***Scene: A bombed city.***

Fatima: Where are we going auntie? I want to go back!

Aunt: Go ahead child, just walk!

Fatima: I want to go home!

Aunt: No, child, we cannot go back. You can’t go home!

Fatima: But, I want to find my parents, my brothers!

Aunt: There is no one there. I went! I checked!

Fatima: What happened to them, tell me, what happened, what did you see?

Aunt: Keep going child and do not ask, Allah is great !!!

Fatima: Are they alive, auntie?

Aunt: Go ahead girl, walk, I tell you! The sooner we get into the forest, the better for us. We have to find the others child, our people.

*After hours meet up with some of their fellow countrymen*

Fatima:, I am tired. When are we going to rest?

Aunt: It’s not up to us. We’ve got a leader. He knows. He’ll lead us to other places, different places, far from the evils of war.

Fatima: I want my mother, auntie! I'm afraid!

Aunt: I am your mother now. Me! Remember it! We will be together from now on!

Chief: Hide! ***(Everybody hides)*** Some soldiers are passing by this way! They’re searching.

Chief: OK the danger is over! Let's move on! Don’t linger! Don’t delay!

Fatima: Oh Auntie. I’m hungry and my feet are trembling. How much longer?

Aunt: Here’s some bread! Be strong my little one! Hold on! Look there in the distance. Can you make out the sea. That's where the boat will be waiting for us.

Fatima: I‘ve never been on a boat, auntie. But there were many times when my girlfriends and I would talk and daydream of taking long voyages on wonderful cruise ships like the ones we’d see on TV….. Countless of stewards coming and going….. serving us wonderful food. Music drifting from the ship’s various lounges….

Aunt: It’s not bad to dream. But for me, dreams have died. Our country, our homes, our relatives are gone. Only **you** are left to me. I only hope that the new land we travel to, will accept us and we will be well, so as to see brighter days

Fatima: Look aunt! Look how small this boat is! We won’t all fit! Will another one come? I don’t want them to separate us. Hold on to me tightly, auntie.

Aunt: I’m holding you child, I’m holding you!

*(A man counts them and separates them. Everyone is seated on the ground. The Aunt and the girl are hugging, holding on tightly to each other. The man comes and separates them.)*

Man: One, two, three ...... .. twenty. Stop! (pulls Fatima)

Aunt: Take me too! Take me with her. Don’t separate us! Noooooooooooo!

Man: No one else fits on this boat. You will go with the next one. You will meet up again at the end of the trip!

Aunt: Put someone else in her place. Leave her with me! Please don’t separate us!

Man: We don’t have time for small talk. If you want you can take her place but then she will be on the next boat.

Aunt: Please. She is the only person left to me! My entire family was blown away! Don’t separate us!

*The man pulls Fatima away and separates them*

Man: I told you, you’ll meet when we cross over - at the new land.

Fatima: Auntie, Auntie, don’t leave me!

Aunt: Fatima, Fatima sweetie, you have my blessings! May Allah allow us to meet up again!

*Fatima starts crying!*

***Music…….***

***At the new land:***

Man: Get out! We’ve arrived! We’ll hide here for a while to wait for the others.

Fatima (talking to herself): Oh my auntie! When will you get here?

*After some time the boat is still not visible.*

Man: They’re nowhere to be seen! They should have been here by now. We need to move on!

Fatima: No, let's wait a while more! My aunt must come!

Man: Don’t back talk girl! Get up I said!

*Fatima reluctantly follows the others and begins to whimper! Then one of the other women approaches her and tells her.*

Leila: I’m Leila! Don’t cry! Tell me your name.

Fatima: I’m Fatima

 Leila: Come with us! This is my daughter, Bahaar!

Bahaar: Hi Fatima!

Fatima: (Stops crying.) Hi Bahaar!

Man: Stop talking and walk faster!

Bahaar: Mom, my feet hurt! I can’t stand it!

Leila: You’ll bear it! We’ll all bear it and we will endure!

*Everyone moves forward and goes out of the scene.*

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***At the refugee camp***

Leila: Come in Abdul! Sit down!

Abdul: Thanks. Have you settled in?

Leila: Yes, we have! Praise Allah! It’s better than being on the street. How did we get to this point Abdul? What did we do wrong?

Abdul: Put it to rest Leila. Don’t go over the same things over and over again. We went through a lot to get here. I know, I know. But in life we ​​have to find joy even in the smallest things, the most insignificant, even if the entire universe is conspiring against us.

Leila: Ah Abdul! How much strength does one need to have, to do, what you say…… having experienced what we’ve experienced, having seen what we’ve seen, having suffered so much..

Abdul: Oh what’ve you reminded me! So much pain, so much treachery and loss of loved ones! I will always remember Kemal’s soul piercing song when we reached the shores of Greece

***ΒΙΝΤΕΟ***

***In an office***

Employee: You told me that your husband was lost in the war and that you and your two girls made the trip here. Correctly;

Leila: Indeed!

Employee: What was your spouse's name?

Leila: Yusuf Abby. But why do you ask?

Employee: The more accurate the information you give me, the easier it will be for any of your relatives who may be looking for you, to find you. Many times people are simply lost by changing their names. Your girls are called Bahaar Abi and Fatima Abi. Right;

Leila: I know, that’s what I said last time, but I have to correct something: Fatima is not my own child. She lost all her relatives back in her homeland and her aunt who was accompanying her on the voyage was separated from her. I was there when they pulled her from her aunt's arms and separated them. When I saw the little one crying, my heart broke. Thousands of memories flashed before my eyes. Entire families wiped out, mothers and children lying dead under the ruins, my husband’s lifeless body, blood and death everywhere. And me, a speechless spectator among the absurdity of the situation. There was something I had to do. I couldn’t leave a child all alone and helpless. A child who experienced this horror. I took her in, as my own. I became the mother she lost. You have to understand me. I don’t want to leave her. Can she stay with me? She is called Fatima Safir. Please don’t separate us.

Employee: Mrs Leila, I understand you. It's not my intention to separate you. Fatima will stay with you as long as you remain in our country. But by stating her real name she may have the opportunity to be reunited with her family, which is difficult but not unlikely.

Leila: Yes, insha'**Allah**! I hope!

Employee: Okay, Mrs. Abi. The information you gave me was recorded. I estimate that in about a month you will be able to leave our country. You will be able to take little Fatima with you, too.

Leila: Oh thank you very much! Thank you!

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Someone comes and brings a letter to Leila. She reads it out loudly.

Leila: To Leila Abdi for Fatima Safir! Letter to Fatima! She starts crying: Fatima, Fatima come quickly!

Fatima quickly enters the stage

Fatima: What is it Aunt Leila? What happened;

Leila: Look Fatima, look! A letter came for you! It must be from one of your relatives, open it my darling, open it!

Fatima: I can’t aunt! I can’t! My hands are shaking! Open it! Read it to me please Aunt!

Leila opens the envelope and reads:

*My beloved Fatima!*

*I have finally found you.*

*I will never forget the night that I saw you being taken away on that boat. I felt completely empty inside. When the other boat arrived later on, we boarded it, I felt a ray of hope that we would once more be together when we reached land. But again it was not to be. I was not lucky. Our ship was forced to leave us on another island so as to avoid a naval patrol. When I realized that I had lost you, I almost went crazy. They led us to a refugee gathering camp and I tried to find traces of you in every way. Until today! Now I know where you are and I’m coming to get you! I told you that you are my whole world ...*

Fatima falls into Leila's arms and breaks down in sobs

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