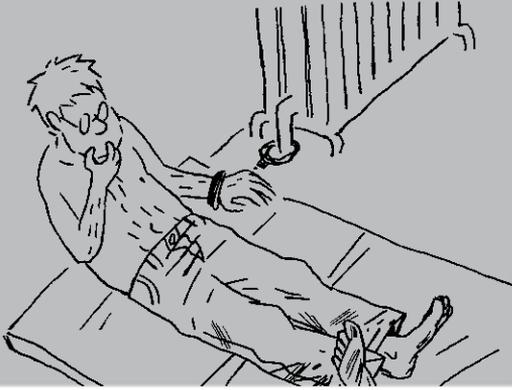


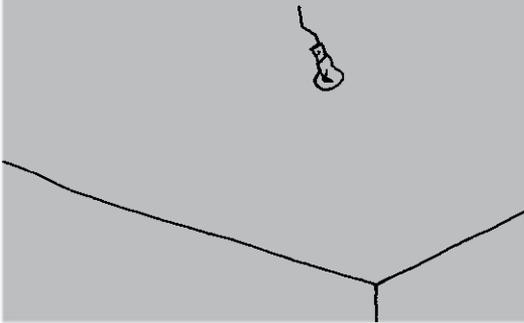
My beard has grown a few millimetres.



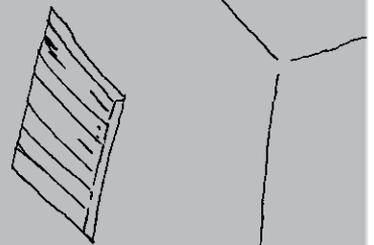
Thanks to all their vegetable soup, I've probably lost a kilo or two.



I manage to sleep a few hours at night and I often doze during the day.

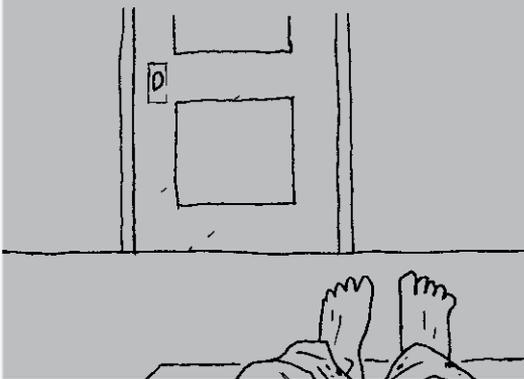


I have a pretty good sense of what time of day it is, despite the constant darkness in this room.

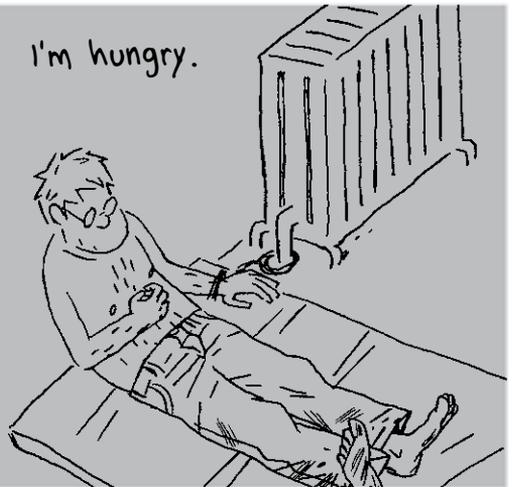


Right now, it must be 4:00 p.m.

Next meal's in two hours...



I'm hungry.



When I got to sixth grade, my parents enrolled me in Oum Elmaouna, a school run by Syrian catholic nuns, so I could receive my first communion.

I memorized prayers in Aramean that I didn't understand either.



Especially since I was switched to another public school the year after my communion.

It's funny, I don't remember the name of the school...

But my friend Nadwa who emigrated to San Diego five months ago would probably know.

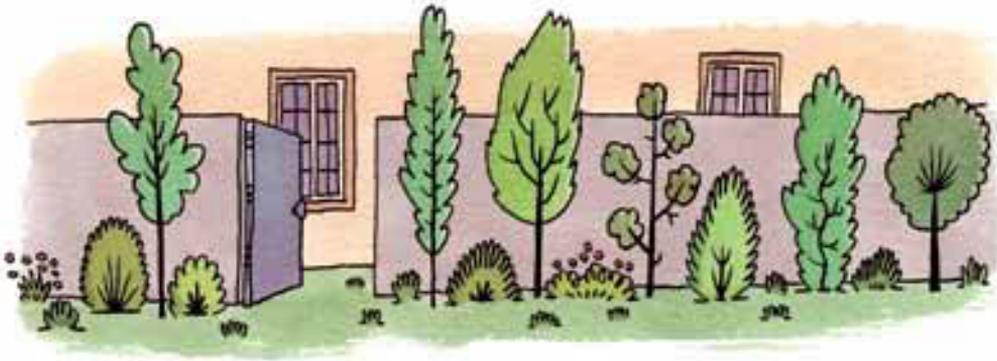


Nadwa was the daughter of our neighbors in Mosul.

A door led from one garden to the other...We spent a lot of time together.

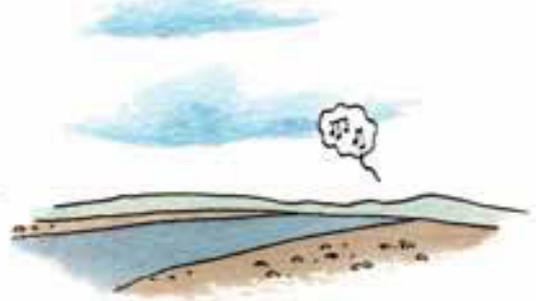
And since they were Muslim, I did my Koran homework with her mother.

The last time I saw Nadwa was 26 years ago, in 1989, before the First Gulf War.



In June 2014, she and her husband rented an apartment in Erbil, in Iraqi Kurdistan, for a two-week vacation.

They left without a worry, packed only for their trip.



The next day, ISIS invaded Mosul.

Nadwa and her husband would never see their city again.

After their two weeks in Erbil, they couldn't stay on in the apartment.

Rents had skyrocketed with the influx of refugees.

There's no profit too shameful...

