



I didn't think. I just left.

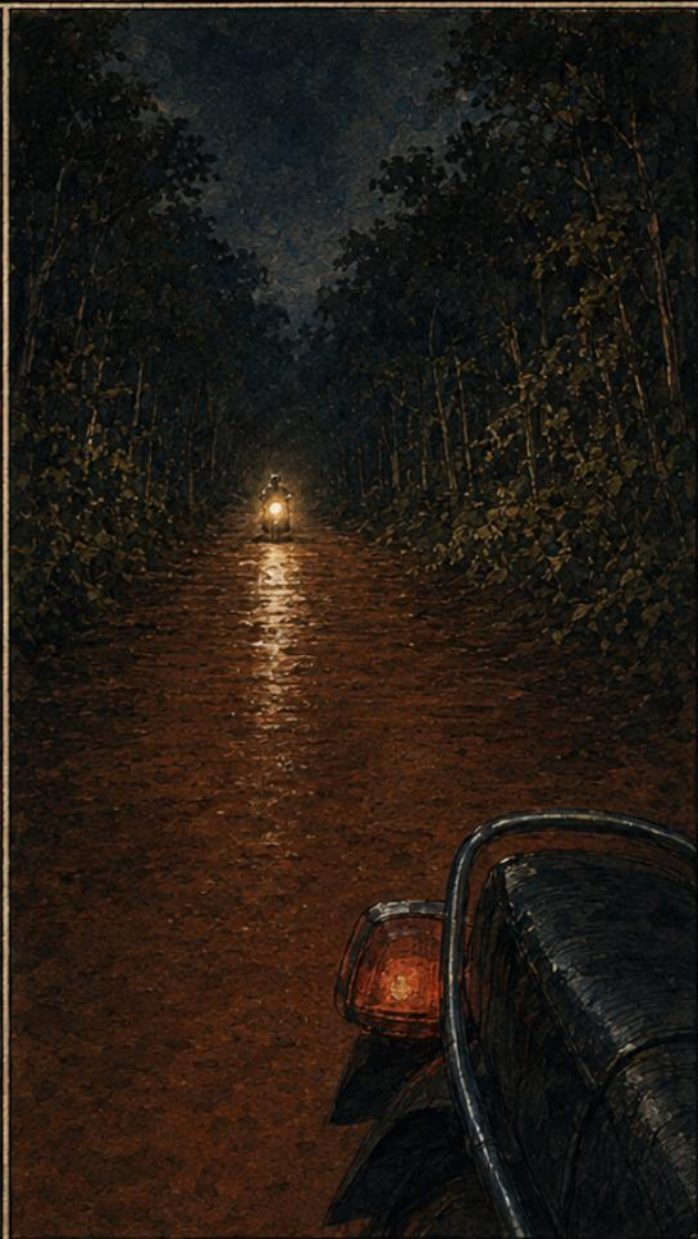


The first road was blocked.



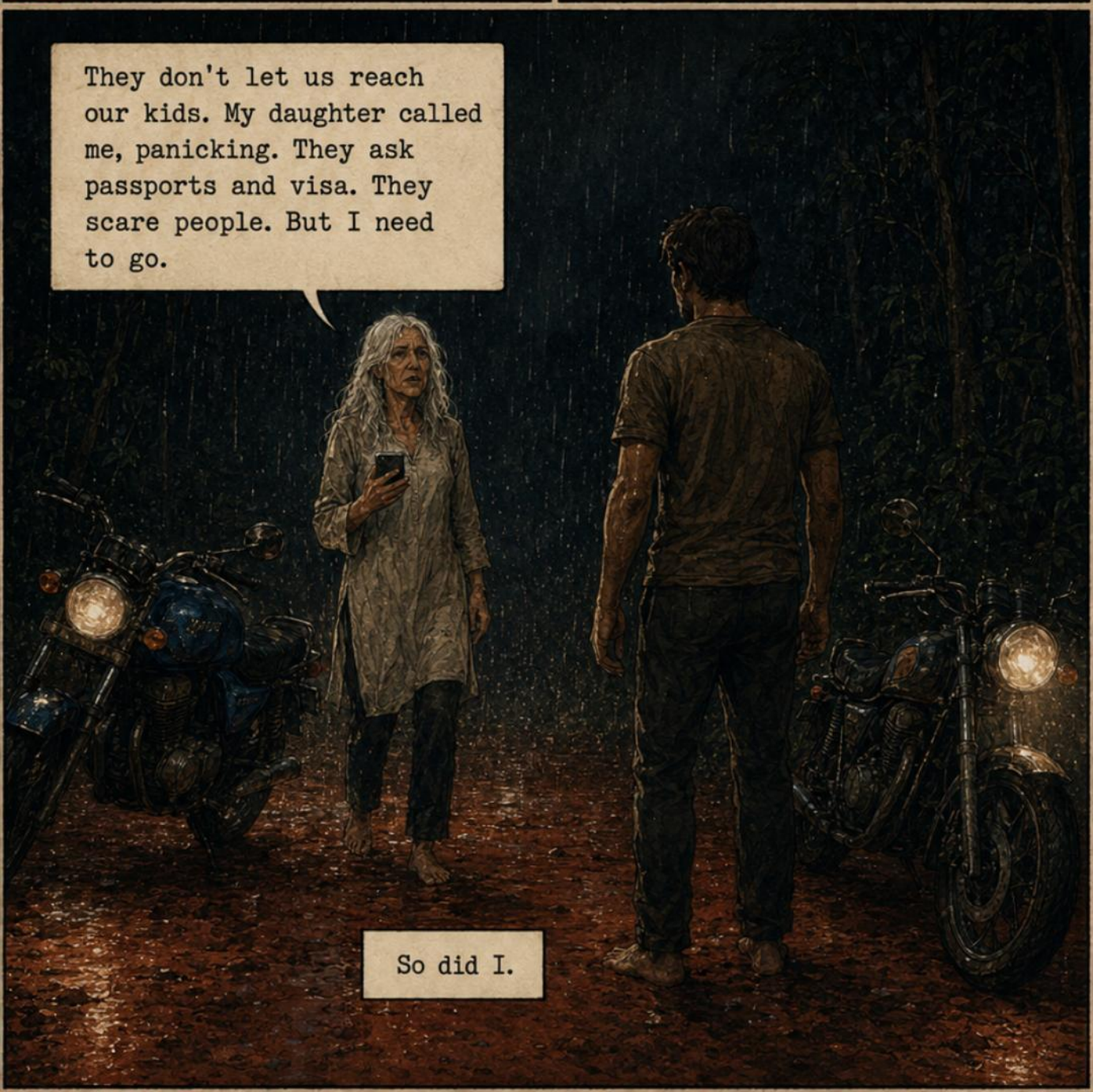


I tried another road. Same wall.






They don't let us reach our kids. My daughter called me, panicking. They ask passports and visa. They scare people. But I need to go.



So did I.



We left the bikes and
tried to find a way
through the forest.

Hundreds of policemen
blocked all the roads.

We came out of
the forest.



People were screaming.



Some residents were
blocking the machines
with their bodies.



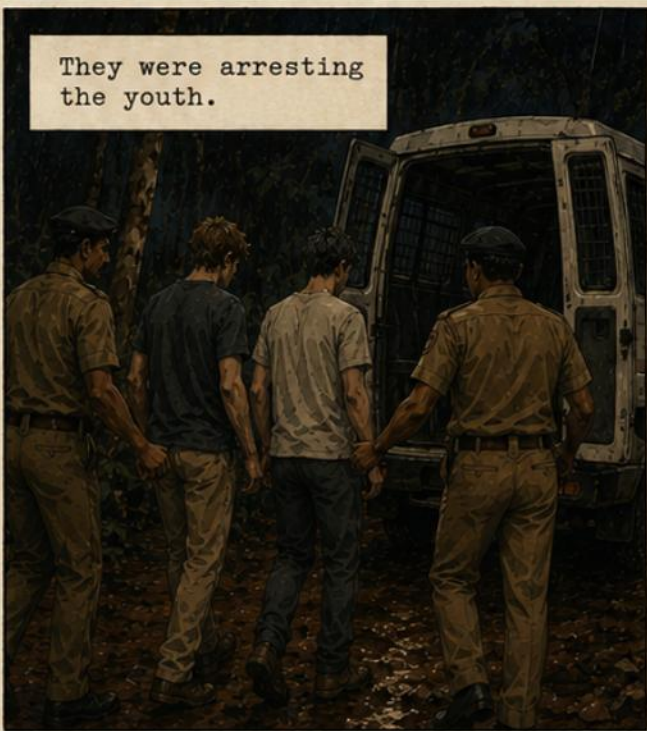
One of the drivers was
completely drunk.



The police were everywhere.



They were arresting the youth.



We stood there, unable to move.



It was a nightmare.



suddenly they stopped.
they made their point.
they'd come the next morning
to finish the job.



*Who destroys a forest
in the middle of the night?*

I rode home in the dark.




I lay down for a moment.



Morning came.





The kids were eating
their breakfast. It was
meant to be a weekend
like any other.

They still lived
in the dream.

I had just entered
the nightmare.

That was five years ago.

Just telling it again,
my whole body tightens.

I become unable to
wake up from this
old grief.





*There should be somewhere on earth
a place which no nation could claim
as its own...*

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