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HOME

“How I lost it and found it again”

I can't say what it was or when it was exactly when I lost my world. Living was meaningless to me even dreaming was meaningless. If you have never felt this way you can't possibly imagine the pain. It's when you want nothing; it's when your heart beats for nothing; when you lose yourself in a world of blank, in a world you have made to not see or just not to be seen. In a world with walls as boundaries, the walls you have made for yourself, walls in your mind, invisible walls around you so tall you cannot see beyond them. Walls that surround you, separate you from everything in the world including reality. Your life is merely a struggle, a struggle for just being or maybe a struggle for seeing beyond these walls but fearing that beyond them is nothing.

My home was taken from me and I was forced out of my own house. It was burnt down right in front of my eyes while I could only watch. I could do nothing but stand there, nothing but scream. As the flames grew higher the screams grew louder. Everything I had, everything I had lived for was left there to burn. My family was taken from me like everything else and as the house faded away so did my dreams, and now is nothing but ashes, nothing but tears, nothing but a memory. A memory I hold so close just not to lose. It happened so fast yet, had ended with moments feeling like eternity, when everything is clear but it seems so complicated to understand or accept. You can choose to go on or to just let time pass your life away. You can choose to change and forget or to just drift away.

One month has passed from that time, one month that had passed like one year, I have been living with a small group of orphans with my brother who had survived but what I did wasn't exactly living unless living is described as staring at a point for hours, eating and staring again. I don't know who has done this. Some people say, they were men who believed that our home was on their land and had wanted to claim it. They say, they are now building a house in which they shall live but I don't know weather to believe or believe them as rumors making up stories just for an excuse.

The law did not do much about it. They said they did not find any proof against them and that the land in which I used to live in was for sale but since no one wanted a land with unwanted past it was left alone for the men to take, as they had once took everything. My mother once told me it is wrong to be afraid to fight, only when I asked if it is wrong to be afraid to die. When I think about the past I say I can not fight, what am I to do? Ask them to leave? Or destroy what they have built and take revenge?! If so, wouldn't I become someone like them? Then, there would be no difference and that is what separates me from them.

Until last night, last night in the darkness, when I heard my mother's voice once again, whispers to fight, I had not realized the true meaning of her words. Now it's as though the answer had always been there, just never reached for, or was just never appeared so simple. I had to fight but not for land or revenge but, for life. A fight for being, or for believing. Now I see, I have not lost my home but I have only lost my hope, my hope for life and living, my hope to be with others and my hope to help others. Having hope and giving it to others, the ones who truly needed it. Taking may be hard but giving is much harder. This is what makes one different from another. What I am doing is just selfishness, not to see others. To think about the past, and not forward to see that I will be with her soon. As long as I am here, it is the ones around me that need me the most, and it is for them that I must stand tall, see beyond the walls and build a true home. A home with holding hands as its walls and affection and care as its roof where no storm can break, no fire can burn it out. With a home like this, coldness would be meaningless because our affection would be our warmth, our unity would be our perseverance and nothing can destroy that.

I will live because my mother had once lived. She will be the reason as she had always been, because I believe that she will always be with me. Now I don't try to forget the past because I know I never will. I remember it and I try to make my mother proud, everyday. Beyond life is love, beyond love is to believe, and believing is the reason I go on. I believe that beyond me is something worth living for, something worth fighting for, and it is her, my mother! Which I will close my eyes with an image of her and open with the strength of remembering it. I have found my home once again; somewhere that I can feel her presence; somewhere that I can laugh, and somewhere that I will be comforted when I cry.

Years have passed and I have grown old and weary now. I know I will be with her soon. One of the mute orphans had written me a question; he had asked me if it is wrong to be afraid to die. And I told him someone was asked this question once, and answered "it is wrong to be afraid to fight." You were there? Wrote the small boy. "yes, I was there", "and when was that?" He scribbled with curiosity, "a long time ago", as I smiled. The child smiled back as he bent down to write once again "you remember?" I gently closed my eyes took him by the hand "yes I remember, I have always remembered, just as you shall." The ten year old boy frowned "I don't understand, how am I to fight?", as he pulled on my sleeve gesturing to the new question he had wrote, I was taking deep breathes knowing they were my last.

I could see her smiling now as she had always smiled with her open arms greeting me. Greeting the small child she had once raised and I would be in her arms once again, again forever. As I reached for her hand, I was the small child reaching in my dream. The last words I spoke to the boy was, "just believe". Like I once had, like I have always, she was never forgotten, always a memory just as I am now, just a memory. And as I felt her hand I let go of every thought, every rope holding me onto this world and as I speak, the rain falls but does not make a noise "I have missed you, in fear that I might never see you again" as tears fall from my cheeks I stare as though I am afraid this is all a dream and will soon fade away like it had once faded. But she just smiles "I have been watching

you, I have always been watching you”. “ Mother, have I made you proud?” As she holds me in her arms she says “you have always made me proud, everyday.” And that is the only thing that had mattered all this time, the only thing I had wanted to hear.

Looking down I saw myself lifeless and calm, the child shouting my name, again and again. Soaring higher, I see what I have built but not alone, what I have started alone yet made with the hands of others. A place where everyone, every orphan had a chance to do what they had wanted. So big and yet the sound of the small boy reaches as though it is the loudest noise on the world, echoing. I am far but I can still hear it “M..M..Mother!!!! Our mother!!!!. That was what I was meant to do that was my reason, and now is theirs.