

The Boy and His Soul

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It is night-time. There is a bloody fight outside. A little girl cannot sleep. "Tell me a beautiful story mama," the little girl says. "Dear child, I know not any story ... except our story," the mother replies. "Then tell it mama. Tell me any story," the girl pleads.

Once upon a time there was a young boy called Muhammad Al Dura who lived in a land they called Palestine ... once upon a time no one knew the story of the young boy, nor listened to the sound of his land. Once upon a time, things just changed ... The young boy wrote a story and the land produced a voice.

The story began when the young boy screamed ... they say young boys are not supposed to scream ... young boys are meant to dream. Mohammed was different. His screams rocked heaven and hell ... his fear shocked the balance of earth ... his tears wiped the life out of many alive. And so the story began. The angels of death arrived. They took the boy on a far away ride. They say the journey was long and hard. The boy would not stop screaming ... his heart would not stop beating. The angels of death did not know what to do. They cursed man and the blood of man. They damned the hand that killed before the predestined time ... and on and on the journey went ... still the boy would not stop screaming and the heart would not stop beating.

At last they reached that place ... the place that resembled no other place. The angels of death were so tired ... and the boy and his soul were on fire. Nothing could be done ... and help was needed from anyone above and beyond. The angels of love were quick to help. They bathed and cleansed the pained body. They cooed and cuddled the frightened soul. It took them a thousand and one days ... and a thousand and one nights ... to try to calm the fire. But the mission was never accomplished, and the boy and his soul shivered from the fire.

When night fell and the angels went to sleep, the boy and his soul crept and wandered. They entered dark lanes and empty plains ... they asked about the face of Palestine ... they searched for the wombs of Palestine. The boy and his soul would not die for a single hour.

A messenger from earth brought terrible news. He said Palestine was still in mourning. Its wombs refused to conceive ... its soil refused the birth of children and the sound of children. Palestine was in terrible pain and nothing had been the same ... not since the young boy who trembled and screamed in vain.

The angels of heaven and hell decided to meet. They said man had upset the young boy's scale of life and death ... they said when the scale is disturbed before its time, man will forever wander in a place that is neither life nor death. The boy was like an outsider to things above and beyond...

A messenger again brought terrible news. He said Palestine was still in mourning. Its wombs were dying ... its soil was decaying. The land was confused ... it looked like nothing dead or alive. The mystery was finally solved. The angels of wisdom said the boy and his soul would not find peace ... not until the scale of life and death is balanced ... and the balance can only be restored when Palestine is finally restored.

The secret to the riddle was ever so simple. Give Palestine its lost pieces and the scale will automatically find what it is seeking. So it was decided ... Palestine needed the boy and the boy sought Palestine. They say the angels kept the body in that place ... and sent the soul to its other place. The soul arrived in the middle of the night. It knocked on every single door ... and entered every single home. It found its way to the wombs. In the morning, no one knew what had happened. The wombs began to conceive ... and the land to give us children.

The children became young boys and girls ... the boys and girls became men and women ... and the men and women went in search of the pieces. In the meantime, Palestine and the soul waited for what has to be complete.

and so the story went on ...

Outside, the bloody fight goes on. A terrifying sound explodes. "Why do they want to kill us mama," the little girl asks. "They do not want the young men and women to find the pieces," the mother says. "Can they really do that," the girl whispers frightfully. "Not as long as the soul of the young boy lurks in our wombs," the mother says. "But when will the soul go back to the body in that other place," the girl again asks. "When the lost pieces of Palestine are brought back and the balance of life and death is restored," the mother replies.