

Childhood In Wartime

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thanks

**To that child who dwells my existence,
who is still in wartime, and who has
never grown. I dedicate my first book and
my sincere words to you, from a heart
that longed for days despite their cruelty.
They were among the most beautiful and
intimate moments, love and madness. I
dedicate it to those days full of feelings
and noise. I dedicate it to my anonymous
man, to the love that broke out inside
me, to my eternal man, my only dream,
my hope, my inspiration and the source
of all my smiles, I dedicate it to you, the
mysterious who dwells in my heart.**

There is a barefoot girl on a dance floor, moving to a faint strain music. She was dancing grief and manipulating pain with her soft fingers. Reciting the story of her suffering in an unparalleled dance, her body was reflecting the chaos of her soul. The flow of her movement was expressing the acceleration of things in her life. The lustre of her eyes reflected the aching that this beautiful woman carried, living in a time that was not created for the love.

She fought life with her steadfast steps, igniting hope in the darkness of days. She extinguished the fire of hatred with her innocent tears and healed the misery of the years with a faint smile. She was preparing for her last dance, yet she had found no partner for her last dance. She yearned for a man unlike any other. She longed for the mysterious man, who had always inhabited her imagination and how always inhabited her dreams, pursuing her through the years and painting her days with colour.

One evening as she dived into the magic calmness of the night, she had a strange idea entered her mind to write the story of her life until the arrival of that mysterious she is waiting for him. When he comes, she will type the last words of her story because her story will be complete, and the waiting will be over. She can put a point at the end of the waiting book to start with her crazy story.

She grabbed her pen and started writing, trying to arrange the scattered events of her life one by one.

The first word that flowed from her pen:
(childhood).

A child in wartime. She had a novel smile that gave warmth to everyone who saw it, radiating joy and innocence. Every night, she sat on the window of the dreams, counting the stars and wishing upon every new star. She was not to know how many hardships were waiting for her in her future. as she believed that life is a wonderful symphony without any discord or errors.

With the appearance of the first star that night, she quickly closed her eyes and whispered, “when I am older, I dream of boldly sharing my first book with everyone and telling my story”. Then she closed her eyes, speeding to sleep as usual. She did not follow counting the stars and she felt asleep.

In the morning she got up from her bed and, like a small butterfly, ran quickly to the window of her room. She opened the curtains to let the sunlight caress her red cheeks.

Then opening the door of her room, ran speeding to her father. She jumped on his lap, flooding him with kisses and let him dress her school as he normally did. What she did not know was this day was no to be like anormal day. This day was carrying many surprises and unexpected things. This day would change her life forever.

“will you take me to school today?” she asked her father because she enjoyed spending time with him.

He shocked her by demanding “Go to your room. You’re not going to school today and you’re not leave your room, is that clear?”

Her eyes welled with tears and she leant into him for reassurance, but he pushed her away.

She fled her room, sobbing unendingly, hoping that her father would come to see her.

But come he did not, and our baby cried herself to sleep.

meanwhile her father was very afraid for his little daughter. He was worried about protests and disturbances going on in the city square, and he wanted his daughter to be safe. After a day filled with fear and anxiety, nothing happened, and the father was grieved that he had treated his daughter the way he did. He rushed to her room and opened his arms to her, saying,

“Come my little girl, come and hide in your father's arms. Here in your refuge you are safe.”

Filed with relief, she eagerly ran and buried her face in his chest and collapsed in tears. And then

he wrapped her in his arms with great tenderness and said,

“Forgive me, my little girl. This morning I was afraid, and the way you looked at me with your beautiful eyes, I didn’t want to hurt you. Smile for your father, please. My whole world, my happiness come from the brightness of your eyes when you laugh.”

Then, kissed him, she smiled slightly and murmured,

“Please Dad, I love you so much. Please don’t do that to me again.”

laughed and joked together, she held him tightly and she know they had made peace.

That evening when the little girl was sitting at the window waiting for the stars, her father entered the room and hugged her. he printed a kiss on her forehead and said,

“Good night, my little girl,” promptly falling asleep. And with the first star that glowed in the sky, she whispered up into the night,

“My little star, I want to become older quickly. Please hear my wish.”

And with every star that appeared, she repeated the same wish, over and over again. After a while, she lay down in her bed, still staring at the stars through the small windowpanes. She imagined how beautiful her life would be when she grew up and how many wonderful things would happen to her. Then She closed her eyes, full of hope for a morning filled with warmth and endless love.

The next day when our child went to school, her face was filled with a huge smile, making her cheeks look like marshmallows. At the beginning of the day she sat with her friends, reciting jokes, carefree and happy. Together, they are laughing and dreaming of a brilliant future. Our child was an intelligent child with a keen sense of humor. Everywhere she went she created an atmosphere of fun and amusement.

However, outside the school at tense atmospheres brewing. A crowd of men were

gathered in the city square, creating a raucous and demanding their way.

All the children's parents greatly feared for their children and scrambled to take them home. When the father of our little girl was arrived at the school, he snatched her up and ran with her back home. Thinking it was a new game, she started laughing and questioned him

“What is this new game, Dad? I'm big now, put me down so I can walk.”

But his face was grave with concern for his children and he did not answer her. When they arrived home, they sat together and, attempting to her feeling scared. He gently explained to her what was happening, doing his best to paint a sunny picture of the situation. He desperately wanted his children to live in a world full of love.

Thus, a day has passed in the life of our child. It was this day that marked the beginning of a new path filled with many difficult events, experiences and challenges.

In the morning our child wakes up to loud noises coming from the street. She heard voices which were very loud, and terror crept into her little heart. Her terror was so overwhelming she flew to find her father, who was standing on the balcony of their house, attempting to get a good view of what was happening down below. He saw that there was a crowd of men large banners and asserting many demands.

Meanwhile, our daughter was very afraid, and she clung to her father's leg, shivering and crying. Her father quickly took her inside and hugged her tightly to his chest. He whispers in her ear,

“Do not be afraid, my little girl, everything will be ok. I am here for you; I will protect you from everything.”

After a short time, the police intervened and set everything back to normal. While our child was sitting and holding her father's hand, she asked him what was going on.

“Dad? I was afraid. Please, don't let these angry people harm us.”

So, he pulled her to his bosom and put her head on his heart. He reassured her,

“Do not be afraid of anything my little girl I am always by your side and no one can touch a single hair on your head as long as I am alive.”

Our child felt such warmth and love fill her when she was sitting in her father's arms. She fell asleep, smiling and dreaming of her beautiful world. And when the evening came, our child sat down looking at the stars on her window, saying

“Oh, my little star, I want to grow up to be strong like my father, because he is not afraid of anything. Please, my star, fulfill my wish.”

And she started murmuring her favorite song. Before her song was finished, sleep came and stole her away to the dream world which she put all her favorite little things. Here, she has a world full of fun games, sweets trees and anything that is beautiful and full of innocence, like her. A deep

sleep came upon her and while a smile rested on her small face, and her soul to navigate her private world in peace and quiet. Soon, the events of her life would be quickly rolled up into a world in which our little girl yet knows nothing of.

After that day, riots abounded and danger increased, Terror prevailed in the minds of people everywhere and many schools and shops closed their doors. Here, the spark that ignited the war was lit, and the ghost of fear began to inhabit the hearts of many. No one knew what the coming days would hide. Many decided to flee and travel abroad, and some decided to sell all their possessions in anticipation for any situation. Everything there was confusion and chaos, and there were many unanswered questions.

One day, while our child's father was returning from work, a masked man stopped him and placed his large, formidable weapon on the father's chest. The man demanded him,

"Give me everything in your pockets and put your hands behind your head!"

He questioned the girl's father ferociously, screaming,

"Why are you here in our area? Are you a spy? How dare you come here? Who are you and who sent you to spy on us?"

The father was full of fear and could stutter out his words. He pleaded with the men,

"No, sir. I was just returning from my work and took this way because regular route is blocked because of the protests. Please let me go. I have six children and my wife, and they have no one to support them. Please I will do whatever you want but let me go."

The man did not believe him and continued pressing him for answers until another man riding by on his motorbike vouched for the girl's father, telling the masked man.

"Leave him, I know this man is a good man and not a spy, let him go."

Finally, he let him go and, uttering threats, warned him never to approach their area again.

And the father hurried home quickly. Terror gripped his soul and ghosts of fear entangled him. Upon arriving home, his face had become deathly pale and he was shivering all over from the horror of what happened. His wife ran to him and his daughters hugged him tightly. They questioned him, wanting to know what had made him so afraid. They sat together and he explained to them all that had happened.

That evening, the father couldn't sleep. While she was counting the stars his daughter noticed, and she ran over to him and implored him,

“Dad! Dad! Carry me high, I want you to cuddle me.”

So, he picked her up and embraced her. She began kissing his cheeks, saying,

“I love you dad so much Dad!” She knows he was worried and wanted him to smile, so she caressed his beard with her soft little fingers.

The father could not resist all this innocence and he smiled and hugged her to his chest and began

telling her the stories of princesses until they both fell deep sleep.

The next morning, everyone woke up to the sound of shooting. This day was a definite and clear start to war, hardship and an unknown future. The streets filled with many armed groups that introduced intense fear and terror into the hearts of people. Nothing induces fear like the sight of young men, whose hearts are filled with evil, carrying and shooting weapons. They had no regard for what they were doing or any people on the street. Their only concern was to assert their demands and impose their opinion on everyone. Anyone who opposed them were doomed to death.

Currently, our child was very afraid, and fear was forming the first scar in her otherwise innocent heart. Which is (fear of the unknown). It was slowly dawning on her that her world was not as her father had painted it for her, or as she had imagined. A storm was building in her mind and threatened her private paradise because what she

was experiencing was incomplete contradiction to the laws of her own world. She was filled with great confusion as all her beliefs came into question. The fear that she felt and the disturbance. Her features became like stone, without any reaction or expression movement or feeling.

Something has broken deep inside her.

She could not able to understand what was happening around her.

Her father had always drawn the world so ideally, and he had done his best to keep her sheltered from danger. She had been surrounded be love and happiness and she believed that all people are good and wanted the best for each other. She has been living a life like a princess life. Her world was complete, free from any difficulties.

That is, until she saw so much evil. She was shocked by what was happening around her. It was as though someone had set fire to her entire world and left it burning in front of her very eyes.

She unable to show any reaction on her little face, yet what she saw was felt so strongly by her. Her father tried to hide the truth and told her lies in the hope of calming her and bringing back her innocent nature. But it was too late. She could not respond in the same way anymore. She sat in her bed watching the stars, trying to reset the music of her soul. She watched the night sky, trying so hard to see what was not, and to believe her father's word. Yet no matter how hard she tried; she could not go back to her old world....