

Twelve

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Sometimes I wonder why this happened to me; out of all the girls in our village, why me?

Why me?

What did I do?

I never hurt anyone. I was so young.

So innocent.

So pure.

So ignorant.

I was only twelve.

I'd like to say it was a dark and stormy night, but that's just wishful thinking. It was a crisp, cool morning.

The men came to our door, my father tried to stop them, but he couldn't.

He owed them money.

He owed them a form of compensation.

They struck him down, and my mother ran to him, weeping.

I was watching from my bedroom, the door slightly ajar, opened a mere sliver.

They saw me anyway.

I was taken.

I didn't know where we had gone, but, I wasn't stupid.

I could see the other girls... dirty... dying (on the inside).

I was assigned a number; 146.

That's it.

My identity was stripped from me, and I thought that was the worst part.

So innocent.

So pure.

So ignorant.

The first time they gave me to a man... it was degrading... humiliating... and I knew why all the other girls looked dead inside. I could feel myself dying as well.

After it was over, I got up, and though I had been under the covers, I had never felt so cold.

I was only twelve.

I waited years for someone to find me, to save me, but I learned.

There is no Superman.

Now I'm standing here.

I've grown too old to be useful to them anymore.

They'll get rid of me tonight.

I know it.

So here I stand, and stare up at the endless blue sky and know it'll be the last time I gaze upon it.

I've seen, and been through, things in my lifetime that would make the strongest of men cringe.

I am now nineteen.

Not so innocent.

Not so pure.

Not so ignorant.

I await death with arms wide open.

Others girls have been saved.

Others haven't.

Even now I see a young girl being pulled into the warehouse.

It never ends does it?

But for me, it ends today.

Death will be my only justice.

I was only twelve.