

## The Last Game

When someone is sentenced to death, they ask him: What is your last request before the sentence is carried out? As far as I know, most convicts ask for a special meal.

The longer the war lasts and you are still alive, the more you start to feel that the end is near. It creeps inside you little by little and you start to say goodbye to this world in your own way. For example; by leaving a good impression on everyone you meet, whether friends, neighbors or colleagues, or buying what you want from needs if possible, or calling friends and relatives to say goodbye to them indirectly, and so on.. Others start complaining and screaming or describing the political and social situation, whether by criticizing it or praising it, either in private sessions or via social media, or writing or filming.

But what caught my attention a few days ago after our house was bombed, and the smell of death mixed with the smell of smoke mixed with gunpowder, and explosive materials was suffocating our noses as a result of the bombing of the tower next to us, but the important thing is that we miraculously survived, like the previous times! What caught my attention was that children do not speak or complain, they just die, or their only way to express their feelings of fear, terror and insecurity is through crying, screaming and continuous violence.

The longer the war goes on, the more parents withdraw into themselves, and their ability to endure war decreases. Their interest in their children decreases a lot, and the children become neglected without supervision, and their only action is to fight among themselves, and they are exposed to real danger. Many children were taken to the hospital as a result of a blow from another child. Since the beginning of the war, I have often cared for the children, talking and playing with them, but after the bombing we were exposed to, I asked myself, what if everyone was martyred?!

Two weeks ago, one of my granddaughters, whose name is Romance, who is 12 years old, told me that she really wants to go to a restaurant to eat shawarma. She wants to sit on the seat, clasp her hands on the table and ask for ice water because there is no cola, like the old days! I told myself that I must take all the children and their mothers to go to a restaurant because it might be the last meal.

For my youngest granddaughter, Hour, who is one year and three months old, this was the first time she went to a restaurant, and she was very happy, I felt that this was a beautiful outing for children. By the way, I discovered that the three and four year old grandchildren had also forgotten their trips to restaurants, and it was the first time for them to experience sitting in a restaurant.

In light of the lack of importing toys for children, for toys are almost cut off in Gaza, yet in the past, a child of Hour's age had a whole playroom, I told myself that I must buy a toy for Hour. I went to the market and found a beautiful counter toy, which I bought for her, because this is what I found and I did not imagine that Hour would like it, but she picked it up and knew that this

was hers and clung to it with all the joy and happiness in the world, and she started playing with it immediately. Most importantly, she knew that this toy was special to her!

Children know toys, and they know intuitively many other things that should not be confiscated, there are many things that they should test and try because they may be the last meal or the last toy. Simply because death knocked on the walls of our house three times, and collapsed the walls on us, and we miraculously survived, and some of us were martyred and injured, and we are still living by pure chance.

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