

A Twisted Reality

The world is a twisted place. Why do we, Syrian civilians have to suffer the outcomes of war and others don't? All the progress and effort to keep the peace only to fall back to our knees again. No matter how hard we try, we know we will be unsuccessful. 'War is an easy thing to start and an almost impossible thing to end,' my parents have been saying for seven years now, since the Syrian civil war first began.

What used to be my innocent loving home, Ghouta, Syria, is now an abandoned demolished sad town. It has been bombed by our government and its allies. I used to believe that nobody could do something this extreme with no remorse. I have been proven wrong. I, naturally, choose to believe the best in people. Now I know better than to be so naive. The bombs killed and harmed hundreds of people and traumatized thousands. The attack occurred one February night of this year, 2018. All of Ghouta's innocence and glory is now gone. I will always remember that night no matter how hard I try to forget.

The awful ear-piercing sound of the bombs exploding, the screams from the innocent, and all the chaos unraveling makes me think none of this is real and that it is all just a nightmare. A nightmare that started back in 2011, when the war began and is still ongoing. I wait and wait to wake up but it has yet to happen. I have given up hope that this has been all my imagination. I have a hard time wrapping my head around the concept of such brutality, which is why I first detected this as a nightmare. Inconceivably, it is real.

Things have become slightly better. My family and I fled Ghouta when the bombs were going off. We realized that if we didn't leave we'd die. We had only the clothes on our backs, the money in our pockets, and the hope for survival in our hearts.

It is hard to think about how we relinquished our old home and that we will probably never see it or any of its old civilians again. I miss my old friends. Some days, I cry just thinking about the possibility of them being some of those who were killed by the bombs. I haven't seen them since before the attack, which was months ago.

We've been staying in a refugee camp in Turkey. Our stay has been long and miserable. We have been given little food, water, and supplies such as blankets. My siblings and I are young children and we try our best not to give our parents trouble or complain

because we know they're trying their best. All my parents wish for is the safety of my siblings and me. My parents know it is best to get as far away from Syria to ensure this which is why we are trying to flee to Canada. We recently applied to be refugees in Canada. This news is amazing and discomforting at the same time. If we are accepted, once we leave there is no turning back. I will forever miss Ghouta, but I know I will be excited to start my new safe life in Canada if we are accepted. For now, we are stuck in a crowded Turkey refugee camp, but at least we are safe from the barbarity still happening in Syria.

I wish to forget the violence. My brother, who is two years older than I says he doesn't want to ever forget the bombing. I ask him why, and he tells me that remembering makes him stronger. He also wants to remember what Ghouta once was and how something so precious to someone can be so easily destroyed by someone more powerful. I cannot comprehend why he says this. He says that when I get older I will understand.

I am only 12, and I have seen things I will never be able to unsee. I have heard things that never stop replaying in my head. I still feel the aching in my body from the ground beneath my feet shaking. Although I am physically in one piece, I feel more broken than ever.