

Stories

with

Mer

Diary

Asia's

Diary



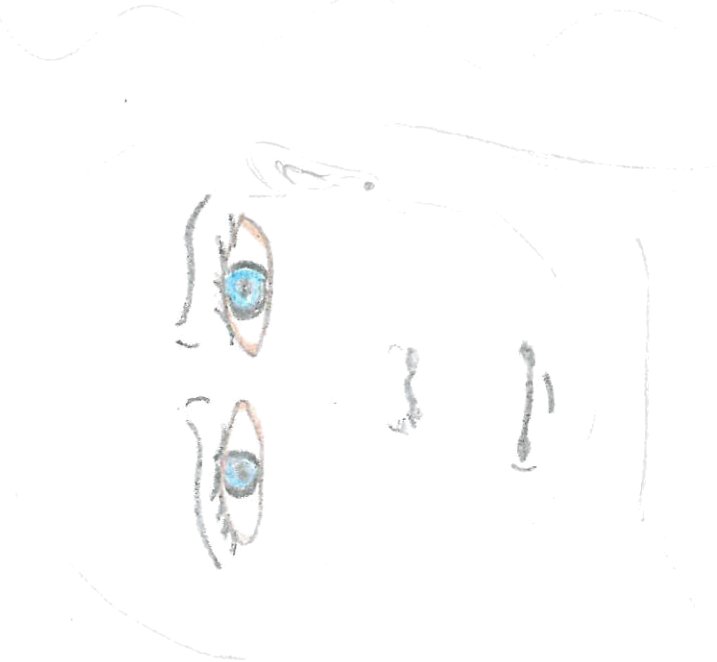
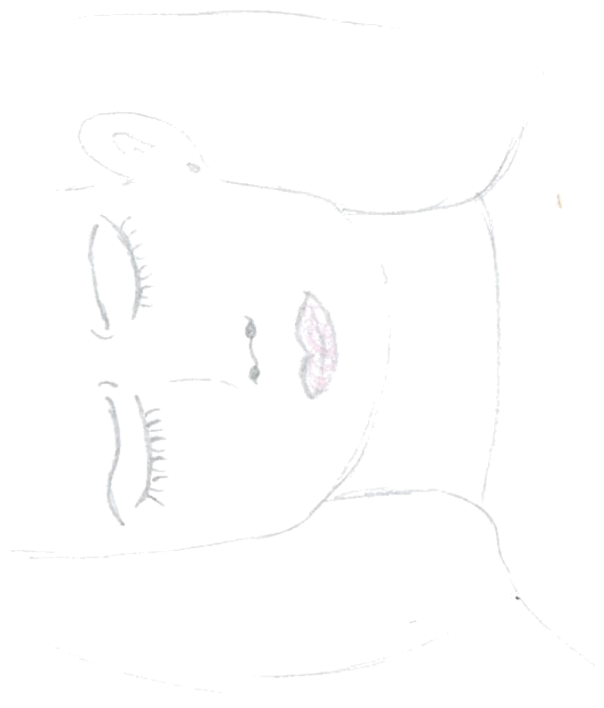
Syria, 23 April 2018

Dear Diary

As always I woke up at Dawn after a loud noise caused by the shooting of the military

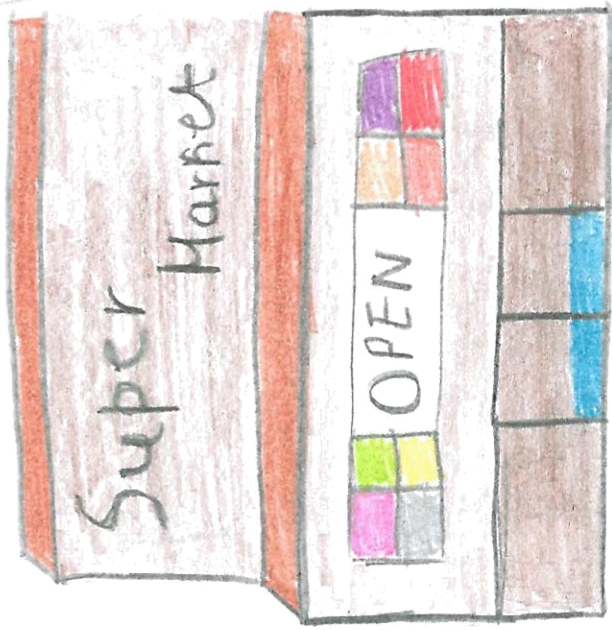
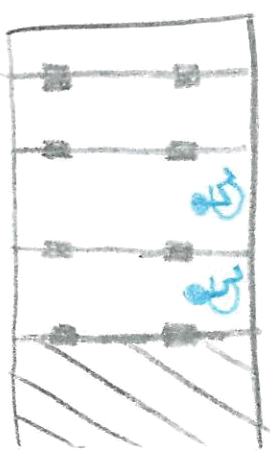


Here in Syria the situation is increasingly tragic every day, I no longer have the possibility of going to school or going out to play with other children because the risk of not going home is always higher



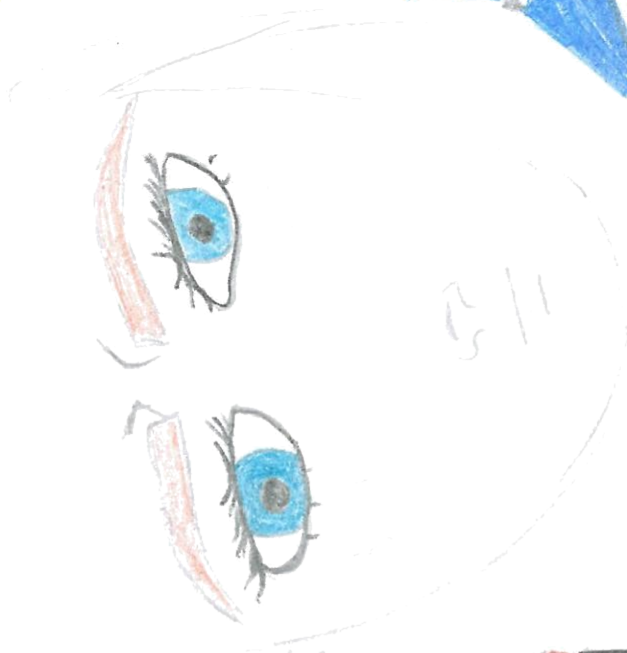
At 11 I left home to go to the market in town to buy food for lunch

11:00



Just out of the street I met a group of soldiers who started asking me questions about my identity

ماذا؟ = What?



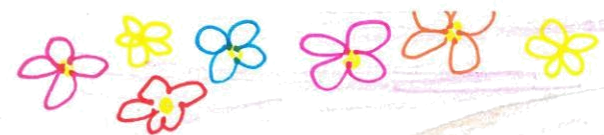
أنا من هنا
Tell me your identity



In fact more and more often the controls increase and the soldiers are forced to make an appearance in the house



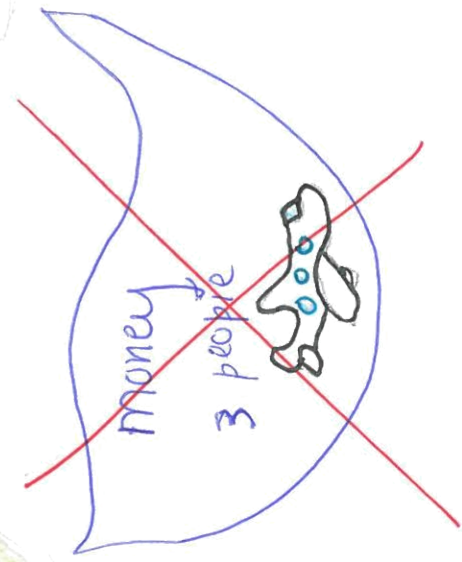
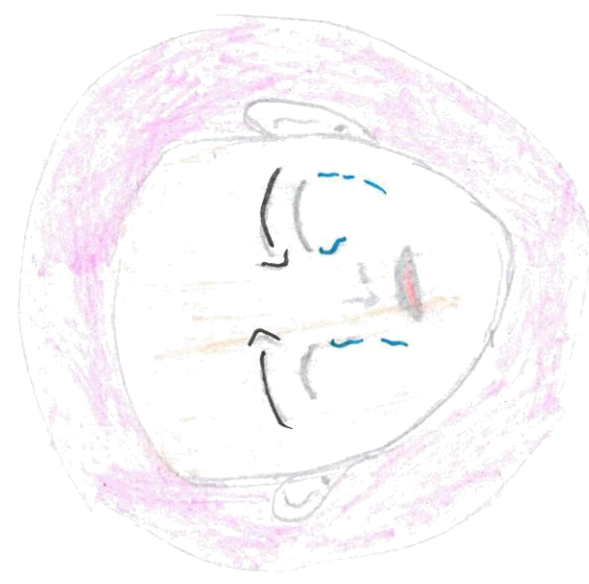
Every night I have a nightmare, fear increases and it's been a while since I've been thinking of running away from my country



However, as my parents often tell me, we do not have enough to leave all together,
and I have lost hope



whm



Fisha

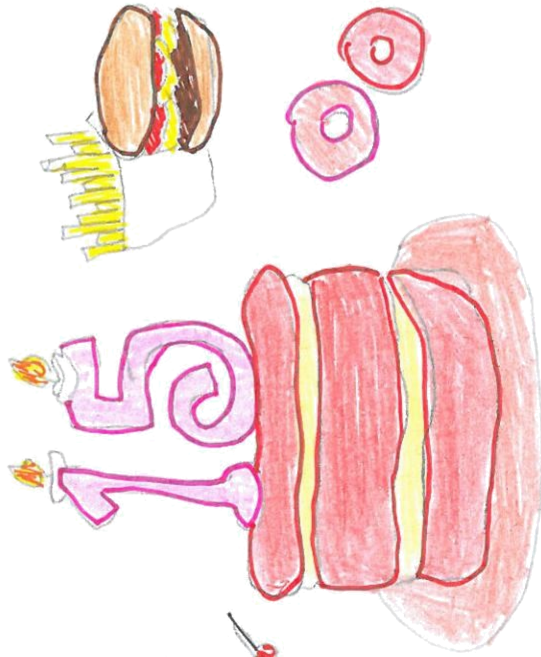
Asias

Diary

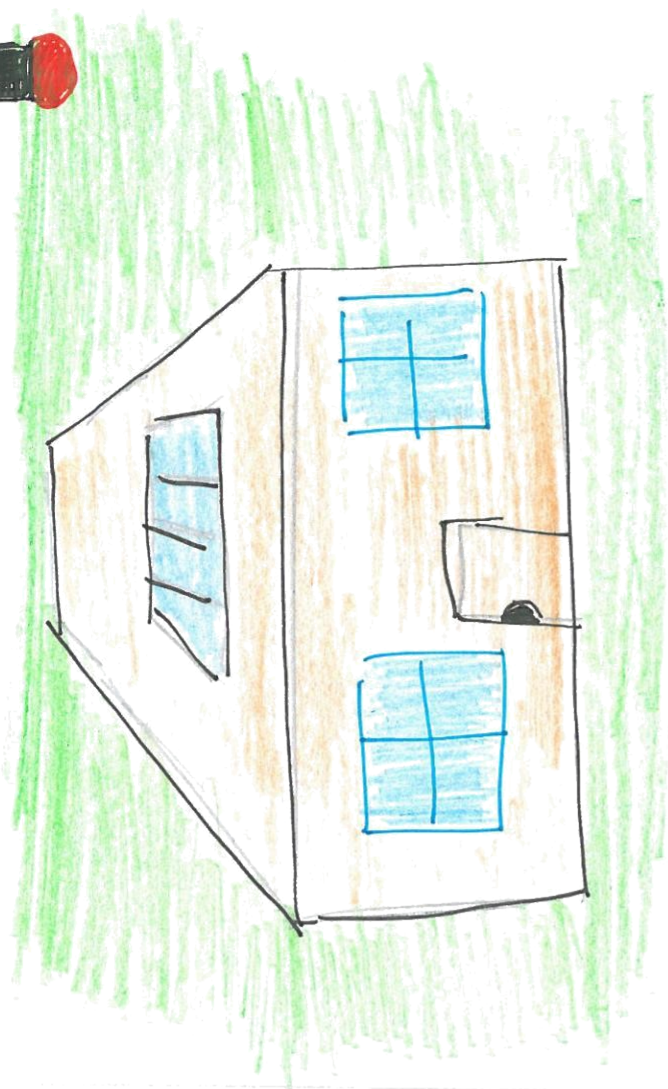
Syria 27
April 2018

Dear Diary

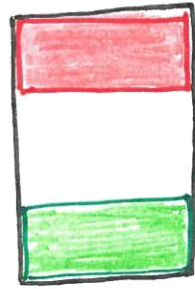
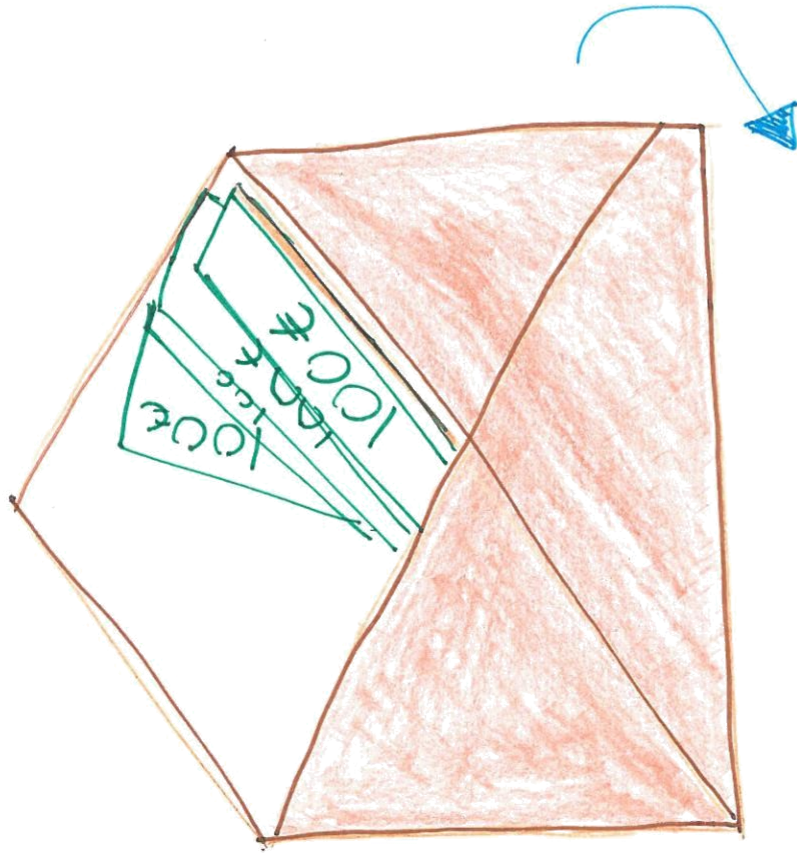
Today I turn 15 years old and dine every year my mother has prepared all my favourite dishes



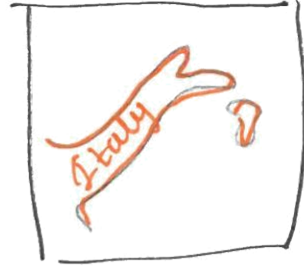
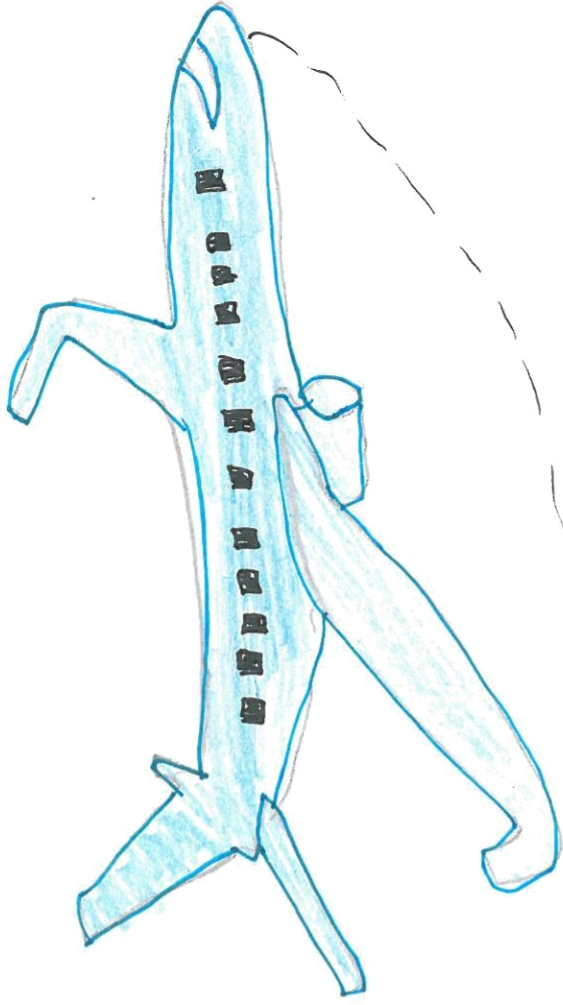
While we were still at the table all together a bomb shook all the walls of the and we got scared



After lunch my parents left me speechless: I found an envelope with the money needed to leave and go to Italy



Initially the fear of leaving my parents took over, but the desire for a better life and having a family led me to make the decision to leave



I leave with so many

you as soon as I arrive

expectations, I'll write to

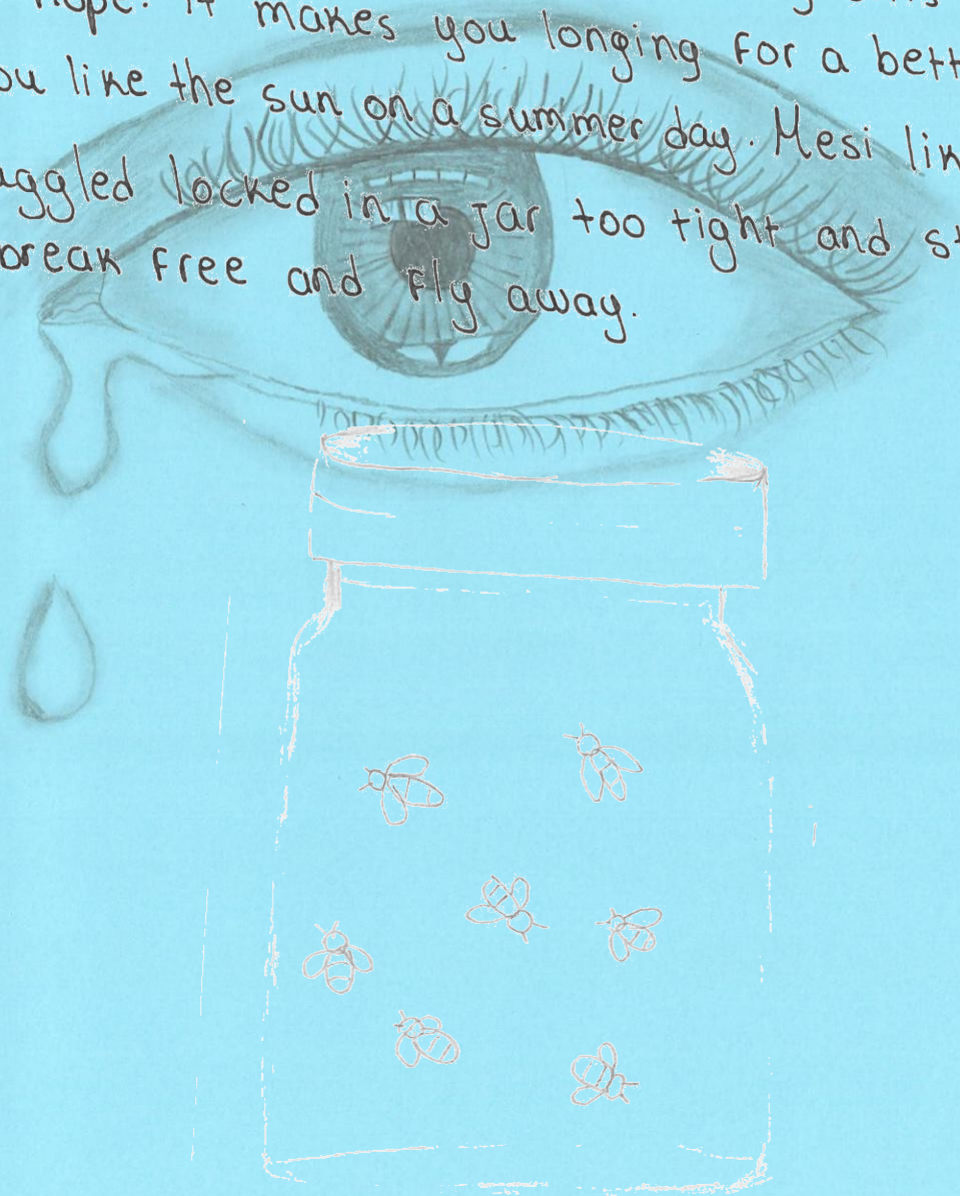
with love, Aish

Lucrezia Bonaiti

Anna Specifico

Firefly

~ Once upon a time there was a young girl with big eyes and skinny legs, a weary face and a broken heart. She walked bent down, with an old worn bag and looked around without knowing where to go, lost alone, without a road to follow. She was just a child full of fears and wounds; fled from pain and unaware of what awaited for her. But the desire to start over overcomes everything, even the deadly evils that corrupt you. And hope! it makes you longing for a better world and blinds you like the sun on a summer day. Mesmerized like a Firefly, she struggled locked in a jar too tight and struggled in vain to break free and fly away.



The journey

~ She followed two men big and tall, two cold ogres. They had been walking for days without stopping to get quickly to the seaside, to never see again war, hunger and their brothers burnt to ashes. And it didn't matter the danger of those old boats half blessed half cursed, because a little they were too. And when you have nothing, but you dream of something, the darkness of the abyss it's not so scary, not anymore. She was hiding between an old man and a girl and hoped in vain not to be noticed. She was exhausted, she suffered step by step and prayed to a God who didn't listen to her. Worn out soles against the hot sand of that desert without a way out a maze of lost souls. Mesi, little star in the darkness, she took courage even if she had none. Thirsty, she drank water and tears tried to fulfill an unfeasible thirst: Freedom.



Soulless

~ She had always been beautiful, a little shy but her eyes seized all men even the worst ones. They were two shadows unable to love, heartless and pitiless, they couldn't resist those big eyes, too innocent to survive in this cruel world.

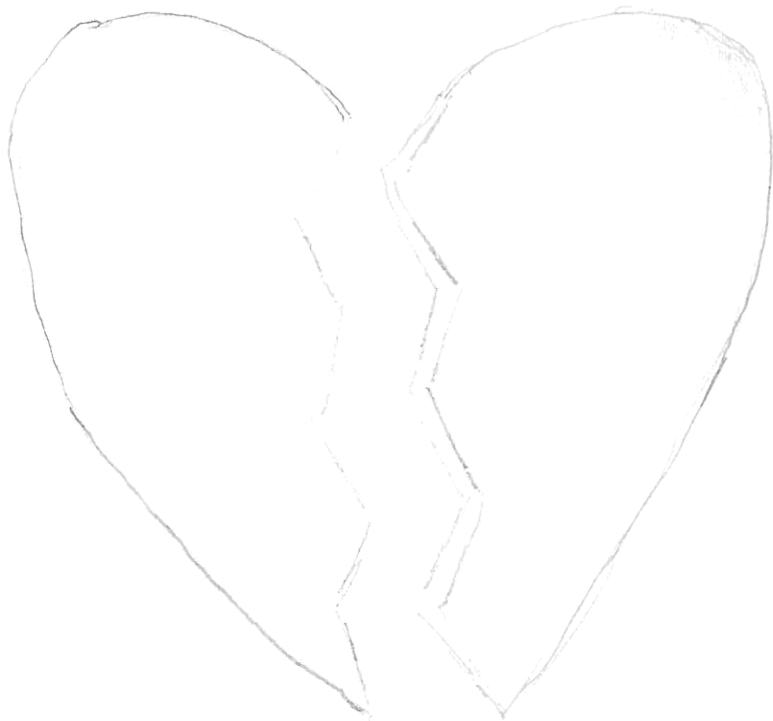
They woke her up one night while she was resting totally helpless, too tired even to realise what was about to happen.

Two monsters with a mask of men, they dragged her away to push her into the darkness of a cold evening in the Sahara desert, in the desert of their souls. Mesi was a little lamb between two wolves, shattered for the travel she hoped it would have taken her to a better place. Too scared to react or to cry.



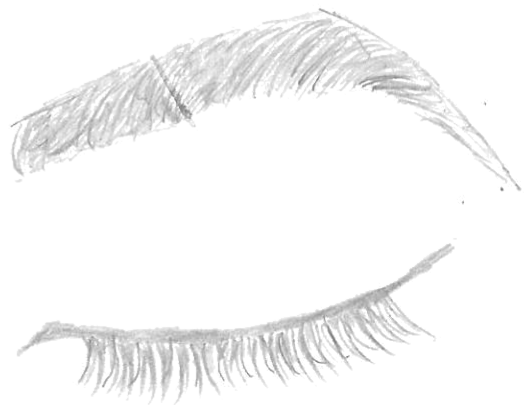
Pain

~ Already marching at sunrise, and Mesi didn't even have the time to think about the night before, about that unspeakable pain. The legs burned, struggled to walk she was like crawling, slowly, sighing and praying that agony would end soon. Her fellows looked at her: there was pity and compassion in their eyes. And she hated them for their silence, which hurt as much as the stabs of a traitor. She was slowing down the group, and it got worse and worse, with trembling legs and that heavy heart in her chest breaking her into two. The two ogres saw her and they beat her but she couldn't make it, she bent torn to pieces for what they had done to her. So, they took her lifting her from the ground, and they carried her a few meters backwards giving her some kicks in the stomach. They returned with the others continuing their journey, leaving her there, without water and without lore and nobody ever turned back.



Dark

~ She was lost abandoned in the sand, suffocated by the wickedness of the strongest. She was just a child still innocent and full of confidence in that same world, which was killing her. Breathless, no beating in her heart, with a watery look like Ophelia, drowned by the love that took her life. Mes: young girl with big eyes so beautiful full of hope; now you are in the place you dreamt of, a sky without war and nobody will touch you anymore. Look at your beautiful eyes now, fixed and empty, mirror of a soul that no longer exists. Oh little firefly, sometimes things seem just unfair, but who are we to understand them? Only small ants in a huge universe. Fly now, along with all the other fireflies, 'cause to carry out your dreams you first have to close your eyes.



Once upon a time there was a little bird who lived in a far land called Africa



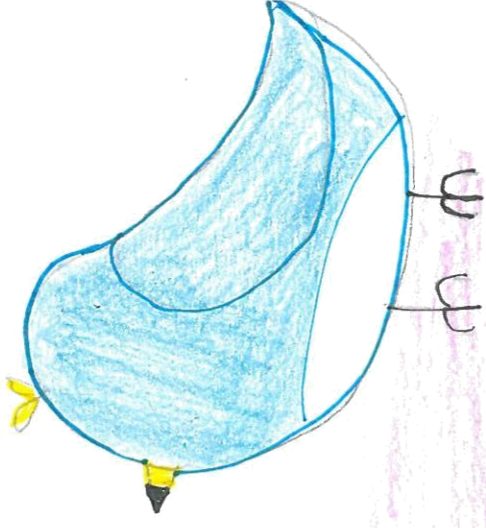
Since he was a baby he always had to get food by himself, trying to live at his best notwithstanding the condition of his country



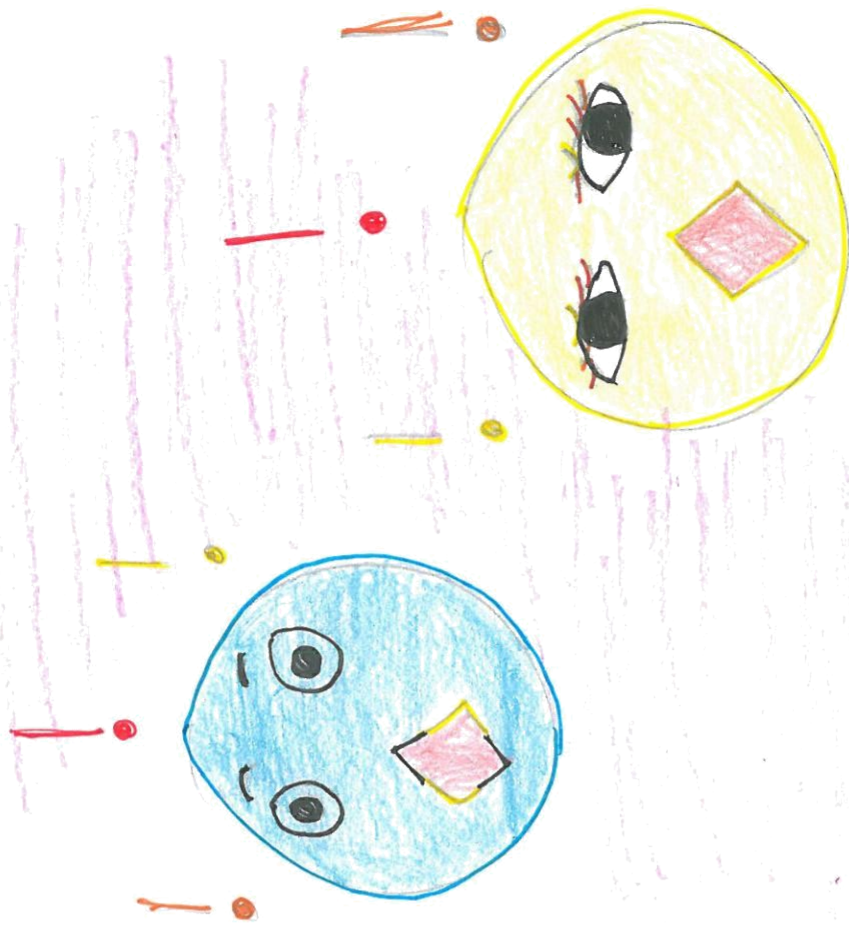
Our story starts when he met a beautiful bird and they became friends.



They grew up together with a common dream: travel to find another place to escape from their beautiful but insidious country



they would never have thought that it would be such a difficult and hard journey

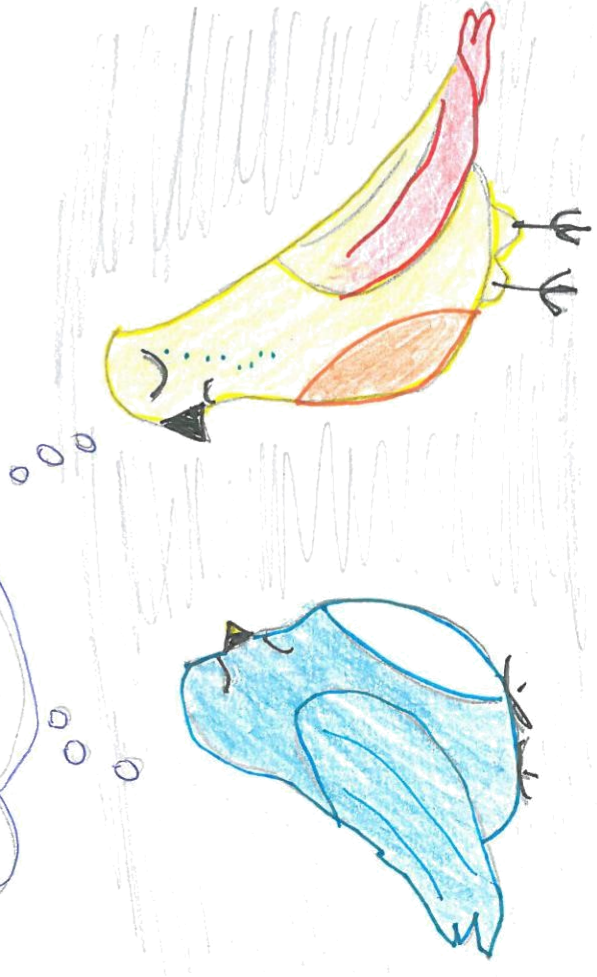
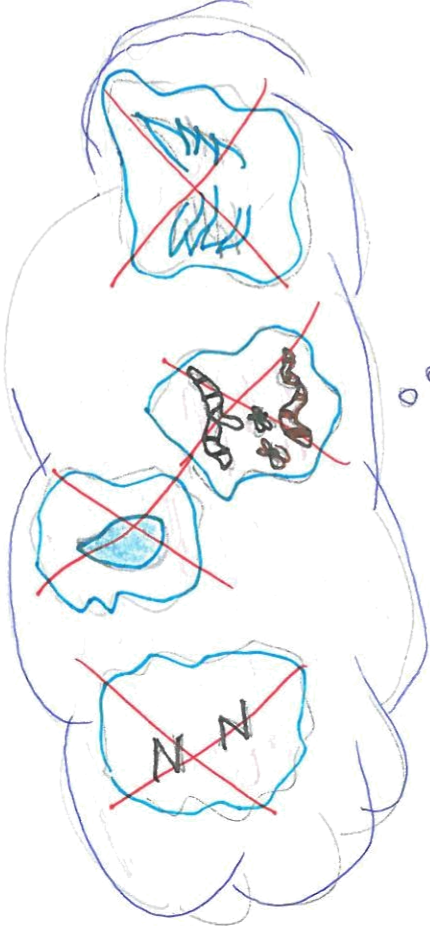


that's what they did. They took wing and they flew away full of energy and hope



On the third day they were ~~already~~ tired and sleepy, hungry and thirsty and their wings couldn't flap anymore.

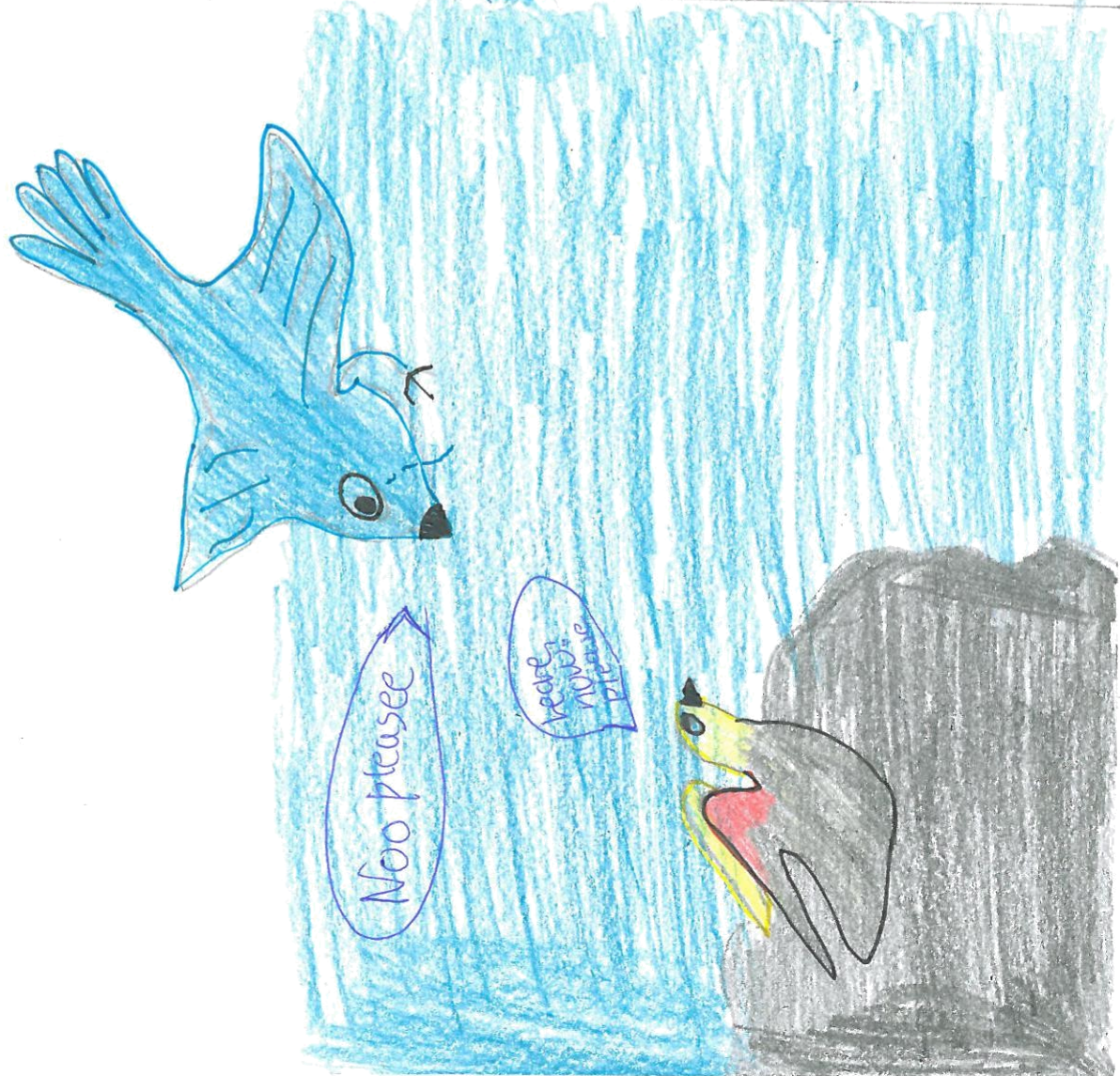
3rd day



That's the reason why the 2 birds decided to lean on the sea, setting themselves carry by the waves.



but they didn't see the danger, they didn't until it was too late: a giant oil slick was near them

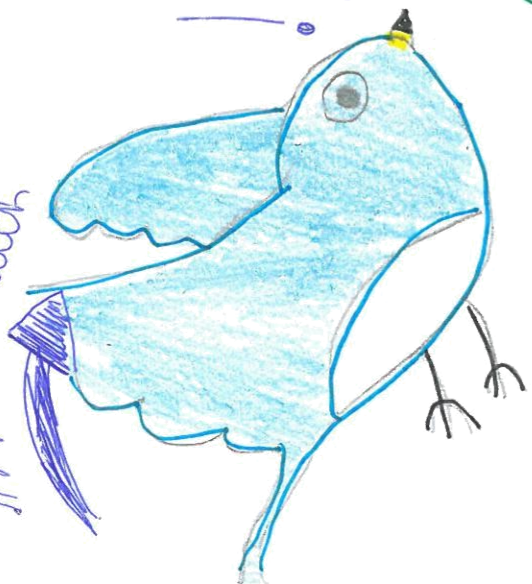


They tried to escape but just one made it through and the beautiful bird died

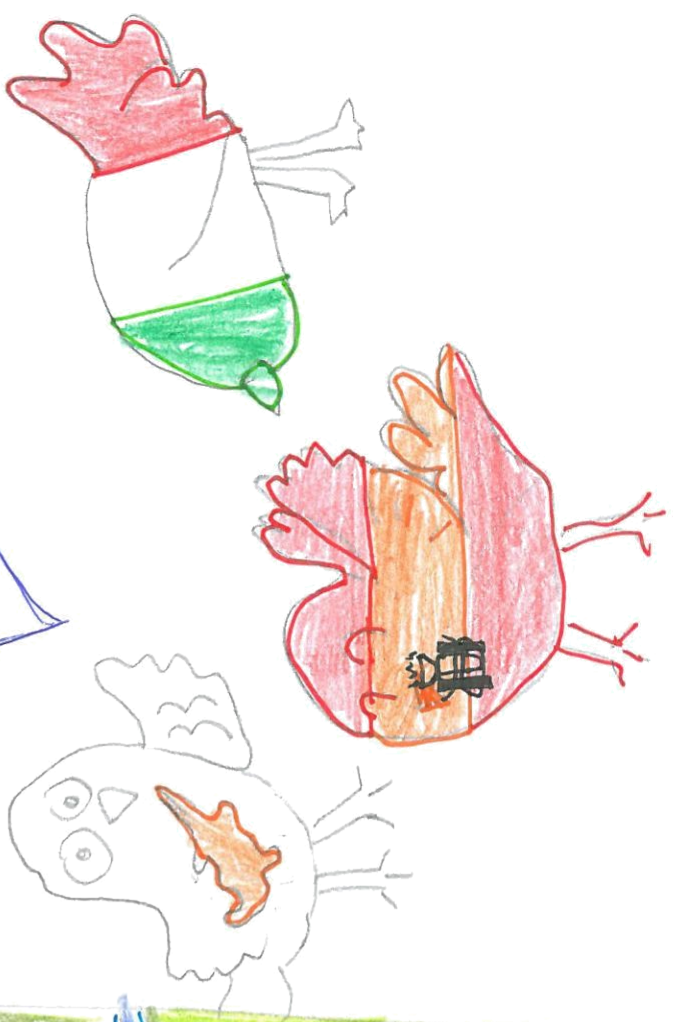
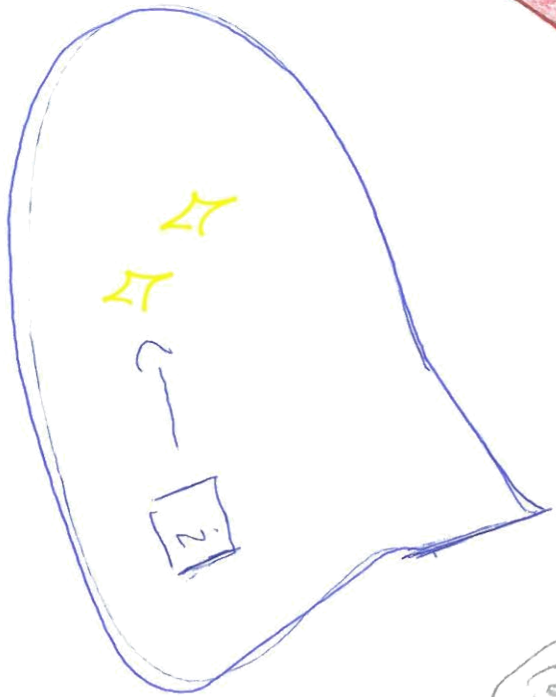


He was so sad for the death of his friend that he decided to honour her by finishing the journey their dream. That thought gave him strength to continue and, after a week, he finally arrived in the enchanted land.

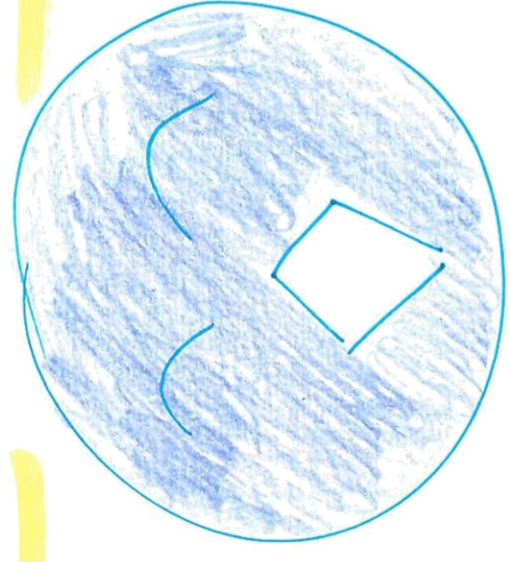
After a week



Here he found other like him and although they were birds from different countries, different species and had stories, they all shared the same difficult journey



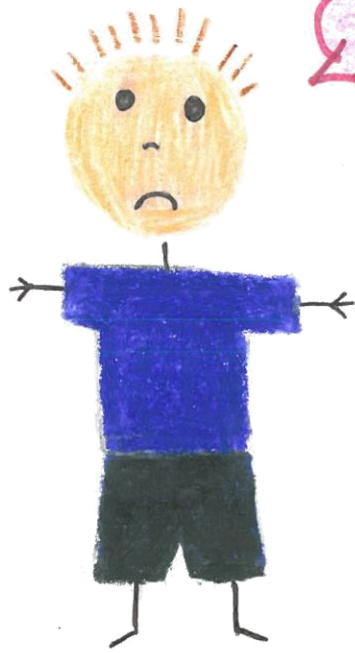
He became part of this team, of this flock and of course
he lived happily ever after



Motta - Bergamini



Once upon a time,
There was a 10 years old boy his name
was Oliver. Oliver's mother was of foreign
origin (Venezuela) and his father was from
Spain.



Oliver always wondered why his mother left her country. After their talk Oliver understood that his mother needed a job and money in order to survive. Unfortunately Venezuela couldn't offer these to his mother.



The following days Oliver observed that his mother was discriminated from the locals. Locals did not accept her because of her studies and career, they only saw that she is an immigrant.



Oliver had to do something about it. He had an idea to raise the awareness against racism.



Every week Oliver was giving talks about antiracism campaigns to young people, in order to make them understand the difficulties of being immigrant and treated as they deserve

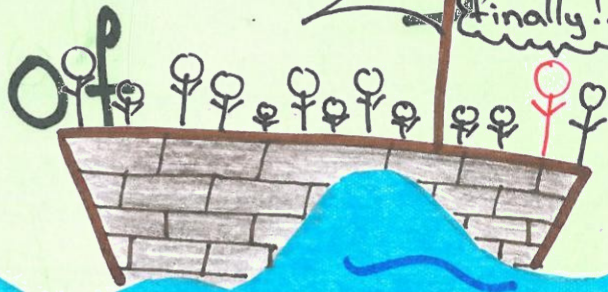
Hating people because
of their colour is
wrong. And it doesn't matter
which colour does the
hating. It's just plain wrong.

Muhammed Ali



At the end Oliver was very proud because
his efforts had been successful because
people understood how difficult it is to
leave your country for survival reasons.
And they all lived happily ever after.

The story



Palermo



I'm Ismael Kamir and I come from Syria. I have a family of 5 people. Because of economic problems I decided to come to Italy to save my family. I worked as a mechanic, but money was not enough for a decent life, so I decided to face this long journey of 4 days with 50 people. It was the most traumatic experience of my life. The hygienic conditions were awful, some of my companions died and we came across storms. I was scared, but we finally spotted a land: Palermo. It was a dream come true. Now I work as a mechanic, but life is not easy. I've changed jobs, because I've been discriminated for my nationality. I finally found this job that allows me to live modestly and to send my son to school. I was lucky enough to find a boss who does not take into account where I come from, but how I work. Now, I'm working for my family but I can't wait to come back home!!!