

## Oh But The Sad Truth!



What you are going to read now is not my story. It is not my friend's story. It is not the story of a few people. It is the story of an entire nation.

Syria is going through tough times and I do not see it getting any better any time soon, unfortunately. All I can do is sit and hope for a better future, a future with less war and more peace, a future with less hate and more love.

I and many others had to come to lands unknown to us. It was not a choice that we took based on better weather, nor was it a choice that we took at all. Most of us had no other option.

The war in Syria is not as easy as good vs evil. The war has only immoral sides, and that is what makes it hard. The fact that there is

no good side makes it really hard to see the light at the end of the tunnel. All we see is endless darkness. Many of us have seen injustices far worse than any of you could imagine. Many of us lived through incredibly tough and grim times, times that I would wish upon nobody



Starting a new life is not the easiest task, but the number of people offering a helping hand is far from being few. I and many others have been given a new chance at living a new life, a life away from all the darkness. Some of us can finally see a bright light after a great while suffering. We see the light even if it is extremely cloudy and foggy in Germany.

We are all undeniably thankful and grateful for what we have been given, whether it is a roof above our heads or access to further education. And hopefully one day we might live on to prove useful to

everyone who offered us a helping hand. We have been given a new home, a place where we feel safe and complete. This is now my new home.

Now before you think this is the work of a master author. I am nothing more than a 17 year old optimistic refugee with a brilliant mind and a lot of life experiences. I have come here alone with a goal to start over, and I finally am. Hopefully I get the chance to see my parents sometime soon; there is nothing that I want more. I still cling to memories of them with all of what I have. A memory like hearing my father cry for the first time as I called him from Greece to tell him how wonderful the trip across the oceans was will never fade away. Above all, I miss my mother. She is the reason I am who I am today. I owe it all to her. And on an up note, I really do miss her cooking. She happens to be the best.

And helping the wonderful person listed above, a friend of him sits. Coincidentally both with the same name: Ali.