

## SIDES ONE MEDYA

You could feel the world is ending. End of the world. You could see and understand resurrection, the world is upside down. I saw a man who carried his wounded lover on his back for days. And when she died, he buried her under a big rock. I saw a mother, and a dog was eating her child. And we went to help her and save her child, but the child was dead. We were heartbroken, trying everything to save them there.

But people in Europe and Westerners who talk about human rights, they just become sad, learning about our life. That is not enough. Being sorry is not enough. For that I wrote and I wrote because I want my writing to become like flogging. And make people's hearts full of pain. I want my pen to transfer our pain and our life. I want as much as seeing the brutality of war burn my heart, that I can burn other's hearts with my writing. And like that they will maybe stop feeling sorry for us. The same when I went to Kobani. I witnessed the sacrifices happening there. I wrote about that too.

I saw in Kobani, if the war was only through land with ISIS, but in Afrin Turkish Army helped them with fighter jets... Aah... I lived extraordinary moments there. There were moments where all I could do was gather children who were so scared of bombarding, and just sit with them, and tell them stories. Under the horrible noise of Turkish fighter jets, I told them stories. "Yani"... What was burning my heart during these days was that I should go every day and record the number of children being killed. Um... I wrote about an old man who didn't have the heart to leave his home, and for that he stayed and fought.

Sadly... Most of the time the media was reporting that Turkey was just defending their borders during the Afrin war. They all had hands in it; Turkey, USA, Russia, England. They all united against the Kurds. Even bombarding daycare and primary schools." yani" .... I saw pain that was bigger than my heart. I forced my heart to survive and be there. "Yani"... how do I explain.... The last day before I left Afrin, I went to the hospital. I was walking, and without looking down, I felt like I was walking in a small river up to my ankles, and I looked down and it was all blood. I can't compare what I saw that last day, what I saw at the hospital with anything else I saw in my life."yani"... I have lived thirty six years, but seeing Kobani, Shangal and Afrin made me feel like 365 years old... ya... world full of hypocrisy....

I'm tired of the West just feeling sorry for us, feeling sad for us. Do something!

## SIDES TWO MEDYA

On my birth certificate my name is Seedar. It is a Kurdish name. But when I started school... first grade my teacher was Turk. He didn't want to call me by my Kurdish name And... eh...for that the teacher forced me to change my name to a Turkish name. He called me Zeebad, and forced me to use it, and write my Turkish name while in school...

You see... um.... My first life challenge started there... "Yani"... I am Kurd. My name is Kurdish. My existence is Kurd. But I've been forced to go somewhere that is not familiar to me. A place that has a problem with my name. Ah....They made me a stranger in my own land. But honestly, the ones who are imposing themselves on us, are the real strangers in my land. Yani... My teacher was the real stranger. Not me.

I was an only child. On my first day of school, my father came with me, and talked to the principal, and told them to care for me, and to take care of me. And that's what they did.... (with a smile) A week later he came back again, and asked the principal how I was doing in the school. They told him we have no one with that name. It shocked my father. He went back home, and as soon as I got home he asked me; Don't you go to school? Of course.... I was so overwhelmed with what was happening to me in school, I was so angry, I reacted so badly to my father.....I cried and screamed..... After that, when I went back to school, I decided I will stay silent, I will not speak. I was just listening. Yes.... that's what I did....

When I was young I witnessed many poor children, they had nothing. I could get whatever I wanted. Um..... One day after seeing a poor girl who was crying for a little thing, I asked my father; how come there is so much injustice, and we can get whatever we want? We can't ignore others because we have enough for ourselves, we have to care for others. I grew up with all these questions about injustice. Yani, for me it was becoming important to find the answers for all these questions. And try to get rid of all the misery forced upon our people. Questioning the situation is not the end of the challenge. But being active to change the situation is the only answer. Um... I mean... I wanted to find answers to all my questions and I had no other way except to stand up... to fight.....