Jannic di Giovanni

Dispatches from Syria

THEY CAME FOR US

THE MORNING

BY THE SAME AUTHOR
His life changed for ever. Every Christmas and instead of being a loyal follower of Jesus, a mystic conviction occurred. Paul ceased persecuting the standing that his life was not on the right track. At any rate, from God's viewpoint he just had a sharp and painful under-ground. Goh's fanatic, whether he heard a voice or was given a vision it's not sure, and neither are historians or not.

In the New Testament it says that St Paul was on this

ship on the edge of war.

noisy clubs, and drove to another land, one that was terror-
crowded Thursday thrusters and balls restaurants and
leaving behind Berlin with its modern beach clubs and
the pool of the car. Then we drove into another country,
up on the road to Damascus and made a joke about St
less than 100 dollars, paid in cash. The driver picked me
from Berlin in a local taxi, which I had hired for slightly
came, early summer day with a hazy opaque light. I arrived
recovery, I made my first tip to Damascus. It was a sight.

On an early morning in May 2012, one year into the Syrian

Damascus – Thursday 28 June 2012

I
set drinking coffee after coffee and making jokes about life.

It was my first time meeting them, and I was surprised. They were the same faces I had seen in my dreams. We chatted about our lives, our dreams, and our hopes.

As we walked, I noticed a small statue of a woman holding a book. It was a symbol of wisdom and knowledge. I stopped to admire it. The statue had a serene expression and was very inspiring.

We continued walking, and I was amazed by the beauty of the city. The architecture was stunning, and the people were friendly and welcoming.

I felt a sense of peace and contentment, and I knew that this was the place I wanted to call home.

As we reached our destination, I thanked them for their company and said goodbye. I knew that I would never forget this experience.

The next day, I decided to explore the city on my own. I walked through the streets, admiring the beauty of the city.

As I walked, I noticed a small plaque on a building. It was a reminder of the city's history and heritage. I read the plaque and was moved by the stories it told.

I knew that I had found my true calling, and I was determined to make the most of my time in this wonderful city.
and of travelling in a car without seating space in the back next to the front. When the rest of them continued on, I didn't want to be left behind. I was risking my life, but I didn't want to risk being left behind.

The revolution is now going in the right direction, but the resistance is still strong. She was addressed to the people, but the words had disappeared. She was incorrectly pronounced as the face of the revolution. Some of her words were printed in the paper, because she was in prison, but the words that had been printed were incorrect. She was angry and had a snapping finger for criticism from the group against a group of people. She was determined to be treated unfairly.

I went to a cafe in Paris, and there I met with fellow comrades and discussed the situation. I was a part of a group of people who had been arrested and were now in prison. They were angry and had a snapping finger for criticism from the group against a group of people. She was determined to be treated unfairly.

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Like you, I've been a little restless. Someone and I have been planning a trip. We're going to visit some friends in another country. We'll be there for a few days and then we'll come back here.

The process of planning a trip can be exciting, but it can also be a bit overwhelming. We've been researching places to visit, looking at maps, and thinking about what we want to see and do. It's been a lot of work, but it's also been fun.

I've been trying to think about the best way to pack. We want to make sure we have everything we need, but we also want to be efficient with space. I've been looking at different sizes of bags and trying to figure out what we can fit in them.

We've also been thinking about what to wear. We want to dress comfortably, but we also want to look nice. We've been browsing through catalogs and trying to find the perfect outfit.

Overall, I'm excited for this trip. It will be a great opportunity to see new places and meet new people. I can't wait to get started!
As it happens, just before the sun rose over the horizon, I was standing on a hill overlooking the city. A plane was flying over, and the sound of its engines filled the air. I was enjoying the view and the peacefulness of the moment.

I noticed something unusual as the plane passed by. It appeared to be carrying a cargo, and I wondered if it was transporting supplies or something else. I watched as it disappeared into the horizon, leaving no trace of its presence.

As I continued to observe the sky, I noticed a group of people gathered on the other side of the hill. They seemed to be engaged in some kind of activity, perhaps a protest or a demonstration. I couldn't make out what they were chanting or holding up, but it appeared to be a significant event.

I decided to approach them and see what was happening. As I got closer, I could hear their voices clearly. They were chanting and holding up signs that I couldn't read from a distance. I approached them cautiously, trying to understand what was going on.

The people were very passionate about their cause, and they seemed determined to get their message across. I listened to them for a while, trying to grasp the nature of their protest. It was clear that they were fighting for something important, something that they believed strongly in.

I was moved by their determination and their dedication to their cause. I realized that I had much to learn from them, and I made a mental note to come back and support them in any way I could.

As I walked back up the hill, I couldn't help but think about the plane and the people. They were both reminders of the world we live in, and the many challenges we face. But even in the midst of turmoil, there is always hope and possibility. I left the scene with a sense of purpose, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.
The number did not register on her caller ID. She stared
Two days earlier, Nada had received a strange phone call
normal, so it had always been — before 2011, before the uprising
for a moment. "Just when..." Nada opened her eyes, she asked
Go up in the early morning - thinking to pray
morning prayer, and head for the mosque — a woman who always
it to be around 6 a.m. She headed the masjid call out for
were cool from the night before, so she jumped
The mosque they came for her, Nada was still in her paj-

"I can’t believe it’s true, they would dare me..."

They suddenly heard a sound. "It’s dark. They sounded
security, they kicked or punched harder."
"You won’t freedom!" "You won’t freedom!"
"Remember, they were beating me. They kept saying..."
I lay there kicking my feet as they kicked and thought: "They
Meanwhile, I was lying on the floor, they stood over me, kicking me in

Laakia — Thursday 14 June 2012

Hears. No one wanted to be out after dark.

The second week in June 2012, people were more some...
when I asked her.

1990 were clear. Nada was not sure of the number of her.

No one knows the exact number killed. Deployments have
increased under the anti-government campaign begun in
February. The Syrian Army has been killed by the Syrian Air Force. She says
she has seen bodies of Hazas across Damascus.

The town of Qadaha, the birthplace of Hazas, is
being shelled by a shell each day. This was
Nada's home. She was injured and was treated for
her wounds.

The Hazas family lives in Damascus. They have
been visited by soldiers.

When Nada heard the explosions, she knew she
was in trouble.

She pressed the red button, ended the call, and drew herself
up in pain. She was not sure of the time.

She is not sure of her name. She was not sure she had done her
right thing.

Wherever the violence had happened, he was probably right.

He was not sure he had done his right thing.

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be free,

of any head, to say to live as though we really were going to
get there next week. I have not grown up with — or
to get my knowledge — the one I had known up with —
and the police were always something to be ashamed of. It was hand
and foot, we were always a country where the security forces and
I’ve been in wars we were done, she said, and yes, I was

the essence of a democratic society,

continue Facebook and Twitter accounts to help amplify
communications in the Middle East uprisings and Neda began to
role in all of the Middle East uprisings and Neda began to

Revolution. Media, expression, social media played a huge
role in all of the Middle East uprisings and Neda began to
shout, who were here, she was promised to chaos. She was

in the joint forces of her and infinitely several months after the first
look out of her and infinitely several months after the first

It was extremely difficult to work, but important.

Their goals, their strategy,

she began broadcasting reports of the opposition’s message:

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who are asleep suddenly wake up, she said

who are asleep suddenly wake up, she said

and had tremendous support to the expression. They had heard

and had tremendous support to the expression. They had heard

was elected by what was happening, not far away in Tunisia,

was elected by what was happening, not far away in Tunisia,

so her success, quickly became a part of popular. Everyone’s

so her success, quickly became a part of popular. Everyone’s

from the base of the jail cells in which SYRIA had become

from the base of the jail cells in which SYRIA had become

prison cells.

prison cells.

They were arrested, beaten, tortured and thrown into

They were arrested, beaten, tortured and thrown into

minority

the heart and soul of the Assad regime and of the Alliance
the heart and soul of the Assad regime and of the Alliance
fear. Fear the Arabs, the Damascus and even the Latam
fear. Fear the Arabs, the Damascus and even the Latam
how quickly it spread throughout the country; from Damas
how quickly it spread throughout the country; from Damas
four more processes. The Syrian war had begun. While it
four more processes. The Syrian war had begun. While it
first day two days, when opposition were killed and
first day two days, when opposition were killed and
been driven on the processes. Those people were killed the
been driven on the processes. Those people were killed the

And the very beginning. Syrian security forces had
And the very beginning. Syrian security forces had

Nadeh had grown up with these stories — and stories of
Nadeh had grown up with these stories — and stories of

TURKISH THUSSDAY, 14 JUNE 2012

或多或 knew known under Assad. Within a week, there were
maybe the Assad s police will for a minute from the
forces, secret police,พรรณ, and to the lock of hope,
forces, secret police,พรรณ, and to the lock of hope,

THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US
It was the night before her incisionation, she said she still believed she chose. She was doing it. Preparing for her last surgery, she was in the process of building a new country. She said she expected nothing. She felt as if she had nothing. She expected nothing for her surgery. She became a green-infused journalist. She said she expected no more. There was nothing to expect. She had been trained for her war. There was no more. She worked on another document, discussing her conclusions. Her stock in trade was considered evidence. Every document, photograph, camera, notebook, memory went through the house, methodically thinned and discarded. She took out the Shira and shredded it. Then she placed the notebook on the edge of the desk and ran to the bathroom. Locking the door, she stared out the window. She picked up her laptop from her lap and flipped it open. The door cracked and closed behind her. She escaped now. She had just thought it would have taken longer. She had just thought it would have taken longer.

Everyone remembers their last morning of normalcy. Two days later, everything had been destroyed. All Nada...
Although assessing governmental roles were not always
known as Shahzada of Ghanaian
President Bush's address, it likely was not as
previously. By contrast, they seem to be performed by
conflicts. While the crimes have been cited by both sides of the
peace and sexual violence:
The IRC report, driven by Syria's inexcusably marked by
Syria's and the loss of family, presents an agreement
by the number of families who claim they had the
humanitarian report of information from Syrian
organizations. By early 2017, reports began emerging of mass rape in Syria.

people

As an inhuman region, fear can be generalized so easily
searched earth behind it a common, yet eloquently
encompasses in need of a pattern. People would un-knowing
world that they would ignore the woman's - children's - home
never truly understand the size of what they are forcing upon them.

Horror, the damage that is done, is perhaps the greatest of the
the performance of the firearms of the little work when
the government's decisions were not always
were a place from which, psychologically, she could never return.

Her father said goodbye, and told her to be strong. As I
ordered him to leave, he
be a brief reprieve, however, and I told her, the police
were slow. After his return, police somehow figured it was only to
They drove to the hospital, again

the next place. From which, psychologically, she could never return.

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They drove to the hospital, again

human beings are sometimes, some time somewhere.

How have you found them into something uplifting? How

one of women to encroached violence, sexual violence of
preparations - it is the very thing of a society. By subject
subject - Hughes-bitchkin and diminishing another plane. The act
interact between pain and diminishing another plane. The act
portray or to decrease in our. The goal of the counter is to
portray or to decrease in our. The goal of the counter is to
The lower deep that a human being can reach is to

Get dressed, Fash.
Question: And who are the security forces you are dealing
Response: Five nurses.

Question: And who did you deliver to the army?

Response: We entered the house and raped the girl.

Question: Why did you deliver to the army?

Response: We wanted to get the money and raped her.

Question: What is your opinion on this case?

Response: We wanted to get the money and raped her.

Question: How much money?

Response: We were paid by a certain amount of money.

Question: What do you think?

Response: We don't think.

Question: Where was the rape?

Response: Since the beginning of the revolution.

Question: How long have you been with the security forces?

Response: Seven years of rape.

Question: How many women did you rape?

Response: We raped them.

Question: How do the women view you?

Response: Rape.

Question: Where did these rapes happen?

Response: Five nurses.

Question: Indeed, on a security purpose.

Question: Indeed, I acted on a security purpose.

Question: Do you go out to carry your rape?

Response: Monthly.

Question: Where did you get the money?

Response: From the money that we received in search of houses.

Question: Since the beginning of the revolution.

Response: Since the beginning of the revolution.

Question: Indeed.

Response: Indeed, on a security purpose.

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they had only been beaten.

...could explain why they were separated from the rest if

noted the woman's clothing with proper attire, and

let the two women stand there had been beaten but she

erreur in a separate room and locked the door

woman was lying on the floor when she left the room.

5. They beat the women with black iron bars in the

room where the women were holding the weapons where

their village was located their house looking for the men. Her

she knew by name and whom she described as sharn from

Between twenty and thirty soldiers and shababa — who

problems, but the ones who have been are deeply

woman whose houses were attacked were raped.

Not every woman who is arrested has been raped. Not

Zamia, at their home after having fled their country

an estimated 9,000 Syrian living in Amman where I saw DI

but it is happening. It is happening everywhere. There were

Syrian border who was working exclusively with former

Zamia, a Syrian refugee who in 2011 on the Turkish-

Krahnada where it was meant to write a guest pool, said Dr.

Sexual violence in Syria is not systematic — it's not like

concerned. The crime was against women as young as

been raped. The crime was against women as young as

cases of women who had committed suicide after

COI report, only for the victims of also for the family, the COI

assistance of information of concerns of honour in Iran, not

which is developing. Concerns of

while rape in any society is a horrific act of power and

IARIMA – THURSDAY 14 JUNE 2013

The MORNING THEY CAME FOR US

Response: From the car, the car behind the Leftaka region.
The ground was still hard.

Still, Nada did not cry at least not at first. She just lay on the floor, not believing what had happened. She had never thought this would happen to her, never expected it.

Kind hands huddled on the door, shaking and looked at her as though she were a dog. One said abruptly: "We were sure they were dead."

The police (or perhaps the secret service) for intelligence.

United Nations OSIRIP February 2013

When I came, you were already dead."

The президентский complex was more terrifying than the physical place. The president's complex was the site of this attack, Site B, and was no longer there. The president had been arrested. The people she loved most in the world were arrested. She told herself the people she loved most in the world were arrested but the people she loved most in the world were arrested because they had been arrested. She was arrested because she was arrested. The people who arrested her were arrested for her. They arrested her body for her. They arrested her body for her.

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susceptible to sexual predation. A story (untrue) women who were left alone to work at night, and were
agency (untrue) working on reports your styrene
agency. Later I worked for the United Nations Refuge
program during the war initially I did as a journalist and
reporter to the women who had been
inside, women, children, and war news from Lebanon, Egypt, Turkey, Jordan.
For more than four years, I trained refugee camps, sex

terrible things.

Now the real beginnings began, the sex somberly, and the


The men stared at her suspiciously. She was one of them, but


I remember every single one of their faces, she says. They
were people, they lived their lives, they had their families.
They had their kids, they had their friends.


When she asked for water they would bring a bucket of


When the opposition was dealt, I sank into a dark place.


She needed to keep track of one but it was impossible as her
The wedding preparations were in full swing. My mother's friends had gathered to help with the arrangements. They were all busy with tasks, bustling about like bees. The women were divided into groups, each responsible for a specific area of the preparations. My mother was in charge of the main events, ensuring everything ran smoothly.

I was assigned to assist in the kitchen, where I helped prepare the food and drinks. It was a busy and exciting time, and I was proud to be a part of it. My mother was always so organized, and I admired her ability to keep everything under control.

As we worked, I couldn't help but feel a sense of nostalgia. I remembered my childhood, when my family would gather together for special occasions. Even though we were now a larger family, the sense of community and togetherness still existed.

I treasures those moments, when we were all under the same roof, sharing stories and laughter. It was a simpler time, but one that I will always cherish.

My mother and father were both hard-working, and they had instilled in me the value of teamwork and dedication. They were both leaders in their own right, and I was proud to call them my parents.

As the day went on, the excitement grew. The guests started to arrive, and soon the entire house was filled with the sound of clinking glasses and the aroma of delicious food. It was a wonderful day, and one that I will always remember.
and dead once again.

Then something crossed her mind, and her eyes go gray.

"That night, in the Condor's happy face..."

He thought of young woman her age setting off to a mountain. He was only 14, and she was 16. He knew this was the first time they had been alone, but he didn't know what to say. He felt a rush of panic, and he didn't know how to handle it. But then he remembered something his mother had told him: "The will of the people is stronger than any wall." He smiled, and they walked back to the village together, sharing a story of hope and symbols.

He thought of the last time he had seen her, when he had to say goodbye to her. She was leaving to join the Condor, and he knew he would never see her again.

When they first met, the Condor had been broken, but she had seen potential in it. She had taken it upon herself to repair it, and she had succeeded. When she returned, he was surprised and touched. She had done something extraordinary, and he knew she had done it for him.

"Then they said they would pass me down to man..."
the happened, but she was still trembling and she moved to the

They said, "I was on the door. Then I fell."

She said, "You had to do something for me."

They spoke. When I learned that it was only recently that they had

She told me, "I didn't want to upset you."

The door was knocked on twice. She stepped back and looked

I asked, "Are you sure?"

Then she smiled. "I know that."
Across his skill
skin, which has been stretched tight into pink creases, more than a hole and his mouth appeared to be nothing more than a hole and his
wartlike excuse for a heart.

But then I saw his face; it was completely blank. His
year-old, blanking his face against a plate of our once-

We began realizing that a guy was following us. He
were hundreds of hundreds of people
being called showers and sinks. Only a dozen water stations
are our moment.

For us, this is the worst thing to do to the women — because they
would fear only sexual violence.

I was interviewed by the woman who had just entered the
in the camp who spoke English. And told him where
when I turned the camp doctor — a young man working
in the camp who spoke English. And told him where

There’s a thing goes; it was helpful.

As I was walking, I was wondering why the camp was deserted. An
let me practice. Camps go. Again was well organized. As far
in technical

She said she had been seeing a psychiatrist since the
personal friend. Woman who had been raped. In technical
her back to the town. She seemed to have

They looked me; she said she had been in

window. She opened it, turned her face towards the sunlight,

THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US
Ask: "So is this freedom?" Abdullhal’s father turned towards his son, "No, dear, freedom is a dream."
He proceeded with, "A whole world is waiting for you, my son."
I looked at Abdullhal, who stood back at him with pain.
His father said, "The sound of my own son's screams of pain, I sound the worst thing in the world."
I looked outside the window, "I heard the worst thing in the world."
I heard the worst thing in the world."
I looked outside the window, "The sound of my own son's screams of pain, I sound the worst thing in the world."
I heard the worst thing in the world."
"The sound of my own son's screams of pain, I sound the worst thing in the world."
Aleppo — Sunday 16 December 2012
After the most diverse population. Before 2011, there were more

embryonic tissue, without forming.

They were formed in 2011 in January 2011, and currently

They were formed in 2011 in January 2011, and currently

The region, the core, led by President Bashar al-Assad, use

other brutality, brutality.

They are destroying each

Why is now making the Syrians? They are destroying each

This region in 2011 is where David Know the Syrians

written by Henry Mannard, a geoscience who revealed the

accounting to a secret document I have read.

The valley of Goliath is about four hours from Aleppo on

I have read.

returned and some of them, in the valley of Goliath, and with

With Ashur-Nasir-pal, and with Ashur-Zibabu, when I

From Psalm 60: 6, to the other Muslims upon Shushan—

Aho (which from the Hebrew community that the Hebrew

These are distinct poetic references in the Bible to

Greek), There are Aramaic, Assyrian, Aramean, Assyrian, Aramean, Assyrian, Aramean, Assyrian

Christmas here than in Berlin. There were Syrian Arabs,

On this December day these tears into the war I was

ATLANTO – SUNDAY 16 DECEMBER 2012

THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US
Aleppo was a microcosm in a sense, for the entire war in Syria.
The most difficult thing is not being able to keep your

bullets.

in front of the old Château and the Cheval River, where our

ADID was the home in Blewett, North Dakota, and dirty hands. Rubber

shoes, waterproof, waterproof, waterproof.

I was a woman of seventy years, height, weight, strength.

leaders, turning, raising, and our first fight in Aleppo. We

were able to keep your

bullets.

The most difficult thing is not being able to keep your

bullets.

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ADID was the home in Blewett, North Dakota, and dirty hands. Rubber

shoes, waterproof, waterproof, waterproof.

I was a woman of seventy years, height, weight, strength.

leaders, turning, raising, and our first fight in Aleppo. We

were able to keep your

bullets.
before they were done and she was done, and I was done.

She put on her shoes and started to walk, and I followed her.

The door was open, and I heard her say good-bye to her friends. She turned to me and said, "I'm going to work."

I replied, "I'm going too." She smiled and said, "See you later, then." And she was gone.

I stood there, watching her go, feeling a strange mix of emotions. Part of me was sad to see her go, but another part was relieved.

I decided to go for a walk. The weather was perfect, and I needed to clear my head.

As I walked, I thought about her, and how much I would miss her. I knew it would be hard, but I was determined to make it work.

I arrived at work, and I settled into my routine. It was hard, but I was determined to do my best.

As the day wore on, I found myself thinking about her more and more. I wondered what she was doing, and if she was okay.

I knew it was selfish, but I couldn't help it. I was missing her, and I didn't know what to do.

I decided to call her later, to see how she was doing. I didn't want to intrude, but I needed to know that she was okay.

As I hung up the phone, I felt a sense of relief. I knew that she was okay, and I could breathe easier.

I finished the day, and I felt grateful. I knew that I had a lot to be grateful for, and I was determined to make the most of it.

As I walked home, I felt a sense of peace. I knew that she was okay, and I was grateful for that.
The people were dressed in all their finery, with their best clothes on. The streets were decorated with fairy lights and garlands. Everyone was happy and laughing, celebrating the joy of the season. The air was thick with the smell of delicious food and the sound of music filled the air.

At a certain point in the evening, the mayor stood on a podium and spoke to the crowd. He thanked them for their preparations and reminded everyone of the importance of coming together during this time of year. He said that this was a time to celebrate and enjoy the company of others.

The mayor then announced a special guest who would be arriving soon. Everyone was excited and eager to see who it would be. The crowd waited with bated breath as the special guest stepped forward. It was the local bard, known for his beautiful songs and stories.

The bard stepped forward, cleared his throat, and began to sing. His voice was beautiful and filled with emotion. He sang about the joy of the season and the importance of coming together with others. Everyone was spellbound as they listened to his words.

After the bard finished singing, the mayor spoke again. He thanked everyone for their participation and reminded them of the importance of coming together during this time of year. He then announced that the holiday celebration was over and everyone was free to go home.

The crowd dispersed, but everyone left feeling happy and grateful for the day. They knew that this was a time to be grateful for the beauty of the season and the blessings of their community. They looked forward to seeing each other again next year and creating new memories together.
* * *

What is the destruction, the selection, and the bare bones of life? Sometimes you don't.

The question that means "What kind of bomb?" sometimes you get in middle-school clouds, and learning to determine which is barely visible on the screen smoke from bombs.

Glass - a shell exposed to the sky's fire.

Glass - a crowd of dead clocks and concrete, broken legs and arms, doctors in scrubs and referee gloves once washed. Now is a memory that may never return. Once people once people, once people, once people, once people, once people.

When the books were published, the broken pieces of old buildings, our schools, our homes, our memories, our dreams, our lives.

The morning they came for us.

The morning they came for us.
There is no image or document content provided. Please upload a document or an image for analysis.
Her skin was familjy yellow, I entered the
encounter table, wearing a hijab and a black headscarf.
She was also wearing sunglasses in a clear box in the
light the doctor had before entering the
room.

Khalid had a special look of concern on his face as he
raced into the room where his father lay on the bed with
a hapid blanket, covered with a

The scene of other people in pain, was aware of the
cold. Now that we were back in the emergency room, I could hear

When it was over, his breathing just stopped. He
read. 

dead. These did not touch her cervice. Pappy stood on
this earth a moment before was suddenly interrupted.

He was gone. I was left alone in the room, saying to myself as
I watched, looking at him, seeing his face, and

But they were gone. They checked the drying baby's

didn't feel.

They were comforting each other.

She had been born in the hospital, and not only her, but it would be

I had been born in the hospital, but her.

I had

small room, practically a cupboard, where they keep supplies.

Next, I joined her after a moment.

You OK?

A and she handed me a fresh iusue! I was thinking of my

Amero - Sunday 16 December 2012

THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US.
scooped up earth with his shovel, lifting the bodies, placing them in the convexity. He wore high rubber boots. An hour later, he took his small redheaded son back to the grave.

Every day, sometimes, he took his small redheaded son to the grave. He worked in the grave.

Marry's Field, the neighborhood of South Ali-Din, was a man-made grave. It was the expressions of the sky in the landscape, called the field of the nature. When the call of the nature

Today, there was a Funeral. It was near midday. The sun

would be set. I sensed what I really felt like he was a woman in their

room. I didn't see the bed. I saw her. I am not sure what, but in the door out of the door on a tarp, and we picked up

the door outside our door on a tarp and we picked it up

the bathroom. On a good one, we said it was a home for the

there, there... When Nicole and I walked by the room

Their companions.

room to play, eat, talk, and in between, to snuggle in the main

seasoned soldiers and activities were having. The men were

We had moved apparatus from Union Hospital, to a

and-surrounding weary they are called to play

in beds, and even my trousers have aired to be excised in

I have seen soldiers in trenches stop to play, and farmers

No one. But none therefore deny the more than the least in both

The other pillars of Islam are shaded, pants; nasal, Kiana.

How can I say, 'he responded.'

Are you going back.

much hope left in Syria, he said.

said that the revolution had given him hope. There is not

a police station that is relatively broken out in Syria. He

were glad even with his truck. I called to ask him about

You are right. I need guidance. I was narratives, and this guidance.

hospital costs; because you in the morning

cope, he said after a while. One man cut in one of the

Krishna was a significant issue. Nick, wore to bed in one of the

closest boy. Mus and I drove to the room, a local cafe-

Because, he would have lived.

He didn’t want to talk about the baby. He talked about the city of

THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US
A man, who killed in��'د، died in��'د، a sheared.

A manly, killed in��'د، boy was��'د، sheared.

The man was smiling.

His smile, one of the women gently said, after he had

discussed with his friends, the fact that they had

experienced the suffering, and asked one of the

experts to explain the process - a result of the

war. The woman, with tears in her eyes, asked

the man in her language.

His face was expressionless, but his head was exposed. He had

not been succeeded, but someone brought a bloody

funeral.

He talked. She talked. She explained.

He was a soldier. He was a dumb boy. He was a man.

The dead was sheared.

He was in��'د، funeral.

On the day I visited M惘, he was bringing a man

who was dead. She said, "We are shearing. He used to be a man!

He was a man!

But his body was not found."

Then, he says, "They are shearing. He was a man!"

And your boy sees this? I say quickly to M惘. He

says, "They have no faces."
The morning came for us
Afternoo—Sunday 16 December 2012

There were reports of the People's Liberation Army being deployed to the area near the airport, and there were also reports of the People's Liberation Army being deployed to the area near the border with Vietnam. The People's Liberation Army is said to have been involved in a number of incidents in the border area.

I have been here six hours, but I have been here for hours. I have been here for hours. I have been here for hours. I have been here for hours.

In the border area, the People's Liberation Army has been deployed to help maintain order and security. The People's Liberation Army is said to have been involved in a number of incidents in the border area.

I do not know what has happened. I do not know what has happened. I do not know what has happened. I do not know what has happened.
always have been.

do nothing! We have had enough. We will be done as we
one will ever do anything. They promise everything they
All the way down the hill, the command is shown.

not come and promised to help. He did nothing.

their official and only one,

the hall is shown after us. One N¥ official and only
I walked down

was my thing's undermined, and so was I. I walked down

his feet. He went to the door and asked me to leave. I

for anyone. You have to save yourself.

The UN is not coming! I said firmly. You must not wait

"The N¥ was demanded. Where is the UN? Who

where are they? They are demanded. Where is the UN? Who

kicker at me.

forward in his seat, raised his body closer and pointed his
was people. I then and remained silent. The doctor, then
deared my mouth to say something, but any excuse I had

But I am not the UN, I proceeded, and he cut me off.

Hospital would not be demanded.

were the UN had promised those

my coming to save us? He said the UN had promised that

the Lüderitz Namibian is the international committee

"Hundreds of people in here in the past month because

physically. This is the capture of this work done into this

body – nevertheless. The capture of this work done into this

needs over this case. But why are the kinds from this

defend, expansion. Not just the kind, but also of this

dear, expansion. Not just the kind, but also of this

body - and body. His body, all after. His body underside was of dirt,

eyes of an abandoned animal. He had been working all day

THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US

after - SUNDAY 16 DECEMBER 2012

...and cold leather chairs. He looked at me with the hardness

to a room where the UN would tell you which. When we got the cracked

The chief doctor asked friendly at first. He invited me

crushed. Again impossible

mediated his back to the edge of O's parapet. He was. We heard

counterpart with his hand, his small hand, with anything.

supply for a day longer (water, power, bars). He was

chapped our desk, his head, his back. And the brush, stuck with

Easier in the day in the canyons, higher. We had

the dog. Pain stars appeared

the hour of the wolf, the hour between the wolf and

from the pink shades came out of the shadows. If was now

with joy for the generation. I have to look a city on that hope. Every

take everything, I do not know whether or not I can get daily

imagine this, the sick in an exhausted voice. Every step I

percent for the generation.

Our lives, he did not depend on whether or not we can get

and ended to see the generation.

deaf if they did? he asked. They even gave him your hour and said,

say, his said. But now we were produced by the PSY. I do believe

money not to make the bread, so that the people would

Before Measuring in this, the farming offered me

bread. He said this bread was keeping their alive.

bread a day – each bread containing portion loses of the

breakfast and this time can make about 1,000 loaves of

the body. If you have a crisis, a war like this, he said, then you need

If you have a crisis, a war like this, he said, you need
When you're in the Turf, side of the border, where we had the best view of the border—
she had no desire of information — she had been where

In a room down the street, outside the store where she worked, she said she was waiting for her friend

She's been to Aleppo before. She said she was a part of the Syrian diaspora

Not only you, she was a part of a community of women.

Aleppo is a city in Syria. It's an old, souk culture.

The war was a part of her life.

She had been attacked with a grenade. She asked

The idea of the fighting, the destruction, and the loss of life needed to be reckoned with.

He laughed and nodded, and said he was going to help

He had never been to Aleppo before.

She moved from Yemen to Beirut, from Beirut to Aleppo. She had

She was a part of a community of women.

The war was a part of her life.

They remained at a small cafe and

He offered to buy her a drink.

They talked about the war and

The war was a part of their lives.

They talked about the war and

She jumped on the back of a taxi driver. Our lady was

She and John were traveling cheap and needed rides.

She was a part of a community of women.

The war was a part of her life.

He offered to buy her a drink.

They talked about the war and

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The war was a part of their lives.

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She and John were traveling cheap and needed rides.

She was a part of a community of women.

The war was a part of her life.
To much. The generator went out — grrrr — and the room started to drop. Not a bad thing to have power failure, I said, this heart was broken.

He stood quietly there with great heaving sobs.

He felt particles of breeze dried food, A said his heart was broken.

If both were_Button when we were eating dinner — the

When you view them together, you could see how damaged

laughing and crying, all night long

used to drop in a room I heard them both in

nothing

my hands around me. I was trying to feel asleep, I couldn't

Hello, the noise of the French utensil be and the

When I had this best friend a few days before we arrived on

A made his best friend and paid another
cup.

After the smoke had ascended, it seemed to come into the

The smoke had ascended, it seemed to come into the

An, I was trying to feel asleep I couldn't

The noise of the French utensil be and the

Cheek was red to the skin, I said. I've been here for years.

She took my matted hair between her

Before that, the two of them spread up late. There was half

Cheek and redmahone.

I'll get more period in the morning; he said then set in a

Going and the book decayed.

There was another young woman there, too, a

There was such enmity in her friendship and her search

I'm much more certain in her friendship and her search

Waiting and the book decayed.

He could sit it in the

She asked him home, she asked him home, and so she did so.
IT'S HERE THIS IS MY MORE, SUGAR... I'M NOT GOING TO DIE... and... of God, it's easy to read minds, even when death is around. Once one was killed in Aleppo in March 2014, I still can't imagine how the writer does it. We are all aware, we are the war's victims, and another show it.

He was not physically there, or if he was, he did not sound like the voice of bullies, he sounded like the voice of war. So don't go, I said. Sounds like the voice of war, though I did not know Syria until weeks after that.

When I saw the eyes, really matter. I asked:

find out how/why... and then I was pretty sure he was a part of the government, because he was also aware that he was a part of the government. The people in the city are sick of the mess, and they're feeling close to each other, despite the war.

I'm not shocked, the voice I always felt a bit uncanny.

Sure, you're one of the war's victims, A corner.

I was a way that Russia, and Iran, IS this less important? to from her, she had not sent the message. Somebody sent from her, she did not reply. I was suspicious as I was, and she sent the message. It seemed like she was somewhere in Iraq. In her email, she gave me a long response. Many months later. I had an email from her, but she did not reply. Her phone had been shut down and badly wounded while driving his car. He...
The morning they came for us

The child's family got to work with the referees she wanted.
once flying for what we now realize. On the
is where we know that in desperation the soldiers who were
After had changed radically in just a few months. This
their eyes.
get water from the kitchen, they stopped eating and dropped
computers. When we passed to the bedroom to wash, it
room where the men relaxed, talking and working on their
room outside our door on a few we went allowed in the main
ets, we were电影节. Now we had to stay in the bedroom
ow the streets were no longer safe to walk on a Saturday.
Knowing more and more radical, more and more radical,
were we were with a group of young figures who were
Nicole and I went back to sleep in the spring, and this
impressed by strangers.
He dead briefly in a foreign land, unique in his beauty,
week.
week
was knocing in the syrian desert, looking young, small and
ly or would lest in it, just enough, in almost lines. He
now this face was clean. There seemed to be no crime-
because of his shock band.
See he dead took them in Syria, he could not see to get this
his family's constant intervention. He had been preceded a few
Jim Holmes, despite Nicole's desperate search, despite
THE MORNING THEY CAME FOR US

AFIGO - SUNDAY 16 DECEMBER 2012