

Very quiet night

A very quiet night of war. Last night was very quiet. I think I slept for an hour. A little more or less. The sound of drones, planes, and cannons did not stop for a moment. All of that was nothing when a missile, a barrel of powder weighing a ton, or six barrels fell at the same time, shaking the earth, raising and shaking it, as if the earth's crust was a child's balloon filled to the brim with air, about to explode and destroy the world. Moments in which you witness death a thousand times, and after the explosion ends, you do not believe that you are still alive and that you have been endowed with new moments of life, and you continue to wait for the next explosion, the next death, perhaps after a minute or two at the most. It was a really quiet night, enough that before we went to sleep we were able to dine on two cans of beans for thirty people, which was unusual. The dinner was a big party in honor of the beans. But what spoiled the party was the lack of bread. We all dined with five loaves of bread, and the truth was that I was the one who spoiled the dinner party because of my heart. Because before that, I was standing on the street and a man with his two daughters came and asked me for bread, just bread, to feed the two girls, who had not tasted bread for three days. In fact, at the beginning, I told him that I have no bread. But just one look from one of the two girls was enough to penetrate my heart like a bomb of mercy. I told him to wait. I brought him five loaves of bread to share with him the bread I had. I will never forget as long as I live how his trembling hands picked up those loaves and how the two girls' eyes began to shine again and he quickly went away thanking me. It was as if he was running away with his great spoils, which he did not want anyone to see with him.

Sometimes the quiet gets boring. Especially if a friend calls you in the middle of the night to reassure you that he is still alive, but his childhood friends Youssef and Adnan and their families were martyred a short time ago. How much I loved that naughty Samar, Adnan's daughter, who was not more than three years old. Every time I went to visit them, she would run towards me and cling to my neck to take her gift with her black eyes, curly hair, and her great height, which was disproportionate to her age. We expected her to be a basketball champion.

A really special night. I had barely hung up the phone and did not know how my tears had betrayed me. I only woke up to the sound of a large explosion, followed by heavy rain that poured down on us on the roof, the zinc roof, under which we were sleeping. It took moments until we realized that it was stones that had penetrated the zinc roof and scattered thousands of pieces from the building that was not far from our residence. A few meters before it became a large hole, of which only a few pillars remained and a palm tree that had been planted in the house for decades. It remained miraculously steadfast, as if it refused to die in order to remain a witness to what happened, but many of the dates that it was holding in its bosom fell.

What a deadly calm. I heard the broadcaster on Al Jazeera saying that that night was the worst since the beginning of the war, because the calm did not stop for a minute. My nerves almost shattered from the intensity of the calm. These shells and missiles were made to frighten us. You can't help but be afraid. But how can I write in the midst of all this terrifying calm? This is not consistent with the human soul. Because I could die at any moment, and that would not be a disaster. I sat down to write as if nothing is happening around me. Yes, around me, because the ground keeps shaking and the smell of gunpowder fills my nostrils and smoke fills my mouth. Home from time to time and the explosions do not stop. It seems that I have gone crazy. I think so. Or I am dead. I will resist until the last letter and convey my voice to the world. The noisy world that I do not wish for it a quietness like ours. Enjoy your noise, and when you watch our news, turn your faces away from us or change the channel for fear that... We disturb you. I wish you a good sleep.

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