

## Lama

When tanks bomb homes, you must leave your house immediately, because the tanks' targets are random; they destroy viciously and kill without warning. Tanks are crazy monsters that mindlessly tear apart buildings.. This thought was inside Abu Ahmed's head when he was carrying his clothes and his small bag of important papers – a bag that is ready in every house in Gaza - it contains the ID cards, passports, birth certificates, house contract, university certificates, and most importantly the UNRWA card. Because through that card, he proves that he is a refugee and has the right to register in schools and receive food aid and other material and mattresses.

Abu Ahmed left his house quickly, accompanied by his wife, his children, his mother, who was in a wheelchair, his son, his wife, and his son's children. They started running down the street, while the sounds of shells deafened the ears. The stones were flying around them as if they were lava from flames. They kept running and trying to take shelter with each other, praying to God to help them get out of this hell that surrounded them from every angle. While running, they often stumbled and got up over and over again. Minutes passed as if they were hours, and Abu Ahmed was pushing his mother in her chair, and every second he was checking on his family, and the important thing was that none of them had been martyred. Injuries don't matter now. He re-examines them. Did anyone fall and cannot get up? Was anyone late? His head had a thousand eyes and a thousand minds.

They kept running until they found themselves outside the bombing area. They breathed a little, then continued walking towards Salah al-Din's Street, so that they could reach the safe area after Wadi Gaza, that is, to the south. The scenes of immigration in the TV Series "Al Taghriba" (The Alienation) of immigrants carrying their belongings on their backs and walking at a turtle's pace, with sad music accompanying the scene, were repeated inside Abu Ahmed's head. But what angered him was that the migration was not as fast and terrifying. We crossed 6,000 meters in the blink of an eye, and we don't know how! Let me stop The Alienation's scenes and move on, he told himself.

Approaching the tanks, a flood of people suddenly were around him. Where did they come from? He Murred to himself. It seems that Hatem Ali the film director of "Al Taghriba" had to call in many extras for this immigration scene. Oh, What am I talking about!? Leave the series alone, and pay attention to yourself, and your apparent calamity that has fallen upon you.

When you approach the tanks, quadcopters fly over you, filming everyone, and shooting anyone they suspect, immediately. The most important thing is that it is absolutely forbidden to stop, and it is forbidden to lower your hands. Your hands must remain raised while carrying your bags. If a bag falls from your hand and you bend down to pick it up. You will be shot at once from the quadcopter and killed.

He returned to his family: Come on, walk forward, yes, everyone is there. Hold on to each other, stay close together. It looks like we are at the Day of Resurrection. Go forward, do not stop. Be careful. After a few minutes, the tank will open a passage for us and we must pass quickly.

Oh my God, as if the population of Gaza was 100 million and not two million. Let's go, the gate has opened the way for us, hurry up. Suddenly the soldier on the tank said: You, who is pulling the woman in the wheelchair, leave the chair in place.

"Yes, yes," he rumbled as he carried his mother and started running with her, and they all ran until they passed the tanks. But the distance to the south is long. How will I carry my mother all this distance? I have to go back and take her chair. A decision that may cost me my life, but it's okay, it's either my mother or I will die. He puts his mother on the ground and ran back to the chair, reciting the Shahada and preparing to die at any moment. Finally, he arrived to the chair, picked it up and quickly returned before the tank blocked the road. At the last moment, he overtook the tank, jumping before it closed, and they all started running, while the soldier's voice kept calling out, "No stopping, no stopping."

He checked his family again, but this time he did not find his eight-year-old daughter, Lama, among them. He started shouting at them, where is Lama? Where is my Lama?! No one answered him. "I must return" his son Ahmed answered. You're crazy, they'll shoot you. Stopping is prohibited, not to mention going back. Returning means certain death. Go ahead, son, he began to forcefully pull his son forward, while Abu Ahmed repeated, "May God bless you, oh Lama. May God bless you, my little girl, my love."

He was walking towards the south, and all the way images of Lama did not leave his mind. He remembered the day she was born, the first time she took her first steps, and how he helped her walk. How many children's songs and stories he sang to her before bed. The first day she carried her small bag to go to kindergarten like an innocent, colorful butterfly. Oh Lama, you piece of the heart and the joy of the heart, oh my beloved daughter.

He woke up to his wife's voice telling him, "We have arrived at the entrance of Nuseirat Camp. Let's wait here on Salah al-Din Street." Perhaps someone had taken Lama and will bring her. Abu Ahmed replied, "Okay, let's sit here and wait." They remained sitting on the street. Suddenly he noticed people's faces, grimaced and covered in dust, and all the sadness, anger, and absurdity of the universe on their faces. But when he looked at his family, he found their faces were more miserable and grim. He started repeating, "May God protect you, Lama." They remained sitting for three hours. Suddenly the sea parted from the flood of people, and Lama was walking with a man carrying his children. When she saw her family, she ran quickly to her mother, and everyone started crying and thanking the man for her return.

They continued their way to Khan Yunis, where Lama and her family stayed in an industrial building affiliated with the UNRWA. Waiting to return to their destroyed home at Beach Camp.

A True story

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