

## **Title: I Remember**

It was a day like any other however, the leaves had lost their beauty, rather they looked like they were dying. It was as though the world had lost its meaning now.

"What could it be?" I whispered, I had woken up cheerful, but as soon as I looked out, the world wasn't so cheerful. I had thought it was just my over enthusiastic brain overthinking small details, after all it was a cold and dreary morning. Nothing had happened and the city of Mosul was still intact. The people were still happy, but a little on edge. No one was ever safe here, the country of Iraq had been at war for years now. No one had seen peace and they were waiting for the blood to be stopped and the times to end. Then there was a smash and gunfire. I heard screams.

"Where are they coming from?" I shouted. No one in the house knew, but it soon became clear that they weren't here to help us. The black colours were enough to trigger the alarms in my head.

"No, no NO!" I screamed, it could not be. It should not have been. It would not be. Why were they here? What did they want? I knew the answers of course, they wanted the land, they wanted the control. And most of all, they wanted to Yezidis wiped out, they wanted us gone. I could not handle this. Not now, not ever. I screamed for everyone to leave "Go, GO NOW!" I shouted and shouted. There was no time to pack, no time to think, it was time to run. My legs ran as fast as any 13 year old girl could go. I ran and ran. But it was not enough. I was found. I was taken. I was imprisoned. I couldn't do anything about this now. The walls were trapping from everywhere. Where could I possibly go? The atmosphere was dark, no one uttered a word. Tears were falling from every person that I looked at. The air was whispering. I could not understand what secrets it was hiding. I recognised some of the faces. My mother wasn't there. They all sat cross-legged. Wailing and crying came from the other room. The walls did not hide the noise. It was clear that they were tortured, how? I had not known. Would i be next? There was a chance.

Hours and hours went by with no news. I could not see any of my family. They had escaped, but i couldn't be sure. There was a sense of relief in that news. The sense that they may have dodged this terrible fate was enough to keep me going and bring me hope. I could get through this.

"I will get through this," I whispered to myself. The girl next to me looked at me with sorrow as if to say that I was clinging to lost hope. In this hell, there was no hope. There would never be a sound of hope here. That was what the air whispered. But I could not lose this fragment of sense of mind because when I did, I would never be able to leave....

Today dragged on longer, they always did. My eyes burned with tears. Tears of blood. Each tear trickled down and made its path down from her eyes, around her face. She mourned for those dead. For the names the air whispered, for the ones she had never met. For those she would never know. Everything was ruined. Her home. Her family. Her life. They had taken everything, not swiftly but slowly and painfully with each breath that she breathed. She was now just a body who operated, not a small piece of soul remained in her body. Bang! Bang! Another died. I turned around to see what is going on, but did I care? It's just more blood on the floor, more for me to clean up. Is this what has become of me? I asked myself. Innocents, children, men and women. Dead. Where was my family? And I remembered the day I was taken once again.