

The Syrian Story

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Once there was a child playing outside and he decided to go to the park. The park was surrounded by rubble and destroyed buildings. He wanted to see his imaginary friend once more before him and his family fled across the open waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Not knowing there was a troop of Syrian bombers near by flying overhead in a flight carrier. The child began to play on the swing enjoying his last day in his hometown of Hindu. The Syrians crept closer watching the aircraft with the nuclear bomb in the carrier. Suddenly the earth shook with a powerful roar as the bomb sizzled like bacon from the sky down onto the tin playground. The small boy was thrown from the swing and sent flying back into a building landing on his bottom. He stood up not aware that he was covered in dust and rubble from the explosion. He looked down at his hands that were covered in raw blood. He shivered feeling dizzy but he looked back at where the playground had once been. It was gone and everything had destroyed around him. He sat against the wall watching the blood that stained his tiny hands. It was not his own blood that was on his hands but of a woman who had died from the following day. He had a cut on his upper lip and eyebrow where a gash had formed. He had got hit by a rock when he landed on his bottom. Getting he knew his imaginary friend had died in the crash. Getting up slowly to lean on the wall of the building he slowly crept away dusting his eyes off and slowly going home to his family. The war had begun....