

My Dear Selma

My name is Faruk and I live in the Selma valley. Our valley is safe... as far as I know.

My grandfather said the three giant mountains that lie on the outskirts of our valley were made for us by our warrior ancestors.

He said on the great battle of bones, as the war got intense, our warriors that guarded the North, east and west side of the valley never flinched or moved an inch.

They were like ants before a great sea of invaders who wanted our dear valley, Selma, for its black gold.

He said that day each warrior bled where he stood and the bodies of the dead were piled into heaps which is now the three mountains we see.

On certain nights, you can still hear the echoes of the voices of their loved ones, crying... wailing...

Our valley, Selma was spared that day but the blood of the slain flowed into the river by the south and its waters never were the same again.

As nature tried to heal itself and the waters evaporated by the sun's heat, the bright red of the rivers turned the Golden sunset to crimson red.

My people are a small and secluded lot and the valley gives us everything we need for our survival. Fertile land to grow crops and a river by the south to fish.

The birds carry whispers that somewhere just across the mountains, other men have created a bird so big that it can hold a hundred men in its belly.

The fireflies say these men created a form of magic that traps the power of the sun and a thousand stars in their homes.

Unlike my people, I have the spirit of an adventurer. They say my spirit animal is a bird and this is why I can hear the whispers of birds and fireflies.

I must leave my Dear Selma and embrace this whole new world across the mountains. Maybe they would be kind enough to teach me their magic.

At the brink of dawn, I packed my few belongings and bade farewell to Ma. I looked back at the only home I have ever known. The valley shed tears of mist at

my departure and I consoled it saying: I do this for you, my dear Selma... I do this for you.