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Third prize on the Competition of the Fund "Bošnjaci" Sarajevo

"And we will surely test you with something of fear and hunger and a loss of wealth and lives and fruits, but give good tidings to the patient, who, when disaster strikes them, says: Indeed we belong to Allah, and indeed to Him we will return. Those are the ones upon whom are blessings from their Lord and mercy. And it is those who are the [rightly] guided" (Al-Baqarah, 155-157)

- Get up! Come on you'll be late on the morning prayers. Come on pray and hurry up, you have to go to Tuzla today - I woke up with my grandmother's words from calm and soft dream, and God is my witness that the most of my post-war life, I spent finding serenity and peace only in prayers and dreams!

Under the influence of various pills, antidepressants, I tried for a moment to forget about my unfortunate reality. I, Emrah Mustafić, a son of the late Mehmed and the late Esma and only living descendant of the grandmother Nura Mustafić really for years levitate between the skies where justice is and Earth where I am, where murderers are and where bones of my parents are in the most painful reality!

I got up silently, looking at my grandmother who already got up and prayed and quietly moved across the room and went to the faucet in our yard to prepare my body with ritual wudhu I prepare my body and my soul for morning prayers. Cold water woke me up, songs of crickets and birds from local Srebrenica's forests and dumb silence awoke some nostalgia, perhaps joy in me, and then while I was praying a supplication my eyes stopped on Drina, nostalgia disappeared and joy disappeared if it actually was that! Whenever I look at Drina, and I did it every day for several times, I don't know exactly how many times, my body would collapse. I saw neither river nor water. That was not Drina seen by an ordinary man, instead of water I saw a murder, gun and my parents. Since that day when he killed them and threw in Drina, I, a small boy from Bajramovići, a village in vicinity of Srebrenica, live like this! The sound of water from the tap awakes me. I revived, finished wudhu and slowly went back to the house, or at least something that resembles on a house. For me, it represented a temple of my memories, a few nice ones but more those painful and bloody crying children's memories. While I was laying a sajada facing toward south-east I started namaz, quietly and glorifying the Lord humbly!

- Come, your coffee is ready, let's go have it quickly and get dressed to be on time for the bus my son – greeted me my grandmother's words after the last passed morning salaams.

The grandmother was sitting at the table in the corner dressed in clothes with flower patterns, luxurious "dimije" and neatly tailored blouse covered with a Yemen's headscarf decorated with a handmade crochet, having a taspih in her hand, and pouring aromatic and fresh made coffee. There are on the table a copper coffee-pot, a tray, a sugar bowl with backed sugar and four cups. Four, instead of two which are enough for us, because there are two of us not only in our house but in all, some time ago beautiful, Bajramovići in vicinity of some time ago live town Srebrenica!

Whenever I asked her why she served two cups extra, she answered with a sigh and almost silently, with a painful old maternal face said: - Well somebody can arrive, and that is a custom – she stopped for a moment and continued – Oh, my son, and somebody can go back, either Mehmed, or Esma or Zehra or... anybody.

Sometimes I would start to talk to her: -No they won't, because... – but I got silent on time; I didn't want to hurt that old maternal heart which is anyway at the end of power because of huge wounds which others made. I finished my reply in myself, swallowing every word: "They won't go back; they won't EVER go back because Serbian criminals were tore off them forever from this World, killed and threw in Drina. Yes in the same Drina for which unwounded common souls think that it flows as water. No it doesn't my brothers and sisters; water doesn't flow in Drina anymore! It stopped to flow on a day when the first drop of blood of a killed innocent man drifted on it. There is no blood today, but there are tears, mine and of thousand mothers and children like me whose tears and curses levitate like angels, sometimes diving looking for souls of dearest ones. But there is in me, a Srebrenica's orphan, and in my grandmother, a Srebrenica's grieving mother, another big NEVER, there is something that we'll never forgave, never forgot, and never got up in our fight for truth and justice, and never will only water flow in Drina."

That was my reply to my grandmother, and actually that was not sent to my grandmother, but it was sent to the whole World!

It is eleventh day in a month, and as before I go to peaceful protests with mother and sisters of Srebrenica. Wrapping a picture of my killed parents in a handmade embroidered scarf I went to Tuzla. My grandmother was watching me from the porch, waving, but I didn't turn around to respond it, and it is too painful for me to see that scene, some time ago my mother saw me off to school. I have no mother anymore, and the porch is still there!

It is twelve o'clock: a line of mothers, sisters, brothers, grandmothers and daughters in law and me having pillow cases with embroidered names of shehids, with their pictures and tears in eyes, are proudly and peacefully walking through the streets of the town of salt looking for something that we've been told to call truth and justice! We are doing that for our dead ones, but also for ourselves because we are dead even more than our dead ones!

Nura, Fatima, Naza, Sevleta, Hatidža, Mina, Senija, Hanka and I stayed side by side. We share the same destiny, we live the same stolen life, we share the same sadness, the same longing, but also the same curse: Lanet Olsun - Damn them!!! I say from time to time while we are walking, thinking about those, well on those... oh, how to name them, those who took us everything, and just because my mother Esmā, a proud Bosniak woman, was proudly dressed in her "dimije" and because she sent me, her child, to go in bed softly praying Shahada! With Al-Fatiha we finished this sad gathering, wrapping that picture of my parents in mother's maiden headscarf I went to the station to go back to Srebrenica, now together with my former teacher Fatima.

- My son, I've been looking for you, but I couldn't tell you it on protests, I heard couple days ago from Aida who works in an ecology organization that they announced a competition for a literary work on a topic "Bosnian rivers and their significance", I think that the prize is even five hundred marks, and you son you are able to write nice works, I remember from school, so there it is, try, here is the address where the work should be sent – she says offering me small paper with a name of organization which announced the Competition.

Taking the paper I looked straight in her eyes: - That is just as I need to buy gravestones for my parents, just enough, so the gravestones would be ready when they find them.

My good teacher didn't say anything to me, just looked at me, but she didn't have anything to say, it is long time that we survived communicate with views, sighs and screams!

Idea that I could buy and prepare gravestones for my parents didn't give me break. As soon as I came home I said to my grandmother what I heard from Fatima and I started with work. I was writing, and writing, and writing, and I finished it by Friday, the only day when I go to Srebrenica, I sent my work and impatiently waited reply.

Almost a month passed from that day and one afternoon while I was helping to my grandmother to embroider new pillow cases with names of murdered ones, the phone rang. On the other end I heard a pleasant female voice:

- Emrah Mustafić is that you? I'm calling you from a nongovernmental organization for water protection. You won a prize for your literary work, please come tomorrow to take the money.

I couldn't believe what I've just heard, and delighted I hugged my grandmother talking to her:

- I've got money for gravestones; I've got money for gravestones!

Exactly one month later I went on the same way to Tuzla, as never before I eagerly waited finishing of protests.

Hurrying I reached the seat of the nongovernmental organization, entered the great, beautifully decorated hall, filled with beautiful pictures of the most beautiful aquatic beauties of our country. A nice secretary brought me to the room where they already seated jurors and other award winners. Just when the main juror called me my phone rang. I shyly asked for permission to go out and answer it. After I got permission I went quickly into the hall with some uncomfortable feeling in the chest and answered the call.

- Emrah Mustafić, a grandson of Nura Mustafić is that you, I'm calling from commemoration center Tuzla in connection with identification.

Almost in hysterical voice I confirmed what the voice on the other side asked me:

- We found some parts of your parents' bodies, in a mass grave close to Drina river and some parts even in the river, the bodies are not complete, skulls are missing and some more parts, but you have to give us a statement whether you want to give us permission for burial this year in Potočari.

Darkness! Gloominess! Suddenly there are people in front of me who are calling me and spraying with water. Sound of an ambulance vehicle, people in white ask me what happened. Collecting the last atoms of power instead of the answer I've just said: - In Bosnian rivers flows not only water, Bosnian rivers are the grave of my parents.

I don't remember anything after that. I woke up in the hospital couple days later. In a moment when I regained consciousness I saw my grandmother sitting next to me and crying and my teacher Fatima. My grandmother repeated sobbing: - My son, my child, do not leave me, you too.

I took her arm firmly and brought to myself and kissed. In front of my eyes glittered light, and a picture of Drina appeared from it, and then a picture of my parents who are calling me. Taking a sigh, I for the last time plighted Shahada, the same Shahada that my mother taught me when I went to sleep. I accepted a call of the Lord, sank into eternal sleep and finally joined my parents!