

“A SHELL DESTROYED MY NINE-YEAR-OLD COUSIN’S HOUSE – THE ONE WE’D UPSET DURING THE DAY. I REGRET THAT SHE DIED FEELING SAD.”

OMAR, 11

OMAR

11 YEARS OLD

“I WAS SO SCARED, MY TONGUE WAS FROZEN. I COULDN’T EVEN TALK.”

We left Syria because there is so much shelling, so much war. It is too much. I was so scared.

Once I was asleep and I woke up because I heard the shells fall next to our house. I was so scared my tongue was frozen. I couldn’t even talk.

One day I was playing with my brothers and my cousin. We were teasing her and she was upset. She left us and went to her house. That night, a shell destroyed my nine-year-old cousin’s house – the one we’d upset during the day. I regret that she died feeling sad.

We were worried that shells would destroy our house, but my mother and sister refused to leave. We started sleeping outside of the village at night. The time I was most frightened was when shells fell close to my home. I was mostly worried about my parents. When they fall they are so loud, it can cause people to go deaf.

Our house is huge and I think it’s still standing, although it has been shelled. We had no front door when we left, thanks to shell fragments. We had a truck, but it doesn’t exist any more – it was burnt. It was in the middle of some fighting and was used as a shield.



Photo: Heddm Haldrson/Save the Children

NUR

9 YEARS OLD

“THERE WAS NOTHING THAT THEY DID NOT USE TO HURT US WITH.”

I do not play. Why? Because I am not young any more. I go to the bathroom, take a shower and then sleep. That is all.

In Syria I was happy, I used to play football and other games. Then the violence started and they started to make us suffer. There was nothing that they did not use to hurt us with.

Earlier they used tanks, and then they took it further and started using air strikes, bombings, missiles and every weapon you could think of. They killed us. Today there is nothing left in my home village, and most of the people have left.

I was terrified. Us along with my cousins, neighbours, aunts and people we know used to go to the shelter to hide. I used to like hiding. Hiding is better than dying.

The camp is better than being in Syria – there they are shooting at us while here there is neither shooting nor shelling. I want it to stop so we can go back, so I can play again with my friends.