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They say I am of mixed origins. Beirut of Lebanon, & Acre of Palestine. In reality, I have no mixed origins. I am rooted in the coastal eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the shore facing Strait of Gibraltar, on the farthest western border of the Mediterranean Sea

This is a tiny stretch of coast that has lived in continuous bloody conflicts and wars (manmade). After the 1<sup>st</sup> World War, or actually, First War World (respect for the major powers), the Allies took over this area.

And, of course, to conquer, you have to divide. Thus came our division. Palestine under the British Mandate (capital), and Lebanon, under the French Mandate. I won't say, French one, I have to give credence to both existences.

Anyway, in this tiny stretch of coast, I was rooted. I was born in 1957 in Beirut, after which, a couple of months an internal war disrupted between two groups of people belonging to different areas, beliefs and religions.

From then on, we all lived the continuous double war of existence.

I received a morning call. "Is it true it is the beginning of a long war?". I was surprised, answering my friend on the 7<sup>th</sup> of October 2023. "Why the war, it barely left". Then I heard about the military operation that was executed at the northern borders of Gaza.

I will summarize my arrogant response. "It is impossible. Nobody can get away from Isreal Radar. Do you have any idea of how much crazy the Isreali surveillance around these borders. You cannot go to the toilet without Isreal finding out that you are committing this dirty business of yours. This cannot be, this, supposedly huge operation, cannot be done innocently. There is something fishy". You have to be aware, that the population for these coastal stretches are all political analysts. We have life experience in our portfolio.

I turned on the news, which, by the way I stopped watching since 2000. And there, news all over the regional and international channels

I was scared of this coming war. Fear dressed me for a long time. Then I started watching the news. You lose personal fear, strange enough, when you watch this, Mayhem. These children, they are innocent yet also rooted. They are dying in thousands. All children are equal, but some are more equal than others (George Orwell).

Watching daily, was addictive. You cannot detach your eyes from the screen, isn't it why they invented the TV. To be mesmerized by it! What was in the scenes, were like what your brain creates during sleep, so chaotic, so bizarre, so bloody, so violent, that your brain grows blank. Dark shield of horror.

Of course, this is more than a nightmare, it is pure horror, and I am going to wake up, to my daily very surrealist life (we have been living several years with one disaster following the other, since I don't when till when, think of it, I might never be able to catch up to it).

Anyway, our Southern part of the country got involved, in this competition, who is the most creative in the art of killing, torturing, devastating, and of course crushing.

We were deeply vigilant; when the whole country will be targeted? By then I have moved to my Summer House. I am very lucky that I had a refuge of a decent house, not like thousands who slept on the streets or inside schools, and other unimaginable areas.

Calling each other daily was a routine. I asked my friend, who still lived in Beirut, "we couldn't sleep, the noises the smells, the misty air (full of phosphorous), your watery eyes, your asthma, your itching, your screams, your daughter, ..... .

Then I move to the next contestant, call my sister, my cousins, my uncle, one by one until the end of the list. Then you breath, a big sigh, no body died, no body injured or displaced or went crazy.

Another day of bombing, aircraft breaking the voice barrier, the cockroach wizzzzzzz. Day in day out. Deep sounds of bombing, close bombing, news, killing of leader, thousands of civilians shredded and picked by their families to bury, after a moment of calm. And those unfound shreds are picked by stray animals for their sustenance. Children screaming, frozen, shocked, maimed, parents dead, scared, can't comprehend what is happening. You watch all this, you feel totally paralyzed. "I should do something". "But I can't do anything". You have to face your being a dust in the wind. You, a no one, a nobody, pretending to be living".

Back to calling, checking, holding your breath, then slumping!

Sixty days of constant worry, anxiety, bloody news, horrible sounds and destructions, and you watch the game as a crazy spectator, you shout, you cry, you scream, you call your daughter and son (who are working abroad). “don’t worry mama (we address our children mama too), I am safe, I am still eating and drinking, and of course smoking (which is the pollution that adds to climate change done by me).

Day in day out. Wake up, see the news, eat, drink, smoke, call, get scared and jumpy, closing your ears, reading (yes, I could still read fortunately). A call from abroad, "I hope you are OK!!". "I am perfectly fine, don't worry about me", you hang up, "I can't tolerate it any more, no EXIT".

Ceasefire talk, appeared in the horizon. "Is it today?", "NO, it might be a couple of months, then we will finish, and it will be the end of all wars". What an evil joke, you are not even consoled by the millions of demonstrators all over the world". "So, what, thank God they believe we have the right", "reality speaking, you are living under a war aircraft roof, under a constant wizzzzzz, trying to protect yourself by yourself. How can you, a person with disability, wheelchair bound, flee if there was a near bombing. 'How can I endure endangering the lives of others while carrying me to safety????? How can I continue living with the continuous conscience nagging in my brain. I cannot run away, literally and metaphorically! "I should put strategical movement plan, what shall I do if all my natural body functions worked!!???? And in their proper time. Well, there are a lot of people who care, they will help. Where and how? "

At the end of each month, I have to go get my salary from the bank. WHEN & HOW. What shall I do. Cut on spending, cut on food, water, cleanliness. You can have a bath, standing, or sitting, in a small bucket, cleaning your body and hair, and be happy that you consumed as little as possible of water. What about smoking? I can't cut this, impossible!", it is the gate to resilience!

Then in your solitude, there comes a visitor. This visitor is adamant on political analysis, that all the world demons will get loose. Bye, thanks for visiting, ..... . The well-wishers, how can you live without them, ah!

Although it is ceasefire now, but the wizzzzz visits us every day at night. It can't bear it loneliness, this social being (AI)!

Then another border war erupts, and here we go again.