

Good morning

You can rest assured, my friend, when you read in the morning that we wrote to you: Good morning.

In Gaza, every morning, friends and relatives write to each other good morning. Whoever repeats the morning reply, is like informing your friend that you are still alive. Not repeating the morning reply is worrying. It raises the possibility that the internet on the other end may be cut off. You wait during the day for your friend to respond with anything, you wait and wait... Then the next morning, you send him a new morning greeting. If he does not respond, you move to a more advanced stage; here you start the call his mobile phone and the journey of misery and torment of picking up the line begins. If there is no response, you will receive a message through the answering machine, that either saying: "The phone you are trying to call is not receiving calls" or "The phone is off!" If the answer was: the phone is currently off, then this is a high probability that he was martyred. But if it was: it is not possible to reach him, then there remains great hope, that the network is down and that he is still alive. You start calling people close to him to reassure you about his well-being. You keep trying until you reach certain news of whether the mobile owner is alive or has been martyred. Therefore, when in the morning we say: good morning, we mean that we are fine.

There are other verbs in the war which their original meanings differed. Among the variables and alterations in the war, is that when you go to the bathroom in the morning - in the place of displacement where you live - you carry a two-liter bottle of water and toilet paper in your right hand, to replace the bidet, and a bucket of water and a water rinse in the left hand to replace the flush. You find the bathroom empty despite your hurry! Then your tongue says: "Oh, how beautiful is the world." You sit smiling.

To explain to the readers why we enter the bathroom carrying all these artifices, including bottles, buckets, toilet paper, and brooms, in short, because the number of us displaced people in the house in which we live, is more than a hundred people.. We were allocated one bathroom, and all the time the bathroom was occupied, and a queue was waiting for you. Due to the scarcity of water, at the beginning of the war we used a flush and a bidet, but the owner of the house used to fill the one thousand liter barrel for the bathroom every two days, that would quickly get empty. This is because the siphon is pulled and pulled throughout the day, and the barrel does not stop emptying its water for a single minute. As a result, the large barrel is emptied in two days. Accordingly, the bathroom barrel was locked and cancelled. After that, each family began to buy its own water and act accordingly with all their water needs, including the bathroom, and the painful journey of going to it.

A week ago, a friend of mine invited me to have coffee at his house. After a while sitting with him, I needed to go to the bathroom, knowing that since the beginning of the war and of my displacement to the south, this was the first time I had entered a bathroom equipped with all the simple, natural things that I was familiarized with before my displacement, and that I had come close to forgetting it. When I sat in my friend's bathroom, I realized the magnitude of the calamity and the catastrophe that we are living every second. It seems that we have begun to lose our humanity, and that we have not gone back fifty years only, but rather a hundred years.

We can rebuild the homes and the roads that were destroyed, but we cannot restore the destroyed people, memories, emotions, behaviors, culture, education, relationships, system, etc. May God help us in the coming days if we have anything left from those days. Our dreams were distorted, our wishes were diminished and changed, and we began to rejoice over the most trivial things. For example, if you wanted to go to the market, and a horse stopped for you instead of a donkey, you would be optimistic about your day, filled with happiness, and you would say to yourself: "How lucky I am, it seems that this day will be a happy day!" After a few moments, the horse raises its tail and begins to defecate and urinate. But what is strange is that none of the passengers notice this, as if nothing has happened, and they do not even smell the stink that fills our nostrils. They all watch the goods on both sides of the road with intense concentration, as if they were walking on foot. The cart driver has no objection to stopping for a while and give one of the passengers a chance to get off and buy something from the vendor, then come back and ride with us, despite the fact that we all become prisoners of that passenger, desperately waiting for him to return so we can continue our journey. Along the way, passengers ask vendors, while on the cart, in a loud voice about the prices of goods that resemble a stock market in their rise and fall every morning... How much is a kilo of sugar today? How much do you sell the Nescafe? How much and how much???

In Gaza, the market is from all over the world, so you can find canned goods from Egypt, Turkey, the Emirates, Jordan, Vietnam, Kuwait, China, Japan, the US, Spain, India, and the countries of Waq Waq. They all make canned food for us and throw them into our stomachs. Many of such are rejected by cats and dogs. Whoever did not die from the missile died from something else. There are many canned foods, and death is cancer-caused.

Wherever you turn your face in the war there is pain! People's faces and their paleness make you cry. Their clothes, their shoes, the children, the women, and the men, who are lining up for the hospices, carrying containers to fill with the worst types of food, cooked by the worst cooks, and they have no other way but to eat. They may wait in that line for hours and hours.

You keep suppressing your anger all the time, and your feelings are killing you, then you would say to yourself: Oh heartache! You feel pain over what happened, what is happening, and what will happen. Then you listen to the news that says that the United States is concerned for the lives of civilians, so you get angry and change the station, to hear that the US has exported to Israel thousands of tons of the latest types of missiles, bombs, aircrafts and explosives. You also hear that Israel is trying hard to preserve our lives, yet the number of martyrs who are known so far, and are not missing or still under the rubble, has reached only 33,000 martyrs, including 14,000 children, and the rest are mostly women and elderly people. You try to get some sleep, but questions keep racing in your head. Every question has a thousand answers, without knowing where we are going and how long this situation will last!

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