

**MY MORNING**  
by  
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The first thing I hear when I wake up is the sound of an explosion.

"It's okay, it was a couple of miles from here", I hear my dad saying.

I shut my eyes and feel the relief. My dad's words are calming, but I can hear how worried he actually is. I try not to think about it.

I take away the dirty shirt I've been using as a blanket. Not that it helped to keep me warm. My body is colder than ice and can't feel my fingers. A couple more nights like this and I'll freeze to death. We both will...

I give my father a kiss on the forehead and I go to the kitchen - or at least what's left of it! I climb over some bricks and beams on the floor, that used to be our walls and ceiling. I'm not that hungry actually. Yesterday, I was so hungry I could have eaten my own hand, but last night that hunger turned into pain. So no, I'm not hungry anymore... I'm just... starving. Between the beams and bricks on the floor I can see pieces of our old cabinet, where we used to have our plates. They are probably smashed now, just like everything else. I can feel the tears burn behind my eyelids. It was my mother who bought those plates...

I start searching the kitchen ruin. There must be something left! We must have missed something in our previous search. But all I can find is an old, moldy piece of bread, that is the size of my thumb. I put it in my mouth and pretend that it is freshly baked bread with butter. It is the most wonderful thing I've ever tasted, but it is over in a couple of seconds and now I realize how thirsty I am. I would do anything for a glass of water. The last time I drank anything was yesterday and I know humans can't survive many days without water. Perhaps this is the beginning of the end.

While I'm eating my "breakfast" I can see that the sun is rising. This is the only beauty that exists in my life right now, so I want to get a better view. I start climbing towards a beam that is still holding up parts of our roof. That was a stupid idea, considering that I have no energy left. But I use my last power to heave myself up on the broken roof. Our house is located on the top of a hill so the view from the roof is amazing. The whole city is bathing in yellow and orange and even a destroyed city like Aleppo look beautiful in this light.