

# How do you call peace?

A jarring nightmare by Christopher Haviv

A "Young Israeli Man" decides to go catch Yahya Sinwar himself and end the war. He enlists the help of a "Young Israeli Woman," who suffers from narcolepsy, to try and reach him and find him through the dream world. On the way, he drags her on a journey into the collective Jewish-Israeli subconscious and into his own private nightmares from October 7th.

**Characters**

The Woman (55)

The Young Man

The Young Woman

(as the audience enters the hall a Woman introduces herself to the individuals entering the show. She teaches them the dance moves to the song "I Was Born for Peace" by Uzi Hitman. She gathers them and says)

**Woman:** Hello children, I'm Ilanit, your kindergarten teacher for this evening. First of all, I want to remind you that exactly at 6 PM, we will all gather for the "Peace Conference" we prepared! At 6 PM on the dot! (Singing) "At 6:00 PM, at 6:00 PM, the Peace Conference at 6:00 PM." Are you as excited as I am? So, what do you say, should we start the preparations? Remember the dance I taught you? It's time to dance!

(The audience dances the chorus of "I Was Born for Peace" by Uzi Hitman together. The Woman claps in excitement, and than says-)

**Woman:** Very good, children. and now, go to sleep... sleep... sleep... sleep...

## **Prologue**

Narcolepsy is a disorder caused by the brain's inability to regulate sleep-wake cycles. People with narcolepsy often experience:

Sudden attacks of fatigue during the day.

Muscle paralysis lasting several minutes, also called 'sleep paralysis'.

And dream-like hallucinations, which appear in the transitional phase between wakefulness and sleep.

Narcolepsy Type 2 is characterized by the ability to enter a dream state within a minute of falling asleep and even to control the dream to a certain extent.

Through dreams, you see reflections of the fantasies, anxieties, aspirations, and fears you are most afraid to face. For example, 'Can a terrorist get to your home?'

## Scene One

**The Young Man:** Years ago, when I fought Operation Protective Edge, I laid down to sleep on a broken concrete floor in a ruined building in the middle of Gaza. It was only a few hours after that... (Silence. The young man takes a breath). Suddenly, I heard a noise so I aimed my weapon. I looked at her and she looked at me. It was an 8-year-old Gazan girl. I tried to figure out if she had an explosive belt on her or if she was just a distraction. The frightened girl looked at me and then looked at the low-carb bread and cheap chocolate spread next to my sleeping bag. "You want some?" I offered, and she nodded. (Silence) I lowered my weapon, sat down, and used a broken plastic knife I had to put the spread on the bread for her. We both ate in silence.

On October 7th, at exactly 6:29, I was on my way back from a party. I was walking the streets of Florentin when the siren suddenly started. I wasn't sure if it was my imagination or not, so just in case, I started running and looking for a stairwell to take cover in. I knocked on doors and shouted, but no one let me in. (Notices) Is that the girl? (Chases after her) Suddenly I saw a building with an unlocked door so I stormed in. Behind the door is empty space. It was a building marked to take down. 10 more seconds until the missile hits, and I'm lying on a broken concrete floor in a ruined building in the middle of Florentin. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6... Suddenly, the whistle of a projectile, a loud noise.

In January 2009, Boaz and I entered a building that the IDF had just cleared. When we got to the roof, even though I knew we were exposed to snipers, I wanted us to watch the sunset. I just had to see a glimpse of beauty in this place. Suddenly, the whistle of a projectile, a loud noise.

It's October 7th, I am lying in an abandoned building in the middle of Florentin. I don't believe in God, but I'm praying. I was in Gaza twice, two operations, and *this* is where I'm going to die? 8, 13, 15, She would have been 24 today. They would have been 29 and 31. He would have been 34.

**The Young Woman:** Who are you?

**The Young Man:** I'm from homeland security. I'm here to recruit you. "We are looking for dreamers for a national mission, high salaries. You can help us catch Sinwar."

**(Sudden Blackout 1. "He has a bomb!" is shouted to the air followed by the sound of a single gunshot. Amongst the mayhem you can hear "He's not dead, kill him, kill him!". 3 gunshots fired. Silence.)**

**The Young Woman:** I'm alone in my room looking at my obscured window. I am trying to calculate how many times I walked that street just yesterday. It could have been me out there. I go to the curtain. I'm afraid of what I'm going to see, but my brain needs proof. What does a terror attack look like? A terrorist sprawled on the road, surrounded by blood? A crowd gathering in fear? In encouragement? More bodies on the road? What does a terror attack look like? And I know that the moment I draw the curtain, I will see for the first time what a terror attack looks like, right outside my home. I make a decision and in a bold move I draw the curtain and... I wake up.

Ever since October 7th, every time I fall asleep, I have this recurring dream. As soon as my eyes close - boom, a terror attack! So I made a decision, if they're coming for me in my dreams, I'm not going to sleep any more! FUCK HAMAS! 4, 5, 6 different parties in 24 hours. Every time I feel a shred of fatigue, I dance harder. Don't sleep, don't sleep, don't sleep. I do another half a pill of ecstasy to keep all the terrorists away from me, another bump of MSMA to repel all the bad thoughts beyond the border, the border that is right here and now and it is this party. My very own Defense Forces are protecting me, and they are never late. Just don't sleep. Dance, dance, don't die, don't die, don't sleep, don't dream. After 72 hours without sleep, my body broke. I saw a pile of clothes on the floor so I fell and laid down on it.

## Scene Two

**(Sudden Blackout 2. "He has a bomb!" is shouted to the air followed by the sound of a single gunshot. Amongst the mayhem you can hear "He's not dead, kill him, kill him!". 3 gunshots fired. Silence.)**

**The Young Woman:** I'm alone in my room looking at my obscured window. I go to the curtain. I'm afraid of what I'm going to see, but my brain needs proof. What does a terror attack look like? I make a decision and in a bold move I draw the curtain and (Wakes up startled, notices The Young Man) Who are you?

**The Young Man:** Is it going to be like this every single time? I'm from homeland security. I'm here to recruit you. We are looking for dreamers for a national mission. You can help us-

**The Young Woman:** Find Sinwar... Oh, I thought I had dreamt that part.

**The Young Man:** What do you see in your dreams?

**The Young Woman:** At first, there's just a sound. The sound of one gunshot, then the voices of people shouting, "He's not dead, kill him, kill him!". 3 gunshots. Silence. And then I go to open the curtain. I'm scared. Scared of what I'm going to see there. Scared that I won't feel comfortable walking the street of my neighbourhood anymore because from now on it'll be "that street where the terror attack happened"? And there will be videos everywhere online of my favorite bourekas place and next to the vendor there will be a terrorist stabbing someone I don't know, and I'll know that nothing will ever be familiar again because it's not the same bourekas. And then I make a decision and in a bold move I draw the curtain. And that's it.

**The Young Man:** What?

**The Young Woman:** That's where it always ends. With a bang.

**The Young Man:** An explosion?

**The Young Woman:** No, it just ends suddenly. There's nothing there. People on the street as usual, everything is normal, no one is lying on the floor bleeding.

**The Young Man:** And then you realize it's a dream?

**The Young Woman:** It's not a dream, it's not. Because I never wake up from it. Instead, I suddenly realize I'm standing and looking out the window and I'm wide awake. I haven't been sleeping for days. Every night, the same thing. It's haunting me. Is there a terror attack happening or not? How did you find me anyway?

**The Young Man:** You were looking for someone to help you fall asleep, right? I want to help you. But first, help us. Have you ever tried to control these dreams?

**The Young Woman:** Control?

**The Young Man:** Let me try to guide you. Nothing will happen to you, I promise. Do you want to sleep at night?

**(Sudden Blackout 3. "He has a bomb!" is shouted to the air followed by the sound of a single gunshot. Amongst the mayhem you can hear "He's not dead, kill him, kill him!". 3 gunshots fired. Silence.)**

**The Young Woman:** I'm alone in my room looking at my obscured window. I'm afraid of what I'm going to see. There was a terror attack there.

**The Young Man:** Draw the curtain. We're looking for a lead to Sinwar.

**The Young Woman:** Right. Find Sinwar. Okay, I'm right in front of the curtain-

**The Young Man:** Draw the curtain. Trust me.

**The Young Woman:** I'm drawing the curtain. There's nothing there. People on the street as usual, everything is normal, no one is lying on the floor bleeding.

**The Young Man:** What else do you see? In the market? Around you?

**The Young Woman:** Among the people in the market, a little girl. Standing and looking at me. Staring right at me.

**The Young Man:** How old is she?

**The Young Woman:** 8? She's raising her hand slowly. She has a rifle.

**The Young Man:** She has a rifle? She's an 8-year-old girl.

**The Young Woman:** I don't know, I'm not sure. She's raising her hand slowly and looking at me and- (Screams, wakes up)

**The Young Man:** Why did you get up?

**The Young Woman:** Who are you?

**The Young Man:** Sinwar!

**The Young Woman:** What???

**The Young Man:** No, no, no, I'm not Sinwar! I want to find him!

**The Young Woman:** I don't want to sleep anymore!

**The Young Man:** You have a chance to save your country. We have to try again.

**The Young Woman:** Sleep?? No, no, no, I don't want to sleep anymore. I'm not going to sleep anymore.

**The Young Man:** This recurring dream is a sign. It's a clue someone is trying to plant for you. (The Young Woman searches her pockets for drugs and finds some)

**The Young Man:** What are you doing? You'll never fall asleep like that even if your body wants to.

**The Young Woman:** I prefer to have fun, to forget, to dance, not to be, not to dream, not to sleep.

**The Young Man:** Look, the recurring dream is a sign. It's a clue. We as Israelis have a collective subconscious and we know where Sinwar is hiding. We just need to find the key. Maybe the girl will lead us to Sinwar... Try to close your eyes again and think about it, just for a second...

**The Young Woman:** Why is this so important to you? Why is finding Sinwar so important?

**The Young Man:** What do you mean, because it's the only way the war will end. Calm your eyes. Try to sleep. Imagine your home again. Imagine it's a game of hide-and-seek. We're playing hide-and-seek and you just have to find the kid named Sinwar. Don't worry, I got your cover.

**(Sudden Blackout 4. It is shorter.)**

**The Young Woman:** I'm in front of the curtain. I don't know if I should draw it open or not.

**The Young Man:** Draw it.

**The Young Woman:** I'm drawing the curtain. There's nothing there. People on the street as usual, everything is normal, no one is lying on the floor bleeding. I spot a girl among the people in the market, standing and looking at me. An 8-year-old girl, staring right at me. She's raising her hand slowly, as if she's aiming something at me.

**The Young Man:** What is she doing? Look closely at her.

**The Young Woman:** She starts to run!

**The Young Man:** Follow her!

**The Young Woman:** She's running in Florentin. I'm after her. She enters an open building. I go through the door and behind the door - an empty space. It's a building marked for take down. I'm running up the stairs of the ruined building, jumping over steps that are already broken, going up one floor after the other. I'm after her. Where is she? There! She walks through one of the doors. Door number 95? I don't know if I should go in.

**The Young Man:** It could lead us to Sinwar. Do you want to end this war and go back to sleeping at night?

**The Young Woman:** I go in after her... I'm at my parents' house. I see my mom and dad watching a live broadcast on TV. I'm still in my mother's womb. They're crying. On the screen it says - "The Israeli government announces in shock."

**The Young Man:** What about Sinwar?

**The Young Woman:** I'm 5. My kindergarten teacher Ilanit is singing "I Was Born for Peace" to us in Arabic and teaches us the steps. cross, switch, pose. I'm getting the moves wrong and Ilanit is frustrated. Her son Boaz does the steps perfectly and she claps for him. Who cares, Boaz? It's just a stupid dance!

**The Young Man:** Do you see the girl?

**The Young Woman:** I'm 7. watching the Kids' Channel, there's an episode about the Dolphinarium attack. A brother looking for his sister, not knowing she died in the attack. For years, I cried every time my sister left the house because of that episode. Cross, switch, clap, pose at "peace."

**The Young Man:** Where's the girl? Go back to the girl.

**The Young Woman:** I'm on Dizengoff street, the 5 bus line. A scary man is about to press the bomb. I look at him, begging him not to with my eyes. I want to throw up. "pose at 'peace'!" Ilanit yells at me, and I can't do the switch and the pose at the same time. Boaz can. I'm 11, 2005. Me and my classmates are taking down orange flags from cars in the city. We are strong, ideological, and we believe in change. "I was born for peace!" I shout in the street and remember how in kindergarten I prayed for the word "peace" not to come, just don't let the word "peace" come. Cross, switch, pose, clap, breathe. 2006, I'm at the Egged summer camp. A siren. The Second Lebanon War has started. I hear the camp coordinator yell, "Entertain the kids! They don't need to know there's a war, they're just kids!" - "Okay kids, let's play a game! A song with the word 'peace'!" "I was born for peace, so sing a song for peace." A song with the word... I start to cry. I am the thousands of tears of the thousands of bereaved families. I'm at the alternative memorial ceremony and I don't know whose tear I am. I am all of them. I am one big river of tears flowing into the Mediterranean Sea. It's October 7th and I just want to live. I'm a little girl screaming and hiding under the bed and I just want to live. This struggle life isn't for me. (Lies down).

## Comic Interlude for the fit

**The Woman:** (To someone in the audience) What's your name? You know, when I was a little girl, really little, in kindergarten, my teacher... She also taught us "I Was Born for Peace," and she told us that Uzi Hitman wrote it when Israel and Egypt made a peace treaty and his son had just been born. He was so excited that after 30 years, we were making peace with a country that had killed so many of our soldiers, and that now everything had changed because his son was "born for peace," because a child born into a world with peace won't choose wars... Nice story, isn't it? She would line us all up, teach us "I Was Born for Peace," and give us white flags to wave. She would shout, "Wave the white flags, children! When the Egyptians come with their white flags, we'll all dance together! Wave it, wave it, Ilanit!"  
(Laughs)

What's your first memory of peace? And of a terror attack?

And now for the artistic part (Sings the theme song of "Pitz and Tzutz")

"In a restaurant, on a bus,  
At work or just outside,  
They'll get to you no matter where you are.  
In a restaurant with friends,  
or just with other people,  
Trust them that there's going to be a blast.  
If you hear a sudden scream,  
Or a sudden call for help,  
You'll know for sure they'll be there in a sec,  
Pitz and Tzutz! Pitz and Tzutz!  
Time goes by,  
Tell stress goodbye,  
Pitz and Tzutz!"

**The Woman:** And today on our segment - we'll learn the concept of "Narrative : How to explain to a child why the Arabs hate us?"

**Pitz:** In the beginning of God's creation of the heavens and the earth, Now the earth was astonishingly empty, and darkness was on the face of the deep, and the spirit of God was hovering over the face of the water, and then...

**Tzutz:** And then?

**Pitz:** And then... we established a state.

**Tzutz:** And we ascended.

**Pitz:** We built.

**Tzutz:** We fought.

**Pitz:** We expelled.

**Tzutz:** Shhh, we didn't expel. We helped them. We drove them.

**Pitz:** From our lands, we sent them away.

**Tzutz:** They dreamed!!

**Pitz:** They didn't insist!

**Tzutz:** If they insisted, they insisted in Arabic.

**Pitz:** But we, the builders, didn't know Arabic. So they left.

**Tzutz:** And they also built (somewhere else).

**Pitz:** So we continued.

**Tzutz:** And dreamed.

**Pitz:** We danced.

**Tzutz:** And sang.

**Pitz:** About our hope.

**Tzutz:** About our Holocaust.

**Pitz:** About our loved ones.

**Tzutz:** And we declared - "We hereby declare the establishment of our state!"

**Pitz:** And them?

**Tzutz:** "They hereby declared to rise up against us and destroy us..." And then! Some of "them" from back then grew up. Some of "them" from back then ruled. Some of "them" from back then got angry. Some of "them" from back then wanted the land back. And if not...

**Pitz:** They'll throw.

**Tzutz:** They'll riot.

**Pitz:** They'll shoot.

**Tzutz:** They'll stab.

**Pitz:** They'll explode!! Allahu Akbar!!

**Tzutz:** And today on our segment - "How to explain to a child to stay away from strange and scary people?"

**Pitz:** Hmm... maybe... When dad dropped off your brother Inbar at kindergarten,

**Tzutz:** He turned at the corner and a bus sped past him,

**Pitz:** But despite how rude it was, father smiled brightly at the driver,

**Tzutz:** "Today is a good day, i am not having what isn't mine".

**Pitz:** But in the bus window, he saw a pensive man, with a big coat, a suspicious bag, and a wary look on his face-

**Tzutz:** "Terror attack!" the father screamed,

**Pitz:** and boom! crash! the bus was already ablaze,

**Tzutz:** And since then, your father's condition has been undefined,

**Pitz:** Which is his limbs and which is his friends' limbs, yet to be determined.

**Tzutz:** And that's how we explained to the child that his wonderful father is now missing.

And after all that, they still want a state?? Eat shit!

## Scene Two (Continued)

**The Young Man:** On Thursday, January 15, 2009, Boaz, my best friend, and I went up to a roof of some ruined building in the middle of Gaza. I forced him to come up and watch the sunset with me. I was 18. We had just finished training and they threw us into Gaza. Before that, I had never seen blood or bodies. I didn't know the mind could think so fast when someone is trying to kill you. But we had already been inside Gaza for two weeks, and two weeks is a lot of time war wise, and growing up wise. He didn't want to go up and see the sunset. He said it was dangerous, but I wanted to see just a glimpse of beauty in that cursed place, a glimpse of beauty that might make it all worthwhile. We stood there, me and him, watching the sunset when suddenly sharp sounds filled the air, a loud noise. An anti-tank missile hit where we were standing. Boaz was killed instantly. (Starts to cry, then composes himself) A few hours later, they let me sleep in a room alone. They figured I needed a minute before going back to the fight. I lay there, unable to fall asleep, anxious, on the concrete floor of a ruined building in the middle of Gaza, and suddenly I noticed next to me... (Stops) We need to find Sinwar.

## Scene Three

**(Sudden Blackout 5. It is shorter.)**

**The Young Woman:** I'm running the streets of Florentin looking for the girl. There she is. She enters the building marked for take down. I'm after her. I go through the door and behind the door - you? I see you lying on the grass there, praying.

**The Young Man:** You can do that? You can see me? I see you! And the girl! She's running away, go after her!

**The Young Woman:** I'm running up the stairs of the ruined building, jumping over steps that are already broken, one floor after the other. I'm after her. She's going through door number 09. I'm going in.

**The Young Man:** Stop! What if it's booby-trapped?

**The Young Woman:** Than I... I neutralize the bomb in my dream. I'm going in. (Silence and hesitation from both) Endless sky, blue sea, a ruined city, rubble.

**The Young Man:** This is Gaza, after the IDF bombed it in Operation Cast Lead in 2009.

**The Young Woman:** This is Gaza? Do you hear that? What is that?

**The Young Man:** I see dozens of religious Jewish women standing behind us. In one hand, each woman holds a baby, and in the other, a little boy or girl. Each child is holding another child, and next to them another child, all of them dressed in white, from head to kerchief, and they are singing. A comforting song, a song of mercy, clear and pure. One of them, divine, holy, sure of herself, walks towards us.

**The Young Woman:** Is she their mother?

**The Young Man:** "Children, I have come to gather you before the flood. And God was saddened in his heart, for the land was filled with violence, And I shall destroy them, with the earth. Make yourselves an ark. I am bringing the flood."

**The Young Woman:** What does she want to do?

**The Young Man:** "Children, I have come to gather you before the flood."

**The Young Woman:** The crowd of women and children is praying, ready for the great ceremony. Ready to sacrifice this cursed city that nobody wants. The high priestess, the mother, is praying hard, trying to open the gates of heaven. Rain starts to fall. She's serious, she's planning a biblical-scale flood. She wants to erase Gaza.

**The Young Man:** A convoy of tanks and chariots of fire begins to move toward Gaza. Israeli Air Force planes circle above it.

**The Young Woman:** The girl! There's the girl! The girl from my dreams! She's cutting her way through the crowd and toward the city of ruins. I start running after her.

**The Young Man:** You're going to die! Don't go near there!

**The Young Woman:** She's signaling for help. What if it's a sign? She's pointing me to one of the tanks, which is aimed at one of the houses in the city. And in the tank, sitting there, is... you?

**The Young Man:** Me?

**The Young Woman:** You. Sitting in the tank and aiming to one of the houses. What is that house? She's going in. What is that house?

**The Young Man:** Intel claims there's a good reason to believe the anti-tank missile that killed Boaz was fired from this house.

**The Young Woman:** But there are 3 little girls in there.

**The Young Man:** There was weaponry in there.

**The Young Woman:** Stop, there are 3 little girls in there!

**The Young Man:** There's good reason to believe the anti-tank missile that killed Boaz was fired from this house!

**The Young Woman:** Don't shoot! Who is she? Who is the girl? Who are the girls?

**The Young Man:** And the priestess on the mountain is calling to us. "Go up the mountain, and see that they are sinners, for there is not one righteous person in this city." There's reason to believe the anti-tank missile that killed Boaz was fired from this house!

**The Young Woman:** And one doctor is crying, sobbing, screaming, "Save my girls!" He's holding a white flag. He's holding a white flag and screaming, "Save my daughters!" There is one man there who wants peace! That's worth something, isn't it? one man who wants peace! Move the tanks and clear the chariots, there is one man there who wants peace!!!

**The Young Man:** "It is in your hand to erase the city, if you only choose to. We'll show them. Like Noah and the flood. Rain down one-ton bombs, and an atom bomb, and erase it all!"

#### Scene Four

(They are thrown from the dream suddenly.)

**The Young Woman:** Do you know those girls? Who was that man?

**The Young Man:** The doctor... in Cast Lead, The IDF accidentally killed his 3 daughters. She was one of them.

**The Young Woman:** You... you were the one in the tank.

**The Young Man:** I don't remember that. I don't remember it being me.

**The Young Woman:** That wasn't my dream. It was your memory. It was your memory, and you were inside that tank. Is that why you wanted us to get to Gaza? I'll never be able to sleep again. The faces of those 3 girls as they see a tank aiming at their home, and the face of their father screaming, "Save my daughters!" I'll never be able to sleep again. What did you want? Are you even from homeland security?

**The Young Man:** To catch Sinwar! I wanted to get to Gaza only to catch Sinwar. I saw you'd posted about your nightmares, so I decided I was going to find a way to find Sinwar and end this war once and for all! Because there is a collective memory and because you *can* change reality through dreams! And you *can* go back to Gaza to understand where he is, and you *can* go back to Gaza to end this war and the war before it and the one before that, and it's possible for Boaz to come back to life! And in dreams, you *can* find out if you killed 3 innocent little girls or if you didn't kill 3 innocent little girls, and find out if there were armed men in their house, and tell that doctor, their father, to stop screaming, "Save my daughters, please save my daughters," because *they* are the enemy. His daughters are the enemy. And I am here to protect *our* daughters. (Silence, he breathes). I'm not from homeland security. I'm not. I'm a kid who found himself stuck at 18, whose soul is still stuck on that freaking roof in Gaza watching a sunset, or in a tank while he's aiming a weapon at 3 girls who... who knows if they were really innocent... Today they would have been 24, 29, and 31. And Boaz would have been 34. He had this... funny habit, Boaz. He would mumble "I Was Born for Peace," that Uzi Hitman song. Before every operation, he would mumble it, like a kind of... Traveler's Prayer? So he stood there on the roof, mumbling it while he watched the sunset. And I told him, who cares that he was born for peace if everyone around us was born for war. He laughed and said that war isn't a decree from above and that it's all the work of man... And then we heard the anti-tank missile being fired.

**The Young Woman:** You know that in the original version of "I Was Born for Peace," Uzi Hitman sang in Arabic, so *they* would know we were born for peace. But in all the later cover versions they gave up on singing it in Arabic. Too sensitive.

**The Young Man:** At Boaz's funeral, his mom read the words in Arabic. To this day, I remember standing there, over Boaz's grave, Boaz who just wanted to see the sunset in Gaza, and his mom reading about how she still believes in peace. She cried and said, "Maybe Boaz will be the last. Maybe Boaz will be our last sacrifice. Maybe now that Boaz is dead, now that another life has been destroyed, peace will finally come?" Ilanit... She's crazy.

**The Young Woman:** Boaz is dead...?

**The Young Man:** You know him?

**The Young Woman:** We were in kindergarten together. She was obsessed with that song. She always insisted we learn to sing it in Arabic, but we deliberately refused to learn. Kids... Maybe she really believed that when we grew up, we would make things better here... (She starts to mumble the words in Arabic, trying to remember. Finally, she makes a decision... to go to sleep.)

**The Young Woman:** I'm in Florentin. It's October 7th, 6:29, the first siren. I'm looking for the ruined building where you're lying. I find you. You're afraid, crying. I hug you, wipe away your tears. You look at me, and then you look around you. We're in Gaza again, after your tank fired on the Ezzadin family's house. You see yourself from the outside. Inside the tank, you are red from crying. The you that is outside and the you that is inside see the crying doctor, mourning his daughters. The you that is outside approaches him. He knows who you are. He hugs you and doesn't say a word. He knows that in peace there is compassion, love, reconciliation, and an enormous compromise, just so there will be no more dead daughters like his. Peace, from now on, after it touched his most private pain, is worth everything. He understands the impossible and mumbles in a language we don't understand - "I shall not hate."

**-Curtain-**