

A Letter

By: Adam Comah/ Denmark

It was Sunday morning when a mailman arrived at our village bringing me a letter from my son Sargon.

I was quite surprised at his sudden appearance in front of our house.

My face puckered up, but I got a little bit relaxed when I recognized that somebody from our village was following him straight towards me.

The dog got up and began to bark at the strange man, but my wife Martha, gave it an order to shut up. The man approached me and posed a question: Are you Giwargis? I replied, yes, I am uncle Giwargis. I was very angry because he did not show any respect for a man of my age. Anyway I excused him. Then he shrugged and loudly said: “any way you, what your name might be, I have a letter for you”. And he pushed his right hand in his sack he carried, and a few seconds later drew out a thick piece of paper. Then he put his glasses on and began to read a few words hand written on the paper. While he was busy, I stirred at his sack whose colour was very similar to the uniform soldiers wore when they attacked and surrounded our village at midnight and aimed their automatic guns at our chests. In my mind I had to hurry up and find outfrom whom? No one would send letter to such an old man like me! I tried imagining again who it might be from. Oh, it had to be from my son. I started to hear his voice promising: I would never forget you dad.

I woke up from my short dream when the mailman thrust the letter between my hands. I embraced and held it in my arms at it was a dear child. He demanded a glass of ice water, but I said to him in a very clear tone Mr. ”we do not have such water here, we just drink from the springs”. Hmm , Hmm he said and added unsatisfied “because of you and your treacherous son I had to cut many miles “. According to his statement about my son, it

seemed that the monsters knew a lot about my son. He also added loudly “You people do not have cold water, then why are you living in these mountains? He said listen: “Move to the city where there is civilization” and added “If you do not like Nineveh, so move to the Saddam City”. Unshamefully he said” for your personal knowledge we wear better hats than your black Assyrian hats. Indeed I got very mad just enough to kill him, but I calmed down just because my happiness was greater than my anger and as Christian from The East Church could never kill a human being. I closed my eyes and tried to control my self. When I turned around he was gone.

So with very cheerful voice I called Martha to get out from the sitting room and see what we had finally received. Martha came out and when she caught a sight of the letter, she threw the socks she was knitting and she suddenly began to shout merrily, exactly like a small girl when someone buys her a new dress.

In order to curb her, I hurried saying, it is from our son Sargon. The tears immediately fell down from her eyes forming a couple of small rivers. I handed her my handkerchief, she swept the tears away from her cheeks and thanked Lord Jesus and she also promised to buy a lot of things for the widows and their children in our and the villages around without considering if we had enough money available. But any way, most of the widows’ husbands were killed at fronts and some of them by the security forces of the regime. Martha took the letter from me and embraced it as it was a baby and went to bring the teacher to read our letter. The later was not in our language, because it was forbidden to teach “ alap, beth, gammel, dalath,and tau”.

The letter was written in Arabic and I could talk but not read.

The teacher arrived and drew a cigarette from his packet. It was Rothman! A well known English cigarette in Iraq. Oh, I said to him “in August 1933 the British let the troops kill thousands in the village of Simele”. The teacher replied, while he began opening the letter” The same government is persecuting people today”.