



NuDay Syria

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Dear President Obama,

My name is Ahmad and I am 9 years old. I am a Syrian boy from the countryside of Aleppo, where my family and me used to live in a home built by my dad. He used to build houses with his own hands, and I used to watch him work.

Then the regime put out an order for my dad to be taken into custody, because he wanted freedom. My home was bombed. We lost our house and everything, but I thank God we were not home when it happened. We went to live with our grandparents, but then their home got bombed, too. Daesh forces were getting closer to our village, and we heard what they were doing to people. They would kill men like my dad in a very bad way. I was scared, but my dad told me he would fix things. He told me that with God's Help, that we would be safe.

So we moved. My dad took my siblings and my mother, and we all left the village where I was born. We moved to a camp for Syrian families like us, about 50 km away.

All we had was each other. We had lost everything else.

After a few months, something really bad happened, but thank God for everything. I was playing with my siblings, when a MiG plane came over our camp, and dropped a bomb right at my tent.

I remember the screaming and the blood. There was so much blood.

My dad came running from another tent. I still hear my mother's screams when I wake up at night. Three of my siblings got killed. I almost died. Both of my arms were almost cut off. I get bad nightmares, but I am fine now, thank God.

The Free Syrian Army, who tried to protect us, came and drove me off to the Turkish border, so I could get medical care and not die. It took five days before my dad could reach Turkey and find me. I was so scared. I remember everything. I didn't see my mom for a very long time, but my dad was there.

Now, I have no arms. I was so sad, but my dad told me to be patient. He said, "Be patient, Ahmad, even with no arms, there is nothing you cannot do."

I love my dad, but I miss my arms. I miss playing, and going to the bathroom alone. I miss eating alone. I don't complain. I know my dad is sad even if he doesn't show me. So I don't complain.

Thank God. I have been in Boston now for five months. I hope to get new arms. I love my doctor who can give me new arms, and I hope we can stay. I want my dad to be happy. I want my family to be safe.

My dad used to build houses with his hands, and now he builds my life every day. I miss my mom and my four siblings who are left in Turkey, but I have to be patient.

There are many children like me. Even if they did not lose their arms, then they lost everything else.

My dream is to get new arms and see my mom again. I want to see her smile. After my mom smiles, everything will be good again. My dad tells me that I will build a new, free Syria with my voice. I like that. I want to tell Syrians about freedom. I want to tell the world about freedom.

If I get new hands I want to shake everyone's hands so we can build a new Syria together. I want to shake your hand, Mr. President. I hope we can meet.

In Freedom,
Ahmad