

Prisoner 101

Hasan Kassas

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Dedication

To George and Ali,

Hamoud and Majid,

And to all the detainees of a word, opinion and
belief, in all detention centers of the world.

Introduction

Who did not hear about the brutality of prisons? Reasons vary that lead one to the darks of prison, to the platforms of severe pains, to the various forms of torture, and to the darkness whose occupant does not know when it ends. To every prisoner, detainee, arrested person, or forced prisoner whose story is not very similar to the stories of his companions who spent various periods behind bars of prison, in terms of reasons, places and treatment. However, prisons remain prisons, whatever their features and corridors are. Prisons remain robbing freedoms.

Within the lines of this novel, our eyes will be on words behind which is a true story whose owner suffered for years. He was deprived of his freedom, which nothing is more precious than to possess.

Our personal decisions are the most important factor of all consequences of such decisions, and the moment of decision may be - sometimes - more important than the consequences that will result from, whatever their severity are, and this is what happened to our friend 101.

He has paid the price of his decision to stay at his town in order to depict the events, with the purpose of perhaps the picture; the video and the word stop that if it is transferred to the world outside his town. This was his wish, and prison was a punishment for his wishes.

Hasan Kassas

January 2016

I was on my way to the gate of the plane that would take me from Berlin airport to Oslo airport, returning from my first trip to Germany, this beautiful country, from which I traveled to Austria to meet my friend Hamza to spend New Year's Eve with him in a city of Austria which has borders with Munich, Germany. It was night and I love traveling during night.

I came from the first checkpoint and stood in the queue of emptying objects in the drawers in order to pass the inspection machine. Then through this gate, we would go to the gates of aircrafts that were waiting for us, and then pass by the Free Market and all of its stores and shops.

The airport was generally crowded with visitors, as it was the New Year's Day and people have mutual visits to one another.

There was a young man standing in front of me in the queue, he looked like he was in his thirties. His chin was carefully shaped, and his hair's gray ends prove that.

He was wearing a gray winter coat, black shoes, and blue jeans.

He was wearing a brown leather bag in his right hand and a black sports bag on his back. He was putting his left hand in the pocket of his left trousers. He often puts the handbag on the ground and looks at his cell phone, either to write to someone, or to check out his own page on Facebook.

I do not like to snoop on others, and it is not one of my habits to do that...I am a bit curious, however, I am not a snooper who likes to look at others' objects, but he was doing that in front of my eyes. Sometimes and involuntarily, our eyes fall on what does not concern us.

He was looking around him too much as if he was waiting for something to happen, or at least he seemed to be tired and exhausted of travel.

I was observing his face when he was repeating looks at the rest of the queue behind him. He approached forward, allowing another passenger to approach the rug to put his belongings to go to the tunnel of the detector and examination appliance.

When the moment came, he emptied his bags of metal and electronic things to put them in a gray nylon drawer. He put the handbag in his right hand near the electronic rug. He took his left hand out of his pocket, willing to use both hands to hold the bag and open its upper zipper, and then empty its contents.

Here was the crucial moment of my curiosity, when he pulled him out of his pocket, as something fell off his left pocket. He did not notice his fall, and continued to empty his bag.

I saw something very similar to the piece fallen on the ground, and I can say that one day I had a piece quite similar to this. But where did he get it? Definitely from the same place. The places of such objects are limited as I know.

I approached him in order to be closer to the rug, and to tell him that something had fallen out of his pocket.

I said to him in English: "Please!!!!".

He turned his face to me and replied in English: "Yes, can I help you?".

"Thanks, I just wanted to tell you that you've got something out of your pocket on the ground".

He turned to his left side and looked at the ground. Then he bent to try to catch what had fallen out of his pocket. Then he got up. He turned back to me and said, "Thank you, thank God you are here, I would, of course, follow my path without observing this, thank you again".

Then he received a telephone call, spoke in Arabic, and said that he would end his affairs and contact shortly.

I began to put my things in the drawer, including my computer, my camera, a necklace- that I has just released from around my neck as my mother had given it to me before I went to Norway- my watch, and then the pants belt, saying to him in Arabic: "No need to thank me .We all have important things that we will be sorry if we lose".

Then he began to empty his bag. It contained a camera, a laptop, some connections and switches, and a wristwatch.

He said while laughing. "It's always hard to know the language of others. Actually, you are right. That object is very important for me".

I said immediately to him: "The places in which a person gets something like yours are few, but almost alone".

His eyes gazed and he looked at me: "Does that mean you know where you got it from?"

"Of course, I had one, but now I do not know anything about it".

We were silent at the same moment and exchanged looks that suggested that we understood each other well.

Then we passed through the inspection door of people and left our emptied bags in the drawer that will catch us on the electronic inspection rug.

Then we met again at the end of the rug to receive our objects and then go towards the gate of the plane. That was my intention, but plans and destinies may change soon after the occurrence of strange things, which are unplanned for. They continue as soon as they start and do not always stop when we want.

We stood next to each other to receive the drawers and their contents, and we began to wear the belts around the pants.

I wore the necklace around my neck, and he wore his watch and put the mobile in his pocket. Then I wore my watch and he wore around his neck a collar, that I did not notice him pulling out before the inspection door when we were near the rug.

Then each of us carried his bag after packing his own objects.

We had almost the same objects. What a start of coincidences that have not stopped yet.

"Do you like photography?", He asked.

I said to him: "My hobby is photography, and I take my camera with me wherever I travel. In fact, it can be considered a third eye which never forgets, as it documents moments which your eyes and imagination forget. We find all that in a small memory card, imagine?".

"I also have the same impression", he said.

I will head towards the gate of the plane, which will take off after more than, a bit little, two hours to Paris. Where is your destination? "

"I am heading to the gate of an airplane heading three hours later to the city where I currently live in", I told him.

We stood in the Free Market square where the shops of drinks, food, clothing, perfumes and others.

He said, addressing me as he looked at his watch: "Have I ever asked you about your name?".

"No, my friend, neither did I... So are the airport meetings... My name is Hassan, from Syria, and I've been living in Norway for about a year and a half.

He told me his full name and his country.

"Oh! The good people of Syria.... God curse the oppressors I feel very bad about what is happening in your country".

"Thank you, this is kind of you, but your country has also, one day, suffered from something similar to what is happening in my country now, does not it go through such a stage? I feel you have something to tell me about your country's experience, as what you carry in your pocket now proves that".

He tried to ignore, in some way, my last sentence. Then he began to look around him.

"This is your first visit?", He told me this, trying to break the silence.

I said, "Yes, it's the first, but what about you?".

"Me too!".

"I used to live in Oslo, but I do not deny that Berlin took my admiration..... I like the crowded places".

"I also find myself comfortable in Paris, a modern city, as you know".

"Right! I read some books translated from French, they really have good literature and culture"

We walked among the many people entering and leaving the shops, and our friend often looked around him staring at the faces of people around us at times, and in the shops at other times.

"Would you allow me to ask you if you are married, Hassan?"

"Of course, you can...you have asked me... No, I am not married, or at least not yet, but I have a relationship with a girl in Norway, which might lead to a marriage in the future, but not now... No one knows how things will become, and you?"

"I am on my way to meet my fiancée in Paris... We are going to Madrid together, and our marriage will be there a month later... We know each other since childhood".

"Congratulations, good news, will you live in Madrid?".

"In fact, no... We live now in Madrid, in a restaurant owned by Maria father's friend... My fiancée is called Maria....Tell me what you do in Norway, how did you get there?".

"I'm still learning Norwegian... Sometimes, I have some writing and poetry activities.... I write poetry and short stories on Facebook, my beloved platform.... I have gone to it from Lebanon.... I have applied for asylum at the office of UNHCR... Norway was interested about transferring its share of refugees, according to some agreements, to live in Norway, and I was one of those transferred".

"I've recently heard about these agreements, after the sinking of many innocent people".

"It is unfortunate that these people have gone in that terrible way".

"Therefore, you were kind of, they say Norway is a cool country?".

"You can say: A young writer, seeking peace around the world.... He gets enough injustice... What cruelty he is exposed to!.... The Norwegians have a well-known saying; there is no bad weather, but there are bad clothes.... It is my understanding that people wear thick warm clothes, so they avoid cold".

He laughed as soon as he had heard this story, "This is the first time I hear such a story about Viking people!", he said to me

We walked a little in the Free Market in different directions, chatting with each other. We have approached a famous restaurant.

"We will have some time to spend here, what do you think? I'm tired of walking, and I'm happy to invite you to eat something with me", he said.

I said to him: "I would have done that and invited you if you had not rushed and preceded

me. Will all pleasure. I still have many questions about that which fell out of your pocket!".

He looked at me with surprise and said, "Did not you forget it?".

"In fact, no. I'm trying to take the opportunity to talk about it, but I do not know if starting such a conversation will fit you now. It will not be so easy, and I understand that well".

"You are a nice speaker, Hassan". One feels comfortable talking to you as soon as seeing those smiles you make whenever a girl pass before us. Here you are!".

We laughed.....

We entered the restaurant and found a table for ourselves in one of the restaurant corners, which was close to the bar..... We took off our coats and put them on the chairs..... We put our bags around us. We ordered hamburgers and Pepsi..... Our friend took a bottle of mineral water.

"As I told you a few moments ago, I have a girlfriend waiting for me in Oslo, and she is very jealous of such signs.... But I will not keep you off my secrets; I am writing now a collection of poems named (For Each Female)... I started it some time ago... It will be ready for publication, as I intend, in the middle of next year.... That means that every beautiful girl or even an old man must be attracted, as long as I respect and share smiles with them.... I do this in the faces of all passers-by.... My girlfriend knows this.... Sometimes a smile succeeds in opening a conversation that never closes, like this one", I said.

"That's somehow right! This world needs such a kind of communication, even if it is from afar... It makes one feel its presence first, and there are those who look at it with a smile... No fear of a fleeting smile. Can I ask you how you knew what has fallen from me?".

At the time, our order has been brought on a tray. I waited until the waiter finished his work. I drank from the Pepsi can after opening it. Then I looked at my plate, that contained three pieces of chicken with French fries, and then I said, "I think these things do not exist very often in known places ... People have such things in similar places at all times and places. Whatever the places are, will alone remains similar".

"It was given to me by a friend of mine named George, from my country, from the capital, do you like chicken?", Then he opened a bottle of water to drink.

I asked him, "Are you okay? We can talk about the girls again, or about taking pictures!".

"Never mind! I have to deal with this for the rest of my life, do you like chicken?", he interrupted.

"No, of course! You are not forced to do that. It's will, friend. Yes, I love chicken, and you do not seem to eat meat!".

"Yes, I've just stopped eating it for months.... It's been a tough time, why do not we eat now and finish our food while we're talking about why you came to Berlin".

"Of course we can do that.... I came to meet my friend, who studied with me at the Arab University of Beirut two years ago... He is originally a Palestinian, but he was born in Syria and lived there for the rest of his life until he entered the university and moved to Beirut. We have studied together at Arabic Department".

"And how is he now, did he love Europe?".

We were eating while talking Eating while talking.

"I'll answer you as soon as you tell me what are you doing here?".

"Hahaha! Of course, I have come to witness the progress of my country, testify before the Council of the European Union in Brussels, and then I came with my friend to Berlin for New

Year's Day. Then I will return to Paris to follow the preparations for the wedding with my beloved Maria and our families.... We moved to Paris seven months ago".

I said, "Yes, he is happy to try it. Let me call it an experiment. I would like to name migration, prisons, study and others as experiments, as their results are closer to the results of scientific experiments, but what do you do in Paris?".

"Of course, name it as you like.....I got a job in an art magazine run by a man from my country, who has French nationality and I moved with my parents and my sister to Paris after I left ...".

The end of his speech was concluded by silence and he stopped talking.

He seemed confused, sad and distressed..... He opened the top three buttons of the black shirt.

"I love black shirts!", I told him that to interrupt silence.

"The black color is the symbol of elegance, I think", he replied while he was chewing the vegetable salad he ordered.

I quickly chewed two lumps, and then returned to the end of his speech about his departure, which I understood, "You do not have to finish where your departure point was.... I have understood you, and I just needed a word like this until the picture is complete in my mind".

He moved the dish in front of him to the middle of the table and supported his hand on the table, and seemed calm unlike what he was a moment ago.

"Do you often talk about this experience? I mean, as you call it".

"I am not weary of talking...Generally I mean, I like to talk too much and extraordinarily.... Philosopher Aristotle did it in his early days, the art of conversation, and when it comes to the experience you want, I like to talk more...."

Talking is the only thing that I have benefited from. You told me you were a witness a few days ago about what happened in your country, is not this a kind of talk? "

"Yes, this is my first testimony, I was not the only one, did I tell you I was a journalist in my country?".

"No, but you just did it".

"Well, if you know now that I'm a journalist, you have to understand the matter and its background".

"But I have the impression that this is not enough to know something about George, who gave it to you, did not he?".

He looked at his watch and said: "you have memorized his name well!". It was less than an hour before the plane's departure, maybe we will talk later..... Give me your phone number or your Facebook account".

"Yes, of course".

Then I gave him the Facebook account and the phone numbers he could call me whenever he wanted He immediately saved them on with his mobile phone, without giving me any information on how to communicate with him. I did not ask him, in turn, that.

Then I said to him: "That's better.. Maybe we can turn it into not just conversations".

"What do you mean!?", he said, expressing surprise and wonder for what I said to him.

"I mean, maybe we can turn it into a novel or a story, perhaps I will write it in my own way. It will be my first novel after my collection of poems... We can say it will be in 2018! I promise you".

"Do you know what you're saying? I do not think it will be with such fast".

"I am well known in Norway for writing my diaries which I experience in my life, and I would love to do it if it suits you!".

"Why do not we talk about this tomorrow? You are from Oslo and I am from Paris.. It will take long hours to talk about that".

"I'm ready to give it the necessary time to hear the whole story, to write whatever you want to say".

"It's not easy to do this, forget it".

"Why do not we do it in stages, in the way that suits you?".

"Well, why do not we agree on that later..... I'll think about it and discuss it with my family and the woman who will soon become my wife, what do you think?".

"Take the time you want.... I'm always ready for such kind of stories... Certainly I do not mind".

"Let's go to our gates.... I would be happy if you allow me to pay, as long as I am the one who invited".

"Let it be for you".

We stood up together, put on our coats, and carried our bags and walked toward the gates.

He said: "It was very nice to meet you, friend".

"I have the same feeling about meeting you, it's not usual for meetings to start and end in that way".

Is not an experience worth writing about? It looks strange from its beginning so far. I trust a good end.... By the way, I like happy ends".

"Me too, Hassan... I have a lot of conversations that I would like to discuss with you, and this is rarely felt after a period of knowledge of new people But it has been born with us shortly".

"Take care of yourself and wait impatiently for our conversation".

"You too. We will definitely talk".

"Can I write about this quick meeting, even if you do not want to tell the story.... This is, at least, to keep what we talked about in a beautiful way?".

Oh miserable! I will leave you the freedom of choice, but if you decide to do so, please do not mention my name, or my family's names, can you?".

"Of course I can, I'll be happy with this.

"There is a thousand of Marias in the world, O Hassan!".

"Thank you, friend!".

"We will talk, watch out for yourself, and warm yourself well, O Viking!".

"You are the one who smells French".

We hugged each other as if we had known each other for years.

He went to the gate of the plane that would take him to his family and his girlfriend in Paris. I was on the plane at the same time heading for Oslo, Carrying with me a lot of things that I would talk to him about more than that.

Something inside me had been left as a result of the drop of that object, as I would like to call it, off his pocket at the entrance of inspection.

A few minutes ago my handsome, as I like to call him, friend's plane flew off.

I sat in the lounge waiting for the plane and using my phone to write in detail what I could remember, so as not to forget anything that our friend had mentioned.

I may not need anything from what I have just written, and he may reject the idea But, at least, I have now a written memorial text about this beautiful meeting. Had I taken a photo with him in our meeting place! What obliviousness!

Late January 2016

I stopped writing when it was the time of the plane that will take me to Oslo.... I boarded the plane and had my seat.

I reread what I have written, and completed what has been missed in the first time. I have corrected some of the spelling mistakes that I made as a result of speed in writing for fear of forgetting something of our first meeting Then I read what I wrote again for the last time .. I put my phone into my jacket's inner pocket and sank into sleep.

I had been awoken by the captain's voice, congratulating us on safe arrival and talking about safety procedures for proper landing.

My plane landed at Gardermoen Airport near to Oslo No need for access seals! Those who come from a European country within Schengen do not need that.

I took the train to the Oslo Train Station and then took the long red bus to my house in the center of Oslo in the Karl-Parnes Palace area.

My handsome friend did not call today as he said, and I got neither his phone number nor Facebook accounts from him.

I checked the friendship request list, but I did not find a new friendship request carrying his picture or even his name... I did not have, on that day, any messages from accounts which I do not know.

I tried to search for his name in the Google search engine, and found several personal accounts of the same name. This is the custom of Facebook It gives you chances among which you will not often find what you want.

There were public pages in his name that talk about him and what he was exposed to during the years before our meeting.

All the pages condemned and denounced this terrible thing. There were old photographs published on these pages, showing a young man with a thin body and his eyes were buried in holes.

I was struck by amazement and astonishment of these photographs and publications that have been around for about seven months. Is this that man?

Then I continued my life as usual... I go to the language school and then go back home.

I open my computer, and then sit on the dining table chair, browsing the news coming from the stricken Middle East.

Nothing arrived ... In addition, my friend did not call Did he do so out of a desire to avoid contact, so he did not give me his number? Or is he busy telling his fiancée and his family about his journey? ... I do not know .. I will not unleash speculation that may be wrong later .. I'll wait .. I

will only wait. In any case, I continue life as it was before meeting him.

This remained as such until the end of January ... No messages and no connections .. I do not know anything about him. I was struck by the burning and bitterness of waiting, just as that when I was in Beirut, as I was waiting for the Norwegian government to respond whether or not they will accept me as a refugee. This description (a refugee) no longer means much to me ... I started speaking Norwegian a few months after my arrival in Oslo However, I began to express myself, and so I was able to identify a good number of people of different nationalities here .. I have some poetic participations from time to time ... I have a monthly salary for going to the language school, within a program called the introductory program, and I have my beautiful apartment that I moved to after seven months of being here.

The maintenance work of my apartment was not over when I arrived ... I have temporarily stayed in a hotel dedicated to such cases, with many others transferred by the Norwegian government from Lebanon, Turkey and Jordan.

Sometimes I opened those pages that stopped publishing months ago Almost all of them stopped at the same time

Almost all of them stopped publishing in April and others in May of 2015.

I stayed as this for the rest of January.

Sunday, 31.01.2016

I woke up on Sunday morning and it is a public holiday in Norway .. I prepared morning coffee ... I took a quick shower while preparing the coffee. I listened Fayrouz songs... Then I opened my computer as usual to browse the news.

To find a message on Facebook Messenger written in Arabic. He said:

"Dear Hassan,

It is now almost three weeks since our last meeting ... As you know, I was close to our wedding day. When I met you, and as soon as I got back to Paris I told Maria what had happened. Her face indicated a great surprise at this meeting and other details. I also told my family that evening about the offer you told me about writing my story, but they gave no sign of approval or rejection ... I gave them time to think.

And then we were busy preparing for the wedding in Madrid, and you know, of course, how much time this is needed for that.

I really wanted to invite you and your friend to attend the wedding, but I deliberately did not You will know the reason for that in the coming days.

Then three days before the wedding, we all went to Madrid to follow up the preparations in the restaurant and the hotel we were planning to stay in .. Everything was beautiful and delightful for everyone, or so I thought. Then came the day of celebration.

I wore a black suit .. You know my opinion about black Maria wore a white wedding dress, just as any beautiful bride.

She was at the top of her beauty ... I did not see her in this beauty before.

Guests attended at the scheduled times and they spread to their tables on which their names were written, and the party began.

Then we entered the lounge, Maria and I, and the children around us were carrying the beautiful bride's dress ... Then we sat at our reserved place.

Then there was the band and a dance troupe who were called by Maria's father.

Everything was happening as planned ... I will not lie to you... It was a beautiful wedding. I will send you later the pictures of the wedding I know that you would like strongly to see her ... You will have that, my friend... But this cannot be at the moment, as things go to places I do not know.

Finally, I apologize for not contacting you the day after our meeting, and I apologize for not inviting you to attend the wedding ... You will understand everything in its time. I hope you

will understand me and be fully healthy, and I hope you will continue smiling for girls and passersby and for life... I will write to you soon".

Your new friend

Paris, 30.01.2016

This is all about my friend, from whom I waited for a message or a call for more than three weeks. It was signed by the date of yesterday night ... I must understand this, as he wished me. There is no problem. "Any absent person has his own excuse". That is what we have been learned. Should I reply to this message? Should I blame him for delay? ... No, I will not ... I will try hard to be aware of what is happening, and what will happen, but I will call him one day.

I will postpone the reply to his letter now .. I will take enough time to write it ... I will go to see my friends I have not seen for a long time ... I have to wear my clothes and go to them soon.

Monday, 15.02.2016

It's been two weeks since I received the first message from my new friend ... I think I know now how I will reply to him. At least, some words, that I hope to be good and break the barrier of fast knowledge, came into my mind I have to do that. I had some work that occupied my mind and that could not be postponed. I will tell him about it ... Of course, he will understand that. I will be as clear and brief as possible.

I waited until my worktime in the school of language was over After I finished preparing lunch and eating it, I decided to start writing it, before things change.

"My handsome friend,

Finally, your message has arrived! I was eagerly waiting for it, just as you were waiting for my message. It may appear to you that I am blaming you on the delay in contacting me, or writing to me.

Do not allow yourself to think about this. I say what is in my heart without any intrusive or hostile intentions or etc ... However, I believe in the idea that says: The size of blames is according to the size of love and affection. If I did not cherish the two, my message would not start with the word "finally".

It may sometimes mean that I have waited for a long time. This does not mean that I have been hurt, but the reverse. I spent half my life waiting for answers from others ... There is no defect in that.

Do not consider now about the philosophy I began with.

I was very rejoiced when your message had arrived, loaded with this beautiful news But it seems incomplete I will deal with what you have told me as the good part of this absence, and I wait for some details to complete my vision.

I'm fine and in good condition ... Do not worry ... I do what I have to do every day, such as going to school, returning back, preparing lunch, washing clothes and dishes, and paying bills All that is a routine ... Absolutely you know that and you sometimes experience it.

As for the new part in my life:

Two and a half months ago, I and a Palestinian-origin director from Jordan, married to a Norwegian man, began to work on a documentary explaining the relationship of prisoners with one another and explaining the strength behind their continued life in prison.

You know I was there in many prisons without telling you that, but you seemed to understand that when I told you about the piece I had Your eyes seemed to be interested in everything I would say ... I felt comfortable with that. In fact, you have lightened many burdens for me.

Nothing new could be mentioned other than this work. As I told you, I am picking out the collection of poems, and I write other poems whenever I have the chance.

The situation is getting worse in my country ... There are no solutions in the near future, and I think you, as a journalist, are aware of everything that is happening here and there.

I hope you are in the best condition, you and your wife ... I am waiting eagerly for the wedding photos. Let us have some chance, one day, of seeing each other on the camera.

Your sincerely, Hassan

Oslo, Monday, 15.02.2016

I sent my message from my computer and I turned it off.

Saturday, 20.02.2016

Five days have passed since the first message I sent to my new friend. I did not stop Facebooking. I open my account every evening after school and after finishing the housework. Nothing arrived until morning.

I spent the whole day with my friend Omar ... Omar is from the Syrian city of Homs ... We were staying in Beirut We were studying at the same faculty at Beirut Arab University. We had lunch at a Pakistani restaurant in Oslo, then I went home .. The weather is not very nice, in my view, and is not fit for a short trip on the shoulder of the river that runs from Oslo.

I went home, washed my clothes and ironed some shirts that I was waiting for days, and I wiped dust from some places in the library, for example, and television.

Then I prepared a cup of green tea and sat on the kitchen chair that I do not usually replace.

Then I opened my Facebook account ... I found a message from my friend ... I was waiting for ... Its text was the following:

"Hi my friend Hassan,

Thanks for your reply to my message ... You are too late to reply to me It is a natural thing that happens without feeling it. I shall not be worried as long as your message is received ... We'll get used to our late writing, right?

I know I am late to write to you ... But you will forgive me as soon as I tell you about my circumstances later.

I am now writing you my second message from Athens. Yesterday, I arrived with my parents to do some volunteer work with those arriving by sea from Turkey. What suffering and tragedy they are living at this time of year. Lots of tears, hopes and worries. The police do not have the desired tenderness, as you know, there are some exceptions.

Today I will send you a photo of me and Maria ...

I know you yearn for that.

I have already viewed your profile page, and found that you are already writing as you told me about your diaries in Oslo.

I did not do it out of spying, as you were doing at the airport ... Did you think I did not see you? However, I did not pay attention to that.

This is what happens when a person uses his phone in a place where people are around him ... Everyone wants to know what he is doing.

In any case, I liked some of the posts that you wrote I did not like others ... I know you understand what I mean, and what posts I mean. Those that, in my view, we do not need ... I mean at such times.

I hope you are in a good condition, and that you are having a good time with your girlfriend.

I spoke again with Maria about the story you wanted to write about my experience, and she

seemed more comfortable than the first time when I was newly arrived from Belgium coming from Berlin.

She thought, as she told me yesterday, that I was not prepared to make such a decision as I am the one who has recently returned from Belgium after my testimony and I was tired and afraid before traveling to Belgium She was afraid to see these feelings again on my face I have provided my testimony, and I have received an appointment from them to hide my information as a witness. In order to preserve my life, in particular, and the life of my beloved persons in general. After a long discussion and many conversations, I decided to cooperate with you to complete this story, or name it as you like.

You can name me (101) as for today You will know later why this name is.

I liked the news about the film you are speaking about to complete ... Great idea! ... It deserves

respect and follow-up. I wish you success from my heart Of course, you will explain to me later what the film is about ... Otherwise, how can I understand the story with a few lines, O the one who loves speeches so much?

First, I would like to tell you that Maria gladly wants to meet you. May we talk on the Honored Friday holiday? I heard that Friday will be 25.03.2016, what do you think ? We need a long Skype conversation.

Think about that and let me know when you prefer this meeting. This is my Skype account..).

I hope you are always okay.

Your sincerely,

Athens, Saturday, 20.02.2016

Thursday, 25.02.2016

Replying to messages that are similar to my friend 101's is not an easy thing. Wording sentences requires, in my view, an appropriate time, and why not ? Does not a young man like him deserves that one thinks of his words before speaking, especially I do not know much about him? I try to pass some sentences that will soften the atmosphere, and break the barriers of delay in knowledge I am seeking to develop friendship.

From time to time, I was rereading the letter and writing some lines in my message. I often substitute in words to fit, somehow, his words.

As usual, after finishing homework, I started writing the letter. I had reached an acceptable limit of it I got a call on WhatsApp from my mother ... We will talk a bit.

We talked together, for about a quarter of an hour ... I enjoy it .. I have a very good relationship

with my mother .. We can talk about anything ..
Nothing is forbidden ... Nothing is impossible.
We love discussion and joking.

Then I went back to the notes to continue
writing my letter and sending it I must sleep
early ... I have a lot to do tomorrow.

"Handsome man 101 ...

I have imagined while reading the word 101 that
this name is the title of the work that I talked
about ... However, it is too early to talk about
names right now.

Greece is experiencing difficult times as well as
surrounding countries. Many Syrians and other
refugees arrived in the Greek islands coming
from Turkey after their escape towards them.

It is a pity for me, as a Syrian, to see all this
injustice that our people are living, because of a
fascist ruler who is delighted to kill his people ...
We are not his people.

Anyway, I have read a lot about Greek philosophy ... Greece admires me a lot. Do not forget yourself without discovering the city and its cobbles paved with historical basalt stones ... Do not forget to visit Delphi which is a place for recreation and a little self-forgetfulness in addition to it gives one a bit of serenity there.

For the beautiful photo I sent, I loved it and it has admired me ... It is so simple ... I like this graphic performance. I hope love lasts between you and bloom with happiness and children.

I had a lecture two weeks ago at 11.02 near the Oslo airport at the Clarion Hotel.

I was invited by my friend who is originally Norwegian ... I love him so much ... I'll tell you a lot about my friend Baard later .. I would tell you that my preoccupation with it was the reason for my delay in responding to your message ... You know I shall not be late for you ... I talked there about asylum and life problems, and the

importance of integration of newcomers. There was the Norwegian Prime Minister Arna Solberg and a large number of attendees. I read poetry.

I wrote in Norwegian which impressed the audience and the organizers of the occasion.

Since Maria has given us the license to start talking about your story which is still occupying my mind, and this is what I was very happy to read, I began to recount the facts of our quick meeting in Berlin. I was thinking of adding the texts of these messages to the previous text.

I do not know as we may need them later But we are in a big need to meet on the camera.

I like writing stories, seeing the facial expressions of those who tell me their stories

Then I quietly record them later ... It is the best way, in my opinion, to understand the situation and then write it.

As for Skype, I agree with pleasure. Can a storyteller like me reject or postpone this?

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Friday is a holiday here... Right! In addition, in the evening I am lonely ... My girlfriend traveled away and forever!.

I'm sorry to tell you that we broke up a week ago. It no longer suits her to live with a young writer, who is busy reading, writing, and smoking, as she said ... We have had nice times. However, she chose another young man.

Congratulations to them ... Love is not exclusive to anyone ... I do not want to talk about this more in this letter, but you asked and I have to answer.

I wish you a nice time in Athens I am waiting for the promised Skype meeting after a while.

We will have to wait a month from now ... I think I can wait, and maybe we will alternate messages from time to time to enforce our knowledge.

My regards greetings,

Hassan

Oslo, Thursday, 25.02.2016

The first Skype conversation

Friday, 25.03.2016

I had been waiting for this day for a whole month. I received no signal from 101.. Neither a message nor news During the month, I sent him two short messages on Facebook.

However, he did not reply to me ... It seems that his last appearance was the last time he sent me a message from Athens.

In the evening around six o'clock I opened my account on Skype Then I searched for the name he wrote me last time I have already found the name ... Then I sent a message: "Hello, I'm Hasan". I waited for him to accept friendship and to reply to my message, if he would respond. Around 8:00 AM, while I was in the kitchen, I brought myself a cup of tea I began to hear the sound of buzzes of the laptop that was behind me on the kitchen table. I turned quickly towards it ... It was a welcoming message from

101, replying to my message that I sent two hours ago.

Then I called him immediately.

He and his wife Maria were wearing home clothes. They did not seem to have any preparation for themselves because of clothes and combing hair. 101 is holding a glass of water in his hand, and Maria is smoking ... I like this simple type of human being.

I knew Maria and told her about myself and what I intended to do in the future, and in turn she introduced herself and told me about her relationship with my friend 101, and how they knew each other when they were young, and then how they married old after they left their country. She showed sympathy towards me for my friend's loss. I explained to her that I did not need such words about her and about me and our relationship, and that I viewed relations as food, as man should eat what he wants.

Then I was reassured about their condition and both told me about the details of the wedding. I understood now what 101 meant within his words about the way things were going on in the wedding. Both told me that while the waiter was about to push a cart on which four - storey gateau was put, the waiter pushed the cart so that it could hit the table of one of the families, which caused the destruction of the mold of gateau. The family got angry and went out because the table and their clothes were stained with gateau that had splattered on them.

Then I asked 101: "Will you tell me more about you? Where are you from and what is the way you live?".

He said, drinking from his cup, I knew that beer was his favorite beer: "Our town is located an hour from the capital, to the north of it.

I grew up there, within its care ... I studied at its schools until high school ... I played in its streets,

and we danced in its weddings, where there are mosques and churches and people of different races, ethnics and religions.

It has a population of 25,000 It has a large football field where matches were played among lanes or schools. It has a large market with lots of clothing and food stores...What you desire was all there.

I did not know a place else in the world, until I went to university as I take the bus every day from and to the university in the capital.

The lives of people living in the capital were different from our lives in our own country. Life in the capital is full of events, such as busy streets, large restaurants, other high-rise buildings and multiple gardens.... I used to travel every Friday to the town and return on Monday carrying the best dishes my mother was preparing for me Rice, chicken, meat and others.

I used to get a monthly salary from my father as a student at the university in order not to need to work and so that I could spend my time studying.

In the capital it was my first intimate relationship, where I met the girl of my dreams, as I called ... We spend the most beautiful times together. When my weekly visit to my family came, I had a long and intimate night with them, because I will be away for three days.

She was not from the Capital ... She was from the east of the country ... What a beautiful accent she had! .. She made me love her She had a lovely voice. She was singing to us every evening ... She never begrudged us his beautiful voice.

For me, the university stage was a new life, on my way to the dream that has always haunted me, which is to become a journalist.

I studied at the Faculty of Information for four years like me, just as all of my friends who have been with me all these years.

Then it was the great graduation day in 2009. I will not forget that as long as I am alive. On that day, we had a great celebration in the house of a friend, and each of us was with his sweetheart or his wife. We were about 20 young men and women.

Our friend, the housekeeper, rented a kitchen a crew to cook for us, and a band to let us enjoy and dance. He was very affordable His father works in the country's embassy in a South American country.

We have stayed celebrating until the early morning hours. We drank a lot of beer which came from Beirut to our friend.

My beautiful girlfriend was obliged to return to her parents' town in the East of the country, as there was no need to be in the Capital after

ending her education at the university, and it is not allowed, in the culture of her people, to live outside the university housing with a person without marriage.

We both were not all ready for that ... We are new graduates ... We do not have the high salary that ensures a stable life for us ... Nothing will be perfect without marriage.

This was not the idea at that time ... I eagerly wished her to be my wife and for me to complete the age with her and to have children as beautiful as their mother But fate is not negotiable ... She went to her father's house, and I stayed in the capital.

The Capital became a lonely place in its absence. We used to eat together, to go playing billiards .. I have been accustomed to her warm voice.

I always listens to the videos I have recorded in my phone. Oh God, what beautiful days!

And how difficult it is for me to tell you, especially since I am now married to a woman who has loved me since childhood, and I did not notice this, imagine?" Then he shut up, and Maria went in. His talk about his old girlfriend did not seem to admire her.

He drank a little water, lit a cigarette, and continued his words.

101: "My day-to-day trips to and from the Capital ended. I rented a small bedroom, a kitchen and a bathroom. On the ground floor there was a small garden surrounding the entire building and it was close to the door of my apartment, that's why it has been closer to my heart because of the brown earth and the small shrubs on both sides of the entrance that were located in the capital near the University City.

Then I found myself a job in an art magazine that works in advertising where I design ads for companies ... Sometimes I accompanied some of

the journalists to an interview with an artist or a writer. Those journalists were counting the figures we were interviewing, and they were almost repeating one another's talk in interviews without getting a new sentence".

"What do you think, Hasan, if we continue talking about what is beyond that period on another day? .. I want to talk to Maria a little". and he extinguished his cigarette.

"Sure we can. Go to your wife".

"It will be difficult and tedious to leave it to another day, and remember everything that happened ... In order to write down the events without difficulty, we can write, every time we talk, a summary from which we remove redundant talk and let the story be in your own way".

"Of course it will be difficult for both of us, I agree with you".

"Bye".

I went to meet my friends at night after the conversation ended with 101 and his nice wife Maria.

After I got permission from her, personally, to write what 101 tells me... She asked me to send her from time to time what I was writing, either to correct it or to erase the words she wanted no one else to know I hope it will end soon ... Did 101 have to avoid talking about her to me, at least in front of Maria? But what's wrong with talking about something else, about a previous relationship? I understand her reaction, just as the majority of women who are jealous of their men even to mention a previous relationship.

Then I spent the holiday that followed our conversation listening to what 101 said and writing it in a text After removing the stuffing from it, and cleaning it of the repetitions and clarifications they were doing as soon as I ask them for something.

Both were skillful in telling the story, and presenting it in the way that suits their rapture.

On Sunday evening I received a message from 101 on Messenger asking me if it would be right for me to complete our conversation on Friday evening, 08.04.2016.

Therefore, I answered that I could do it, and that I was excited to meet a second time on camera, face to face. Then he replied that he would be lonely this time because Maria would be with his sister on the birthday party of one of the French girlfriends she met in their neighborhood.

The second Skype conversation

Friday, 08.04.2016

At the agreed date, 101 began to complete his story after reassuring each other. He told me a little about the troubles of his marital life. Then he told me about Maria's excessive jealousy, and some of the things he asked me not to discuss during my writing, as they are related to the people who were still living in his country, and then we came back to remember the last thing we talked about, last time, to complete the story from the breakpoint.

101: "... And it is only a year after we have graduated from the university in the middle of 2010 before the security disturbances and riots started, as the government has called them like that, and with the escalation of unrest, the government asked all private and public media institutions to name what happens with such names. The government has resorted to the use

of rubber weapons sometimes, and sometimes the real ones in order to stop these disturbances.

Soon it turned into demonstrations across much of the country, raising almost one slogan, such as: People want to reform the regime! Dignity, freedom, justice and bread!, Democracy for all! And etc.

The government's view has been clear since the first week. There are men and women who sold their consciences to the West against our state, and they are taking money from neighboring countries and international intelligence agencies to destabilize the state security, and that the government and its forces were fighting to restore security to the country.

I was in constant contact with my family in our town, and from them I was getting information about what events were going on with them. The State television was transmitting direct photos of marches across large parts of the country, and

in contrast foreign channels broadcasting photos of what it called the beginning of a revolution in my country".

Then 101 kept silent without introductions. I did not know why. But I left him enough time to calm down. He looked tired. He lit a cigarette, and me too.

Then he said, "I called my mother on Thursday morning, 25.11.2010, to reassure me about the health of my family and to hear from her how things are going on with them".

My mother told me that nothing strange was happening, and she asked me to postpone my Friday visit tomorrow as planned ... She did not tell me the reasons ... Only that I would get a phone call from a friend of my father in the Capital to bring me some of the food my mother had brought to me ... That's all.

On the other hand, most of my friends, who stayed in touch with them in the town, told me

things were going well, without any explanation from their part, for fear of recording their calls, and thus, avoiding the consequences of something like this we all know well.

The government has deployed military checkpoints in the residential areas of the Capital, to facilitate the process of checking names, where the work of informants and government agents began to follow the characters who began to join a different group claiming to oppose the regime and demanding to drop it.

It has been a month ... Demonstrations, marches and indiscriminate arrests have not stopped ... Events have been rising significantly across the country.

The government has its fixed opinion on what is happening. "A group of patriots loyal to the nation have died while performing their sacred duty to defend the country against a group of

agents and outlaws who want to destroy the unity of the country and living together", said the State television.

On the other hand, scenes on the stations broadcast from outside the country show large groups of people walking in the cities of our country carrying banners other than old banners. They began demanding the overthrow of the ruling regime, because of its barbarism, its dictatorship and its tyranny.

In some stations, there were photos of the martyrs of freedom, who were killed as a result of live bullets by the regime during their peaceful demonstrations.

Things went on like this for two months No one knows where things will go. Every day we hear from the news about the martyrdom of military elements in their operations to clear the country of mercenaries, as the government and its media started to name them.

Sometimes I found it difficult to call my mother and sister in the town, and my father was rarely to exist in the Country. When I managed to communicate with them, my mother told me that the government was working on fixing the internet and communications, and that matters were going better. I did not understand how matters were going better.

Every week, at least, there is an explosion or a bombing somewhere in the country.

People have no talk in the streets and squares, only the news about what happens in the outskirts of the Capital, and the center of the country.

I saw, on my way to the magazine where I was working, the faces of people and the amount of anticipation for something in their eyes.

There is news that some companies have moved their businesses out of the country, and news about the sanctions imposed by powerful

countries on the government here, especially on those who have been accused of being engaged into repressing protests in our country.

How can we, the capital residents who live in security pressures because of the deploying of barriers, know the truth?

Pages spread all over the internet that post photos of victims who are allegedly dead due to their torturing in the government prisons. The traces of torture were visible on them.

Suddenly, 101 stopped, then he intended to light a cigarette.

I've always noticed a glimmer in 101's eyes whenever he went forward on telling the story. When he stopped to drink water, I'd wait for him and wouldn't talk so I wouldn't interrupt the record and also to leave him the chance to remember. I would ask him only to clarify something as we agreed earlier.

After that, he said, "I think that's enough for today, what do you think? You've got a lot to write, haven't you?".

"Right. No problem of course. I'm the one who asked you to talk and I'm responsible for listening to every word you said to me. I think that you're right. Let's stop now. Tell me, are you happy in France?".

"I don't know actually, I live a relatively quiet life with my wife, I have my family with me. Maria and I visit them from time to time. So far, our situation is good. How is Oslo? I saw one of your posts. You had written "Beautiful Oslo". Is it really beautiful?".

"I can say that it is not only beautiful, but it also is tender. I live my nice freedom here without fearing anything. God is our guard, but no one offended me and I have boyfriends and girlfriends. Everything is Ok, my friend".

"I'm happy to hear that, but apparently I have to end this conversation now, we'll continue it later as usual. What do you think?"

"That suits me well. Never mind. Go now, dear and take care of yourself".

"You too. See you well".

"God with you".

Friday, 22.04.2016

I woke up on Friday morning to find a message from 101 on skype saying:

"Dear Hassan,

Maria was so happy to talk to you via Skype camera. She ordered me to say so. The world has become small, indeed. In fact, I should have said that last time. I want to inform you about our plan to visit Oslo, next summer. After two months from now. I told her what you had told me about Oslo. She showed greater admiration than that shown on her face when I was telling her about other cities I had visited. It seemed like she wanted to get to know the city and of course, she wanted to meet you too. I might say that I can smell a female curiosity.

My mom and dad have started their own project, two days ago. It's a store of leather shoes, bags, gloves and belts. My mom seemed to be happy with that partnership more than my dad was.

She hasn't been used to such work. As I told you before she used to be a teacher and then a school principal. However, she is happy to work with the husband who had always been away from us and from her of course.

My sister is performing the reunification procedures for her expected lover, Wa'el. That naughty boy. He got a job at a governmental institution for distributing fertilizations and seeds in remote villages in the country. He seemed to be happy. He told me that he is afforesting the country before leaving it. I don't think I would get myself into this. They definitely know more than us.

Anyways, back to visiting Oslo. I'll absolutely let you know about the full details of the journey as soon as I finish it.

Why don't we chat after two weeks on Skype? On 06.05.2016? Does that suit you? I'll be alone at home. Maria and my sister are travelling to Nice.

I'll tell you about it on our next conversation.
Pray that everything will go fine for me. Don't
forget about Land Day.

Your beloved friend,

Paris, 22.04.2016

Friday, 06.05.2016

"Everything changed that day".

That's how 101 started his story at the evening of the day we had scheduled to talk on.

I had sent him a short message that wasn't like its former ones, explaining how happy I was to hear to hear about their plan to visit Oslo. I told him that I was glad because we were going to spend the best times here and that the summer in Norway would be very wonderful and it'd deserve for anyone to spend his vacation on its forests and mountains, and that I knew some places that they would like so much. I also told him about the writing I had been doing every once in a while, and that I didn't write anything he hadn't want. He liked that and thanked me for understanding. How polite he is. After that I wrote to him about the film I've been working on with Dalia and Jonathan who would be its producer through his company.

Then, 101 continued to say, "That morning, I stopped a taxi car to get to the magazine I was working for and I wish I didn't.

I sat next to the driver and said, "Good morning. To the Offices Area please".

The driver said, "At your service, sir".

The car took off to the Offices Area. It was named like that due to the great number of offices, publishing houses and libraries in there. It is a very charming area. All the buildings have five floor. In each floor, four huge offices are suitable for everything. The buildings are painted from outside with blue and white or brown and white paintings, and with glass facades. The area consists of ten buildings. The ground floor of each building includes five stores, which are restaurants, cafeterias, pizza restaurants, stationery shops and bookshops. There are three publishing houses in three of the buildings. I mean, at their basements.

On our way, the driver was listening to an Arabic female singer who is famous in our area. I think he was about fifty years old.

I asked him, "How is life with you, sir?".

"It is fine thank God, son".

"Is there enough work?".

"Actually, life is different in each day. One day up and one day down. We try to do our best and leave it to God".

"Do you have any children?".

He stopped talking and didn't answer my question.

"Did I bother you with my question? I'm sorry".

"I have three children at the same age as you or older or younger. Their eldest was martyred few days ago".

He seemed to be very sad, so I said to him, "I'm sorry to her that. My deepest condolences to you". What would I say to him, Hassan?

Then he went on saying, "Last Friday, There was a demonstration at the public market. I got out of a mosque near to the square. They were shouting against the government...", then he stopped and got into tears.

I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Calm down, sir. I didn't mean that. You could stop talking about it".

He looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, "Never mind, but I miss him. I have raised him, for twenty-five years. Can you imagine that? Then he has gone like that ... After that, a fight occurred with the government forced that came to the place to stop and disperse the demonstration".

"What happened, next?".

"His friends who brought his body home told me that some soldiers had shot the demonstrators with live bullets. Five of them had been killed before the rest could run to the area streets and

the demonstration was ended after they had dragged the dead bodies. How bastards they are".

"Calm down, sir. May God rest him and condole you".

"The government won't open an investigation to know who did it, because they consider those demonstrators as outlaw criminals. We must overthrow that regime. Here we are, son. 75".

"Thank you very much and I'm sorry to hear about what happened to your son".

I was distraught when I got out of the car. Does that make sense? Is it true?

Why don't we, the city residents, hear about these stories? Oh my God, how painful was the feeling of hearing that man's words.

I went upstairs to my office and sat on my chair.

I couldn't do anything. I was distracted with what I had heard from the taxi driver, and his face while he was telling me that. About what

regime was he talking? If the regime was overthrown, chaos would ensue, or that what I was thinking then. First, because of the lack of my information, and I wasn't able to understand what was happening.

Afterwards, one of my colleagues knocked the door and stood there to say, "There is a guy who burnt himself to protest the poor living conditions", then he closed the door behind him without adding any other word.

I went out to the balcony to smoke a cigarette. "What is happening?", then I went back into the office, lifted my bag and jacket and got out. Winter and rain times were few, but it was raining then.

I got into one of the area's coffee shops, ordered a cup of coffee and sat down in front of the window to drink it while I was watching the rain. After that, I called my mom.

"How are you?".

"We're fine. Thank God, and you, my beloved son?".

"I'm fine but I'm a little confused".

"Tell me. Is it because of a new girl who you are thinking about?".

"No, it's totally different. Did my father return?".

"He isn't returning back until mid-April. Tell me, what is it about?".

"As you know the situation is mixed up".

"Don't worry about that, son. Things are getting better soon. Your sister wants to talk with you".

"Hello, Pretty girl. How you doing?".

"I'm missing you. Won't you come back? I have a lot of things to tell you".

"Yes, my beautiful bird. I'll come back soon. Is there a groom for you?".

"You're such a....No, no. Maria told me that she had liked you on Facebook and that she wanted to speak with you, come back".

"Ha ha ha ha. Did she really tell you that? Isn't she the girl who doesn't stop laughing?"

"Yes she is. The girl you used to grab her hair ten years ago".

"Right, I'll log in to see her today".

Then, my mom took the phone from hair and said, "Don't listen to her, son. You take your time working then come whenever you want. We won't go anywhere. You'll find us whenever you come".

"I love you, mom".

"I love you too, my sweet heart. Goodbye".

Afterwards, I got out and went back home under the rain drops".

"Is that enough till now? There'll be a lot of events from now on. I'm tired".

"Don't worry, my friend. You can stop whenever you want. I don't mind".

"Thanks for understanding, Hassan. And thank you again for your good listening. I'm beginning

to get used to our conversations, and I started scheduling some days on the next months to chat on. I'll send you a text message with the schedules. I hope they fit you since they are the most suitable days for me.

"Absolutely, my dear. It'll be great to get them. I'll arrange things here. It seems like we'll tend to organize our lives, now".

"We have to, I think".

"I won't make any statement, now".

"Take care of yourself, Oslo's son".

"You too, French man".

We both laughed and wished each other a good night".

"The intense remembering of the smallest details tires me, Hassan".

"Don't worry. We're not in a hurry. How about stopping at your arrival to home? And we'll continue at 27.05, you told me it suits you?".

"Definitely, we can do this, my friend. See you at the evening on that day. Stay well till then.

"Thanks, dear and you too".

"Good bye".

"Good bye".

Friday, 27.05.2016

I spent the last weeks like the others on going to the school of language to learn the Norwegian language. There was a celebration of Labor Day on the first day of the month, and the Norwegian Independence Day on the seventeenth day of it. I listened to what 101 had told me on the last times and rephrased some sentences to be easily understood. He was using his country's slang and explaining it later. I took a while to do this, but I wasn't complaining.

On the contrary, I began to learn a new country's slang and know some features of places there. Wasn't that good? For me, It was good enough.

As usual on every chatting day, we first talked about the days that separated between that chat and the former one, and then he began to continue his story. That day he told me about his father's flourishing business as a result of his father's meeting and knowing some successful

people there in Europe. He then clarified for me the nature of the relationships he started to build in France.

I told him about the development of the film project about Syrian prisons. He seemed happy about it. He also seemed to be more calm and comfortable every time we talk, and I liked it. I didn't want our conversations to harm any of us. Afterwards, he began continuing the story.

101: "I got home wet, took off my clothes and had a shower. I stayed under the hot water thinking hard for a long time. What was going on around me?

I made myself a light meal, smoked a cigarette and sat in front of my computer. I surfed Facebook. There were a lot of posts about demonstrations all over the surrounding regions of my town.

Maria had sent a friend request for me on Facebook, so I accepted it and entered her profile.

I saw posts with destruction photos for some areas in my town. There were also posts with funerals for young people from there and a girl's voice saying that the government and its forces were killing demonstrators.

After that, I sent her a short message that said, "Are the events on that videos and photos really happening in our town? Only answer with yes or no, please".

I then closed the computer, lied on my couch staring at the ceiling in front of the T.V. I must have taken a long nap. I woke up at the evening, went to the bathroom, made myself a cup of tea and opened my computer.

I found a message from Maria with one word: "Yes". Only those three letters.

Then 101 stopped. At that point, the color of his face began turning into yellow. He clearly seemed to be tired. He lit a cigarette and then continued.

I told him, "Would you like to stop here?".

101: "No, We're still at the beginning".

"Ok".

101: "I began remembering what my mom had told me that everything would be ok and things were going to be better and all that stuff, then I remembered what the taxi driver had told me about the martyrdom of his son, also the posts on Maria's profile. Did that make sense?"

I stayed awake all the night sitting on my couch and surfing Facebook pages which were motivating as they were all talking about the revolutionary uprisings at places near the capital city, the registering of revolutionary committees and councils in some regions of the country where the government officials had been

expelled from, and also about the formation of youth committees to protect cities and towns that became against the regime.

The next morning, the government enacted a Curfew in the capital city for two weeks and the emergency law, which hadn't been applied since the eighties of the last century. A number of new laws were also passed to be applied at courts, particularly for people who had been arrested because of committing "Subversive Acts" as the government called it on their new decisions and laws.

I had stayed at home for two weeks. I couldn't go out. I was watching the news channels on T.V all the time. My calls to my mom and sister were continuous and to my friends who didn't get bored of telling me that they are ok, despite of seeing the contrary on Facebook and others. The Curfew made things worse for me. I wasn't allowed to go anywhere except for a shop near

my house at the neighborhood and then return home.

I had been absent from work for two weeks. My boss called me twice and at the two times, I told him that I was sick. At the third time, he told me that they had found a replacement for me and that I should come to take my stuff and my last salary. He thanked me for all my services, and that was it. Beside all what had been going on, I became unemployed in a non-conceptual and unconscious country where nothing bided well except for my mom and my town's people. For them, everything was fine.

"Hassan, We've reached a place where I can't remember all its details, but I'll write the rest of the story for you on 17.06. I can't tell you what happened next like that. It's hard for me to do it. I'll write it for you and you're free to delete what you think is unsuitable, as usual. Ok?".

I've started to see some sort of regret in 101's eyes. He seemed like that when he started to stop and stumble while he was talking. As if he wanted to say something but he couldn't. I didn't want to speak about it. On the contrary, I wanted to change the subject.

"As you wish, my friend. I would love to read and edit it".

"I just need some time for me with Maria. We're travelling for few days. I'll tell every new detail. Stay fine till then".

Then he smiled and said, "You'll rest for a while from me. Enjoy it. Good bye".

"Goodbye".

Friday, 17.06.2016

I wrote what 101 had told me on the diaries and gave some titles for our conversations by adding dates for every meeting, so that it would be easy for us to continue the story.

At the evening, 101's message was delivered for me, as he promised. So I added it to the diaries without changes. That was what I did like what I had done with his earlier messages. I only rephrased it in a correct language. Most of his words were in slang but that didn't bother me at all. In fact, that made it easy for me.

101: "We woke up in the morning on an explosion of a bomb car in the middle of the Capital. The explosion location wasn't away from the area where I live in it. I went out with my sleeping clothes to the street in front of the house. I saw a black smoke column that rises to the sky from the capital side. I returned to my flat quickly and I turned on the television in

order to know what happened. The weather was cold and rainy.

Television channels spoke about suicide process near from a governmental building. No one said about the identity of this building, except that there are some injured civilians and all people were sorry for what happened from disorders, hoping from Allah to be finished soon, besides prevailing peace, security and safety. These are all things. After some minutes, breaking news came to say that many countries condemned this explosion and described it also to be terroristic.

While I was searching in the television channels, my phone rang. My mother was calling me to reassure about if I was near from the event and if I were all right. I told her that I was all right, I were in my flat and I weren't outside, then she spoke about the necessity of taking care of myself. The mother always fears about her

children and orders them to care about themselves.

My mother told me also that everything is ok for them. Full calmness happened then she switched off the phone while she was saying to me that my father colleague will bring to me, at ten o'clock in the morning of today, a sum of money to buy new clothes for me. Today is the Christmas Festival and I should buy fast food to facilitate my staying at home, if the pace of events became strong as if she knew that the matters would be worse.

Then urgent news came on the television, while I was setting on the sofa in front of the television. It spoke about the end of a battle in the capital north with a group, inciting the civil disobedience and they were taking money from outside. While this group in fact, according to the television, was established to steal people property and incur fear in themselves and the

government kept the battle matter secret to mislead the enemies.

Hence, they showed, in other channels, photos of people and they said that they were photos for prisoners for the government who were tortured and killed during the protesting movements. I glanced buildings that I knew from these photos or this seemed to me as this.... I don't know.

I went out to breathe the air in the garden after hearing these sad news. Is this incredible? Is this my country? I can't believe it.

It shouldn't be my country. The photos on television differ from what my mother told me since some months.

I was asking myself all the time: Has she intended to conceal matters from me? But it isn't our habit to lie to one another. I can't remain here idly by.

While I was standing igniting my cigarette in the garden, my father's colleague called me to give

me a present that is a sum of money from my mother, however I was working and I had a salary. I meet him after one hour, and gave me the money. I thanked him for his help for me and his gentleness.

After that, I went quickly towards the buses station. I was resolute for my matter. I will travel to make sure from that by myself. I should wait for him, so no one suspect my matter, if I travelled before meeting him.

I reached the buses stations. I went to the place specialized for internal transport buses directed towards our country. I heard some drivers speaking between themselves about opening of the road after closing it for one month because of circumstances. And I didn't understand any circumstances that lead to closing the road for one full month.

I ascended from the bus and sat in the chair behind the driver directly in the left side from

the door. I waited till the appointment of bus launching came. Two passengers ascended after me, and then the launching appointment came.

I knew the other two passengers well. We went together to the Secondary School for three years, then we desperate after that and every one of us chose his way. There aren't any persons in the bus except us (the three persons) and the driver certainly.

One of them sat near from me, while the other person sat in the adjacent side on the side chair, then the bus set off towards our country.

The person who sat beside me was called Raiad. He looked at me after the departure of the bus and said: "We didn't see you since a long period, my friend. Where were you being all this period? Don't say that the capital stole you".

I replied him while I was looking at the watch and the window and finally at him, saying: "The matter isn't as this. As you know, the life differs

after the secondary stage. Tell me about you. Did you study Civil Engineering?".

Ra'id looked at our third friend who was called Adel, trying to enter him in the conversation: "I wish that, but I began to study the field of oil and excavation. There was a lot of money there. Is it right, Adel? We graduated together the last year!".

Adel tried to inform you by his turn about the difficulty of specialization: "They were difficult years, but we do it. As you know, we belong to a country famous for its willfulness and its resoluteness. What a sad country, today!", and he hushed.

Raiad: "We, our three, are coming back to its hugs. I had become eager to the country and its inhabitants. A year and half passed since my last visit. Were you there lately?". He directed the question to me.

I looked at him and I was very shy: "No, unfortunately. In fact, I hope so, but the circumstances didn't allow and they allow now".

Ra'id: "It is good to see you returning".

While the bus was walking with us, it began to decrease its speed gradually, I allude from the window in front of us and on a dimension of few meters a tent erected on the road side.

Then the driver said to us in an angry accent: "Inspection barrier. It seemed that they discovered this road also. Damn for them and their endless wars. Prepare yourselves; get out your ID cards and your documents".

He hushed while he was hitting on the steering wheel with his hand. I heard the sound of hitting and I felt with congestion and hate in his speech. The bus stopped at the point of tent existence and on the right side from the road. Adel and Maged seemed to be puzzled.

An officer stand in front of the bus door and demanded from us to give him our ID cards and our personal proving documents. He requested from the driver to close the door behind him after his going to inspect it.

I don't understand anything from what happens here now. I remained staying keeping for the calmness of my nerves. I was afraid of anything new to happen unknown thing. I only feel with happening it soon.

The officer was late from us for few minutes where silence, puzzle and fear were prevailing. No one can utter with one word then Rai'd's phone rang suddenly. The driver shouted from his place: "Turn off the phones immediately. We don't want to make problems with them. We don' even know who they are!".

Then he hushed and returned to look from his window towards the tent where the names were inspected.

The officer who took the ID cards returned after some minutes with two of his colleagues. The driver opened the door for them, then the officer who had the ID cards in his hand shouted: "Who is Adel and who is Raiad?".

My two friends looked at each other and said together at the same time: "It is me, my sir!".

He said to them with an accent that could stop the human's heart from fear: "You will see now the meaning of incitement on disobedience. Descend. Oh, animals".

And he turned towards his colleagues referring to him to make my friends descend. I saw them with my eye being pulled from the bus, being thrown on the ground.

And the three officers were walking on their bodies. What a severe method that they did so by it!

The officer returned the ID card for me after he looked at me and saw the ID card accurately

when uttering with the name of its owner, so he can make sure that my shape is typical to the ID card photo, and then the driver ordered with launching in an atmosphere where fear and waiting were prevailing.

The bus walked again carrying us, and the driver was muttering with some words that I didn't understand anything from it except the insults for the current position and calling Allah to let the matter finish quickly.

I didn't understand anything from what happened till now. And why all this happens today?

The road is sometimes unpaved on its sides. It wasn't the same road that the buses were taking during university days. There were effects of a smoke rising slightly from between the houses and the gardens that the buses were passing near it.

I asked the driver: "Did you see these two young men before this time? Why did my friend tell me that it was their first visit? How did they make them descend with the charge of incitement?"

He replied me while he was igniting a cigarette: "Don't believe all what you hear. Oh, my son. You should see with your eye". And he hushed. Then he returned to his smoking.

So I asked him about the cause of changing the road and he said: "Because of the many projectiles that fall on it, it became invalid for use. Hence, we found the agricultural sub road. We should work and seeking a livelihood. Oh, my son". He hushed without increasing any word.

I saw the country entrance from my window. It seemed to from here some smoke columns and the exit of car ambulance from the country entrance.

The bus reached the country station. And the driver opened the door for me to descend while

he was saying: "Every year you are fine or ok, God protects you". And I said to him, "Thank you and this is for you also".

I began to feel tired, O my friend. I wrote for you what happened through three writing sessions, so you will find the message dividing to three texts. You will be responsible for correcting it and checking the faults in it while you are reading it. Then you have the freedom for arranging it. Reminding with waiting Skype conversation on 01.07.2016 at 20:00 o'clock.

The beautiful news is that I and Maria will be in Oslo at the middle of July. We will spend two days at her relatives. Then you have the freedom of determining our meeting appointment with you. We will remain here for three days in a hotel near from buses station in Oslo.

"I hope for you the continuing of health".

Your friend 101

France, 16.06.2016

Saturday, 18.06.2016

"My dear 101,

According to what is related to arranging the messages, I will speak early about its text, its correcting and its arrangement. There is someone who will help me in this. It isn't wrong to seek the help of the people of experience in narrating such these tales in order not to lose its beautifulness.

However, for the visit to Oslo, this is news that I waited with much patience since some months and it becomes near from me now. Your meeting will make me happy, but it is honor for me to call you to spend the period of your visit in my house. It isn't a big house. It consists of a sleeping room, living room, kitchen and bathroom. It will widen for us, our three, but I can sleep at the house of my neighbor and my friend, Mostafa. Don't worry about that. I will

leave the decision for you and for Maria with all pleasure.

And I will understand your decision if you don't accept my invitation. The married people can't feel with comfort when participation of sleeping rooms with someone. I am so sorry for hearing the news of the arrest for your friends, Adel and Maged. It is a terrible matter. I know it well. I hope to return for speaking about them if there are any new news about them.

I send my peace to Maria and your household.

"I hope for you to be fine".

Hassan

Oslo, Saturday, 18.06.2016

Thursday, 30.06.2016

"My dear 101,

I don't receive a reply from you on my last year. And I understand your busyness. You aren't used to receive messages from me in a short time. ...I am not used to your quick reply. We agree about this.

However, I will tell you with a message today the most beautiful news that happened till this time from the year. I can't wait for your meeting on the skype tomorrow. And I have a time for writing. I will write this message for you, then I will keep it for myself and I will decide later if you will reply about the tale that I write currently.

I receive a telephone call from a Syrian channel called Bra'a. I had known it before my coming to Nerway.

There was a cultural course to make the fugitives, who will be transferred from Lebanon to Norway, know the society that they will reside in after few months. The course was about the Norwegian society, the customs and the traditions prevailing in Norway. This was in the spring of 2014.

I was resident with my family in Beirut. But the commissariat didn't accept the resort file presented by them... My file was accepted alone. During the course days whose period was five days, I meet with Bara'. I invited her to drink coffee with me. She accepted with great shyness we can imagine. Then we spoke a little and we introduce ourselves. After that, we exchanged the phones numbers in the third day.

We spoke for a long time about life, expatriation and other things. The interest from our two sides was remarkable.

Then she moved with her family to live in a city far from Oslo for about two hours. I went one time to demand her hand for marriage after we reached here wherein the required safety and the stability that all people want are existed. But her parents have another opinion and they requested from me to wait till the matters settle, we learn the language and we can understand the new society.

They had the right for this. At this time, I wasn't ready for marriage and I admit this now... I praise Allah, as they refused the first time.

This day was a visit to Oslo with the school that she went in the city where she lived. She called me and told me about this visit. After a long surceasing for communication, she still keeps my phone number and my Facebook account. What a loyalty! We surcease for about one year and half wherein I knew many girls during this period. I didn't succeed in any relationship. Now,

I return to hear the sweetheart voice from Beirut days. I like that. She told me that she put the likes on my posts from an account that it hadn't her personal name.

We spoke for an hour in Oslo before she had received a call from her friend to tell her that the bus was waiting for her. She had been late for the return appointment. When she told her friend that she was with me, she said that she had the right if the cause for her lateness was this cause.

And then she returned to her friend and her journey to their country. And I returned happy to my home.

You will say to me that you exited from a relationship since a short period and I should wait and temporize. But I told you that I weren't in a love relationship. I called it friendship. Now, I found myself comforted for her return to me and my return to her or we return at least to our

friendship that could much develop to be love. I don't exclude myself of being hurried on marriage, as I am usually hurried.

This was all what I want to inform you of. And if you had a new thing that you wanted to tell me with far from our story that we work on it, you should know that I will be happy for this. And I believe also that you are now happy for hearing my news that I should temporize with it according to your opinion that I expect from now. Oh, feat journalist.

Be fine".

Hassan

Oslo, 30.06.2016

Friday, 01.07.2016

I was in the specific time for our conversation and my friend 101 was also as this. Our conversation began with speaking about the previous days. His speech in most of its first minutes was about their visit to the beautiful Oslo and about my friend return to my life after surceasing. As I expected, his opinion was that it was better to temporize, but he seemed a large understanding for my happiness, but he shared it with me. And he said to me that what will happen is beautiful to experience it. Then we spoke about our families, but I prefer not sloshing in mentioning what we spoke about them.

Therefore, I understood their desire to stay in a hotel, but I had to invite them. And he assured my heart about Adel and Maged saying that they were fine and exited from the prison after

changing the government in their country after they had spent two full years in the prison.

Then we returned to narrate the tale where the bus stopped carrying him at the country entrance. Therefore, I switched on the recorder to make myself rehear what he said accurately and transferring it with a written formula on these notes.

101: "I stand in the bus station amazing for what I saw. Was it my country that I left since few months? I couldn't believe it. I continued my walking. There are some iron heaps charred on the side of the left road and some buildings placed over each other on the right side. Was it the calmness that my mother told me with!?"

The crucified traffic signal was watching me while I was infringing it and was walking when the passers light was dark red and much preventive. I lit a cigarette in the middle of the road. My cigarette was also watching me while I

was smoking it in a hurry to become calm. The scene was painful.

I was walking while I was transferring my sight between the empty boxes of living munition. I wasn't walking in an experimental throwing field or in a project of military maneuver. It seemed as I was walking in a battle yard that happened before little time.

There was there a lean cat that is tired because of hunger and the odor of the wastes. It was standing alone in the side of the road opposite to me.

The destroyed grocery shop was a witness on the last visitor to it.

I was running between the rubble spreading in the right and in the left. I stopped many times between the cumulus stirring some from it. I remembered these places. I thought that I heard calls or evocation. It wasn't anything except the echo of voice of an electric toy for a child who

hold with it before his departure, so the switch on button remained on the position of switch on. I made my imagination busy with the child appearance saying adieu to his toy while he was holding a piece of his mother clothes and his other hand was holding the toy during their escape and their exit from here before the house had fall or they died here and they didn't go out? The matter was certainly tragic.

There was a football left by its owners in one of the districts that I passed by. It was a toy for the ghosts that were the new inhabitants for the district.

And there were air wheels left by other persons in the streets.

The identity was stolen from everything in this district. It was the identity that I left before only few months.

A voice of sporadic bursts for bullets reached to my hearing from time to time. Finally, we

reached the district where I was born. Some buildings' shape changed from its shape before the beginning of the disorders in the countries. There were shot bullets here and there that penetrated the walls and it made pinholes in its place in the wall. I hope that there wasn't anyone injured in his home.

After walking under rains, the time of midday came. I reached our district while I was looking at the faces disappeared behind their windows. They were little showing their heads from the windows and when I glance them, they disappeared.

The building where our home located consisted of seven floors. We inhabit in the sixth floor.

My parents liked the high places and this was contrary to many people whom I knew. They liked to drink the morning coffee in the balcony during all year months. The balcony transferred to an industrial room for planting flowers during

winter. They exploited the existence of the glass edges that they installed in winter to make it warm and far from the rain, storms and snows.

I ascend running on the stairs to the home. There were small holes in the walls along the stairs in the first three floors. I opened the home door and entered.

My mother was in the kitchen. She asked: "You had been late, Oh, my flower!".

I replied her: "It is me, O my mother".

She went out from the kitchen happy running quickly.

I said to her before hugging her: "My beautiful lady is still petite!".

My mother: "My brother's tongue was still beautiful as his owner. You don't tell me that you will come. What a naughty boy! I like surprise, despite I don't hope your coming in the present time and I have many appointments today. Come to sit. You are hungry surely".

"My mother, I want you to inform me with everything. Why did you hide this during these months?"

"It was your father's request. You knew how he was afraid about you. We agreed to make me remain away from what happened here. We passed by severe days. I praise Allah that you were away".

She seemed to be more puzzled. This seemed from abrading her hands with each other.

I said to her, while I was holding her hand: "But you should tell me. I am your son, Don't I a son for this village?"

"And what will you do? Will you stop the war with your coming? I praise Allah that it stopped before your coming".

"I don't know, but I will at least know the matters here. I was near from affected by schizophrenia, because of the many differences between the news".

"O my son! Your father was afraid from your behaviors if you knew... Most of your friends who were with you in your school transferred to demonstrators in a night and its forenoon and they became fighters with the authority. And we didn't know what happened. Then the government came with its military machines to fight them, and then they fought the country... And they controlled the country, then the government returned it and this was our case since months.

She hushed, while she was putting her hand on her mouth. I took the cigarettes box from my jacket, gave her a cigarette and I lit a cigarette for myself.

My mother said: "As long as I like lighting the cigarette with you, I will make coffee for you, and then we will drink in the balcony. You were certainly eager for this".

"Yes, I am a son for two persons like to do this".

Then she went to the kitchen to prepare coffee for us, while I was smoking and was arranging my clothes. I asked her about my sister, so she said to me she was with Maria preparing for the engagement of their third friend, Soad, but she was late because of rain. She should be here before one hour. My mother called her and told her that she was in her way. And when I opened the door, my mother thought that the arriver was my sister.

She asked me about the work in the capital, about my life and what about the capital news after all what happened, trying to escape from speaking about what happened in the country, as she was deliberate to do this.

While I was telling her about what she asked me, my sister, who are younger than me with two years, opened the door and entered.

I hid behind the window curtain and stand silent, And as soon as she said: "I am here". I exited

from behind the curtain to surprise her. It was our favorite game, when we were young.

She run towards me, I hug her with my arms and I lifted her from the ground. We were about flying from happiness.

"You have changed a lot. You became more beautiful".

She replied to me, while the tears were shining in her eye: "Let this speech for Maria"

"Stop this"

"Were you shy?".

No, but I want to assure about you at first.

"I am fine. I follow my lessons well. I joined with an ambulance team in the country that transferred the injured people after the battles or after the bombing".

"Then she seemed to be happy and proud at the same time".

And she followed, while she was hanging her hands around my neck and she looked at me:

"We had rescued many people"

"And were you happy with this?".

"The country men can't always exit outside the country to obtain medicines, so we exit with our women wisdom and coqueting on the barriers. The officers who are like dogs let for us the freedom of passing. And I sometimes work in the house of your friend, Ahmed that it became a center for treatment in its bottom floor and an office for media in its upper floor ... Ahmed denoted with it for the country. Matters developed quickly".

She said this with a kind of enthusiasm that seemed obvious on her face.

I said: "Imagine that anyone doesn't tell me about all this? And you are from them. Do you hide all this excitement about me?".

"I knew that if I had said Maria's name, you would have come quickly".

"I didn't come for Maria. I wanted to come before a long time, but the wandering block restrained this".

While we were talking, my mother entered with the tray of coffee where there were three cups on it and she said: "Come to the balcony. You corrupted the room air with your smoke".

"My mother, please, the countries have a war and you are still in your same healthy habit. Or this is what my father wanted from you to be!".

We, our three, exited to the balcony. We sat on the shaking sofa, every one of us carried his cup in his hand and we began to shake and swing.

My mother was on my right side and my sister was on the left side. How I was eager for this".

Then 101 hushed. He was passionate during the period of his speaking about his reaching to the country. Enthusiasm appeared on him between

every syllable and another. He sometimes stops to light a cigarette, or to take a Berra swallow. I used to see him as this in every session. He told me that did the same habit during writing messages for me.

101: "Hassan! Will we stop on this limit?".

Me: Are you tired?

101: "You didn't question me before about if I was tired. You said: yes: As you like"

"I sometimes become tired. Never mind... Didn't you say it was good to speak in this matter?".

"Yes, and nothing changed in my saying. Don't worry. We will stop at this limit".

"HHHH, yes, we will stop. We will complete our speech, while we are drinking coffee in your kitchen that you are speaking from it now. I feel with enthusiasm".

"I am eager to listen to you while I am sitting beside you. Send my peace for Maria".

"Will you send my peace to the new sweetheart?".

"Of course, I will inform her with this. With all pleasure, oh my friend. She will be happy with this".

"I hope success for both of you".

"And you also, thank you".

"Goodbye, in Oslo"

"If Allah wills, Goodbye".

The First Meeting in Oslo

Sunday, 17.07.2016

A coffeeshop in Karl Johanns, Gata Street.

I've waited for this day for seven months. 101 had sent me their location via Whats App that allows sharing location with others.

He and Maria were in their complete summer outfits and similar sunglasses on their summer hats. How beautiful they are together.

We eagerly hugged each other, I and 101, that's why Maria got jealous and asked us to stop while she was laughing and telling us about her jealousy.

It was noticeable how 101 had changed a lot, starting with his beard and mustache even his health. I've seen him somehow different on Skype conversations, so I said that he had changed since the last two weeks after our skype call.

He confirmed that by telling me about the gym he goes to with Maria four times a week and the milk he drinks every morning as the doctor advised him because of his need for calcium. Then, we'd walked together in Oslo streets for two hours and they'd seen Oslo that I love and know and they'd told me that I was right by calling it Beautiful Oslo.

We then walked into a coffeshop we'd passed by after Maria admired his entrance very much. Once we sat to our table, she and 101 asked me to avoid writing and mentioning some of our personal conversations that were told by our friendship, so the three of us agreed on determining what to be mentioned before the story release, if that was done.

We ordered three glasses of cold beer and sat next to a window facing the street and my friend began to continuing telling the story after we'd

remembered together where we'd stopped last time.

101: "My mom said, "Your dad didn't force me to do anything. If we hadn't agreed on everything, respected, and trusted each other, I wouldn't have stayed with him all my life and you have to know that in your life that agreement and respect are the base of everything, my kids".

She took a drag of her cigarette, followed it with a sip of her coffee and stopped talking. She looked upset and tired.

Then my sister started to talk, "We'll go tonight to our regular group gathering. There will be a special celebration of the New Year. How about coming with me? We'll tell you about everything there. I know that my mom won't tell you anything, Maria will be there too!".

My mom looked at her astonishingly and said, "Yes, there isn't anything good to tell you about. Eyes cannot see a pain in people's hearts and

words cannot explain it. Whatever happened has happened. It's better to pray to God that it won't happen again than to talk about it as you've just arrived, son".

I looked at my sister and said, "Won't you stop that? I'd prefer your company than being alone here", then I stroked her hair. She put her cup of coffee on the table near the couch, and then she came, put her head on my chest and lifted her feet on the couch.

"Thank God we've got some food supplies that will guarantee you a delicious lunch", said mom.

"I'll eat whatever is available. You don't need to bother yourself", I said to her.

However, mothers always don't wait for their children to agree on anything then how can it be when it comes to food?".

Maria and I enjoyed listening eagerly to 101 while he was telling us the details of the day he'd arrived to their town and his first meeting with

his family, when he seemed to miss something we hadn't known about yet. He was looking away from us through the window and often stopped to comment on a little interfering from me or Maria then he continued his talking.

101: "After that, my mother asked us to prepare ourselves for lunch. It consisted of rice, okra cooked with marinara sauce and a little bit of sheep meat

While having lunch, my mom told me briefly and with continuous escaping from telling me about the bombardments and battles that our town had experienced during the fight between the forces, my sister told me about the wounded and injured people by these events. She also told me about the shortage in media staff that couldn't cover all those events and the shortage in equipment and experiences either. We also talked about my dad who never gets tired of

travelling and don't care about anything but his work".

When he said "dad", he looked proud and amazed. "Could you tell us about your dad?", I asked him.

101: "Of course, my dad is one of the men who are loyal to their work and stick to their word, that's why he travelled a lot after my sister and I had grown up and left the job of raising us to my mom. We have never felt any negligence or omission in anything we asked for. He is generally calm but becomes irritable when any one ridiculed his thoughts or principles. Is that enough?"

"Sure".

101: "I entered my room where I used to live before I settle down in the capital city. I lay down on the bed and stared at the ceiling, then I fell asleep".

Maria: "You've always loved to sleep, sweetie".

"May be sleeping is the best solution in some cases, Maria", I answered.

101 didn't comment on what Maria and I had said and he continued talking.

101: "At the evening, my sister awoke me up and we had tea in our salon while we were watching the news of our country on TV. My sister was denying all what was said, as if she was the only one who knew what was actually happening. She was, indeed. I realized that after I had spent a short time in the town. I went with her to my friend Ahmed's house, which is located at the edge of the town.

On our way, my sister told me in details the reason that caused every building we had passed by to collapse and the names of rescued people and the victims of that bombardment. She also told me about my friend Wael who talked to her and told her that he liked her and that she would have called to tell me that if things hadn't

changed. She was shy when she was telling me these stories".

Then, he grabbed his glass and took a big sip of it to quench his thirst.

Maria: "She wasn't like that when she told me about it".

101: "Of course you know why. We were raised to be honest in our words and actions. The four of us can't lie to each other. In our family, we are able to talk about and discuss everything. We talked boldly about things that are prohibited to talk about in other houses, like religion and love. We arrived on time at Ahmed's house for the meeting.

We were five persons: I, my sister, my wife Maria, Ahmed and Wa'el who liked my sister.

Maria interfered immediately to say, "I was surprised when I saw you coming in together, I wanted to hug you but I was embarrassed and of course you know why".

101: "Of course, Ahmed had cherished feelings for you, and you respected that, so you chose to shake hands with me. I've already told me that seven times, sweetheart".

Maria: "I've just wanted Hassan to know that from you. Got you".

I looked at them and said, "And now I knew that, Maria. It seemed like all the guys of the neighborhood admired you but you admire the best of them. You wanted to say that, didn't you?".

Maria: "It isn't hard for authors to get that".

101: "My sister didn't tell anyone that I had arrived in town or that I'd come with her to that day's meeting".

Maria: "New Year's Eve, It was quite a night".

101: "The three friends seemed to be happy to see me, especially Wa'el who was looking forward to meeting me and telling me about his admiration for the little naughty girl. He put food

and drinks, which they had brought with them for the celebration on the table at the corner of the room we sat in.

The meeting started with brother hugs between us as we were missing each other, then we sat around the table and started to fill the glasses with juice, beer and Cola, as each one's desire.

The table was full with food prepared by Ahmed and Wa'el's mothers. While I was filling my glass with beer, I asked them, "From where did you get that beer while you were under siege?".

Ahmed looked at Maria and said, "They put soldiers who are easy to persuade if the name of the girl who do that is Maria". He stopped talking and kept filling his plate. He looked bored and fidgety from the current situation back then.

We started telling one another about our lives and how days went with them and about each of us and where our dreams and we had been. We went back with memories to our childhood

where we had been in the same school. Wa'el, Ahmed and I had been in the same class until we had finished our secondary stage".

Maria: "Our families were in a very good and close relationship. We'd all gather every weekend at one of our families' houses where men would play cards and talk about business and women would make delicious food and desserts".

101: "There were only small differences between us in our financial position but that didn't play any role or had any effect on us. Every family had its religious and social privacy and had its habits and traditions. That's how our parents were thinking and how their children's relationship continued".

Maria: "But the opposite had happened in other cases".

101: "Wa'el told us about some cases where brothers and sisters disagreed with each other

as some of them supported the country and some opposed it and supported the movements that had arisen against it".

"Many families escaped the town to save their lives", added Maria.

101: "According to Wa'el, some of our friends' families who were married and were with different religions and doctrines were divorced to solve their problems. In my opinion, this was a huge mistake, as being united is necessary now. How do families separate while the country is in war?!".

"Don't forget that the town was sieged by different groups who aimed to control it and its people, and the repeated migration that happened during the last three months before you arrive", said Maria while she was trying to hide her tears.

"My sister and Maria were at the same medical team, that's what they called it, with a group of

four doctors and nurses, and three volunteers. Both of them were providing Ahmed and Wa'el with videos they were filming during their field duty with the doctors", said 101 after he had embraced her with his left arm.

On that day, my sister said to me,"Ahmed and Wa'el are doing their filming job too and they are transmitting the course of events through media, they send videos and media reports to the nearby countries stations, on social media and to the foreign stations outside the country".

Maria: "That's how these only civil groups work in a town that has been living in war for three months. Can you imagine the work load?".

101: "Then we started our field tour, as we like to call it, at the building. Its features had changed than what I had already known".

Maria: "One of the house rooms had been prepared at the top floor with two computers

and their equipment as both of them were doing their media job from there".

101: "They told me about the persistent shortage in medication and medical supplies, the smugglers who had started working at the military roadblocks and about the bribes that were paid for everything. Wa'el, Ahmed and my sister went down stairs, and Maria and I went after them. While we were getting down, Maria asked me, "Are you going back to the capital city?". Do you remember that question?".

Maria: "I was eager to hear "No" from you! Of course I remember it well".

101: "I looked at her and said, "I don't know, I haven't decided yet".

Maria: "That answer almost killed me, so I asked him, "Why don't you join us? We need photographers. I saw your photographing skills on Facebook". I was trying to convince you".

101: "Are you spying on me?".

"Sometimes", she said while she was laughing and looking down between her feet.

"What kind of women don't do that?", asked Maria.

101: "I'll tell you later, let's continue. We'll finish in a short time and leave.

She went downstairs quickly without leaving me the chance to answer, then we met again at the emergency and intensive care floor. It had been equipped with five beds and beside each one of them, there were an IV drip set and various medical equipment. The lack of equipment was very obvious. After that, they explained to me the doctors' work here and their role in informing people that they need to donate blood for the sake of their fellow citizens".

"75 civilians were martyred, including men, women, children and old people. Killers, we won't forgive killers. The day of justice will come one day. There are a lot of destruction and

injuries", said Ahmed in great sadness and then he hit his palm angrily on the wall.

Wa'el put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Welcome back, my fellow. Imagine how nice it will be if you could stay with us, my friend".

"Maria told me that when you had left us at the stairs and gone down before us. Didn't that war turn you away from rowdiness? Actually, I was thinking about it, it seemed that the war is over and there won't be anything you can do after today", I said to Wa'el after I had put my hand on his.

My sister interfered to say, "No, it isn't over. They will come back. All of them are dreaming to occupy our town, and its people and wealth. We won't allow that as long as we are still alive".

Ahmed: "I told my father that we wanted to stay here forever. He told me that they didn't need the house and each one would fight in his own way".

"Stay with us", said Maria to me with a feminine look in her eyes.

Suddenly, we heard successive gunshots.

"The war is back", screamed Wa'el.

Maria: "So we walked outside the house".

101: "And that's when we saw the sky full with a beautiful show of colorful fireworks. We stood in joy outside the house to watch it, without saying anything. There was light smiles on our faces that were paled after Wa'el had said, "The war is back".

I lit a cigarette after the fireworks show was over and said after I had thought about their request from me to stay, "Ok. All right then, We'll work together".

"That were the sweetest words", interrupted Maria, then they hugged each other.

101: "I took my decision based on the information about the course of events you had provided me with and your predictions.

Everyone seemed happy with what I had said. They all ran towards me to hug and welcome me on the team.

The meeting was over after we had determined working programs, twice-a-week meetings if things didn't change, on Tuesday and Friday, from seven to ten P.M.

everyone would bring the food and drinks they wanted with them and we would gather in more meetings, if necessary or if the war started again. I wish wars had lifetimes so that when they were over, they wouldn't start again".

My sister and Maria were walking to the door and talking while I was saying goodbye to Ahmed. He went back home and closed the door. After that Wa'el approached me to tell me about his admiration for my sister and that he wanted to marry her after the end of the events. He told me that he had talked to her and she was waiting for a chance to tell me. I smiled and told him that

she had already told me and I said, "Listen to me carefully, Wa'el. I will never find a better husband for my sister than you. I agree and I will talk to my mom to agree. Then, We'll deliver it to my dad somehow before you get to meet them. I wish you all the best". He hugged me in joy and then called my sister to look towards him. The girls stopped talking and she turned around to him. Wa'el asked her to come and he would walk her home so that she could leave Maria and me alone. He is such a nice friend. My sister left with him and I stayed with Maria".

Maria: "I remember that day very well as if it was yesterday".

I was laughing when I approached Maria and said, "Does it mean that I'll walk you home?", then we started talking.

"Obviously".

"It looks like they've planned for this".

"How evil are they".

"You changed a lot than I used to know".

"You too. Is that the hairstyle of the capital city? Or is it only for people who work on art magazines?"

"You still have the same old long tongue. That is good. In my opinion, it proves that you haven't changed from the inside like your outside".

"War change people, but it didn't do that to me. I'm still the same. War shouldn't kill everything we have".

"I agree with you. I thought that I would find a different situation, but you are all the same. The war didn't stop Wa'el from being in love and Ahmed..."

Maria: "Ahmed had lost his little brother on a random bombardment of the town's primary school".

"Really? I should have condoled him. I didn't know that".

"You'll definitely do it later. There will be time for a lot of talks".

We continued to walk while we were talking about the life in the capital city and my former job with celebrities in the magazine-like she said-It was a nice community full of cameras and lights. She liked that life style. She told me about how her days passed during her work in filming the events and about how she accompanied my sister in first aids and sometimes in helping the doctors.

Finally, we arrived at her front door.

"Here we are".

"It seemed that your house wasn't safe from some bruises and scars".

"No house was safe from this war".

I kept looking in her eyes and she did the same. Our eyes wanted to say many things. She was so pretty.

She raised her hand and said, "Thanks for walking me home. Can I give you a last hug? Of course it will like the one I gave your sister".

We laughed while she was putting her arms around my neck.

"Your smell is beautiful", I said without any hesitation.

"Thanks, Goodbye", She said.

"Good night".

Maria got inside her home and I continued walking to ours.

101: "I'll stop here today. What do you think about talking in anything else? And I prefer to change the place too. I suggest that you take us to a restaurant you've already known well, Hassan. What do you think?"

Maria: "I want that very much. You must get some rest, but Hassan won't write all what you said, will he? There are things that no one should know".

"Don't worry, Maria. You'll have the chance to delete all what you don't want people to know as I said before".

Maria : "Ok".

101: "Lets go then".

"I'll be glad if you allow me to pay for the check. You're in my country now and we're not in Berlin anymore so you don't have to pay, 101".

Maria: "That's very kind of you, Hassan, but we don't want to cost you money. It's enough what you did for us".

"Never mind".

I stopped the record on my cell phone and the three of us walked out of the coffee shop towards the Pakistani restaurant that serves Chicken Biryani Rice.

After having lunch and they had liked the food, I brought them to their hotel. We planned to meet the next day too in Oslo, and our last meeting

would be at my home the day after that. We had to do that.

Then I got into the bus to go back home.

On my way home, I put my headphones on my mobile phone and put them on my ears, and then I played the record that I've saved at the end of the day.

I had listened to most of it before I got home then I prepared lunch while I was listening to the rest of it. I went back to older records so that I could understand and connect between everything 101 had told me. Well done. It would make it easy for me when I began writing all what I had heard from him before and what I would hear from them afterwards.

The second meeting in Oslo

Monday, 18-07-2016

**In front of Noble Center for Peace, beside
the municipality of Oslo**

We agreed together, as three, as we arrived to the hotel to try to find a place for smoking and enjoying the shining sun rays in that summer day, and we actually did that. They both were wearing clothes different from yesterday. They told me that they spent some time in the market, and they took lunch in the hotel restaurant. 101 asked me to tell Maria about the story of the girl I recognized her, so I did. She was happy of my decision.

We were awakened by the sound of the shells that were very close to home at 21-03-2011. I hurried to the saloon and found my mother sitting on the sofa hugging my sister... They were at great dread wearing pajamas.

I asked them: what has happened?

My mother answered while was frightened and asking God for appeasement: "I saw from the windows some group from the western side bombing the sites of a group from the northern side".

Maria: "I remember, it was dreary day".

101: "I ran to my room to change my clothes and take my bag in which I was putting my tools, to cover the battle from our home roof".

My Mother: "please, don't get out, I feel something will happen, your father isn't here, please stay here".

101: "I can't stay my mother; it's our duty for which we made promise not to be late to fulfill".

Maria, who seemed to be tired from the beginning of our meeting, "Had you obeyed her and stayed!".

101 "while I was on the roof to take a photo from a high place the places of launching the shells and the place where they are settled in order to

send photos of what is happening here to the stations. Shells were destroying my city before me and I haven't ability to defend, as many did when it was available".

While I was trying to inspect the surrounding place, I saw an armed group entering the building on which I was. They began to shoot me intensively and hysterically, as they aimed to hurt me then arrest me, or kill me. That was the matter here; camera was the great enemy for all groups".

Maria: "Tell them, before days and during the bombardment from the side that has been lately dominated, that a shell dropped on the place which we, photographers and journalists, use as an office or forum to meet in the village... There, we practice our work and call channels to tell them about the savagery massacres against civilians, those who have no fault in the dirty

wars made irresponsibly and unconsciously by some".

101: "I wasn't there when the shell dropped, but I ran to the place from the farthest end of the town immediately after witnessing smoking ascending from the district where our office was. I wasn't the first to arrive; people gathered around the place despite continuous recommendations for not coming into the place of explosion as anything else may happen and harvest more lives. But I found many shouting and women crying at the street.

The civil defense, rescue workers, and fire workers started to eliminate the ruins, pick up the injured, and extinguish the fire. After search among the ruins, the rescue workers two have picked two distorted cadavers, and no one knew them. I noticed a martyr wearing a bracelet of the Country flag with the word of "freedom" written on it. It's him. I shouted loudly and run

towards the rescue workers while they were carrying him on a mobilizer.. It is Ahmed, the manager, the friend and brother for all. I embraced him shouting his name loudly, I didn't shout as this since my birth. Ahmed departed, and the place he denoted with departed also where we started with others. What a great disaster! Ahmed and our martyrs of friends departed ... No one is in the town except me. I shall search for the other, as one camera and one heart aren't enough to bear all that forgetfulness. I didn't see any near roof to run to or jump. They were at the lower floor ascending one after another. I stepped down to the last floor whose owners immigrated a while back, and they left their home opened for those displaced people who came to our country to reside in when the crisis aggravated in their countries, but rather when our country isn't surrounded, and when fearing that to be the first martyrs in the case of

a bomb dropping on the building. Our house was in the floor that is directly beneath, the house in which my mother often carried me on her back.

On speaking about my mother, I will tell about her role in educating the sons of the town.

She works as a director in the town school. She worked as a teacher in the education sector for years before getting an allowance by the ministry Of course, that was before war, and in war there is no allowance but for who kills more of innocents. She was teaching biology as she was dreaming to be a doctor, but her grades in the secondary stage were not enough in order to study medicine. Therefore, she chose biology as one of the topics that are near to medicine, such as the human body, the nerve system and others.

I cannot move towards my home fearing for my mother and little sister.

I should find a solution to move them away from my family. I entered the open apartment and forgot the door opened as I was in a hurry. I was in search for a place to hide my bag, all equipment, and memory cards. I entered the kitchen, and there was a shed roof as I ascended to it. I put the bag behind the water tank. I closed the door and ascended the stairs towards the roof in order to attract their attention out of home. They were ascending, following me and arrested me".

101 stopped talking to light a cigarette, So did Maria and I. He seemed to be stuttering and hesitating and I noticed the cigarette shaking among his fingers, then he return to speech.

101: A military group which I could count nine of them, surrounded me semicircularly..... I was standing at the end of the roof, leaning against my back on a short wall hardly reached to my chest. I looked behind, it was very high as I will

not be safe if I try to fall down. There was nothing to receive me but asphalt.

They were wearing camouflaged military clothing. Some of the wearing military boot but all of them were armed from head to foot.

One of them was wearing a hat with a camera in front of it to register all events arounded, and two others has cameras around waists, one of both brought out his camera, he was short and had a fat belly. There was a black mark on his face. All of them have helmets around head until shoulders.

Then he returned to silence and pull out his cigarette hastily.

101: "One of them came near to me asking, "Why did you flee?"

I said, I do not know, I did not do anything, sir....

I was frightened.

"That who didn't do anything, wouldn't flee O boy, why are you afraid?"

I said from death.

"Shall fleeing prevent death?", "No, sir",

"could i see your ID?", "Of course sir".

Then I lifted up my hand to put it in my pocket to get the wallet out, so one of the soldiers struck a shout in the air to prevent me. I turned my hand down and said: "ID is in the wallet in my pocket, sir", he referred to one of his mates who was longilineal, taller than me with 20 cm, and had muscles tattooed in strange images... His face had no expressive features, and painted by clay color. He approached and said: "Put your hands back o stupid!", then he extended his hand to my pocket in the right side and got out the wallet.

That wallet was a present from my father when he came from on of European countries. He was working in business, exporting and importing clothes and leather shoes. He liked traveling to Europe and civilization of those countries. He gave me that present in my 18 birthday.

Then he opened it and got the ID out and said my name in public ... Then he gave the wallet to who asked about, shaking his head and looking at me in a way full of threats and menaces.

I saw 101 lighting another cigarette while his hand shaking.

Maria looks at him in hardness way and says: "Do you know how your absence killed me?".

Then 101 hugged her by his right hand after he returned the lighter to his pocket. Then he said, "Their leader said, after getting the ID out for the next time and began to shake it and hit it against the wallet, he said, "you told me that you didn't do anything? Where is your personal camera?".

"I've no camera", "You aren't in need to lie my son, we know every thing about you and your mates. You are still young to do that, go on, tell me where your purposes are, I've another work to do after killing and sending you to your friend Ahmed". He looked at me sarcastically.

When I heard the name of my friend Ahmed, and my chief who was martyred by their shell, I have gone crazy. I attacked with everything as I want to hit them; despite I did not beat anyone along my life. I was always peaceful, loving to be far from the problems.

His mates who are behind him attacked me and stood between us, they beated me by feet and with everything they have and insulted.

Then he ordered to stop beating me and give another chance to think.

Then he said to one of his members: "Get down to his house, bring me all what is in the house". His members stepped down on stairs towards our flate.

I began shouting and tried to beat them or make anything, I spitted on them hatefully, but they hold my hands and stepped on my back ...

The tears began to flow from the eyes of 101. I asked him to stop and it is enough today, but he

intensively refused and returned to complete his speech sadly. Neither requests of mine nor did Maria stop him.

I am crawling on my belly and my face towards ground. I do not succeed in standing up. I said to him there is no need to that, as I have not anything of what you want, he didn't listen to me and laughed with his mates at me.

That was noon, the school has been closed and my mother and sister are alone at home... No one with them but me as my father traveled. I got out in the morning when artillery fire started to photocopy events and document that fucking war. There were few minutes as they returned accompanying my mother with her simple home clothing ... Sure, she had no chance to veil her body. My babied little sister was crying... They were crying and shouting while wild peoples were dragging them from their hairs along the stairs.

My heart had nearly stopped when I saw that. What a wildness and savagery can't be borne!. My mother shouted: Let them O sons of bitch, let them and take me and I will tell you every thing, let them, it isn't their fault. Sure, you have moms and you will not accept to happen that for their.

101 brushed away tears, had some water, and continued.

101: "While some of them were laughing at us and making fun of our weakness, one approached to the leader and whispered to him, which required, after that, asking the leader to let my mother and sister.

As they left them, they run towards me and thrown down their bodies on soldiers who stepped on my back on roof, they begged them to leave and let us.

My mother addressed the leader: "Haven't you been a student with me one day? Moreover, I looked at another one and said.. Was not my

mother writing messages to me in your booklet? Why do you do these actions, O sons? Isn't it our country? Why do you fight instead of unifying and liberating the countries from criminals and killers? Haven't you little brothers? The killers who prevent your little brothers from living in peace".

She stopped talking and threw herself above me as she hugged my sister.

The leader told her addressing speech to his mates: "We have an order to take your son to the authority which searches for him. Your son is a betrayer, my lady, as he seems to us as criminal killers and writes about us what is unacceptable. He is that who has started the war gainst us and he should bear the results of his decisions and choices". He turned to his mates: Isn't that true, O men?

His mates shouted: Live the leader! Live the leader!".

he said to them: Let women back home and take that dog into the car as there is that who is eagerly waiting for him...We'll see the bag later.

My mother and sister did their best to prevent that, but they are weak before gun powders and great men. The full-bodied man who had camera was photocopying all events and words. He was also a war correspondent, with the word "press" written on his shirt The profession I have studied four years before the war. I was aspiring to travel with my father to continue my studies there. My mother dreamed of that, and now the dream came true as she sees her son as a correspondent and journalist insulted because he has studied, graduated, and worked as a journalist. What a moment that can't be never forgotten, before achieving justice.

They brought me down and beated me on my body by hands and sometimes by gunpowders.

I have fainted when one of them hit my head by the back of his gun.

I do not know how long time I have fainted and to where I was taken. Now I can stop, I am sorry for the delay"

Maria: "You can stop any time you want, O my love, I hope sincerely that it will be the first and last time. Thanks God for being here with us". Then she hugged him and put her head on his chest.

"I'll stop registering now, as we'll go to a new restaurant, what about that?".

101: "I'm really feel hungry"

Maria: "We all deserve a delicious meal"

"Let's go!".

The third meeting in Oslo

At my home, Tuesday, 19.07.2016

I awoke early morning that day. I concluded an agreement with Maria and 101, and to have dinner at my home. I arranged and cleaned home as it should, put flowers on the table in a colored vase, and opened the windows to get rid of smoke smell as I smoked yesterday. While I was writing what 101 told me, I smoked much and eat much of pizza, as I couldn't hear that again to write it I was pausing the records many times to think about his feelings, while he was narrating his story, at the same time I thought of how they arrested me and dragged me between various jails, how it was cruel!

I went to them where they were staying, and our three returned back together to my home by bus. We entered home and they were known about all parts in order to be easy to find, for example,

a bathroom without need to that embarrassing question, the most needed place in visits.

Then we sat on the table after admiring home, and next we prepared food. They were talking about changing decorations of my home, what interferers!

They want to tide my home according their opinions .. We laughed much after they told me that they agreed to make that for laughing, as they feel that they are at home ... Therefore, how friendly they are. Then, I told them about the procedures in the film that I worked in with Dalia and Jonathan about Syrian prisons. It was clear that they are amazed about the developed idea about showing the film, photographing, and also the content. They also told me some ideas, for free according to Maria, and then it was time to dinner. The three of us seated at the table and I filled the glasses for drinking red wine, while Maria was cutting the beef steaks that she had

prepared. Then we had dinner while Maria was telling me about her opinion of European life, showing some reservations as usual, and she feels safe with her husband and that's the most important matter they seek. We finished dinner and gathered dishes from the table I provided a fruits dish after dinner and provided some eastern candy, Syrian candy, which I bought yesterday at my way back. We agreed not to smoke together at the same time, we shall smoke consecutively, 101, Maria, and I. 101 started narrating.

101: I was awoken to find myself thrown in a small room naked, only worn my underwear, I can't open my arms and hardly I extend my leg as room length is only one meter and a half and width is less than meter, there was a blood spot near to my mouth. There was a soft light and cold air that entered from a small hole at the middle of the roof. It was far from me to look

through, as it was far. The height of room was about two meters and a half. I tried many times but I didn't succeed, but I forgot it and I considered it necessary but only for light and air, there is no need to look through. What shall I see through?. My back was against wall and I extended my leg as it reached for the middle of the room. I touched the carpet on the ground; it is a fine grey carpet that has blood spots on with bad smell for people who came here before me. The room's door is from black iron that has soft light getting out its sides, and its end has prominent ledges through which soft light gets out. That part seems to be openable. The walls were grey in the lower half and white in the upper half, craved on it something like a scratch. I waited for anything to happen.. I had nothing but remembering the last minutes befor arrival here and my speech with my mother. Should I obey her demand to stay? I can't forget the

moment when she and my sister were brought to the roof. How can I forgive myself? How did I permit to that to happen to my little sister, who has hardly finished her study last year as she got high marks qualifying her to go to the faculty of medicine at the Capital? Indeed, she decided to enter university to become a doctor as her mother dreamed, so the dream was about to become as a truth as she practiced that role at home since childhood. She liked to help others and her dream was to open a free clinic for cancer patients. She had relations with friends from the West, she shared her dream with them and they promised her to help as they can.

I did not forget her look as she arrived to the roof ... She needed and waited my help but I cannot do anything as I was under the feet of government dogs... They trampled on my head before my family. Thanks god, my father was not

here when that happened, as I do not know how he could receive that.

I was alone, afraid and awaiting. I conjoined my feet into my chest and took them in the arms and I leaned my head against my knees.

I heard from time to time a sound of walking near to the door and sometimes their shadows on the walls of the room when they pass in front of the frames as their bodies hide the light entering from the door frames and the low part.

I also heard sounds of opening and closing of lockers and doors and voices of shouting, and sometimes I heard one singing with a nice voice and playing the flute for his mates.

I tried somehow to concentrate to know the place where I was, in order to avoid, at least, thinking of thje last scene of my mother and sister and our country's image while smoke was rising ... It was not easy.

I was tired from setting on my buttock and I felt cold in my back which was relying on the wall in front of the door. I laid down on my back and raised my feet to the wall I was relying on. I looked at the ceiling hall and light on my face, that quietness made me worry.

I could not do anything but thinking of those who are outside, now they were crying bout me.. What a painful feeling!

After a long time, my tired body became hungry. Suddenly, one opened a window in the bottom of the door and threw a boiled potato and a cucumber without uttering any word.... I did not say anything.. It was as a lord gift at the time of hunger.

I ate gluttonously and after eating, one of them opened the door and said, "Look at the wall and put your hand at your pants". I did that immediately. He entered the room and put a

leather bond upon my face as it has a disgusting smell.

He said, "I'll get you out to the bathroom, don't be miscreant as the results will be disastrous".

Indeed, he dragged me from my shirt without any action from me.

I walked beside him while I was looking on the ground. I saw the military boot he was wearing and the trousers of overlaid color.... It was the same clothes of that who brought me here.

He threw me in the room which had bathrooms and said, "Hurry up, O stupid, as I have many others", and he started counting one, two...

I pressed my penis to empty it quickly; I did what I did before reaching to thirty. Then I said, "I've finished, sir".

He said, "Drink from the faucet as much as you can, then get out O stupid, or you'll get you by myself. Put band upon your eyes and hands in

your pants as the first time and get out. You'll be used to that every time, have you understood?".

I said: Yes, sir and I did what I have been ordered to do.

I said I am ready. He dragged me from shirt in front of the door and removed the band upon my eyes and I glanced "no. 101" written on the door by white color and the door was black from two sides".

"Is for that you demanded me to call you with such a name?".

"Yes, they used to call me like this as I forgot my true name in many times of investigation", then he continued.

"The first days passed at the same manner, one opened the door and threw a boiled potato and a cucumber then came to take me to the bathroom. Every thing was repeated as there was at the same arrangement.

Until now, I ate six potatoes and six cucumbers ... I used the bathroom five times as one time which I was deprived of, and I drank five times. It is a good way to count and arrange events according to these only facts, nothing but that. No one addresses me any word or question and fear increased from day to day why did not they ask me about anything? Why isn't there any investigation?

What has happened?

Every day I heard military songs, then I heard men singing, and sports actions by military shoes. Sometimes I was hearing playing with cards as they were shouting and beating each other for the game.

There were also sounds of shouting from time to time Things do not suggest good ... That carelessness makes me worry and increase my anxiety.

Then, the jailor came and opened the low window of the door, which was the seventh time I saw him. He threw me a piece of chicken and a loaf of bread like the dog.

The chicken thigh was clear as the light came from the window behind, I didn't believe ... I began to think it was a dream or a hallucination. I crawled to it and began to eat without stopping until I finished. After that, I ate the loaf of bread which I also finished ... I am always hungry not satisfied by what was provided of food and water. I spend most of the time thinking or sitting and leaning against the wall to make the place enough to my tall leg and to preserve my energy. I was asleep without knowing how long time I slept as quantity of food and water were very little.

After that, the jailor opened the door and asked me to wear the band only. I did so immediately.

Sounds in that place are clear and volume is higher than when I was inside the room.

He dragged me to the opposite direction to the way to the bathroom. We directed right while the bathroom was left, so I understood many matters.

Sure, we are not on the way for the bathroom. I was talking to myself while he was dragging me from my left hand. Did they transport bathrooms? I don't understand, I have no answer for these questions.

While we were in such a case, the jailor was dragging me and I was thinking about myself... Suddenly, he asked me to stop so I stopped waiting and expecting. I pressed my fingers together rubbed them. I was biting my lips by teeth.

A door of some room opened and the jailor has been asked to let me enter. He dragged me and let me step down two stairs.. One said to him:

"Let us alone". He has already left us, hot out, and closed the door. A voice near to me said, "Will you disturb me O 101, or you shall tell me the truth on your own and there is no need to use another manner with you?".

"I fear that I'll stop here, Hassan"

Maria: "What's the wrong, baby? Are you ok?".

"Yes my dear, but I don't want you to hear the rest of the speech as I'm afraid that you listen to the rest, do you know what has happened to the prisoner, didn't you?".

Maria: "No, my love!".

"As you like my friend.. Tomorrow, you will depart, why didn't we spend the night in Oslo streets?".

Maria: "It will be a nice farewell like that. I like that"

101: "Princess has decided... Shut down your apparatus to follow events O....!".

"You make me laugh ... Ok my friend ... I'll tide home later. Unless I returned to my old friend, you would find me tide it before going out.. Who knows? As she may come back with a new friend".

Maria: "Let place as it's, if you do that, I'll tell her".

101: "Calm down, baby, we are joking... As you know Hassan, women defense one another.. Let's go".

"I know, let's go!".

Then we went out towards Oslo streets, we passed near to the Opera House, then we ascended to the roof together. There we viewed the sea and new buildings. We also took coffee and ice cream and talked about all what can be talked about. It was one of the greatest days in my life, a memory that will not be gone.

I leaded them to the hotel after referring to the way to the airport tomorrow. They refused to

accompany them to the airport tomorrow, under the pretext that it is not simply and clearly not necessary to pay costs of my accompanying.

If I were in an Arabic country and did not accompany the departing guest from my visit, I would become, without exaggeration, the talk of the community not for months but for years as we were educated that hosting, hospitality, and its ethics are constants that cannot be violated, as Arabs were doing that from the beginning, but nowadays and in their countries, they are searching for safety and the life they dream of then I returned to home.

Skype conversation

From Paris, Sunday, 17.11.2016

The last conversation between 101 and me was four months ago since the last farewell in front of the hotel in Oslo. Maria sent me a message on Facebook about their arrival as we had agreed; there was no call or message. I was not sure that he wanted to continue the conversation as I was satisfied with asking about him during these months from his wife, Maria. She tells me his news almost every month ... She tells me that he was busy all the time after their return from Oslo as he works with his father in leather and olives trade from Tunisia to Italy or Spain. Then, I tell her about what the relation between Bara'a and me has come to She seemed comfortable for that notable growth in our relation and she was praying for our relation to continue. Sometimes, I do that she told me to do, as women

understand men more than men do or at least according to my opinion.

When I asked Maria about his absence from face book and whatsApp, she told me that he sometimes closed his account on facebook for long time and he bought a new phone number that no one know but a few people who work with him.

She also told me that he turned to the business that was his priority and he became in a comfortable financial position but he travels much to France, and they do not meet much. She told me that he was always worried about his health, but I had always a different opinion with her telling her to give him the freedom of decision as he is mature and self-responsible, but mothers, wives, girls, grandmothers, aunts, and all women all over the world are controlled by the female feelings of a mother before every

thing which include affection, fineness, fear of the companion and others.

On Sunday night, I was following the news on Facebook on my computer. Suddenly, I received a skype message so I opened it immediately. I did not use skype lately with anyone but 101. Indeed, it was a message from him as he asked me if I am available or not, and I answered yes. He asked me to talk by voice and photo. We exchanged words of blame then they returned to missing words and telling of news. He told me about his new project managed by his father and his France, Italian, and Spanish friends. They buy leather and olives from some Arab countries and sell them to laboratories in Europe, and they also work in the field of export for Canada some of products of companies they deal with. He told me that business put him in a comfortable financial position.

Then, I told him about the project of the film of prisons as we have finished shooting three months ago.

The filming was for three days in an equipped cellar like a prison. We invited four previous Syrian prisoners to share experience and talk about it. Two attended and two abstained in the last minutes before filming. It is not easy, you know. I told him that I finished my studying in the language school with high marks and I worked as a translator in a translation establishment here in Oslo. He was very happy for that news and hoped me success. I told him the necessity for not lating for his fine partner, Maria. He laughed after I told him that she tells me every thing about him, he did not dissatisfy with that. He asked me to think about marriage after I told him that I've a desire.

Then, we remebered the last of what I wrote after the last meeting in Oslo, then he started

talking after he lighted a cigarette and drink a gulb from a beer bottle.

He was quite that time more than before.

101: "I didn't answer the question". I was sweating, so he repeated the question directing his speech to me after approaching his mouth to my right ear so I smelt the smoke smell getting out from his mouth.

I said I don't know sir, which way you speaks about.

He said angrily: "You seem you'll disturb me", then he addressed his speech to a third person who has shared us the room without uttering a word: "Lift him".

That person approached me putting some kind of a hanger between my hands and tied it by handcuffs. Afterthat, I heard a raising sound of a chain, and then I felt my hands raising as if someone pulls me up. My hands have hanged me, and then I have been pushed to right. There

were just minutes then he got my down into a cold-water pool not on the ground. The coldness of water slop into my body by my feet, I lost feeling of my feet because of the severe coldness, and there were ice parts I felt them by my feet. That feeling has quickly stopped so I shouted demanding mercy...

There was no answer ... All around me laughed. The one of angry voice returned to ask me if I will tell him the truth immediately or I'll disturb him, I repeated denial, can you understand me, Hassan?

I can't confess anything. The frozen water reached my chest with my fear so my heart almost shall stop due to coldness. One of them put his hand on my head and began to push my head into the water. I tried to shake my head to prevent that but no way. I suffered from such position for not a short time. I remembered at that time all what man could remember before

the moments of death. I was crying and shouting asking help, but no one to help. They are here only to whip me It is a painful feeling, frustration, as they were laughing at me and mocking at me while I was close to be frozen. Then they got me out from water and threw me on the ground and they have been ordered to turn me back to solitary confinement.

One of them took me dragging me from my hands. I fainted when we arrived to solitary confinement. I didn't awake before the jailor came after a long time... He threw me the boiled potato and cucumber, then left".

Then 101 kept silent and did not say anything, and I did not say anything but I was satisfied with watching his face expressions.

I have heard before of that kind of torture from previous prisoners I met them in various places.

I haven't b exposed to that kind of torture of such manner but I feel it while I look at 101's

face as how it's painful to leave you in a cold water and laughing at you at the same time.

101 light a cigarette rubbing his hair that he has not cut since our meeting in Berlin He told me when they visited Oslo that he would let it without cut, there is no fault of that. I lit a cigarette like him and waited for him to return to his speech.

101: "I was very tired and had no power to rise and have food ... I've no appetite, the seventh meal and that piece of chicken.

Then it was the torture session with cold water. Should that speech mean something in that place?

I was extending on the ground of the room until the jailor opened the door and said to me to rise to the bathroom. I tried to drag my body on the ground to get out of the door. I could not do that and he did not wait for me. He closed the door against my face while he cursed me with vulgar

insults. He said, "Would you wait for tomorrow?, Did he mean that I'll get out to the bathroom once a day? Does that mean I am here from six days, but there were seven meals? Have I been deprived of the bathroom that day, or I have been forgotten intentionally? Is that the system here? I do not know.

The room wasn't cold but its temperature was acceptable, but I felt cold. The impacts of putting me in the cold water seemed to appear. I have slept from time to time from the severe tiredness and collecting myself by bending my knees into my chest to get warmer.

I was thus until the jailor returned and threw a boiled potato and cucumber. It seems to be a new day! Or I've two meals a day? How do foods or the times of bathrooms be counted? Once a day or twice a day? I don't know the time here and there is no mean to know. I just want to know the time. I can't eat the previous meal. I'm

sitting now with two potatoes and two cucumbers and pain due to a cramp affected my body as a result of cold shock in the cold water.

I gathered myself up, dragged the food towards me, and leaned my back against the wall in front of the door. Then I began to eat, I ate and slept, I was escaping a lot from reality.

Sleep helps me a lot to exceed; I was sleeping for long time. I get out only to the bathroom and to drink water. Three meals passed and I didn't eat anything. The jailor thought that I stroke for food.

He kicked me on my body and ordered me to eat otherwise he shall use another manner. I understood what he meant by "another manner". I kept silent to drink water. I began to watch his face and his hands' moves. There was not anxiety as before.

Six meals passed after the cold-water session ...
The down door of the jail of solitary confinement

opened and they threw boiled beef and a loaf of bread The smell filled the place, as the bread was hot and fresh. I swear I was afraid from the beef and bread I remembered what has happened after chicken and bread. I have actually finished them and then they got me out to bathroom then let me back to solitary confinement.

Afterthat, they back to take me, I knew that it will be something after beef, I set on a chair in the room I have been dragged to by the jailor.

They chained my hands and feet to the cahir, and then they put a piece of cloth on my face after they brought my head to the back. They pour water above the piece of cloth and my face.

I was almost being choked and could not breathe... I was drinking water by mouth and nose. Then they beated me by hands on the face and belly. They pour water many times on my face ... They asked me about who had given me

money to photocopy. There was one question from them and one answer from me: No one They didn't believe me, then turned me back to solitary confinement according to the order of the one who asked me. They were doing that simply.

There were six new meals at the room and five times bathroom, and then returned the chicken thigh, is that the system here? The same sounds around the room, the same voices and clothes of prisoners, and the same songs. Every thing has always done at the same time and with the same arrangement.

After eating chicken thigh and loaf of bread, I entered the bathroom, drank, and returned to the room. I was waiting for the door to be opened.

I decided to attack the guard in order to see the place at least. If they will kill me, I do not care, as I have nothing to lose.

Loneliness that I live made me crazy and irresponsible. I want to know where I am and who are those, that is the right of any prisoner in the world. As the door opened, I ran towards it and threw him on the ground and ran towards rooms that he was taking me to:

There is a long corridor ended by a great hall that has doors of rooms asides. It is a hall in the building ceiling of ten meters high or more, a light comes from that hall. On the left of the corridor there were words written on many doors such as (stores, trusts, investigation 1, investigation 10).. Many members attacked me as they came due to the shout of the guard I kicked. Four men surrounded me. I saw their faces as they all have marks on their cheeks. The place was painted by gray color and a photo for the head of State with military clothes in the middle of a wall beside the kitchen. Two men got out of the kitchen, so they became six men

around me. One of them overtook me from back and held my hand, another held my feet.

I cannot do anything but shouting, I want to know where I am and who you are.

Get me out! I want a lawyer. That who held me from the back left me, then one beated me with a plastic instrument has electrocution.

I fell down and fainted ... When I was awaken, I found myself in a room chained in a wooden bed and my arms opened and legs far of without band. A voice came behind me asking about the authority I worked with and who gives me money to work as a photographer in the town. I gave the same answer. No one, I work without any enternal or external support. He did not believe and ordered another man to start.

I did not understand what he meant by 'start'. I felt that the bed which I was laying on closed with its sides ... With that closing my body began to bend forward. My head has almost joined my

knees. I felt that I was stretching. I shouted of the sever pain of bowing and pressing on my back and stomach.

They laughed at me at everytime, then the bed turned back dragging my body to the back. I felt my lower back was broken. It was a terrible pain I have not felt before at my life, it is more than the pain of labour. What is more painful is their laugh. I shouted and cried with no use then I fainted and kept silent. 101 I looked at him without speaking, my tears poured down uncontrollably. How they are lowly, killers, and criminals. I feel his sense deeply. They laughed at me repeatedly while I was crying asking help from God. On one occasion, the prisoner told that God isn't here and no one else owns my life.

101: "What about stopping at this point?".

"That will be good for both of us. I need much time to write all what I have recorded today".

"Good luck, I'll be busy even after Christmas, but what about talking in you birthday night? Did you tell me that your birthday is at the first of January?".

"Yes, it is at the first of January, what a good memory you have!".

"Alright, we'll do thus, see you there my friend. Take care of yourself"

"Hope to meet you again, take care of yourself too. You can send me messages of any news; I'll be happy, do you agree?".

"Ok, that's all right, good bye"

Saturday, 17.12.2016

On the way to Porsgrunn

"Dear 101,

I write to you that message on my way to my father in-law. You may not accept that, after the last skype conversation, I called Bara'a and told her that I want to visit them at home. I got a date with her family. I bought flowers, put on a suit, bought a ring, and took a bus towards them. That was on Saturday 03-12-2016. Their house at the city two hours far from south Oslo by bus or train. After taking dinner, we talked about life development since we arrived more than two years. I told them that I started work as translator two months ago and that job is suitable for me. After that, I offered to marry Bara'a.

Her father, mother, brother, three sisters, and her old sister's husband were around. They were shocked because of my demand. We did not tell them about our relation before. They asked her about her opinion, and she accepted.

Immediately, I took the ring out from my pocket, kneeled, and opened the cover of box of ring. I don't know how I did so, and Bara'a didn't know my plane. Then she accepted the ring and took the box. We were as film heroes, and her family was the audience. I put that engagement ring on her pretty finger, and then I kissed her hand. I wanted to do more, but I know that her family is conservative, I hesitated and I did well. They agreed on engagement so we determined the date of next Saturday corresponding 10-12-2016 of Writing of the marriage contract, and 17-12-2016 is our wedding party. She will live with me in Oslo. Do you believe? I myself cannot believe but I am happy of such decision and ready for its

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results. I will send you our wedding photos later. I won't take long in writing message. I'll back to tell you everything, I'll be happy to know your news".

Yours, Hassan

Oslo, 17.12.2016

Skype conversation

Sunday, 15.01.2017

Yesterday I received a message from 101, congratulating me of my marriage and expressing a lot of happiness and amazement for such decision. Then he told me that he could not take a leave before that holiday. At the end, he wrote a brief greeting also for my birthday, clarifying his desire to talk tomorrow on skype.

I wrote him that I'm happy to receive that message and I seek for a new conversation. My wife, Bara'a, shall travel tomorrow at noon to her city to file an application to change the school and address and shall back on Wednesday, so we will have enough time to have a long conversation, if he wants.

I came back home afternoon, after I leaded Bara'a to the bus station. I found a message from my friend 101 on skype asking me to talk to him at 7 p.m as Maria shall be with his sister at his

family house, so he will be alone at home like me. What a comfortable marriage! Women at visits and men at home.

I prepared the dinner and had it, and then I made a black coffee and set in front of my computer on time. A few minutes later, I had a skype call from 101 As usual, we began conversation by greetings and he showed his aspiration to meet wives on skype or on real.. He addressed me direct invitation to visit them at the time suitable for me and my wife. He expressed his great happiness to marry such a pretty girl. Therefore, I showed my pride of a pretty wife and a right decision, what shall I need else?

Then he told me about his business lately and his continuous traveling with his father or without, and that the business is booming and successful, and he will open a new company for imports and exports at his town care of his aunt's sons and

Maria's family. He told me about his knowledge of the message between Maria and me around writing and he asked her many times to deliver his greetings to me. I referred that she often did. His features referred to a great improvement and whitening in skin color.. He told me that he drank beer and smoke less than before, and thought to get a baby with Maria. From my side, I didn't encourage him about that idea, and I clarified that I agreed with Bara'a to postpone parenting for five years so we can travel all over the world and get amusement of life. In addition, this will allow us to finish our studies and have good works with good revenues, that is to say till 2021. That year we shall get Norwegian citizenship if every thing is ok until that time.

He began to tell me about the fourth session.

101: "I was awoken to find myself thrown at the room surrounded by a blood spot on the carpet. I felt pain in my low back, ribs, shoulders, knees,

and all my body. I began to cry as my body pained me, beaten and forsaken. I could not do anything but crying. sure you know that feeling". I looked around and said: "Yes I do, I lived it for four months, proceeding from prison to another with underwear. I lived lonely, I see it murderess in my view".

101: "It is really as this. I don't know how can God bear his loneliness, does he spend His time with angels, or does he monitor the jailors whipping us? I ask for forgiveness from the Allah Almighty.

Six meals passed after that day and the experience of the wooden bed. It is the time of the seventh meal. I kept enumerating meals and arranging dishes to know how matters run, as perhaps I can reach some history or time.

I had nothing but enumeration of meals and remembering days I spent at my town, three months and three weeks. I photographed all

assaults and confrontations. Each couple of days, there was a battle between people of the town and groups of state seek to dominate the town. We are all victims of humiliated leaders. Many innocents martyred due to conflicts without any sin from their part . All sought to neutralize the town and what happened around it. I stayed for not a long time, but it was a period full of sadness, beating and bending. I resume the responsibility for that.. I'm not sad for what I did. That result was because of my decision, and I have to resume all results O Hassan!, I thought of my mother's word of staying and encouraging my sister. Why didn't I stay in the town far from everything?

Will I come to here if I stayed at the capital to work with silly artists, taking photos for them? Would I experience all that if I stayed in the Capital?

The food door at the bottom of solitary confinement opened. they threw a piece of boiled beef with a loaf of bread. Can this be true? It is a horrible arrangement. Is that time for a fourth meeting? Or it is not related to the kind of meal? I almost became sure of that. Indeed, there is a while between taking food, then going to the bathroom, drinking water, and returning to solitary confinement, and then they opened the door to get out. How can I wait? My existence does not mean anything. Life is useless, and I should commit anything to force them to kill me. I walked besides the jailor as every time, at the same direction, at the right of solitary confinement. We walked alongside without any dealing with what happened last time, about my surprise attack against him and his friends. It seems that action is repeatable, according to the reaction. That time, he turned left and asked me to come down two stairs, then we entered a

room and he closed the door. Then he dragged me from my shoulder and let me sit down on a chair. One of his mates tied my hand from forearm, from the place of wearing watch, into the chair, tied my legs into the chair, and put something like a hat upon my head. One of them, who was standing beside me, asked: Would you confess about that who finance you or force us to hurt you?

You can avoid pain if you only mention their names... That will relieve much, believe me. I answered, there was not any one there, I made that by myself and you know that I belong to a richy family... No need for money.... I wanted to deliver our country message to stop wars against it. That what I did for free. Have you any evidence for receiving money from anyone? Is there anyone who said that he gave me anything? If yes, let him come here. No one will come as that didn't happen".

He shouted in my ear: "We aren't in need to any evidence Oboy, you will confess everthing whether you agree or not". Then he kept silent for a while. One of them put forceps on my nipple and another in my bottom lip, and electrocuted me so electricity was running terribly through my veins. I was shouting and shaking uselessly. He repeated this action saying: Will you confess? I tried to shake my head negatively as I have nothing to say. Then electrocuted me again and repeated that three times. The duration was not a long time. They were moments at every time and moments inbetween but I was strongly shouting and shaking all the time on a chair. Then it was the time for beating by hands on face and belly. Two of them gave many punches and many insults while their leader, who was asking me, laughing. I cannot determine accurately how long session was, but it resulted in pain for many days. What

they did is beating me strongly, then letting me recover and leaving that food to be alive. Will my body get used to that kind of routine? Is my life similar to those I hear their crying? Do they hear my crying?. Then they have backed me to my room and I was full of sadness and pain and my heart was hurt by the tears of my mother who didn't know anything about me.

They threw me at my room and left" ...Then 101 kept silent. While he was speaking, I noticed the strong enthusiasm in his eyes. That differs from previous times, I let him have a cigarette and drink a gulp from the beer bottle.

Then he said: "You won't believe if I tell you that I had spent long time in such a program; a cucumber, the boiled potatoes, the thigh or chest of chicken, a piece of boiled beef, and bread. There were the same songs, the same voices, the same arrangement of events at the same time, and I swear that the same questions directed

from them were repeated and also the same answers from my part.

Even the torture sessions which I told you about, which is represented in putting me in a cold water for 24 times, tries to choke by water for 24 times, then 24 times torture on the wooden bed, and finally 24 times getting electrocuted in the Electric chair, in addition to inbetween insults and punches, amazing arrangement!

How can they bear that? How can I bear?

I remained that way for a long time. I estimated it, after getting out, for about two years where I ate the same food, drank from the same place where I relieved myself and I have been tortured repeatedly and orderly. There was no breach for that arrangement but the only time in which I shaked, imagine!".

"I can imagine the rigidity they have and the will we have, and I have also understood the meaning of life".

"I was near to insanity, O man!".

"Believe me, I entered the hospital in one prison because of insanity before getting out of on the jails".

"All the time, I was thinking of the end of that program, how can they draw up these plans while countries suffer. I heard about the cruelty of prisons but now I live it.

I was thinking about how is life out, and drawing plans after getting out. Sometimes, I try to wrap my neck with the shirt to get rid of life, then I stop for some reason which is my dream to meet my mother, my sister, and my friends. Maria never absent from my thinking, I dreamed of the moment I meet her".

"She also told me how she suffered when you were absent and cried when she told me of her need to you. However, she believed and trusted that you will come back. There were many who

asked her for engagement but she refused, what a beautiful love".

101: "Oh Maria ... I spent a long time alone, and then they delivered me from that room to another place where I ate tomatoes, apples, meat, chicken, and bread. There I suffered from torture for 24 times.. One time in the wheel with whips and bashes 24 times. I was hanging in space and have been slashed at every part of my body ... Then they moved me to a third place where I ate grits and cicers for a long time. The torture differed from before as they put me inside a coffin, a closed box, for long time, and water was poured above it. They put me in a coffin 24 times, and then they were acting my killing from time to time. They put me on the ground and gathered around me and then put their gunpowder, but not they did not shoot me. They beated me and sometimes they were opening fire around us. All places I went were

similar at size and form. Every time I heard new things and got used to new things, then faced the same questions at every investigation. Can you imagine!

A new day, the door opened and they threw a blue shirt and trousers and asked me to wear them and stand in front the wall with my hands behind my back, but have not you been tired?

"Not yet, but we can stop if you want".

"It's better to do that, there are two basic stages and we finish all details".

"Is that right? How powerful you are".

"Yes, what about dividing all the rest of what I tell you for four sessions, one time in March, July, September, and at the end in December, at the middle of every month. Thus, we will finish the mission before the end of year. I have also many things to do and now you are married and have your concerns. Tell me before ending the call, what about your marriage life?".

"That will be wonderful dividing and proper for me, I do not mind to have short messages to reassure you and lateral conversations between wives?"

"I live a comfortable marriage life with my wife... It is full of love and understanding. She has compensated me for what had passed ... I found stability somehow. She supported me to finish the collection of poetry ' For Every Female' soon, which will be published in Egypt and I then get 100 copies here. Good contract!".

"What about sharing with an amount? I will be happy if you permit me to pay the costs of your first work. Consider it as supportion also... Thanks to God as the circumstance here is good. Send me when you need to pay bills and I'll do the rest".

"Is that right? Can I consider that I have a rich friend I can rely on one day?".

"Why not, my friend? ... You are as a brother and more than this ... Money hasn't an important role in relation with family. Consider the amount as your marriage present in for that to be easy for you. We, as Arabs, need indirect ways to accept".

"I'll accept with pleasure, you will pay everything and you'll have a copy signed by your name and I'll be grateful".

"Well, I should go now, my greetings to your wife. Good bye, my friend".

Skype conversation

Sunday, 19.03.2018

Since the last conversation with 101, there is a painful uncompleted thing inside me. Is that painful to listen to these wild stories? Or it is the shock from human savagery? Why do we torture one another in nonhuman manner? Why God created bad ones? Will not the world be better if there are no bad ones, killers, and wars? However, how can we recognize good persons without the existence of bad ones?

Sure, every society has advantages and disadvantages, has enough bad and good ones, but why does man do that? Is that paranoia or love of money and power?

I tried to search on the internet to get clear answers to understand, but there were no more than studies that have resulted in different ideas that have not real answers to calm me.

Why do Arab countries suffer that sadness and pain? Why didn't our people live like other democratic peoples that are interested in human rights?

Nevertheless, the civilized countries left my town, since many years, in wars and did not stop them. The world issues data that do not prevent the killers to stop their crimes against the people who seeks liberty.

How can a society that was exposed to all these events to begin a new page together, full of tolerance and understanding?

O God, how and when these wars will end? Are they holy wars between these peoples? Aren't all those who fight his creation? Does God like to see blood shed for his Way? Does God punish societies by allowing wars to destroy them? But what are the children's sins?

In the specific time of conversation, I sat in the kitchen preparing myself to what he will tell me... 101 is calling.

At the beginning every time, we check on one another and ask how things are done. We seem good at the beginning, then we feel slight change in our features, and at the end, our eyes became tired and hearts beating fast.

101: "Then came the promised day. They opened the door of solitary confinement and one shouted "Court!" and threw blue trousers and a shirt that no. 101 was written on its back.

They were in a plastic bag The prisoner asked me to be ready during counting to ten, and indeed, I did so as I was bare. Then he asked me to kneel and turn my face towards wall and my hands behind me, I did so without asking what has happened or why.

I used to be put a band and be led to investigation, but why clothes? I used to be bare.

After he had put a band on eyes, chained my hands, dragged me outside the room, and therefore he walked and dragged me about twenty meters, and after we ascended stairs that were thirty-five ones divided into two stairs according to my account-afterthat, I heard a sound of opening locks and of the scrape of opening the door. Then we arrived at an area that seemed to be out of the place where we were as I felt air touching my face.. There was a long time since the lat time nice air touched my face Temperatures differ from the cellar they got us out of. The prisoner stopped.

I heard the sound of operating the car engine. I know that sound. I know now what the matter is. I shall be driven away to another place. I lived those moments before by a different way and without clothes. The prisoner asked one another to left us into the car, then removed just the band from around my eyes as he said to him

"Remove the band from the prisoner eyes (101)" once he is inside the car, but keep the bands of others Do not release the ties of all, including 101.

After lifting us to the car and let me sit, he said to me "Stay like that till the car move", then he removed the band upon my eyes and turned my face towards the corner of the trunk. Now I know that I am no. 101 They called me with the name of the jail of solitary confinement, and then he departed.

The car moved for a quite space. I could not move. I glanced four persons who have bands on eyes and their hands chained behind like me. All wore shirts and white underpants that tend to yellow as they were old.

After the car moved for a short space, one asked: "who is 101 among us?".

It was not easy to say that I am so I kept silent.

He repeated the question: "who is 101? And why did they remove the band from your eyes?".

I answered carelessly: "It's me, and I don't know why they had removed the band from my eyes, but my hands chained behind as all".

Another one asked: "How many are here? As you are the only one who see us?".

I answered, "Four men and I'm the fifth".

Another asked: "Does anyone know where they will take us this time?".

A third person answered: "Sure, towards our inevitable end".

The first person said to him: "They have left his eyes opened to see our death and confess his deed, what a police plot".

Suddenly, the fourth entered: "Stop talking as guards beside the door may hear us, so that they might come beating us. We all shall die one day".

He kept silent, and we all kept silent.

Suddenly, the man who said 'towards our end' started to sing. He sang one of Fairouz's songs, which is 'O Distant Mountain! Behind you are our lovers'.

Then, I had a bad need to cry, but I preferred not to do that.

Moreover, I stayed crooning with voice seem to be not heard by anyone else but me.

He said again: "You have a nice voice", and kept silent.

The third said: "Shall we know our names?".

No one answered. he answered himself, saying: "It seems no. so keep yourselves as noodles here. That who is frightened does not usually obtain my respect, but we are in a situation that justifies fear for some. My name is Yasser and I don't fear to mention it. I have passed by the worst before". Then he kept silent.

The fourth of them who was bored with his repeated demand to keep silent: "Conserve your

championship for toursef, O ugly man. You will regret some day for your extravagant manhood". He leaned his head against the side of the car and behind his head. There was silence again.

During our discontinous silence, I was looking from a very small hole of a screw that may have fallen down during driving due to hard bumps. It was in the middle of car.

We are now in a prison car that was driving us to an unknown place. No one of us knows it. I looked at the sun, as I have not seen it since years. It is still warm and beautiful since I left it. The way was full of Oases of water behind and it seems rain on side. Sure, it is the winter or spring. One of men interrupts my distraction saying, "Do you see anyone else in that vile car?". I knew that he addreesed question to me as I am the only who enjoys the gift of sight. "No, we are alone", I answered in brief.

He said, "Isn't there electrocution instruments?".

"Neither it also", he said, "Thanks God".

Silence began to fill in the place whose temperature started to be high, as the car is totally made of iron and the sun's rays are vertical on it.

Someone asked: "Does any of you know which day or month now? As I stopped accounting after being transported from the collective dormitory, which the sun rays struck it lightly every morning. I relayed on that in counting days. I reached to thousand days then the count stopped".

The fourth who was nervous all the time answered: "We don't want to know. We have no need to that as it's the last day of our lives, you shouldn't come with us".

Again, we kept silent, and I did not interfere with their speech despite I sought to know the end day about which my fellows did not get bored to speak about. Now I remembered when I was

arrested. It was the last of March 2011. I remembered the day in the video I have recorded before being arrested. I wonder how long time after that day?

I asked the one who counted thousand days: "Did you really count thousand days? Do you remember your first day?".

"In the spring of 2012, I don't remember that day specifically. I stopped counting after being transported from the collective dormitory where I have seen neither the sun nor humans. I have been transported to solitary confinement under the ground, and I did not know any persons but the jailors who were throwing the food for me twice a day from a small window at the bottom of the door of the solitary confinement jail".

I said: "I was also in solitary confinement which had a small door at the bottom. I was arrested in March 2011. It seems that I have passed thousand days". He kept silent after that. There

was silence again. Perhaps their meeting has reduced the difficulty of meeting humans after that absence.

The car began to reduce its speed On the left side of the way, It has appeared unclearly for me, from the hole of a screw, a way of vine trees and pine trees.

One of the fellow travelers of that cursed way interrupted my thinking about that and said mocking: "It seems that we are at the end of our way".

The man, who was annoyed with our speech and was afraid of guards, shouted, "Keep silent before your fake speeches lead us to Hell which is inevitable with you".

The car stopped after slowing its speed. I looked from the hole to see an iron gate opened towards right. The car entered through the door into a sand space with no green therein. It was full of equipment of training and bodybuilding and had

military machines some of which are charred and others are parked randomly.

The car stopped in the space in front of a building that has stairs in front of it that lead in its high end to the basic entrance of the building".

101 kept silent to light a cigarette, and then said, "I'll go with Maria to meet our friends. A long time passed after the last meet with them, we'll continue in our next appointment".

"I hope you a happy soiree. I won't be tired of recording what we talked about today".

"That's better; we don't want any of us to be tired, my greetings to Bara'a".

"As I do every time, and you too ... Good bye".

"Good bye".

Skype conversation

Sunday, 16.07.2017

I received yesterday, as usual, a message from 101 who asked me to be ready for a conversation tomorrow, Sunday.

He wrote to me about admiring some pictures that I posted on facebook from Spain, in my visit with Bara'a to Palma Island since weeks.

I answered him that I would be ready tomorrow with Bara'a as I hope to meet Maria.

At the specific appointment on Sunday night at 6 p.m, I received a skype call from 101. I was waiting with Bara'a, while he was with Maria in the counterparty.

The beginning of speech was for women, as they recognized each other and expressed admiration for each other. Then they talked about their studies and dreams while we, I and 101, were smoking. They exchanged facebook accounts and agreed to be in continuous communication and to

complete their first speech which shall not be ended. They left us to speak about our special issues as I narrated about our trip and days therein and how I admired Spain culture. Therefore, he has explained to me his love to Spain and his work there with his father and friends and his pain to buy a house in Sevilla, and invited me to visit him at that time.

He surprised me by asking about my first collection of poetry 'For Every Female' that has been published in Egypt. He expressed admiration of the cover and blamed me of not telling him about it despite our agreement to finance the work. I told him that my friend here helped me beside a good offer from a publication house, so I could not miss them.

I apologized for not telling him as I knew he was always busy and I was also very busy in collecting poems, arranging them, communicating with publication house, and

waiting my collection of poems to arrive to Norway. Then I promised him to send him soon a signed copy. He was happy and forgave me for what I did with him, and returned to complete his speech.

101: "I spent years in different places. In every time in which I was transported to a new place, I lived the same experiment but this time is different for all its details".

Four men ascended in order for each one of them to bring one of the four fellow travelers. The last one asked me to follow him alone. We stepped down consecutively from the car.... I was the last one.

The sun was quietly in the middle of the sky. There was no strong heat. I heard calling of the Azan of prayer from a long distance. A flock of pigeons was flying above the palace. It was the first time for me to stand under the sky since a long time.

I kneeled down and rose my towards the heaven to let the sun touch my face with all its tenderness, and I said: "O God!".

A guard with sport civilian clothes came to me and dragged me from my shirt from the back. I stood on my feet. He asked me "You missed the sun oh babied?". I said: "I'm sorry", and kept silent.

I have been entered into the building in a way that differs from that of those of the four fellow travelers. They have been beated, kicked, accused with betrayal and they were addressed vulgar insults.

As we enterd the internal yard which was full of guards on the both sides, as if they were in the way to war, some of them were wearing a mask that was hiding the face and wearing sunglasses to hide their eyes.

They were different in tall and size, but similar in clothing. Many weapons circled their bodies and

palted suits. I saw the bullet stores on their chests, and on their legs above trousers there were tall knives that glittered because of their severity.

A glance at them for moments, without anyone's observation, was enough to see all that.

Fellow travelers have been leaded to a room on the right side from the main door we entered from, I have been leaded to enter another room on the left side written on its door (The divan). He put the band on my eyes before knocking the door and asking for entering.

As we entered, one of the guards released the chains from the back, and asked me to open my mouth and extend my tongue.... I thought for a while that my tongue will be cut here and that they were the last moments of my life. Why did they put the band and released the chains?

No one asked me before to get my tongue out of my mouth by that way. The band on my eyes was

not firm so I could count three different couples of shoes around me.

There were more than three sounds, but they were far from the field of vision provided by the band. Indeed, I extended my tongue. At that time, one of them removed the band from my eyes for a while, as he wanted me to see his face clearly, while he was beating my tongue with a match he was wearing. He beated my tongue strongly before withdrawing it again for fear of beating me again and then cutting my tongue. I shouted loudly of pain. He said in a challenging way: "Let me hear that you returned to taking photos and writing, then I'll get your mother and you'll see what I'll do with her". He looked proudly to his friends and added: "Bring that stupid down; he won't be here for a long time".

After minutes and before returning the band to my eyes, and while the guards were receiving me, one of them asked me to check all my objects

that were with me. I did not believe what I saw, although I forgot all my objects I had when they arrested me, It was written above the paper "Top secret, Monday 23/3/2015", ... Yes sir, all my objects are here.

I said that very spontaneously while I was looking at the date and thinking of 2015.

I said yes, even if there were the half, even if I shall not find any of my purpose. I'll say yes for that they all are here. Four years passed in prison.

He ordered me to make a fingerprint on the paper of my property.

I did what he said with my thumb and I could reach it.

One returned the band upon my eyes. I waited, and then one asked "Do you want money?".

I answered, "How will I need money while I am in prison?".

He said with sadness: "Here you can use money to buy some food to live, Do you need them or not?".

"Yes sir, I want.. Thank you!", I answered and then kept silent.

"Take it, this is your money", and he put it in my pocket and I didn't know how much money he put. He looked directly to my eyes as if he was sorry for what happened.

Then he walked with me towards the door we entered through. The door that I entered with his fellow was only a few steps away. There, it was the severe slap.

There was a mirror on the wall near to the door as we all came closer to it. When we were in front of it, I pretended to cough to stand in front of it to see how I was after all these years. I wished I didn't do that as my beard and hair were long and very dense... Four years without a cut and shaving. My eyes were sunken and there

were marks of old wounds above my eyes. The jailor understood why I have coughed and let me for two minutes to see myself, and then he put the band upon my eyes and dragged me towards the door and to a place that I did not know. Suddenly he let me alone. One shouted laughing and kicked me in my belly to steep down quickly towards the cellar. After few minutes, I found myself lying on the ground shouting with pain and watching what would happen.

He stepped down the stairs and removed the leather band from my eyes. That band was similar to the horse band and left me extended. Afterthat, he opened an iron door that had, in the middle, a small gray window divided into four triangles, and "Investigation 6" was written on it. As soon as the door opened, I saw a big group of men wearing just underwear and relying their backs on the wall that appeared from doorframe. The front side of men are hidden.

Then he backed to drag me and threw me from the door on the feet of the men behind the door.

I stood after the door was closed and returned back to rest my back on it and dragged my knees towards my body and held them by my hands. I walked around with a look for men's faces here. They were sitting in a room connected, at the end of it, to another room and at the middle on the left, there was a door that leads to another room.

I am that who has lived four years without sharing my room with anyone. I saw all of them as a whole. Some looked at my piteously, and others did not care about me. No one approached me as it was obvious that I was in fear, confusion, and anxiety. I took a long breath and it was not heard by others. Then I stood slowly beside the door. I tried to walk in the room stepping between the feet of people who returned to sleep after the door had been closed,

as they knew that it was over, at least now. All gazed at me with astonishment of my blue clothes and the number written on the shirt. They were wearing white and black. Some have bulgy eyes and their sternums were as if they were out of their places because they were clear despite of the little light in the place.

I looked closer at some bodies in the corridor.

They were bodies that had circles because of the many colored spots and grains on their bodies. There were some that blood was still on their face or on some organ of his body. All were tired and afraid at the same time.

Suddenly, there was a loud scream coming from a place I didn't know. I was stuck to the ground. Some people were asleep got up due to the strong voice. The voice was repeated as there was someone has been tortured in a place here. Each returned to his place. I heard whispers

while I was passing corridor between feet. It was one of the longest moments here.

Suddenly, one came out to the door of the room, which I was directing to. He came towards me saying, "Thanks God for your safety".

I didn't know which safety he spoken about, as all faces had no safety.

I said amazing as I turned around "God bless you".

"Are you a soldier or civilian?!", He asked me whispering while he looked around, as he wanted no one to hear our speech.

"I'm a civilian", I answered while I was searching for a place to relieve myself, for such a thing that comes in unsuitable times. I speak about the toilet.

He asked me "Do you search for anything?".

"Is here a toilet?", I said with childish politeness:

"Yes!", as I have not known his mood yet.

"Yes, it is over there at the corner". He permitted me to enter the room on the left while I was walking inside. I entered the room. Its space was about 20 m².. The walls length was about 4 meters. At the end, near to the ceiling, there were ventilation ducts that light and air get through. I knew later that they were closed outside by sand bags that keep sound unclear for those who are below. In the corner, there were two doors and I understood that there were bathrooms. I headed towards it trying not to steep on any foot, God forbid!

On my way to bathroom, I investigated the faces here despite the soft light. They were all tired faces that seemed having not seen the sun for a long time, as I have not. Their bodies are like the bodies of those who were in the corridor; as the effects of severe torture are obvious. The attendance were divided into groups. While I was passing beside one group near to the

bathroom and under the light in this room, the light was not in the middle of the room but nearest to the above of bathroom. Such light has been intended to light only that space. I heard their hopes of getting out from here. They were speaking somehow loudly, but they reduced their voices when they were sure that they did not know me.

I walked arriving to the free space that hardly reached three meters in front of the bathroom. The place here is more cold and smells nicer than there, near the door. Despite it is near the bathrooms, but the extractors' openings that were above bathroom got draught around the near place so air changed and temprature. The place became clearer as we approched the bathroom.

I entered the bathroom but I could not do anything despite my bad need for that. I seemed that I was searching for a place to be alone, even

if for minutes. I need some while to be alone. I started bawling, as I was close to get angry with every thing. Nothing is good here. I tried a lot to stop crying and at least to urinate. I opened the water to run to decrease my sadness as I missed to see water running. I hit my face with water many times to hide tears that were on my long beard. I did all that in less than a minute as it was almost the longest minute in my life.

One knocked the door: "Let's go, my friend!".

"Yes, I'll come out immediately", I answered while I raised my trousers and was ready to stand".

The three walls were full of writing, names, memories, and hopes. I spoke to the one who was waiting for me outside "I began to doubt that all the world population passed here because of much words". He laughed, saying: "You have a sense of humor". I got out while I was tying the waistband outside the room,

having fear of being late for the man whom I did not know before, neither did he.

He said to me with mockery "Bless you!", .. "Wait for me here, I'll say something to you", he added. Then he entered bathroom. At that moment, I could say nothing, whether I will wait or not, or anything else. I said nothing. I stood waiting for his great exit. He seemed to be older than I was. He seemed to be kind and quite. I thought that. He was wearing a leather watch on his left hand and a silver circle around his neck.

He started to sing in the bathroom with a voice that could not be heard from anyone with the exception of those who were sitting in the hall in front of the bathroom under the light. Honestly, he had a nice voice, but I became almost frozen, with fear that guards would come and make what they want with us, or I was thinking about that. He got out and came towards me while he wipes his hand with his inner shirt that was

somehow yellow. Then he said to me in a tone that was similar to an investigation more than knowing each another, "Where are you from?".

I said from downtown. I answered while I was turning with him towards the corner in front of the second bathroom which was near to the end of the room.

"Come on, have a seat with us", he said while he was sitting leaning against the wall. "Thank you!", I said that and did as he did. I asked him, "Where are you from?". "From the capital", he said and asked me cautiously, "What is your name?". "My name is 101, and you?", I asked him quietly and with a tone that seemed to be in comfort as we were in a quiet place. His features were full of astonishment. He tried to accept things as they were, and looked around to address the speech to him saying, "That may sometimes happen but it shall not be continuous as pain is temporary and proudness is

permanent. "My name is George", he answered immediately and then asked: "Is there any problem with that?".

I did not understand the question as it was near to mockery, so I sked him to clarify: "Could you illustrate more? I don't understand what you mean with proplem!".

"Of course, I have no problem with your name as we are here in the same disgusting place. I am almost sure that no one of us know where we are. Sure, names will have no sense". I think that I spoke loudly that's why some looked at me, so George waved to them by hand and head that there is nothing or something like that, so they returned to what there were doing.

A third person, who had a wide mustache and a well-bordered beard, wearin a ring and was sitting beside George has interfered: "No, but there is a difference, he who has a Christian name does not receive a lot of beating

considering that the government has a good relation with Christians as they are not of those who rebel against the government. Our friend George was studying law and did not join the army ... They will take him to perform the military service. He has not been tortured like us. We should remain silent".

I looked at George to find him nodding his head for me, and accepting the speech of the third person. The man with the mustache said: "My name is Ali. I had no relation with what has happened. I was on my way to the university and I was arrested under the pretext that I finance terrorists who do military operations against the government. Can you imagine that!", he said that and looked at the watch he was wearing and continued, "But the truth is that my father is in contest with the government, and that is due to the disagreement of the government with one of its citizens".

I asked him, "At least, you can know time here, you are more fortunate than others, show some gratefulness, and are that has meaning here also? Names and reasons?".

Ali: "Of course, my friend 101: "Sorry, I heard you telling George your name. Everything here is similar to outside but with a different rate, everything is carefully calculated".

Then he kept silent and looked at George.

George looked at me and said, "Could I ask you a question?", he appeared shy of what he is going to demand.

"Sure, here you are".

"Have you money?".

"You mean here?". "Yes, in your pocket? Do you know that you are entitled to bring money with you at this phase?", then he kept silent.

"Which phase do you speak about? I have some that was with me before prison when I have been arrested. They gave it to me once I have

arrived here as I am coming from different prisons I was therein for four years with the same clothes. That period was like a hell for the severe torture therein. They said to me that I am on my way to the court. Then we came here. Yes, they left me some money. Let me ask, what is the benefit of money here? How and when has it been used?".

Ali with the mustache looked at me and said, "The prison here is different from prisons you were in, but anyway it's a prison. But you can keep some money to buy a sandwich or a teapot if you want". Few minutes of silence after uttering the word tea and the attention of some has been directed towards us, because of mentioning that word.

I broke that silence, and I was amazed: "O my God is that right? Is there tea at the prison?".

I asked them and tears were about to fall.

George looked at me and said: "If you have 250, I'll buy you the nicest teapot. I will make a surprise for you, five hours after the having the teapot. What about that?".

"Sure, I agree. Whereas you said 'hour', could I ask you: What is the time now? As I have not asked time since years as long answering girls about time to become acquainted. George smiled while he looked at me and said: "How naughty you are, the time is 4 p.m".

I said to him: "I heard them outside saying that I won't stay here for a long time, I don't know if I'll stay for five hours. The police officer who let me enter them said that they would prepare for meeting the judge. I have been tired. How long have you been here George?", I asked while I was checking the place corners far from light, and was trying to count the number of the attendance.

"From about seven months".

Then Ali continued, "From about two months, I'm the last one to arrive", then he kept silent and looked at the clock despite George said it was four from a while as if there was something happen at that time. He said, "The time is 4 p.m", then he kept silent.

George looked at me and said: "Before you asked me about time, I had asked you whether you have money or not, is that right?".

I said yes all right, so he said: "At four o'clock, it is the time of opening the restaurant. At that time, we can order what we want. Give me 250, It's time to demand tea. You are the newest to arrive. There is no one here has money but you. I can talk to the jailor to secure that. I'll say to him that the new prisoner has money. He got bored with us as we have no more money". I put my hand into my pocket and got out the whole amount I had. He took the amount he demanded..

Then I got out the same amount to buy us falafel sandwiches as well.

I had in my pocket what equals fifty dollars of the local currency. Some of them were paper and others were iron. I said: "I had this money when I was on the roof, the day I have been arrested. They didn't steal it. How generous they are".

Ali: They do so with some, not with all. I was lucky, It is with us here!". He laughed.

George ran towards the door avoiding stepping on the feet of the prisoners sleeping the clothes, or even on the tiled floor.

He knocked the door three times, so the guard answered aggressively with a mocking manner and continued his speech with insults: "What do you want, O donkey?".

"I'm George, sir. I want to demand a teapot and three sandwiches".

He opened the window and said: "Give me money, and wait an hour".

George turned back after he gave him money from the door opening. About ten tall men of medium age followed him. You may see them as one man because of the similarity of their tired and faces.

"We'll wait an hour". George said while he sat beside me in the corner of the wall between Ali and me.

Then Ali began his speech about me directing it towards the space in the room, I remember his saying: "Sometimes, man may find himself forced to be creative to continue his life, and that is what we do here. We have invented new methods every day to face the difficulty of being here. I have never seen anyone who goes to prison by himself".

George looked at him with hope and a light smile: "Imagine that we'll get out someday from here to see the life after that period of absence!".

Ali didn't care about what George said and continued: "I would ask about the events outside if you did not say that you have been here since four years. What did you do to be arrested?", then 101e kept silent.

Then I knew that he would stop here, so I preceded him and said:

"I began to love George a little. He seems to be somehow wise. We'll stop here as I'll write it during the next waiting period".

"How naughty you are, Hassan. You knew that I wanted to stop".

"I felt that when you drank water".

"Do you feel stability you searched for before marriage?".

"I don't know how to answer, but there is a great change in my life after marriage. It was a complete change, believe me! I consider it as an experiment and I want to live it sincerely".

"Maybe Bara'a charmed your heart, O poet!".

"Any girl can steal the heart of any young man.. Don't forget my previous saying to you: Happy wife means happy life".

"I hope you all success for ever. I hope to meet you here or anywhere. I' ll leave you to return back to your wife. Apologize for her for the delay".

"Don't worry, my friend. She'll understand. I'm so happy that you tell me all of that".

"Take care of yourself, good bye!".

"You too, good bye!".

Skype conversation

Sunday, 17.09.2017

About two months had passed since the last conversation between 101 and me. As usual, I'd listen to every conversation again after I recorded it. Every time I'd listen to him, I became sad and upset because of what he had gone through. How grieved he was. I thought about this rough country and about myself, as I had suffered from injustice and gone through most of what he told me before. Why was I forced to do that? Did I really need to listen to stories of detainees?

Wasn't it better for me to forget what I had been through, and let it become history? what would I gain from writing this story? The story of prisoner 101? What would it add to a world full of stories like this story or even tougher? All what I knew that I wouldn't stop tracking these stories about former prisoners, as I might find a

common thing about the idea of prisons. Why did humans need prisons? Weren't these places for redeeming people who commit mistakes against others and themselves? However, in our nations, prisons were almost the perfect place for creating criminals. Very few prisoners would become better, or return better to society than before. They might learn a skill or continue their education. Each prisoner would differ from others in the cause and term of his sentence to prison, how he would serve it and how he would get over it after its end. That'd be what I wanted to get at.

How could a former prisoner get back into his normal life after his release? And in case that he was unjustly imprisoned or at least he thought that he hadn't deserve to go to prison, be imprisoned for that long or being tortured that much. Weren't prisoners allowed to feel?

Was it forbidden for prisoners to feel unjust because of what they had been through? How would prisoners react with the society?

101 wrote a message for me yesterday asking if I'd like to chat with him on Sunday. Of course, I answered that I had much time for that. Actually, I dedicated much of my time to his conversations and to write all what he would say. I hope that what I write today would reach more and more people and that humanity would know about prisoners' lives in prison, or at least, it would raise the level of knowledge about life in prison and its impact on prisoners particularly.

On the time of our conversation, I was waiting for 101 with a bottle of cold beer.

My wife was visiting her friend.

We spoke a little about our daily life and day to day cares, then we discussed his business. Afterthat, we spoke about our families that lift their countries for nearly the same reasons. My

family either had chosen Lebanon as asylum country. They had opened a restaurant in Beirut and they are living on its earnings. We remembered together where he stopped last time, when I asked him about the cause of his arrest.

101: "I looked at Ali and said: I saw the date of today by chance on the trusts paper", while George was rubbing olive at the floor of the room. I said, "I was arrested while I was escaping through the roof of our building after our neighborhood was attacked by foreign forces, I was carrying my camera and photographing equipment, as I was a journalist. I had hid the equipment at our neighbors' flat, and then I returned to the roof. I got trapped there and arrested. It was very miserable. Many innocent people were killed in the exchanging shell between forces who struggle for power. This war is so cursed! I had stayed in solitary

confinements of different sizes and they were always with the number 101. I had liked working as a field journalist who documents his country destruction". I gulped trying to collect myself and said: "imagine if the war was ended four years ago?", and went silent.

"We wouldn't be here together". George said that, while he was rubbing olive stones from their edge and their middle at the floor. He seemed that he had heard all what I had said to Ali.

I asked George curiously, "What are you doing, and why are you doing this?".

Ali looked at me and said, "George is religious, he is making his own rosaries from olive stones. All prisoners taught each other how to make rosaries from olive stones".

Then he went silent when George was about to add something, or comment on what Ali had said, he added, "in fact, you need 33 olive stones

to make a small rosary, each one of us gets 3 stones every two days, and we are here about 100 prisoner in these two rooms and the corridor. Imagine how accurate they are! Therefore, each 11 prisoner can make one rosary from their own olive stones, every two days.

I asked him while I was carrying one of the olive stones with my finger, "How is that?".

He said, "Each one rubs his olive stones at the floor from their sides, to uncover their core that contain a hole and a removable substance, we remove it with an iron tape that we've got from the window. So, we empty their cores from their contents and collect them by a thread from a shirt, trousers, or any piece of clothes. We rub the thread with soup when we get it to stick them together. Afterthat, we put the stones in the thread and tie the ends to have a rosary. And so on, each 11 prisoners need 363 olive stones to

make their own rosaries and you can divide the number on days and people here".

At that point Ali interrupted him saying, "He told me the same story and taught me how to make it on my first day here, but I'm not as religious as he is and I'm not used to rosaries. If anyone comes after you, he'll teach him as he thinks that rosaries and prayers will get us out of here. By the way, the tea is about to arrive".

Then he looked at me strangely and told me in sad voice: "Our country has gone through the hardest times. You're lucky you didn't see any of this. There is nothing like watching your country living a disaster".

George didn't like Ali's words, so he said to him, "All what happened was because of injustice. If we had judged with justice between us as justice is the base of everything, we would've avoided shedding much blood, but we did the value of human lives; we are savage people. No victory

without sacrifice. A fair country would protect its sons and wouldn't let them fight, we don't have a country like that.

The worst will happen if the people stayed that way".

Ali: "Believe me 101, things could've been better if people had sat together and found solution to their problems. All battles that happened, all the time, every now and then. How many prisoners became victims because of them? How many children became orphans? I heard that the new president would make reforms, soon.

I couldn't believe what I heard. A new president? So I asked about his name and qualifications.

Ali: "it seems that we have to tell you about that, you had spent a long time in their dark prisons. The new president was an old opponent for the previous government. Parties that were formed after the fall of the old Parliament elected him. The revolution did not win as you might think.

They agreed on a solution between them, and people accepted it to protect the country from more destruction and endless wars".

It was as if I was hit by thunder. What Ali had said wasn't easy for me to accept. Do you understand Hassan? Then he stopped talking to drink water.

"Ofcoure, it wasn't easy to hear that words, I agree with you".

101: "then George wanted to say something".

George: "He is like his predecessors. At first, it will appear that it is the best solution for the country, and then he'll become the new dictator of the country. Believe me, they are no good, they are all bastards".

Ali: "The new government has issued a number of new decrees and legislations which give space of freedom and kind of democracy in voting. However, they rose the prices directly afterthat and stopped governmental support for some

services or foods. They want it to be a country for rich only, that's what I heard".

George: "the rich will be the first get benefits, as they are in good relations with the authorities. The poor will be poorer".

It seemed that Ali and George are friends and apparently, they have strong and old friendship, and not from only two months, the period Ali had spent until now.

Ali: "During war, I had seen things that I couldn't have seen if I had traveled abroad as my mother wanted. I wish I had travelled. I could have been a famous football player and had many fans"..

and he said nothing.

George said, "We all need to believe that someone will save us all. I think that if we just believed that there would be a day after this life that is called the day of justice, and all the unjust people shall be punished. That makes me feel comfortable, that's my philosophy in life, I

argued with Ali a lot about that but he refused to listen to me".

Then he stopped talking and returned to rub the olive stones.

Few minutes later, we heard the guard shouting: "George, son of bitch, come and take your order". George ran quickly towards the door and one of the men who approached us after George had returned from ordering what he had wanted ran with him.

George said, "It has arrived in less than an hour", in a happy sarcastic way.

Tea arrived in a silver aluminum teapot with three Lipton teabags hanging from its edge. The sandwiches and the cola cans were together in nylon bag. The sandwiches were covered with brown papers like the old print papers. George put them beside him. Suddenly, at the middle, there were three empty old nylon water bottles

that had been cut from the middle to be like a drinking cups.

I interrupted, in amazement, that scene that I haven't seen for years "Is that real, Would you believe me if I said that I have forgotten the smell of tea? You are in quiet a blessing!".

Ali answered me while he was opening the teapot cover "We ran out of money here because we were buying food because they don't have much food, or that what they made us think to use all our money at one time, and families visits are not allowed here. Then they returned to get us two meals like before. You need to pay for every thing and manage yourself.

He put the cover on the floor after he had shacked the teabags in the teapot, so the tea would become thicker. He took the bags out of the teapot and began to squeeze them on the top of it. Then He and George exchanged a happy look as if they had found the far trasure.

George said, "Ali returned to be naughty again! Do you know, 101 that what you will see now is Ali's own invention? No one could do this before he came; they had thrown many tea pockets without using it properly. They had wasted them, until Ali came, as he was sent from heaven for our sakes.

"What will he do next?", I wanted to know, in greed.

"I'll let him tell you by himself. Now, it's the time for door patrol, see you soon", then he walked away.

Ali was still squeezing the teabags, then he opened the bags and emptied them over some old sandwich paper that he had kept in his jacket. After he had finished emptying tea from the bags into the paper, he scrubbed the tea inside the paper as if he was dehydrating tea. He repeated that many times on different papers,

then he left tea on the last paper, and went to the toilet".

101 stopped to light a cigarette. There was excitement on his face.

I said to him, "It's the same mechanism that Syrians use to make their rosaries in prisons. I had learnt that in prison 248, I was taught by old prisoners there. I stayed also for 65 days in solitary confinements until I was transported to a dormitory. I know exactly the feeling of seeing people after being alone for a while, and I know exactly what Ali would do. Continue, please".

101: "Of course you know, as you had one. I couldn't control myself despite being very tired I wanted to lay down very much after George had left to patrol the door for a reason I don't know till now but I didn't know the reason for tea dehydration. I looked at Ali and asked him, "where are you going?".

He said, "I'll set on the toilet wall near the window and light, then I'll bring the tea near the light for three hours to dry from the heat of the lamp and air stream. Afterthat, I will go back next to you and tell you the rest of details. You can take a rest in our places, the three of us. Drink your tea and get some rest. If I were you, I wouldn't miss the chance of resting on three tiles. It's such luxury and dissipation, as our father George says".

Then he stopped while he was hanging his hand in the air to let the orange yellow light to be on the tea to dehydrate it with help of the air stream coming from the ventilating fan and the window behind him that led to the top of the building, as Ali had said.

"I swear to you 101, I had seen the same scene in a military prison in Syria, they were doing the same steps as Ali did. Is that the common human ability of innovation?".

101: "Yes, it is. I sat thinking by myself, Did I have to use this space for me only and take Ali' advice?".

Now I understood the importance of what they had done and patrolling the door.

Ali didn't want to tell before three hours. Would I leave George alone in patrol? he, absolutly had someone to speak with near the door. Yes, I would sleep and get some rest.

I fall a sleep immediatly after I had put my head on George's pillow, as I hadn't slept while my legs were streatching like that, for years. My legs were folded to my body all the time, as the solitary confinements were too small and narrow. Now that I used to have people around me again, as being surrounded with people makes you feel safe. I slept deeply because I was very tired.

I woke up on the sound of the door opening and cooking pots clanking in the area in front of the door that I came from.

"The food has arrived". Ali said to me while he was getting down of the wall.

He sat beside me waiting for George to come back with food for the group.

He said: guards divide food here into groups; each group is contains 11 men. They have a relatively big round deep plastic dish where the guard pours food in for the group leader and gives him a nylon bag contains 22 loaves of bread and another bag contains 33 olives, each one gets 3 olives and two loaves of bread.

"Olive is the most important meal served in our Arab countries' prisons; I have been eating it for seven months".

101: "The meal of that day was rice and okra with marinara sauce. He poured the rice in the deep dish and okra above it and gave the group

leaders, who stood in line regularly, the nylon bags.

He continued while we were looking at the door from where we were sitting and he was hiding the dried tea under his jacket: "You don't hear any voice in the dormitory when the guard is standing near the door distributing food, otherwise there will be no food for any one who makes noise".

George came back with the dish and the smell of okra spread all over the cellar. When the groups' leaders spread with food dishes, the prisoners wake up to take their last meal of the day.

George sat in the corner and the group that he had been ordered to be their leader sat around him, as I knew later.

He gave a loaf of bread for everyone, and left the rest in the bag. George said, "I have told the guard that you joined us in our group today and asked him to increase the bread quantity, but he

refused because he claimed that you weren't registered in food records, and that you wouldn't stay here, so we'll give you a piece from each loaf of bread. Do you have any objection on that decision?".

I said to him, "I can eat falafel sandwich, do not worry".

Ali interfered: "No, you can't. we should leave them when we get hungry later. There are one loaf of board and three olives for each of us, you can consider this as a food supply from now until 8 a.m, tomorrow".

George interrupted him saying: "We'll pray now to be rescued from here and return to our families safe and sound. We should thank God for that food ... Amen".

We all began to eat after I had understood that this distribution guarantees two meals for each prisoner daily. Once we had finished food, the group turned around itself to hide Ali in the

corner. He exchanged places with George. Then he got the dried tea out in the sandwich paper. He began to cut the paper into small pieces almost like tobacco papers. Actually, he didn't like my journalistic analysis, but a few time is left to make sure.

Ali looked at me and said, "I told you that man uses his personal innovations when he needs to. Who could occur to him that dehydrating tea under orange light for three hours and cutting sandwich papers into pieces like cigarette papers, and then putting tea in the papers like tobacco. Who could think of that if we weren't here?

He ended his speech while he was looking at me as if he was waiting for an answer for his question.

I said while I was feeling insulted "Actually, I don't know. I was in solitary confinements along that period and I couldn't do anything at all as I

had nothing from what you have now. You are in five star hotel. Could you think of that if you were exposed to electric shocks? I was peeing one time a day and drinking from toilet tap then I went back to my solitary confinement. Could you think of anything but suicide?

I was directing my speech to Ali who began rolling the dried tea on the paper like cigarettes. It looked like a real cigarette at first sight. I thought that I had forgotten things names while the rest of the group were eating the last meal of the day.

Ali finished rolling the cigarette made of dried tea for three hours and of sandwich papers, he had kept. Here was a cigarette between his fingers, and another one rolled by George. They put the remains of the dried tea and papers in a nylon bag then they tied it by colourless thread. Afterthat, Ali asked me: "Do you know where we will hide that treasure?".

I answered in amazement and happiness, "No, excuse me. I don't know everything here, like you".

The group laughed lightly as they heard my silly answer. One of them said, I knew that his name was Hisham later, "you'll know, soon". Once George had ended tying up the bag, he passed it to another prisoner sitting on the right side. He took the small bag from George, and then turned to the wall with his back to the room. I was watching what was happening without saying a word. Then, I saw him trying to put the bag into his mouth. He raised his head looking towards the ceiling and started to put the bag slowly into his mouth. I almost couldn't believe that.

I opened my eyes and mouth widely. That only happened in circus and with swords. However, it really happened in front of me. He entered the bag until it reached his stomach, and then he tied the thread to the corner of one of his teeth. He

told me later about what he had done. He said, I enter the bag slowly into my mouth and let it slip into my stomach, and then I leave the thread tied here between the biggest of my teeth so I can get it out when I need. I learned that from a former prisoner as he had hid a smuggled razor box in his stomach. They used the razors in the first disobey they had done. They didn't succeed in escaping from here, but at least they had tried". Then he said nothing.

Now, it's time for lighting a cigarette.

we were hearing sounds of explosions from time to time, some of them were near and some others were far. We couldn't know neither their places nor what had actually happened. As soon as, we heard the sound of great explosion before lighting a cigarette, I told Ali: whenever I hear the sounds of explosions, I remember the explosions that I used to photograph. I can't even

get the scene of victims and body parts out of my head. I was crying when I was taking photos.

An overwhelming sense stroke me and I felt like crying very much, but I got over it. I continued, "I took photos of them and wrote about them. When I hear voices of people being tortured at the other side of the door of our dormitories, I feel how much I was in pain when I had been tortured. I'm wrong again. Of course, there were others hearing my voice but couldn't see me.

Ali put his hand on my shoulder and said, "We will speak about that later, I promise you".

While I was greedily watching the innovations that had been created in prison, I said, "I felt the bitterness of being alone in narrow and thick walls which were carved by the nails of former prisoners. I was hardly reading what they had written about their dreams and hopes, in the poor light. I felt sad for being lonely all these four years, and now prison had another meaning

after I had spent these few hours with you. I had been meeting only guards and investigators during these years, going from and into investigation rooms and being tortured with different torture machines, you must know them very well like me or you were told about them by former prisoners. I wish I knew the names of places that they put me in. Long days were passing before some one would come and investigate with me. They would open the door and throw a boiled potatoes and cucumber. I have been eating boiled potatoes and green raw cucumber for months. In the second prison, they were feeding me tomatoes and apples, and in the third prison, they served me boiled hommos and crushed wheat, as well. It was quiet months.

They were all looking at me and waiting for me to end my speech, as their eyes were widely open and shocked because of what they had heard. Some of them were crying and saying "I

haven't gone through this", other added, "they did that to me", and another one said, "Bastards". Some of them thought that I was exaggerating because they hadn't been tortured at all as they told me later. Prisons, and how do you know prisons.

Suddenly, Ali and George looked at me at the same time as if they had agreed to say one sentence together, "Have you finished your speech, 101? we have got a date to kiss these beautiful girls".

They referred together with their eyes to the tea cigarettes they had rolled.

Then, Ali said, "come with me". I Said, "Aren't you afraid that I might be a detective who works with the government and I'm here to spy on you?".

He then looked at me with a vague look and said, "first, you aren't wearing a wig, you look like us, you haven't seen your body without clothes,

birds of a feather flock together. If we thought about you like that, we wouldn't have shared with you our greatest secrets here. Anyway, we saw your body when you were asleep, sorry, we are in prison, 101. Wait a second, we are not afraid because we were arrested several times when we had had money.

They can even stop that by preventing us from getting tea or sandwiches, but they know well that they should leave us violate the law, a little bit. Otherwise, people would never wait for new prisoners as they might become crazy.

Then he poured tea in the nylon water glasses that look like three cups. All the group would drink in them. Then he left his cup and said, "Follow me".

Then we entered the bathroom. Have I ever told you that the bathroom doesn't have a ceiling?

"No. You haven't told me. It is exactly the same as the bathroom that we used in prison".

101: "It seemed that I had accidently forgotten that. Because of there were many and quick events, and my desire to describe it in details later. That's why I didn't tell you.

The bathroom, the toilet, is about one meter square. It has a tap and a bucket that you fill with water to wash your rear part after you had emptied your load in a hole between your legs. Although the walls had a lot of writings on it by different colored pens, but the color of moldiness on its edges seemed very obvious. It was not without some cockroaches that came from time to time and sometimes I see rats. While I was inspecting the place and preparing myself to go up behind Ali, he said to me: "One of us wake up one day and found that a rat was eating his toes that was near the door. Then he died many days later because of the torture that he was exposed to when he had knocked the door several times trying to ask for treatment.

The guard's house was destroyed at that time because of one of the groups had bombed it and his brother died in the army forces, as he told George later. he had hit Yasser.

He stopped talking. His name was Qasem.

I climbed the wall behind him doing exactly as he put his foot on the tap and lifted his body through the hole caused by the non-existent ceilings? I saw him then putting his hand on the wall edge above the door trying to fixate himself. Then he put the cigarette in his mouth and get it near from the light. Now, I see the cigarette attached to the light through the window pinholes around it. It ignites. I couldn't believe what had happened. I shouted: Oh, my God. Does that make sense?

George laughed while he was setting with his friends in the bathroom area waiting for their turn. He looked at me, while the cigarette was lit in his mouth and the smoke was emitted from it.

I said: "It was the same as any Marlboro cigarette. Oh, my god".

Ali took two drags from the cigarette and passed it to me. Here I am holding a cigarette after four years of smoking cessation. I said before I put it in my mouth: "I used to smoke all the time!", And before I put it in my mouth again, I looked towards Ali who seemed to be drunk and I said:

"I used to smoke with my girlfriend. I don't know anything about her now", And I went silent.

I look towards the cigarette and Ali looked towards me. I hesitate for a moment. Then Ali shouts in my face: "Hurry up, don't waste our time".

"Immediately!". I said that and put the cigarette in my mouth, took my first drag with people again after being lonely for four years. So the smoke entered into my lungs and its effect spread after seconds of my drag. I did it again and this time was with a longer and stronger

drag. I was sure that I dragged with all my strength.

I gave it back to Ali who pointed to a third young man to climb up towards us.

The young man climbed immediately with the same method and he sat on the wall between two toilets. He had his share and returned to his place at the bottom. The first cigarette finished like that and there were two drags or more left from it. Ali said: "Because that you paid the price of the tea pot and I dried the tea and rolled the cigarette. We have the right, according to the law to take the end of the cigarette for ourselves. What do you think about that? There are laws even in prison.

I said: "One feels after being away from people that they aren't able to adapt as I was feeling all the time. But it seemed that I was wrong. Laws are valid for every place. Why not? Give me".

I took my drag that I was promised for, and then Ali took a drag and we threw the stub in the toilet after our descending with a complicity sight. Six persons had smoked the cigarette. Four of them were tottering now in front of me because they wanted to sleep so much.

I seem to be like them. That was happiness that you needed to sleep after!

Then George climbed with our friend who hid the things in his stomach, and all the group followed. And as it was for us, George and his friend who had hidden the rolling tools. They took two additional drags for their role in the process. What a beautiful law!

All of the people finished their meals and their usual conversations after eating, as they had the energy. We also finished smoking cigarettes and we gathered in the area in front of the bathrooms around each other.

George looked at me and said: "Days are like each other here. People were used to the situation here. We were tired. Troubles usually happen in the other room, so the guards come and get the one who causes these troubles out and they punish him in the area in front of the door to, so everyone in the two rooms and corridor see him".

Ali said: "The solitary confinements are in the opposite side to us. The one who causes troubles or begins a quarrel with someone, is punished". And he pointed with his hand to his friend who sat in front of him and said: "Hamoud was there once, because he hit a country detective. He was punished in solitary confinement for a month, then they returned him".

Hamoud looked towards me and said: "He deserved to be hit. I'm here again and he was of course he was moved to another room after he was discovered".

Hamoud asked me: "How did you spend the prison years,101? I was here for nine months. We know the days and the time and everything about the outside, when a new prisoner comes. Tell us". And he stopped talking and waited for my answer.

I said: "Do we have a pen here?".

Ali answered: "Yes, man. We are the owners of papers and pens, here. Wait a second".

Then he put his hand in a jacket that was near him all the time. He got out a pen and a sandwich paper out of it and gave them to me".

I started saying: "As I knew now how many years I had spent there in the former prisons, I can divide food in the first two years to:

A cucumber and boiled potato a day. A chicken thigh with one loaf of bread or a piece of meat with one loaf of bread once a week. So in one month there were:

26 cucumbers, 26 potatoes or less or more, two chicken thighs, two pieces of meat, four loaves of bread. Imagine this during the first two years.

That's how I counted days and divided them according to the meals:

624 cucumbers

624 poached potatoes

48 Chicken thighs

48 pieces of meat

44 loaves of bread

"Sometimes, I was deprived from entering the toilet or drinking water. The total numbers of times I had gone to the toilet were 680. It was the same number of times I had drunk water in those two years. Every time I went to the toilet, I would put my mouth in the water tap until I became full".

Then one of Ali's friends asked me: "Had they severely tortured you?", with an afraid tone.

I said: "After every time I had eaten meat or chicken, I got a torture session".

There were 24 torture sessions in cold water, where they put me in cold water for some time. They asked me the same questions.

They poured water 24 times on my face. I was tortured 24 times on a wooden bed that was opened and closed. I sat on the electric chair 24 times. They hung a clamp on my upper lip, and another one on my penis or my testicles. And another time, they hung a clamp on my bottom lip and my nipple.

Ali interfered and interrupted me asking: "And what about the other two years? How was they?". I said to him: "At the beginning of my third year in prison, I was moved to a solitary confinement in another place. I don't know the names and didn't ask about them. The new solitary confinement had the same number, 101. They gave me one tomato and one apple every

day. They gave me a chicken thigh or a piece of meat with a loaf of bread on the seventh day. As though that arrangement was very important in all prisons of the universe.

I had eaten 312 tomatoes and 312 apples, as I remember now. I had eaten 24 pieces of meat, 24 pieces of chicken and 44 loaves of bread. With the same method, I had been deprived from going to the toilet. In the third year I had gone to the toilet 330 times and it was the same number of times I had drunk water. Imagine this order and arrangement they have. If they used it for the benefit of our country! There were 24 torture sessions with a car wheel. They put me in a car wheel, and then they hit me severely.

There were 24 electric session, as well. Then they moved me to a new solitary confinement. They moved me in a car at night with my head covered, so I didn't either know the way or the place, and I stopped.

George looked at me with a look full of sympathy and kindness. He seemed sad for what I had told him: "They were giving us food regularly. But because of the explosions that had happened near here, we were deprived from food sometimes. We were forced to buy the food from the prison restaurant that prepares food for the employees here, but it is different here for us from you. May God help you, my boy!".

Afterthat, Ali interfered him as usual and said: "Do you want to tell us about the last year?".

George answered him: "He will tell us its details in the second room. I will introduce him to Maged".

I asked him: "Who is Maged?".

He laughed and said: "You will know, soon. Come with me and bring a cup of tea with you and I will carry the pot". He looked at the group and asked: "Does anyone want to accompany us?".

He looked at Ali and said: it is 10 o'clock at night, now. There aren't any near guards anymore. I will take some tea and a number of papers with us.

We might need another cigarette with a cup of tea, while we are listening to Maged's long stories".

Then he stopped talking and looked at his friend who had hidden the tools in his stomach. He nodded to him with his head to get the tools out. He said to George: You go before us to Maged, and Hamoud and I'll follow you.

We walked from our place in front of the toilet from room number (1) to room number (2) through the room that connected between them. The second room was bigger than the first one and the light was stronger in there. I could look around me and see prisoners lying on their backs or talking with each other.

The toilets were also in the room corner with the same design. Then there was an area in front of it. The toilet doors were taller here.

George looked at me while he was presenting the place for me: "You can take a shower here, but Mister Maged must agree".

"I became more eager to meet him", I said.

George walked towards the bathroom and I walked behind him to the place of Mister Maged whom I was eager to meet".

Maged, who was 60 years old, sat in the room corner. There were three or four books beside him. His hair was long, his beard was long and his body was weak.

He coughs a lot. We, George and I, sat around him and left a place for Ali and Hamoud.

George introduced us for each other with our names. Then I shacked his hand. He seemed to be calm, but he quickly became angry after coughing. All people respect and love him.

Maged began to speak saying: "When Abu Firas Al-Hamdany was a captive, he heard a pigeon weeping on a high tree near him. He wanted it to combine him in his sadness worries. He said to it, while he was in his prison:

"I say while a pigeon near me weeps
'O my neighbor, do you feel my condition?
You have never tasted the changes of hardship
And worries have never crossed your mind
Do you carry so much sadness in your heart
while you stand on such a high branch?
O my neighbor, time has not been just between us
Come let me share some of my burdens with you
Come look at a soul that has become so weak, come
that it goes back and forth in my body, torturing
my mind
Will a prisoner laugh, and a free man cry?
And a sad person remain silent, while the happy is
loud?
I was more entitled to the tears than you
but my tears in hardship have become rare".

I said to him: "Do you know that along four years he didn't ask me except one question! He said: "what is it?".

I said to him: "Do you know? During the whole four years, they were only asking me one question! He said: "What was that?".

I said: "Whom do you work for? and who gave you money?".

Maged looked towards me and said: "And whom do you work for?".

All of us laughed at the same time as if it was a joke.

I said: "Would you believe me if I said that I didn't work for anyone?! I swear that I only did it and I admitted that repeatedly. This was to stop what was happening and stop the killing to show it for the world in order interfere and stop it. This was only to have a better world for children who only were humans like me. I was dreaming about a world without destruction and wars. It

was only for not seeing anyone's tears or blood. Life is more beautiful than living it in wars", I then said nothing.

George looked towards me trying to begin to talk or to reply for my words, but before he could speak, a small window was opened in the middle of the main door.

The guard shouted: "101, come and give me reward. The judge is waiting for you, son of a bitch".

I didn't believe what I had just heard nor the men around me. I asked them: "Was what I heard true?", Will I meet the judge? Will I really get out of here? I can't believe it and I got down crying on my knees.

The guard shouted: "Hurry up, I have work, you, animal".

I said goodbye to the men around me by saying one phrase: "I have learnt a lot from you here and I will do all my best for your sake".

They surrounded me and hugged me as if I was their son, brother or grandson.

Ali said: "You didn't tell me. How old are you?".

I said to him: "30 years". He said: "Me too".

I put my hands on my pockets as I wanted to give George the money that remained with me. He refused and put his rosary, a paper that contained the prisoners' names and their families' phone numbers on my hand and pressed it. He said: "You know what you will do". I nodded and said: "Yes".

Then a group followed me, Ali and George were in front of them, at the door praying for me to get out of there. They hugged me and I got out of the door. There wasn't enough time to tell them the details of the fourth year.

I went upstairs with the guard without any hitting, without any insults and without any word from both of us. We got upstairs silently. He walked in front of me and I was following

him. My legs couldn't carry me. I leaned myself against the wall to help myself, but the guard was not annoyed that time.

We entered a room beside to the council room that I had entered first when I had arrived.

No one put cuffs in my hand. I was walking alone without any pulling or dragging or crawling.

At that point, 101 stopped to drink water and the signs of tiredness appeared on his eyes. Then he said: "Could we stop here? There isn't much left. We are about to finish.

"Of course, we can do that. I am looking forward to hearing the rest of the details".

"I will go to sleep for some time. I'm travelling to Italy, tomorrow. It will be amazing to spend the holiday there".

"I'm so sad that we couldn't move and travel comfortably between our many countries! We are so pathetic!".

"I had been thinking frequently since we have lived in Europe, Hadn't we dreamt with a life full of freedom and democracy? Here we are living it".

"You wouldn't believe how happy I am with my experience here in Norway and I always say if we could benefit from these experiences later to build a new society based on living together and equity between all elements of society".

"Your country will have freedom that you've always wanted one day, Hassan, but look at my country. Haven't the revolution ended? What was changed? Do you think that my country lives the state of freedom that we have been dreaming of? No, my friend. In all cases, I have to leave now. We will have a new conversation about our countries. Take care of yourselves, you and your wife. Goodbye".

"Ok, my friend. You, too. Goodbye".

Skype conversation

Saturday, 16.12.2017

Would it be the last session as 101 told me?

Does it mean that I'll finish writing this story?

While I was waiting for the conversations, I continued doing my job in the daytime as a translator at the country institutions here in Norway. I would meet new arrivers to Norway, frequently. I was doing my job as a translator between them and the institutions. I had met with people who were imprisoned in Syria or in neighbor countries. I tried to concentrate in differentiating between them.

All of them had their own stories about their prison. One of them embraced non-acceptable views in his country. Another one was a political prisoner and one of them supported the revolution here or there. All of them had been exposed to torture and unjust that forced them to emigrate.

I have shared a lot in their long discussions between the people of one country about their immigration period or their need to it or their opinion about the hosting countries and what they don't like there.

Every time I met a prisoner, I would remember these days that I had spent in Damascus during Al Asad's government that had been ruling the country for nearly five decades. in solitary confinements, dormitories, political prisons or military prisons, all of us, prisoners, were bored from the savage way that our countries government treated us or from the society's perception for us after getting out of prison. One of them told me that he lost all his relationships after he had gotten out of prison. All of them were afraid of getting into anything, if they had stayed friends with him. Another one told me how his country expropriated him and nothing remained for him. Another one was in prison for

long years because he had been opposing the government in his country or because he was thinking in a way that was different from his people. Were all these reasons enough for immigration? What is wrong with immigration, mainly? Didn't the Muslims prophet, Mohammed (Peace and prayers be upon him) immigrate when he had felt unjust and tiredness in his country and from his people who didn't believe him?

And he returned back and opened it. Don't we have the right to decide our fate and where we live?

101 sent me a short message, yesterday telling me that we would meet today, on Saturday, at 6 P.M on Skype to complete the rest of his story. We were exactly on time for our meeting.

I said to him at the beginning of the meeting: "Would we be accurate in our appointments if we were still living in our countries?".

He laughed loudly and said: "I was talking to Maria about this matter. We aren't late for our appointments, and I think that makes our friendship stronger".

Then I confirmed his words saying that in the fact, we learned a lot from these countries and at the same time, we have the opportunity to present our culture and practice our political and practical life calmly, if we wanted.

Then 101 returned to the day of his meeting with the judge.

101: We walked into a room next to the council room, and there was the surprise. There was a barber waiting for me. Yes, a barber. He ordered me to sit still in front of him on the chair. After he made me wear the shaving apron, he had begun spraying my hair and face with water by a water pump, then he started cutting my hair with a huge scissors because my hair was very thick and long.

Neither I or he spoke to each other. No one spoke in the room; no word was said. It was just the sound of scissors controlled the atmosphere. Then, when he had the opportunity to use the electric machine, he already did so, he smoothed my hair from the sides and removed my beard, which was halfway up my chest. Here, he puts the soap on my cheeks and rubs it off to begin the shaving razor.

Suddenly he said: "It's been a long time since the last haircut. Don't you?"

"Yes, sir", I told him.

He said, "I'm not your master, I'm just a barber". And he laughed with the soldier who brought me in.

As my hair gets shaving, I've been looking all the time shaving to my hair falling around as the rain falls out of the clouds. How long it took until he reached this length. Here, it is falling in front of me very easily and very fast with a super

speed.

After this gentle barber had finished shaving, he cleaned the hair on his apron, then he asked me to get up the hair. There was a huge pile of hair between my feet.

I said to him, "Do you allow me to collect it and take it with me? I loved it and I used to be with it, I assaulted its presence with me".

He laughed and said: "I don't have a bag".

I said to the jailers, I'm looking down trying to get my money out of my pocket: I can pay for everything I have if you find me a bag? "I'll get you a bag, the barber will collect your hair and put it inside, he'll put it at the door. If you go out, take it with you, if you don't come out, the barber will throw it away", said the janitor, with a deep look.

And I gave him some of my money until he pointed out that it was enough, we went out of the room to the corridor. 'Then we walked in

front of the Diwan's room. He took me to a room that was written on its door the "Judge" in front of the courtroom. The room where they put the road lambs to here. While knocking on the door and waiting for permission to enter. I returned my memory for a moment that we reached here safely. The door of the judge was open to the inside and I did not notice the presence of a judge on the door. Is it possible that they have been 'released'? But Majid told me that no one came out from here. Someone shouted from inside the room saying: "Come in". He makes me enter then he went back and closed the door behind him.

There was a large desk large office room in front of the door directly. He sits behind him on a huge chair, a man with a military suit without a rank on his shoulders. He seems to be the promised judge. The judge I waited for him four years. There was a large desk large office room in front

of the door directly. He sits behind him on a huge chair, a man with a military suit without a rank on his shoulders. He seems to be the promised judge. The judge I waited for him four years.

In front of him are two chairs and a glass table between them, topped by a plastic water bottle. He threw it at me once, as soon as I entered, a man in a blue tuxedo suit with a white leather boot put it on me. He was sitting on one of the chairs and on the right of the military man. And he said to me, "Drink".

The man looked at me from behind the desk and started talking to the man to his left: "Write, military, after examining the progress of the investigation and the results reached, and based on the minutes of the eastern station:

We have found that there is no evidence to show that there is no evidence a link to the 101st on any third party seeking to destroy our great state, he is guilty of the accusation so, he

admitted the charge against him - by taking pictures of what is happening in the country and sending it to foreign channels but we have not proved that he was an employment, and after the investigation we found that he did not receive any money for his actions, the said action as a journalist, but it was free, also the tools belonging to the accused 101, by personal motivation with premeditation.

Based on the fact that 101 spent four years under investigation. It is equal to the penalty prescribed in the law of the land for such crimes. On the basis of the completion of the interrogation of the prisoner 101, and on behalf of the people, the court ruled in the presence of 101, the immediate release without conditions, unless required in another offense.

Then he shut up to drink water.

I fell on my knees unconscious and not aware when I heard the judge's decision to release me, I

thought I'd say something, but the man sitting in front of the office asked for permission to speak, when he got it from the judge, he said, "We've checked his forensic record, he has no other criminality, Mr. Judge. This is a proof sheet. Please, Judge. Then he gave the judge a paper, I didn't know what was written in it at the time, or what its contents. He looked at me and said, "I'm your lawyer".

I welcomed him with shaking my head.

The judge looked at the writer next to him and said to him: "Give the 101 all of his possessions in the secretariats and here are his personal identity papers, he also wrote, the judge has sealed his two hands with the order of release immediately. The session was ended. Thank you, sir. There will be an employee at the door who will take you to receive your belongings and your stuff. You can leave. Goodbye, and he turned papers on his desk.

The lawyer said: Thank you for your mercy, Mr. Judge.

Then stop and help me to stand up. I was staying sitting on my knees unable to pronounce any word, after the referee. The lawyer asked me to withdraw from the room with a signal from his eye, as if he wanted to say: Do not say anything, just walk. we turned towards the door, and there's a second mirror next to the door.

In this mirror, I looked like someone other than the one I first saw when they brought me. I almost surprised with the shape I have found in the mirror, I almost stand there starring, Is this me? The lawyer turned his back on the judge and said: Today's youth, learn and put his hand on my back to get out.

I stood outside the judge's room, then turned to the lawyer and said: "I have something for me behind this door, we will take it with us".

He said: "They will take you to get your stuff".

There's something out there in that room, right next to the door, can you knock?

He said with an exclamation: "All right. Follow me".

And then we walked into the room next to the Diwan, where they cut my hair. The lawyer knocked the door-room.

The barber was sitting in his chair drinking tea, beside the door he put a black bag. He pointed to me with the teacup and asked him: "Here is your hair in this bag, do not you give me something?". I carried the bag, put my hand in my pocket then took out all my money. And I said, I prefer, that's all I have, thanks. As we stood at the entrance to the door, we did not enter the room. The lawyer turned around and closed the door behind him. Then the jailer who brought all my belongings, as the judge ordered, arrived in with the bag and a paper on it. It must be signed before the receipt.

And while he gave me a pen to sign, he said: "Aren't you going to give us something? What a curial thing to say! The corruption in their soul too.

I looked at the lawyer directly. He put his hands in his pocket and took out about five dollars in local currency that was in his pocket. He gave it to the man who had gone after he left the paper bag in my hand, without opening it in front of him.

We headed towards the door that I walked in in the morning. The guards were all standing up all the time as I left them at noon. Time is closer to midnight now.

And once the jailer opened the door and we got out, the lawyer hugged me, like a father, whom I miss now and in a deep need for it. I fell from his hands, in front of him from sadness, weep, and down to the floor.

I need to scream. I was closer to death suffocation with my voice and I shut it up because of the place around me.

The weather in March was fresh and the moon was pale.

In the middle of the sky and the scent of night, perfumes reached here from a place that must not be far from here. These breaths I miss. I opened my arms to bring the vacuum, the air, and the world. I took the rosary out of my pocket and held it with my hand. I looked towards the lawyer and said: "Four years?!", And here I am again on my feet free.

He said: "Now it's over, the car's out of the building a few yards. You'll walk with me a little bit. And you'll talk to me later, telling me all the details on the way.

Then he went after he pulled out his cigarette pack and the lighter. You must be hungry. I don't think they have it here in this filthy place and

laughing together. I told him: "No, I'm not. I had dinner with the prisoners. But may I ask a question? ".

"Of. Course, sure".

"Can I have one cigarette from yours?".

He gave me a red Marlboro box and ordered me to put it in my pocket and he had another box in the car. Thank you so much, Bassem. I will not forget your help. The name of the lawyer is Bassem.

He looked at me and said, "Leave here first". You have grown up. Your father told me about your first ride on the bike. I and your father were in the same class when we were in the fifth grade and the same seat until you were like him, stubborn".

He said, "Yes, everyone's fine. Do not worry. Your father is a man of relations, we helped us together, they are in a country close to here. Your father paid a military band until your

mother and sister came out of the country. He was outside, as you know and could not enter. He told me to know where you been and find you. When he and I were looking for you, then we found you, it takes you some time to get you out of trouble until we found you. Now you're on your way to them. I'm going to get you to them. It's going to be a tough trip. And from there, he will be waiting for you as much as he will be headed for a place that only God knows. "And I said to him", Not so fast. I should do something in the town before anything, and there are some contacts that I should make before leaving, also you have some invitations that you will receive after contacting the prisoners. I will not leave before I do this and I will not die too, I have promised them.

He looked at me and said, "Leave here first". You have grown up. Your father told me about your first ride in the bike.

I and your father were in the same class when we were in the fifth grade and the same seat until you were like him, stubborn".

Then he put his hand on my back when they opened our small dedicated door beside the big gate. We walked towards the parking lot next to the building. We rode in the car and headed towards our town.

I asked the lawyer: May I ask you what is the name of this place? He said, "It's death prison". and shut up. We rode in and drove to our town. It was an hour away from this death prison. You won't believe whatever I told you about that moment's happiness. Then, the 101 keep silent.

I was noticing the sparkle in his eyes because of tears, but I was crying too. How can this day be forgotten by any of us? I said to him: I certainly remember that moment that I went from prison to live. I really wanted to kiss all the birds, all the pedestrians, all the cars, everything, anything.

What a moment, and I've told you the whole story.

No, not all of it, honey, you should tell me more about last year. Or did you deliberately not mention it?".

Yes, there was not much different, they moved me in a car the same way from my second prison at night. To the third prison, restricted and coveted, they got me through a door, turned out to be an elevator, then he went down a few floors, there, someone lifted a walk and untie me, threw me in. The exile almost the same as the previous two. I used to say it was the same if we had not gone by a car. The food was bulgur and hummus boiled all the time. And the day of torture was as usual preceded by meat or chicken, can you believe I didn't care that I was there? I was convinced that each stage had its own privacy, but the very existence of the same questions from new people, was comforting my

heart. My answer was the same, as I used to, I refuse, denounce, scream, hurt, then go back to the solo. I had 24 sessions of torture with whips, on my back and feet, interspersed with fists on the face and stomach.

As in previous years, the number of electricity sessions reached 24. The whipping session is on the meat day, and the electricity session is on the chicken day. And then it was the day I got out of the latter to the courthouse where I met Ali and George. I think now you know where you're from, the rosary that I had at the airport, are not you?".

Can you believe that I was very saddened when my olive-made rosary, I stayed for a week without food? The only thing I had left was the duration of my detention, which reached 217 days. And not four years. Yes, my friend, now I know where you're from, I knew from the

beginning, but I preferred to hear the whole story from you.

Thank you very much for alerting me to my pocket. I do not know anything about the owner, I call from time to time with the families who gave me George numbers with the rosary, no one answers my calls. The lawyer works for some cases, but it's a long way, as attorney Bassem tells me".

I hope you don't tire of calling and trying. You know good knowledge of the prisoner's feeling inside, and his constant hope of going out to meet his parents.

"I know that well, will we talk about your experience now, why do not we tell your story, I will not make a book, but be equal then"

You're a crook, of course, I'll tell you the details of my arrest and my prison, there's a lot of similarities with your story, of course, with a lot

of stories I've heard lately here and there, with the same innovations I've seen".

"I'd be happy to meet you again wherever you want, and whenever you like, I'll be there to hear you. You are now my brother that mom didn't give birth".

Thank, you dear. Look, I'm going to write down what we've talked about somehow, a hierarchical sequence, after I'm done, I'll send it to you and Maria to read it. Then we'll agree on a final formula, then I'll communicate with the same publishing house that my first office has issued with, what do you think of the plan?".

You seem to have control over it, it will be good to read what you write. I wish you success".

"Thank you, my dear friend, and I wish you always".

"We will keep- in-touch".

"Absolutely".

"Bye".

Friday, 09.02.2018

While I was reviewing these journals, and flipping their pages before sending them for the last time to my friend 101, a fascinating article about the city in which I was raised was Sarakib. And I read it twice, before thinking hard, to whom of my friends I share my diary, I will send this article?

Of course, I only thought of my friend 101, so I copied it from the newspaper, and I spoke with the writer who is my friend Negm El- Dean Samaan, expressing my desire that this article is the last page of this story. He agreed with pleasure. And then I wrote a text message on Facebook to my friend 101, which said:

"Dear 101,

I would gladly like to share this article published in the newspaper Giron, as the last letter from me, the last pages of the story. The article talks about the city that Sarakib which I told you about. I met the writer, Negm El- Dean Samaan, in Turkey - Istanbul. On my summer trip 2015. Before I met you for a few months.

My three uncles live there with their family in Konya - a beautiful city. I recommend you visit it. then I met Negm in Istanbul during my participation with a Norwegian-born Iraqi writer, Walid al-Kubaisi, on his trip to Turkey to write robertage about the Syrian revolution, which is why I met Negm.

We sat at one table and told him about his role in the Syrian revolution. Walid recorded his interview with my friend Hussain Basbous, who was raised with him in Sarakib. Such as your

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friendship with Wael and Ahmed God's mercy upon him.

It would be nice to meet you again in Oslo, Berlin or Paris. Leave you now with the article.

"Just be good, my friend, as long as you live".

Always, your friend

Oslo, 15.02.2018

"About Sarakib ...

Every time you have a soul"

09.02.2018

Classification Cultural concerns

Negm El- Dean Samaan

Whenever I read a story about the shelling of the city of Saraqib, my whole memories are shaken inside, as if the shelling was very close, it would be very imminent, and I had no refuge but to write;

That's not because I'll keep a distance from my city, Saraqib, arrow, from qoussa, to stable, otherwise ... How I know it well even when I was child, my father takes me to it. And exactly to his friends from Al Hayani. then everyone will take us to the "Maqam" as a concert along the look, "gypsum" is a red watermelon, so that it's bigger than "the globe" in my primary school principal's room; When the baton becomes brick, then the

greenish leaves up the horizon line, and above it a blue-sky sheet that is not folded by sight.

A trip to Sarakib ends only at Abu Salwa, where the "Hittaliyah" bowl and above it "ice cream" from my country's milk do not know the cheating of its whiteness, a boy accepts decorations other than the Aleppo bean. To know a person by reference to the name of his daughter is rare in a society classified by some as closer to the Bedouin, unaware of the magnitude of the transformations in its structure, the nature of agricultural stability in a fertile range, with the love of its people to work and to science together.

Many Syrians shorten the city of Sarakib with Hellenism and gypsum; this is not fair, and only a part of it, but not its essence at all. The essence of love and solidarity and the love of work, has been transformed from village to town to a prosperous city, thanks to that Trinity, also

crystallized elite of the educated, intellectuals and creative elite; even the contagion of politics and culture has touched all its successive generations as most of the Syrian cities have attracted by communist ideas and the Nasiriya / Baathist nationalism, together with some of the Muslims, in response to the violence of the Al-Asdia in the 1980s. Since the first literary evening in Sarakib I participated in in 1978, I sang in her literary artistic festival - a technician; I was envious of her tireless audience in his follow-up, as in asking questions, bragging at the same time.

I used to refer to a series of forgotten cities in the five-year plans of the Baathist and Asadiya, but the vibrant despite everything: from Amouda to Raqqa, from Afran to Musayaf, from Salamia to Beskanta to Shahba and Alqraya and others.

I knew the artist and the critic, Abdulrazak Kanju, the poet Asaad Samaq, have documented

and lived with the poet Abdel Salam Haloum and Abdel Rahman Haldak especially in the University of Aleppo and with the frequency of his famous literary exhibition from 1981 to 1986. I am also impressed by the creativity of the poet Yasser Al- Atrash. Manhal Barish is the last sarcophagus I know; and for everyone to excuse me, the list of names goes on.

It was a light to know my culture on Saraqib: Professor of history, Abdullah al-Hayani, who found me in the location of Tel Mardikh near Sarakib. He smiled at his student:

"You came here. To be naughty too!". I laughed.

"I heard they started translating some of the ramdies; you're with us from the founders of the literary club; it's not worth a lecture".

He shook his head, took me from my hand, wandered where the Italian "Paolo Mateh" had long been uncertain, that the central Syria of the south: the Golan, to its north in Adlib, played a

role in ancient civilizations, not least in the role of the ransom cities, especially those on the Euphrates River; until it seemed to him the royal Library of Eldon, appeared to Alfonso Arque, the supreme language expert of his mission, showed the size of the Arab-Inuit kinship.

Araki was finalizing his first dictionary of the first 100 apocalyptic words, of which 99 words were translated. Al-Hayani laughed:

"The number 99 is a dilemma of this whole East!".

In the lecture that we have established for him ... Alfonso Arque admitted that: Hayani had solved the mystery of the word hundred in his dictionary, and then I was worried that word, the professor said Hayani: I find the word "kyato" translation ... Al-Hayani laughed.

"You will know it from our neighborhood".

He took me to the village of Tal Mardikh itself; he stopped at boys playing with small colored glass

balls. Caught in one of the small colored glass balls.

"Whose?", Yelled a boy.

"It's my ball".

It means: this is mine. Then, Alfonso knew the meaning of the 100th word; he was shocked by her survival at least three thousand years.

How can the tyrant son ... The heir of the tyrant the father who is forced to win 99.99 points forever! To bomb all this cultural accumulation; even if all Sarakib were destroyed; the invaders destroyed Ebla before it.

They're bombing our kids "Life" again. Here it is ... From this plain stretch to the slopes of Torros, the invaders passed and the people were going to be greedy, as the emperor of Qais went on his way to "Caesar's Rum" in Byzantium, asking for the King's crown, and he returned with a poisoned cloak!

Then all of them were gone ... and Ebla remained.

The poetry of Amru al-Qais Long- lived and Byzantium remained.

The eternal tyrant has died, and his heir will be gone, so that he will remain Sarakib for nothing but life".

"Sarakib will be as we and our successors will see it".

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