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Mijade

There is War in my city

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To every child in the world who lives under occupation.

F. S.

«There is war in my city» is a book that deals with the concept of occupation as a universal issue. It allows children to understand what occupation is, through the point of view of an eight year old girl who is describing the city she loves and lives in, her city where «soldiers of the enemy came and stayed». In a very simplistic way, and from a childish point of view, the little girl talks about the days when the bombing escalades, and about calmer days where life goes back to normal. War scares her, but when she grows up she wants to become a teacher and teach the little children to read, write, paint, and tell the occupiers to go away, because this is their city, and they love it very much.

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I love my city.



My house is here.
My mum, my dad, my little brother, and my grandparents are here.
My school, my friends, and my teacher are here.

But there is war in my city.
Soldiers of the enemy came and stayed.
They refuse to leave.



I hear bombs when I wake up in the morning.
When bombing is loud and strong, my school closes.
Streets become empty. No rolling cars, no open shops,
no kids playing, not even cats and dogs.



I hear bombs in the night at bedtime.
Everyone runs away.
Everybody hides. I hide too.



I hide with my mum, dad, and brother.
We hide in the basement of our house.
All we take with us is water, bread, and candles.
Sometimes we take cheese and honey.



When the bombing stops, everything is back to normal.
Streets are busy again.
Cars are back with their loud motors and horns.

Shops are open and buyers are busy.
Big people, small children, cats and dogs,
all make the streets noisy again.



And I can go to school!



I can go with Mum to the market!



I can even play with my friends
in the park behind our house!



I can visit my friend to do
our math homework together!



But sometimes the electricity goes out
while we are studying.
My friend's mum lights up candles for us,
and we finish our math homework.



If bombing starts again,
I sleep over at my friend's house
because the roads become unsafe.



There is war in my city.
The enemy's soldiers force their way into houses.
They mess up, ruin the furniture, and very often rob.

But the worst thing is when they take with them
one of the family members.



Once, some soldiers came into our house.



I got very scared.
They asked us to sit in the living room
and not to move a muscle.

One soldier searched the bedrooms.
He searched and searched
but we did not know for what.



Another soldier guarded the house door.
And a third one guarded us.
He had a huge gun machine pointing at my father.
This soldier did not talk. He screamed.
He screamed in a furious way.

I did not understand what he was saying.
I only got scared; so scared I almost peed in my pants!
I started thinking: «Does he have a girl of my age?
Does his little girl get scared as much as I do?»





That day the soldiers left our house without finding what they were looking for.
I hope they never come back to my house again.

There is war in my city.
War scares me.
But when I grow up I will become strong.
I will protect my mum, my dad, and my brother.
I will protect my city.
I will tell the occupiers:
«Go away! This is our city and we love it.»

When I grow up I will become a teacher.
I will teach the little children reading, writing, and drawing.
I will teach the little children not to be afraid of the enemy.



