together sometimes separates them, here is Hanan at the airport, bidding farewell to her doctor friend, who will shortly travel to another country that will be hers. there is a new beginning.

By the way, the doctor's name is the same as Hanan's daughter, who died in the Hail Ramadan massacre, and she started calling her by her name after she was addressing her, saying: Doctor. Hanan advises the doctor to open her heart to the Syrians in the country she is going to, just as she has opened her heart to her, and the doctor promises her that, and this is normal because she is a girl the same pain and understand it well.

Today, Hanan seeks to persuade hurting people, both men and women, like her, to open their hearts to life again, as she is doing now, and not to withdraw into themselves, as she did before.

A Heavy Legacy



On that cruel day, all the details of which were engraved in his mind, and even in his heart, or rather in his being, the story of that day was shared by his unforgettable feeling. They lived the tragedy, along with their distant families scattered throughout the world.

On the sixth of February, when the earth shook the people beneath it, it shook completely, and The buildings fell on the heads of their people. People's sense of time changed. Seconds became like hours. People were astonished and changed their conditions.

Here is Ahmed, heartbroken by his wife and infant, walking in the destroyed streets of Antakya, remembering the stages of his life that brought him here after long suffering, after he lost two of his brothers and their families in aircraft bombing on his village, which made his wife panic and beg him to take them out to Turkey, so he agreed in accordance with her wishes, even though he did not want to do so because he was convinced that fate was effective in any land.

He has been living in Turkey for years. He loves that country and feels that it is the closest to his heart after his country, which he was forced to leave, despite all the difficulties he suffers from (work without a license, long hours and little pay, far away schools).

He or his wife is forced to take the children out of fear for them from the road on foot in order to save on transportation costs, moving from one house to another because of the homeowners who take advantage of their weakness and their inability to object to raising rents (he feels a bit of peace and it is enough that he has become accustomed to The system of life here is such that he and his wife find it strange if they stay in the same house for a long time.

Ahmed remembers well how some of his relatives tried to convince him to immigrate to Europe, but he refused, and his wife agreed with him, the wonderful wife and devoted mother who helped him by working at home with anything she could, preparing vegetables, making shoe soles, and so on.

They tried, despite their lack of support, to send some money to their families in Syria in particular. When necessary, one time his wife's brother was involved in a traffic accident that left him bedridden for several months. Ahmed and his wife were confused about how to provide assistance, so they had to postpone buying a new heater at the beginning of winter. The family spent their winter with an old stove that was not working prop-

erly, and they did not feel warm during that time of the winter season, yet they felt satisfied because they had not neglected their duties towards their families.

Ahmed owns an inheritance from his father, part of the family house, which he did not think about selling while their mother was alive, and because his two brothers were martyred along with their families while their mother was alive, the inheritance was confined between him and his sisters who agreed to sell the house after their mother passed away, and one of the family's in-laws supervised the matter. The sale was not regular due to the inability to reach a party that would provide legal papers. It was made with primitive paper and witnesses from the villagers, and because of that, the price was less than the real value of the house.

Ahmed's share reached him, and he thought about how he could benefit from it. He consulted his wife and close friends, and they advised him to open a small shop that would protect him from the fatigue of the workshops that he could no longer bear due to his back pain, raise the family's income, and relieve his wife from stressful work at home. That was the case, and he began implementing his project. He entered the whirlpool of permissions and permits, and he could not believe that he had finished them. He opened his small shop, and began working in it day and night with all enthusiasm. His wife would sit in the shop if he had to leave it for some reason.

He remembers well how the customers asked about him and were interested that day when the shop closed because his wife gave birth to a new baby, the reason for that they used to buy from him and built good relationships with him because he was good-natured and tolerant in buying and selling.

The family's conditions began to improve and they were able to enjoy some of the luxuries that they had been deprived of before, Ahmed began to think about developing his work and

began to think about a better future for his children.

The night of February 6 came and the house fell on their heads, and Ahmed did not understand what had happened until he was in the street carrying his two daughters. He tries to call his wife, who is not home at night, as she is with her baby at their relative's house to take care of her after the birth. The phone rings and she does not answer it, so his anxiety increases, and he deposits the two girls with their neighbor who expressed her concern, and she was with him trying to contact her to no avail.

Ahmed goes to their relative's house, and he hardly knows the way. The features of the city changed in minutes, and he did not succeed in identifying the building, because the entire neighborhood had been destroyed. He found a group of people standing in shock. He looked among them for his wife, their relative, the owner of the house, and her husband, to no avail.

His family and his wife's family started calling to check on them, but he did not answer the phone because he did not know what he says to them? He tried to maintain calm and balance. He prevented himself from crying at first, but he did not succeed until the end. As the day broke, he cried hysterically, and screamed her name at the top of his lungs, and those standing around him began trying to calm him down, even though most of them were as worried as he was.

Hours passed and people gathered around the huge complex, or whatever it was, and no rescue teams arrived, and the people began to go looking for them from one area to another, and if they reached them and asked them to come to the place they were saying that there were many points, and they were working at maximum capacity and waiting for teams from outside the country to arrive. Over the hours, the people standing around began to recognize each other, except for Ahmed, because he was not a resident of the neighborhood at all. Some of them approached him and recognized him and the family whose wife

was in their house. They said that they had not seen any trace of them after the earthquake, which doubled Ahmed's fear, as he began to think of ways in which he could bring rescue teams to the place in consultation with the waiting families. Like him, he met a Yemeni man who lives with his family in this complex. It was the time of the earthquake at his work. He works at night and came out unharmed, but he lost contact with his family from the first minutes, and here he is among those waiting. He saw a woman speaking a language he did not know, and with a large dog, trying to reach the closest possible point with two men to find out where their relative was under the rubble.

On a pile of stone, an old woman was sitting with her head bowed, and from time to time she raised her hands to the sky, crying and shouting, "Lord." In fact, he saw many situations and more people, and thoughts crowded into his head in a way that almost caused him to lose control over his actions. When one of the foreign teams arrived, a crowd gathered. The people around her approached and inspected the place. They talked to each other a lot and began examining some corners of the place photographing small and large stones and sending those pictures via phone. It seemed that they were waiting for a decision to work or not, and the people were waiting with them. After more than two hours of waiting, they began to prepare to leave the place, but the people prevented them from doing so. The police had to intervene until they were able to leave the place.

People learned that they were of no use in their rescue attempts, as the complex is very large and requires a group of rescue teams to work together, and this is not available currently. People felt disappointed and began looking for individual options. Some of them brought a crane at their expense, some of them brought a thermal camera that might succeed in capturing the breath of one of their family, some of them despaired and decided to leave the place.

and so on, And that was Ahmed. The oppressed person is to return to the rubble of his home and take his two daughters in his arms. What frightened him most was for them to ask him about their mother, and this is what actually happened. He answered with silent tears, and their neighbor intervened to help the father contain the situation, she also was overcome with tears, because she missed her neighbor and closest friend while abroad.

One of the two girls started shivering and her temperature rose very high, so the neighbor took her and her husband to the nearest mobile medical point to receive first aid. Here Ahmed began to return to reality. He must be strong and balanced for the sake of his two daughters, they have no one but him now. He, like many others, tries to rise again to breathe life into his daughters' souls. who are missing their mother. While in the mosque where he stayed with his neighbors, he begins to communicate with his relatives because he is thinking of moving to another state after losing everything here, but he receives a call to come and identify the body.

His wife. Indeed, he knows his wife, whose face is covered in thick dust. He knows her by her right palm, which is missing the index finger, which she lost while making grilled kibbeh for him at the beginning of their marriage. With his grief reached the starting point and he barely held himself together until he buried his partner and his infant child with her. He laughed at the ironies of fate, for she was determined to leave for Turkey to escape the bombing, and now she was killed in the earthquake. He remembers well that she had always told him that she dreamed of his brother's wife who was martyred in the bombing. She dreamed that they were sitting in an orchard and drinking tea, their favorite drink, and she told him jokingly (I don't look long to append it).

After the ground calmed down a little and people buried their

loved ones, the concerned authorities began to seek to organize matters, and this made Ahmed and many Syrians feel some comfort because they were tired of some people's racism. The people - certainly not all of them - were expelled from the shelter homes and were prevented from standing in the food shelters, but this feeling did not last long because they discovered that they had no share in the tents that were supervised by the Relief Authority. With this decision, people's conditions became worse and worse. He thought a lot about returning to Syria, but he refrained from doing so because their village was basically damaged in the earthquake, and his sisters and relatives lived in tents and barely they can manage their affairs.

Ahmed became distracted, confused about what to do. He felt very confused about how to deal with the two girls who always missed their mother, and there was no one around him from his family or his wife's family to help him with this.

Today, Ahmed rented a basement of an abandoned house, which is a square place with no rooms or bathroom, he succeeded after suffering in getting a rug and a heater help to protect them against the cold, and he is thinking about how he can pay his wages and support his two daughters while he is not working, as there is no prospect of work in the near future because the city has not returned to life yet. In addition to that, he cannot leave them alone because they are afraid, and they are still surprised by the place and deny it. This is their home, and they constantly ask him when their mother will return, they all return to their home, to their life before the earthquake, where they go every day after the afternoon, they go to their father's shop and get everything they wanted.

One evening, he exploded at them, asking them not to ask him again but the two girls asked him calmly about the reason for his request, which made him come back to himself and pay attention he should be calmer.

After that, he started trying to arrange his time and determine his priorities. He must work, and he must take care of the two girls, and because he succeeded in getting a job, he asked for the help of their good neighbor, his wife's friend, in matters of his daughters after he swore that he would give her a monthly sum. But she refused, so he was confused about how to express his gratitude to her until he found an opportunity to provide the family with a useful service.

Days passed by, and they were still in a spiral of suffering, a complex suffering, some of which they shared with the people of the country, but a particular aspect of suffering that was unique to them. That aspect, which included a lot of injustice, made many Syrians, reconsider their calculations about staying in this city.

Ahmed cannot recalculate his calculations in reality because he has become attached to this city. He lived in it for years, years in which there was a lot of suffering, and beautiful days that he will not forget, in addition to some of him lying here. All of this was remembered by Ahmed as he was walking through the streets of Antakya at the beginning of spring, he arrived at the grave of his wife and child and found flowers growing near it. He feels good feelings and imagines his wife holding the child in her hands and decorating her hair with these flowers.

He shakes his head to wake up from this fantasy, recites Al-Fatihah, and then returns home. Today is his eldest daughter's birthday, and he decided to celebrate it in order to make her feel that there is still a glimmer of hope in life.

This hope is Ahmed's provision for carrying out the burdens of this heavy legacy. Yes, but its heaviness is the most beautiful thing about it.

Hoping to Meet

Zahra lives in Turkey today with her husband and child, although she suffers from legal and administrative conditions, and she refused to leave the country when her father and brothers immigrated. She lives on her personal dream. This dream is the food that provides her with the energy to be able to withstand the harsh conditions in which she lives here.

Zahra's life in Syria was not like the life of other children. Her parents divorced when she was young, and she can hardly remember a normal day she lived with them like other children, because they were constantly quarreling. After their separation, a new phase in her life began, and she began to live with her grandmothers without the slightest feeling of stability - this feeling that a child needs just as an adult needs- her mother quickly married and traveled to another country. Her father traveled on a business trip that lasted for quite a while, then returned to Syria got married again, and insisted that she live with him in his house to get used to the new reality, and this is what happened.

Unfortunately, her life was not what she had hoped for, and she suffered from the injustice of her young stepmother, who was tempted by her beauty and obsessed with taking care of herself. Because the father's financial situation was good, and because of her stepmother's neglect of household affairs, the father brought in a live-in maid, especially after she became pregnant with her first child. Because of arrogance and mistreatment, no maid continued to work for them for more than a month, and that woman did not care about that, because during the period when the house did not have a maid to take care of its affairs, the matter fell to Zahra, the child, who was supposed to be having fun and playing. She was cleaning and preparing food, and

after the birth of the child, she had an additional task, which was taking care of the infant. She would wake up much before school time in order to make breakfast and meet her brother's hygiene and bottle-feeding needs. The child had barely completed his first year, and his mother gave birth to twins.

Zahra loved her brothers, but at the same time she was very exhausted from taking care of them, and she did not blame her father because he knew nothing about her suffering. She never told him about his wife's injustice for fear that he would divorce her and marry again, so her brothers would suffer with another stepmother as she suffered with their mother, even if it was at the expense of her suffering as well as her future, because the many responsibilities affected her academic level. Days pass, and Zahra grows, and her three brothers grow with her, and she passes the secondary school certificate, and her father thinks about sending her to another city so that she can complete her education, but his wife strongly objects, and the dispute grows between them.

He quickly became aware of the cruelty of her treatment of Zahra after his mother told him and recounted many incidents, and when he blamed her because she was hiding from him what she knew about Zahra's suffering, she told him that this was based on her desire and out of fear for her brothers to meet the same fate as her, and here the father loses his temper. He confronted his wife with everything he knew, but she did not deny it but rather provided harsher justifications for her actions, and this was the hour of separation between them. After that, Zahra decided to abandon the idea of studying in another city, because her brothers became more in need of her, and she enrolled in an intermediate school because its grades were modest, and because the study effort there was less, and this was to save her time and effort to take care of her father and brothers.

Before she completed her studies, the revolution broke out,

and conditions quickly changed. Because their house was on the outskirts of the clash points, they fled from it, and from that moment on, the family no longer knew comfort, moving from one house to another and from one village to another. Zahra even began to bear responsibility for the decision, because her father began to go out to work in distant areas and was forced to do so, because his financial conditions deteriorated after he lost his business and his home.

With the rapid developments on the ground, and the intensification of the bombing over people's heads, the father went with Zahra and her brothers to Turkey, and their entry was like a miracle to her with each other. One of her brothers got lost on the way, and all attempts to find him were unsuccessful.

Hours passed for the family, and some of their travel companions suggested that they continue on their way and search for him through cyberspace, and there are many cases in which the family succeeded to find their children. The father was almost convinced of the idea, in addition to that he wanted to be reassured about the rest of his children, because after this incident he began to feel extremely afraid for them, but Zahra refused with a force that surprised her father. This was the first time she had opposed him in her life.

She considered her brothers to be a piece of her soul because they had grown up before her eyes, and she cared for them with her heart and watched over them and with them. Between this exchange and response, the child who was found by another group on the road returns, and the family continues on its way, enters Turkey, and begins to establish a new life, with many difficulties that did not begin with obtaining a temporary protection card, and did not end with the unjust deportation of the father, had it not been for the intervention of the caretaker of God, and the help of the lawyer who ended the matter by paying a high fine, brought them back to zero or perhaps below

It, after they had begun to stand on somewhat stable ground. Given their choices, how do they start over? They lost everything they had tried to build before, but it was no use, and after more than one failed attempt, the father decided to immigrate with them to Europe and was determined to do so.

In the meantime, Zahra communicates with her mother, who has not heard from everyone since she traveled with her new husband and tells her about the reasons for this interruption, she asks for help so that she can come to in Turkey because she is now alone and in need of her. Here Zahra decides to stay in Turkey because traveling to Europe will prevent her from meeting her mother, who can no longer enter after she left it irregularly. Her father told her that in this way she was gambling with her future, but she had made up her mind.

This is the first time she has left them. But the hope of meeting her mother is the only thing that gives her the patience to part with them. And everything in between the pain of separation and the hope of meeting, Zahra begins to adapt to her new life, alone on the one hand and without income on the other hand, she starts looking for work to control her matter. During the search task, she met a young man, and feelings quickly developed between them, he proposed to her, and they tied the knot on one of the social networking programs. She was sad because her father and brothers were not by her side, and she wished that her mother would be able to arrive before she got married, but it seems that this wish is far-fetched because she failed in more than one way, From an attempt to get her in, and her fiancé tried to help with the matter to no avail.

Her father, her fiancé, and even her mother tried to convince her to marry, so she agreed to their wishes. Indeed, Zahra married alone, but her husband succeeded in overcome her feeling of loneliness. However, this marriage was not destined to be official, because an error in Zahra's security card, as the em-

ployee wrote her marital status as married without asking her. She had previously tried to correct it in more than one way and failed. She resorted to administrative and legal options by filing a lawsuit and lost a lot of money and time. All of this was before she got married, and today, after she got married, she renewed these attempts and did not reach any results.

A year after marriage, Zahra gave birth to her first child, and what she feared was their inability to register the child because they did not have a marriage contract. They must choose to register it in the name of the mother or the father. This is what they told them in the immigration department.

The parents felt grief that made them lose their joy over the baby. At the same time, they were afraid of making a wrong decision that was not in the best interest of the child.

A person should look ahead and think about the future. A lawyer advised them to travel outside Turkey, confirm marriage and register the newborn, they liked the idea, because they did not have enough money, They thought about borrowing, got started, collected most of it, and recorded on a piece of paper the name of each person and the amount he lent to them. However, they were unable to leave the country because Zahra failed to obtain the required permissions She provided all the necessary documents.

Zahra and her husband decided not to have another child before they could solve the problem. Confirming the marriage or leaving Turkey, is something that she categorically rejects because her mother has not been able to enter her until today. The distant father tried to help her through a friend of his in Turkey. That friend had extensive relations with parties working with regard to the rights of refugees, and he promised to put her in the service of Zahra. In order to be able to overcome the problem successfully.

In this whirlpool of problems, Zahra today lives in a conflict between her heart, which wants to stay here in the hope of meeting her mother, and her mind, which wants to travel in order to confirm the marriage and give the child his right to name and lineage.

The right that was deprived of him due to a simple mistake, which may have been unintentional, but it was certainly disastrous for Zahra's life, who will feel this way.

This matter is an extension of her events since she was born, because she embraced her child with fear of the future, after which she decided to travel and communicate with her mother, who has experience with her. With no feelings before, she wishes to compensate for this deprivation, even for one day in her embrace. And for some sign, or event -individual or collective - that will help her to carry out the right decision.

With the Suspension of execution

(On God) This is the sentence in which Umm Adnan answers whoever asks her about Adnan's news because she is tired of the words that she knows completely that it is useless because those interested in the matter around her are weak and simple like her who cannot provide any help. They succeed in this despite many attempts.

It is the fiftieth day, yes, the fiftieth, because his mother now has her own calendar, so every morning she tells the people of the house around her that the day has become thirty-four days for her son, for example, so everyone knows from Adnan's mother that today is the fiftieth.

(Fifty days for what?) This is what the new neighbor asked her about. He lived in the same neighborhood a few days ago, when she was accompanying a neighbor who lived near the family for years after they greeted Umm Adnan and his wife who were going to see the lawyer find out the latest news, so that neighbor said to her friend that she would tell her About the fifty days for what to let the two women go on their way to ask the lawyer.

And after the two neighbors entered the house of one of them and began to prepare the food they brought, the neighbor - who is basically their relative - told her neighbor the story of the fifty days and began her speech by saying (God help the people, my sister) and she continues:

The family was living in a state of financial prosperity, which made the father help his children get married and establish a special project for each of them. Even his daughters helped them and provided them with what they wanted to improve the reality of their families. His hand was extended for good, helping everyone who turned to him. With the outbreak of the

revolution, the entire family entered into work, starting with demonstrations, through providing money to displaced families, and reaching the maximum that can be offered, the martyrs. Yes, that family presented martyrs who died in different ways, their daughter with her family in air strikes, their grandson on a frontline fighting with the regime, and their daughter-in-law shot by a sniper. Their financial conditions also worsened after the large workshop, which is the mainstay of the family's original livelihood, was bombed. Abu Adnan wondered what to do with the large family. He still considered himself responsible for his children and their families. He consulted his wife, who advised him to sell the rest of the scattered properties and take the family out to Turkey. He hesitated a little. But he made up his mind to travel, especially after the rest of the family liked the idea and started implementing it.

Abu Adnan had a strong personality and would only accept that everything be under his command, so he was late in selling real estate because he was under a lot of scrutiny, he was only satisfied that everything was in the best condition, and this Unavailable, of course, in these difficult circumstances, even if the word difficult is much weaker than describing the reality. That delay in the sale led to the disruption of travel for a period during which the roads became more difficult, dangerous, and more financially costly, which made Abu Adnan feel additional pressure, and with difficulty, the family succeeded in arriving in Turkey.

And here begins a new station, more difficult than all the previous ones, and everyone must work in order to manage their livelihood because they arrived in Turkey empty-handed.

Omm Adnan had hidden some of her jewelry, according to the custom (hide your white penny for your dark day), and women are the most skilled at applying this rule. She gave the gold to her husband so that he could start a small project to support

them, and after thinking about it, After consulting some of the friends who preceded them, he decided to open a small sweets factory and work in it with his sons, and that was the case, and they began implementing it and things began to move towards stability. As soon as they caught their breath a little and began thinking about expanding their work, the unthinkable happened. The factory was attacked. It was burned by their neighbors for reasons related to competition in the local market, and not without racism, because they told them explicitly and implicitly more than once that they should return to their country and work there, and that they should leave the sweets market to the people of the city, as they are more deserving of a livelihood in it.

Abu Adnan filed an official complaint with the police, and noticed the weak response from them, even though they presented them with surveillance camera tapes showing some faces. The man understood from this cold response that their right was lost and that they had no ability to recover it.

He told his wife all his fears, and Adnan's mother was working, as usual. She sought to instill a spirit of strength in everyone who complained about her family concerns, as she was very skilled at hiding her oppression and sadness from everyone around her, Abu Adnan knew this well and always turned to her when he was escaping from his worries, and with her experience in life, her knowledge of her husband's character, and her understanding of his feelings, she felt that this time was not like every time. She did not know why, but she saw a look of brokenness in his eyes that she had never seen before, even though he had been exposed to many crises in his life.

The family began to count their losses in the factory, and it seemed that the loss was more than they expected, as nothing was left in the place usable at all, and even the walls and ceiling were severely damaged. It was a ward on the lips of abo

Adnan only (thank God) and he used to tell his children that he thanked his Lord every moment if one of them had not been in the factory at the time of the fire and had been harmed, and Omm Adnan's agreed with him on that.

As soon as they began to regain their balance and think about their options for the next stage, the owner of the private property came, he wanted them to return it to him. He asked them to repair it after it was damaged in the fire. The costs of repairing it were very high, which caused the whole family to fall into great confusion. How could they manage the matter while they were now "the Sky and the Tariq" as they say? One of them advised Abu Adnan not to hand over the place to its owner at the right time because he had plenty of time under the contract concluded between them, but...

In fact, the man was afraid for his children and sought to prevent any friction between them and Turks who did not fear God. Yes, because Abu Adnan insisted that not all Turks are racist, but his destiny is what placed him among those who do not fear God, and that bad morals exist among Syrians, Turks, and all the peoples of the earth.

His daughter-in-law then told him that this was true, but our problem here in Turkey is that there are no laws clearly, to protect us from racism that causes mistreatment, and sometimes loss of rights, and this is what made the police that we resorted to completely neglecting our complaint. Everyone agreed with them on that.

The family lived in confusion and did not know how to get the money they had received. What was damaged by the fire was repaired, and after several days, the man came again and demanded that they hand over the property, Abu Adnan told him that he had to be patient until they managed to find enough money to repair it, especially since they had a notarized contract that was not after he finished, the man shouted at him

and uttered an insult that Adnan heard, so he lost his mind and cursed the man. Thus, the conversation developed between them until the man came to the point of hitting the elderly man Abu Adnan. Adnan had no choice but to hit him or almost hit him, so the father intervened and prevented him, and asked the man to leave now before a dispute developed between them, so he left with sparks flying from his eyes.

Only one hour passed until the police arrived, arrested Adnan and his father and took them to the police station in the neighborhood. While the family understood what had happened, the son went to inquire but did not receive any news about them, and returned home feeling disappointed.

The next morning, Umm Adnan went with her daughter-in-law to a lawyer whom the daughter-in-law had met in a meeting related to refugee rights, and he gave His phone number to anyone interested. When he met them and they explained to him everything that had happened, he started calling and asking until he was able to reach the news.

But unfortunately, the news was so harsh that it made Umm Adnan fall.

She fainted, and that was when she knew that they were now in the deportation center, and they were returning home to tell the rest, when they knew, it was dropped into their hands, they lost the ability to concentrate and make the appropriate decision, but Omm Adnan came back as strong as she was and asked them to calm down and balance. Here her son exploded into about of hysterical screaming. He was no longer able to balance and calm down, and he only calmed down in his mother's arms, but his little girl started crying and screaming when she saw her father in this state, and they ended up taking her to the hospital after her temperature rose and she suffered what looked like a psychological shock. It seems She felt that things at home were not well, so she expressed these feelings by scream-

ing and having a high temperature.

They tried hard to solve the problem after they learned that the reason was a false complaint filed against them by the property owner, whom they contacted through mutual acquaintances from the neighborhood (Syrians and Turks). But these attempts it was in vain. Omm Adnan called on her neighbors and friends to recite the Holy Qur'an and pray to relieve the distress, while the young daughter-in-law asked in the groups about a way to help them release her husband and his father, to whom she was attached and whom she felt compensated her for her father who had been gone since her childhood.

All these attempts went in vain when they learned that they were now in northern Syria, without any of them signing any papers stating that they wanted to return to Syria. Adnan was sure of that, and he was careful and honest in all his words and actions. This is what he told his wife, as well. He told her about his observations in the deportation center, where the majority were present unlawfully, or perhaps with minor violations, and most of all what caught his attention that some of them were there instead of a father or brother, as they were being stopped - men and women - with the aim of pressuring that father or brother to surrender himself to the immigration department. He even saw an Iraqi young man and an Afghan man who were deported with Adnan and his father to Syria. Adnan did not tell his wife. Just that, he appeared on social media and shared his observations with people and talked about the details of what happened to them to this day.

Adnan and his father are still in the north, unable to start a new life away from their family. Abu Adnan's health problems worsened after the situation changed for him. He was accustomed to Adnan's mother being the one who takes care of his medication appointments, and his son tries to take care of his treatment and food as much as he can. The lack of medicines and

the lack of ivory also made his health deteriorate, and today he works for a daily wage that barely suffices him and his father for the basics of life.

The rest of the family also lives in Turkey on a subsistence basis after they lost their source of livelihood, which was burned, and they gave the remaining money to the property owner to repair the fire damage.

The son also works, like his brother Adnan, for a simple daily wage, and his mother, his wife, and his brother Adnan's wife help him as much as they can through household chores, from which they earn little. The basics are not enough, and they are confused about how they can live on the one hand, and how they can bring Adnan and his father back in.

And here they are today on Adnan's mother's calendar on the fiftieth day of deportation. With this sentence, the neighbor ended her story about this family, which was afflicted by circumstances beyond their control. The neighbor listening to the story could not find what to say and remained silent until she said to her: Let us finish making this food until Omm Adnan and her daughter-in-law return, and we go to them with a plate of it.

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جنس وطن

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Derneği

