

Between Her, Society, and Gaza ...

A War on Dreams and Home ...

(Night falls. The ceiling, once white, is now blackened by fire and dust. The air is thick, suffocating, pressing against her like the weight of memories too heavy to carry. She lies on the worn-out sofa – her bed, her office, her world. Outside, Gaza breathes in silence, but inside, the voices rise.)

Society steps forward, arms crossed, voice sharp and accusing.

“So, you want to leave? After everything? After surviving all this, you would just walk away?”

She turns to the side, her voice low but firm, her fingers gripping the fabric of the sofa.

“It is not about walking away. It is about finding a way forward. Isn’t that what we’re supposed to do? Didn’t you once say education is our weapon?”

Society shakes its head.

“Education? And where will that take you? To some foreign land where you’ll become someone else? Where you’ll speak of Gaza like it’s just a chapter in your past?”

She sits up suddenly, frustration flashing in her eyes.

“How could I ever forget? Gaza is in every word I write, every dream I hold. But tell me—what future is left here? Schools reduced to dust, books buried under rubble, professors gone... How does one learn when even hope is under siege?”

Gaza City whispers, its voice as soft as a mother comforting her child.

“I hear your pain. I feel it in every broken street, in every family torn apart. I know you’re tired. But don’t say there’s no hope. You are my hope.”

Her eyes sting with unshed tears, her voice breaking.

“I want to believe that. But what about the families who have lost everything? The children with no schools to return to? The wounded waiting for treatment that may never come? My mother makes bread over a fire because there’s no gas, no electricity. My dad counts the days without medicine. And I ... “

Society cuts in, its voice sharp as a knife.

“And you think leaving will solve it all?”

Her voice rising in frustration.

“I never said that! But tell me, what should I do? Stay and watch my dreams suffocate under the weight of war? Or go, learn, and come back stronger—so I can fight with more than just words?”

Gaza City exhales, sorrow heavy in its tone.

“You speak of leaving, but I fear being left alone. So many have gone. My streets are empty, my laughter fades. Will you return?”

A single tear slips down her cheek. She wipes it away quickly, as if ashamed of weakness.

“How could I not? My heart beats with your pulse. Even if my body crosses borders, my soul stays with you. But I need to go. I need to see a world where hospitals have medicine, where the sky isn’t a constant threat, where a degree isn’t a privilege but a right. And then, I’ll bring it all back. I promise.”

Society exhales, quieter now, but doubt still lingers in its gaze.

“Promises are easy. Will you keep yours?”

Gaza City stands tall, its voice quiet but full of strength.

“They will. Because they are mine. And no distance will ever change that.”

(Silence settles.)

(The dust still lingers, the air still heavy. But in the quiet, something else takes root. Determination! Her eyes close, exhaustion pulling her under. And even in sleep, Gaza’s voice stays. The night presses in, suffocating. She lies on the sofa, staring at the ceiling, but she is not alone. The voices return again, louder this time—doubtful, relentless.)

Society steps closer, its presence cold, unwavering.

“You’re really going through with this? Traveling alone? A girl, leaving her family, her place? You know what people will say.”

She exhales sharply.

“Isn’t it enough that borders and restrictions already trap us? Must you add more chains? Why must I fight not just war, but you too?”

Society tilts its head, amusement creeping into its voice.

“You act as if we are your enemy. We are your people. We know what’s best for you. A girl alone in a foreign land? They’ll say she’s lost her morals, her faith—become one of them.”

She sits up, her voice steady but burning with anger.

“One of them? You mean educated? Independent? Someone who refuses to let war decide her fate? Tell me, where do you see me? At the end of it all, where do I belong?”

Society steps back slightly, but its voice remains firm and final.

“Where every woman belongs—in her home, raising children, cooking in the kitchen. That is your place.”

A bitter laugh escapes her lips, her eyes burning.

“So that’s it? I educate myself, I build, I fight for a future, only to be told my worth is measured by the meals I serve? If I raise educated children, if I shape minds, if I contribute to this very society—does that not matter? Or is a woman’s role only valid when it is silent and unseen?”

Society shrugs, indifferent.

“It’s tradition. It’s how things are.”

She shakes her head, her voice breaking under the weight of exhaustion and frustration.

“And war wasn’t how things were, but we lost everything anyway! Our homes, our jobs, our only sources of living—must I lose my hope too? Must I bury my dreams in the rubble like everything else?”

For the first time, Society hesitates, its voice softer.

“We don’t want to see you fail.”

She looks away, eyes filled with determination.

“Then don’t stand in my way. Don’t be another wall I have to break through. Let me dream. Let me push forward. If you can’t walk beside me, at least don’t pull me back.”

(Silence.)

(The weight of war, of expectations of shattered lives continues to exist)

Gaza City steps forward, sorrow clearly shown in its voice.

“Are you leaving me?”

She closes her eyes, her voice barely a whisper.

“I don’t want to... but what other choices do I have?”

Gaza City said strongly, desperation woven into its words.

“You always had a choice. You always belonged to me.”

She runs a hand over the dust, tracing memories lost in the wreckage.

“I belonged to you when my home still stood, when my grandfather’s laughter echoed in our home, when I could walk my streets without feeling like a stranger. But now? Now I am a survivor, a refugee in my own skin.”

Gaza City grips her hands, holding them tight.

“You are more than that. You are my voice, my memory. If you leave, who will remember me?”

She looks around the broken room that once held everything she loved, her gaze softening.

“Then let me carry you with me. Let me go, so I can return stronger. So, I can tell the world who you really are. So, I can be more than just a survivor.”

(Silence)

(Gaza City does not answer, but it does not stop her either. Society stands still, judgmental, unwilling to change, but she no longer waits for permission. She turns away, staring at the darkened ceiling, knowing tomorrow she will fight again. Not just for herself, but for every girl after her.)