

A Journey to the Future

11 October 2003
Hydar Dewachi

*The bags were already packed, ready to depart,
waiting by the front door in agony.
Time marched on.
The clock ticked its way insensible of destiny.
Stayed up all night – or almost –
utilizing those final moments with friends
around me.
The car is waiting outside that shall take me
away
from my history.*



It was a cold December morning, too cold to bring time to a standstill, but not freezing enough to hold the tears in our eyes. We hugged, knowing that it's going to be a long time till we can touch again. However, we promised that we shall meet soon. A promise that was more of a lie to ourselves and to each other, and as most lies, they fail to convince.

My bags are in the car now, packed with light and valuable possessions. All that money can buy. Two decades to fit in a couple of suitcases. And there stood my friends, a selection of the best and finest, unable to find a suitcase big enough to carry the memories; the good and bad, the laughter and tears, the joy and sorrows that brought us closer together over the past years.



I look up and see my house. I see a ten-year old, amongst his family, overwhelmed by his mother's love and burdened with a big dream, a dream to be like his dad.

I see the passion of a sixteen-year old, madly in love with his next door neighbour, staying up all night writing her love songs, love songs that were too shy to reach farther than the tip of his pen.

I see the dreams of a twenty two-year old. Dreams shattered by bombs and missiles, replaced with prayers to survive just to see the next morning sun.

Now, a twenty-six year old, torn between the future and the memories he's leaving behind; memories of a first step, a first word, a first day of school, a first love and a first kiss. Memories of friends, hopes, graduations, and losing virginity.

What seemed to be the end was just the beginning. The start of a journey of a lifetime. A journey of more love and hate, faith and deception, failures and, yet, more success.

The engine's started and the car moved on. By the first gear, there was still a voice inside of me, too loud to be ignored but yet too impotent to dominate, like a



roar of an engaged lion, asking to turn around and return to my comfort zone.

By the second gear, I opened my eyes, as if just awakened from an endless dream not knowing where fantasy ends and where reality begins.

The further the driver stepped on the gas, the faster my heart beat, keeping a triumph over the accelerating car. I looked through the window to see the house vanishing into a tiny point in the horizon; a house that has so often trembled to the beats of hundreds of bombs, but yet stood strong protecting the lives inside.

When my home became just an image in my memory, I looked ahead, looking forward to a journey into the unknown. It finally made sense to me the crying of a new born.

